









THE  
**EUROPEAN, MAGAZINE,**

AND  
**LONDON REVIEW:**

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE  
**LITERATURE,**  
HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS,

AND  
**Amusements of the Age.**

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JANUARY, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF CUPID, FROM THE  
STATUE BY R. WESTMACOTT, ESQ., R. A.

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## EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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IN our last address to the public, we observed that "the Editor intended giving a series of Essays on the genius of the British Poets, to form the leading article of the Magazine from the commencement of the next volume." Several of our literary friends, however, have endeavoured to convince us that we would gratify the public taste more by mingling them with occasional Essays on the genius and writings of the Greek, Latin, Italian, French and Spanish Poets; not forgetting, at the same time, any poet, no matter to what country he belongs, who has either rendered himself immortal, or deserves to become immortal by his works. Whether the arguments made use of to convince us of the truth of this opinion, be conclusive or not, they assumed, in our eyes at least, such an appearance of truth, such an accordance with that restless spirit of curiosity,—that endless thirst of endless knowledge which characterizes man, that we could not help yielding to them. Accordingly we have commenced this part of our labours with an Essay on the GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF HOMER. Our article on the Periodical Press, is unavoidably delayed till next month: it will afterwards appear regularly, and our reasons for delaying it satisfactorily accounted for.

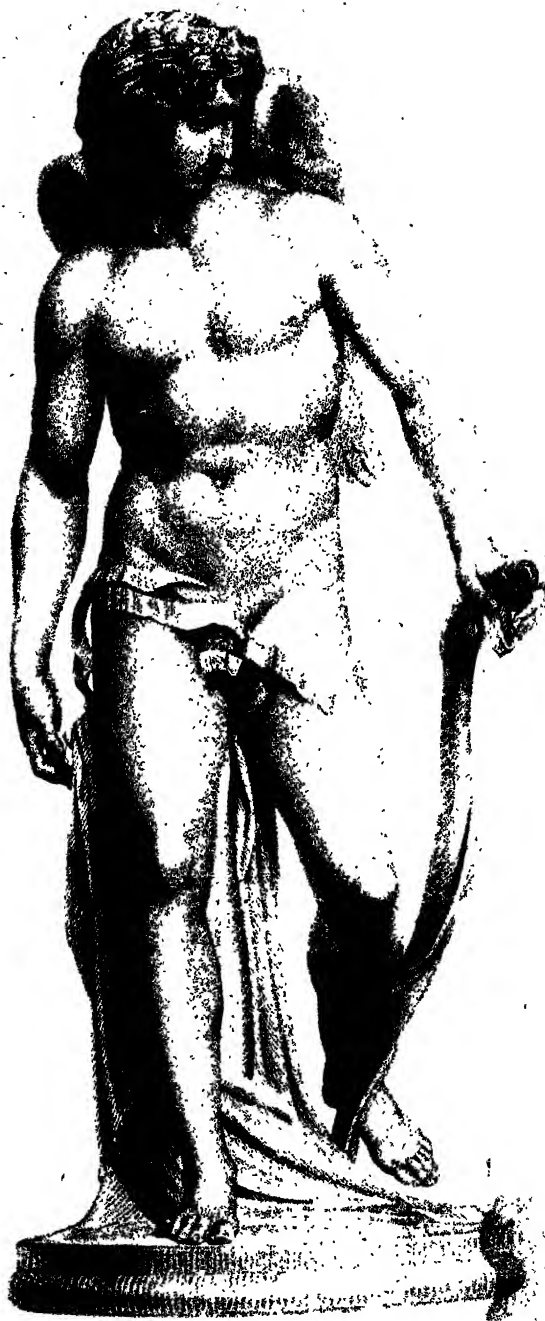
In our present number will appear three poems, "THE MARTYR OF SPAIN," "A DREAM," continued from our last number, and "ALI," all from the same pen, modestly signed B. The first communication we received from him was his "LAMENT OF DESPAIR," which appeared in a former number, in which we solicited a continuance of his communications. We did so because we perceived he possessed the true poetic spirit,—that richness, variety and delicacy of imagination which neither art nor science can impart; and which, nature reserves for her own peculiar favorites. We perceived that he was capable of a still higher flight than that which he ventured to take in his "LAMENT OF

DESPAIR." He has responded to our invitation, perhaps because he perceived we were not insensible to his merits ; and we are happy to say that we have prophesied aright, and that all his subsequent communications are of a still higher and sublimer character. At present, however, we choose merely to draw the attention of our readers to his productions : the claims of genius require this at our hands, and it is a duty which we shall always discharge with pleasure, though we doubt whether such a practice is sanctioned by the authority of our contemporary conductors of the Periodical Press. In these matters, however, we shall always judge for ourselves. We shall never tread in the footsteps of others except while they tread in the footsteps of nature, or, at least, while we imagine they do so. He who follows a fixed plan can seldom be natural, because, though all the laws of nature proceed from one immutable principle or *primum mobile*, they possess in themselves an endless variety always adapting themselves to each other, and consequently shifting their present aspect. Whilever, therefore, we can satisfy ourselves that we follow nature, we shall give ourselves no concern about what our contemporaries follow. We shall only add, that having called the attention of our readers to the communications of B., we shall, in a future number, enter into a critical examination of their merits. His "ALI" consists of three cantos which will be regularly continued.

Answers for several of our correspondents will be left at our publishers.







CUPID.

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

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JANUARY, 1824.

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## CUPID AND PSYCHE.

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THE eighty-second volume of the European Magazine was embellished with an engraving of the celebrated Psyche of Mr. Westmacott, executed in the first style of art. We have now the pleasure of being able to gratify our readers and subscribers with the amorous lover of the amorous fair. The loves and fortunes of Cupid and Psyche are related in one of the most delightful episodes in the "Metamorphoses" or "golden year" of Lucius Apuleius. Whether we should give him the credit of being the original inventor of this fable, or trace it to an earlier source, are questions that appear *adhuc sub judice*. It is contended by those who incline to the latter opinion, that this fable is alluded to by Synesius in his book on dreams, and obscurely by Plato and Plotinus, that Plato could not derive his knowledge from Apuleius, and that Plotinus and Synesius would not borrow from Apuleius, as the Greek philosophers never borrowed from the Latin authors, having all the sources of perfection among themselves. This reasoning appears to us very inconclusive, for, in the first place, no argument can be drawn from an obscure allusion, or from

any thing obscure. If it be evident that Plato's allusion has a reference to Cupid and Psyche, this evidence must arise from the allusion being clear and unequivocal, or from its ambiguity being removed by the explanation of contemporary or immediately succeeding writers, whose acquaintance with the literature, and traditions of the age, rendered those allusions clear to them which to us are perfectly obscure. That the evidence cannot arise from the former source is manifest, because the allusion is allowed to be obscure; and that it does not arise from the explanation of contemporary writers is equally evident, as no writer has ever alluded either to the fable of Cupid and Psyche, or to this obscure allusion, from the time of Plato to that of Apuleius. If, then, we have no means of removing the obscurity that hangs over this allusion of Plato, how can we pretend to assert that it has any reference to the fable of Cupid and Psyche. It may, no doubt, be argued, that an allusion may be obscure, and yet clearly understood; but to this argument we would reply, that it is itself either an obscure argument, or an erroneous one.

The obscurity of an allusion must arise either from a confused, ungrammatical structure of expression, or from its having reference to customs, traditions or opinions which have been long since lost. In the latter case the obscurity can never be removed till some accidental discovery makes us acquainted with them, which, as we have just shewn, is not the case in the present instance: if the obscurity arise from a confused form of expression, or a misplaced inversion of the natural style or structure, but that this obscurity can be removed by reducing each clause to its natural place in the sentence, the allusion is no longer obscure, though the language in which it is expressed belongs to that species of diction which we call an obscure style. If no transposition of clauses can remove the obscurity, it is impossible to say whether Plato's allusion has any reference to this fable or not, and therefore Apuleius will still remain entitled to the credit of being the original inventor of it. The other argument that would trace back this fable to the time of Plato is equally inconclusive, namely, that Plotinus and Synesius would not borrow from Apuleius, being a Latin writer, as the Greek philosophers had all the sources of perfection among themselves. This is completely begging the question: it is supposing that the fable of Cupid and Psyche were known to the Greeks before Apuleius wrote, and that consequently the two writers had no occasion to borrow from him. This, however, is the fact to be proved, and if it be taken for granted, what occasion is there to have recourse to any argument to prove it. It does not, therefore,

appear to us fair to strip Apuleius of the honor of being the original inventor of this fable, because we find an obscure allusion in Plato, the very obscurity of which renders it of no value, or because some writers choose to take it for granted that the Greeks were acquainted with this fable without the slightest authority for the assumption.

The fable of Cupid and Psyche is intended to represent the lapse of the human soul, or the reasoning faculty when once it yields to the seductions of love and desire. She lived a long time with Cupid in a beautiful retreat, whither she was conveyed by Zephyrus, and enjoyed his caresses without having ever seen or wished to see him. She recognised him only by the organs of feeling and hearing. This was the period of her innocence; but her sisters, Nature and Imagination, prompted her to lay a snare to see her invisible husband, in which she unhappily succeeded, and was precipitated to earth. Here she wandered a long time in search of her husband, and at length arrived at the Temples of Ceres and Juno, whose aid she implores; after various toils, vexations and misfortunes, which she is obliged to endure in expiation of her guilt, she is wafted to her native heaven and united with Cupid. Venus, by whom she was long persecuted, is evidently not the goddess of love and desire, though she is not represented as the celestial Venus; and Cupid is here taken for the god of pure desire, or divine love. The fable in the original Latin of Apuleius, may be justly considered one of the most beautiful of antiquity. There is an English translation of it by Mr. Taylor, dedicated to the Royal Academy,

## ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF HOMER.

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"De hoc multi multa, omnis aliquid, nemo satis."

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THOUGH all ages and nations, in their comparative estimate of poetical merit, have assigned Homer a precedence over all other poets, it does not appear that any of his commentators or translators have pointed out the distinctive character of that species of excellence to which he owes his superiority. It is generally admitted, that Milton excels him in sublimity, Virgil in judgment, and Horace in elegance and delicacy of taste. Even some of his greatest admirers would, perhaps, admit, that Spenser had a more romantic, and Rousseau a more luxuriant, imagination; and that Shakspeare equalled, if not excelled, him in delineation of character. Wherein then does he excel Milton, Virgil, Horace, Shakspeare, Spenser, Rousseau, and all other poets? To answer this question is evidently to describe the distinctive character of his genius: it is to point out that peculiar vein, tendency, or turn of mind, which has impressed its own form and image on his works; for if he has not equalled these great poets in those qualities of poetic excellence which I have just mentioned, his acknowledged superiority over them proves, that he must have excelled them in some quality more attractive in, or more essential to, poetry, than either sublimity, judgment, delicacy of taste, delineation of character, or any other faculty of mind that is exercised in the creations and associations of the muse.

Now, if we can discover what this quality is, we naturally discover wherein Homer's strength lay; and in this discovery, we necessarily discover the distinctive character of his genius. The genius of every writer must be traced to that particular quality, or gift of mind in which he has chiefly excelled. The genius of Swift and Butler consisted in that quality of mind which we denominate wit, for they have manifested a natural propensity to exercise it on every possible occa-

sion; and it is the natural propensity that determines the genius, or, rather, it is in the leading passion of the mind that our genius consists. The genius of Milton consisted in a passion for the great and the sublime: it is this passion that led him to take up a subject which gave him full scope to range at large over the vast profound of ideal being, and indulge his propensity for the great and the sublime. When a poet selects a subject adapted to that particular gift of mind in which he excels, it is obvious that he has continual opportunities of exercising it; and, accordingly, his productions have that fixed and determined character, which instantly points out the genius of their author. We have, therefore, no difficulty in discovering the genius of Milton, Swift, and Hudibras, because they took up subjects suited to their genius. We easily perceive that the strength of the two latter lay in their wit, and that of the former in vastness of conception; but it is not so easy to discover wherein the natural strength of Pope or Dryden lay, because they wrote on such a variety of subjects, each requiring a treatment, and consequently a genius, peculiar to itself, that we have some difficulty in ascertaining that species of writing in which they were most capable of excelling, and consequently of determining their natural genius; or, in other words, the character and natural tendency of that passion, which originally led them to cultivate the muses. Such writers possess, it is true, a versatility of genius, but there is in every mind a leading propensity, which, if indulged, will enable the poet to attain to higher excellence than he possibly can by attempting various styles, and various subjects. The frame of mind, the feelings, emotions, affections, and sympathies, which produced "*Eloisa to Abelard*," differ so much from those which produced the "*Rape of the Lock*," that many writers who

could have produced the one, would completely fail in attempting the other, because each required a genius peculiar to itself. Pope, then, having succeeded so admirably in both, we find considerable difficulty in determining his natural genius, or that endowment of mind in which he chiefly excelled. Hence it follows, that though every common reader knows, that Milton excelled in the sublime, Swift and Butler in wit, the very commentators on Pope cannot agree in determining the character of his genius, or the rank which he should hold in the poetic world, or even among the poets of his own country. Whether it can be determined or not belongs not to our present enquiry, but the circumstance itself shews, that when we cannot ascertain what pleases us most in the works of any particular poet, when the pleasure seems equally caused by different species of excellence vying with each other, but none transcendently pre-eminent over the rest, we are necessarily at a loss to discover that leading propensity of mind in which his genius consists. To apply these observations to the genius of Homer, it is obvious, that unless we succeed in discovering that particular charm which fascinates us most in his writings, we must remain ignorant of that spirit which distinguishes his works from those of all other poets, though we should write volumes upon it; for these volumes would be an unconnected mass of commentaries, not on his genius, but on his works. They would point out various beauties, and various species of excellence, but his great and characteristic excellence would still remain unknown.

Why is it we say, that the genius of Milton consisted in a passion for the sublime? Evidently, because it predominates through his writings, and eclipses all his other excellencies. His mind was continually wandering amid scenes placed far beyond the confines of sensible existence. He conversed with immortals; he spoke a language which belongs only to beings of a superior order to man. The breathings of angels were upon his lips, because he communed not with man, but held converse with those unbodied

spirits which he has embodied in his works, and who are the principal actors in them. It is, therefore, in the grandeur and sublimity of his conceptions that he has surpassed all other writers, not excepting even Homer himself, for the Gods of Homer were of too earthly a mould to bear even a distant resemblance to the Angels of Milton. If the genius of Milton, then, consisted in a passion for the sublime, because it is in the sublimity of his descriptions that he chiefly excels, the genius of Homer must, consequently, be sought for in that particular quality of mind which he has impressed upon his works, and in which he has excelled Milton and all other poets. In discovering this quality of mind, however, we discover not only what we are in search of, but we discover also that quality of poetic excellence which fires the mind with the most ardent pleasures, the most eager and rapturous delights, and which gives to poetry its greatest charm and most permanent attraction; for neither the sublimity of Milton, nor the majesty of Virgil, communicates such high delight to the lover of poetry, as he derives from the perusal of the *Iliad*. To discover the charm that communicates this pleasure is to discover the true character of Homer's mind, and the spirit that pervades his writings—a spirit to which not only his passion for the sublime, but all his other passions and endowments were rendered subservient.

Dryden, in those well-known verses, in which he compares the genius of Homer with that of Virgil and Milton, says, that “loftiness of thought” is his characteristic and distinguishing excellence; but if so, why do we read the *Iliad* with greater pleasure than the *Paradise Lost*, which is still more lofty and sublime. Homer, then, must have impressed some other character of mind upon the *Iliad*, that pleases us more than mere “loftiness of thought;” for, if the pleasure were to be traced to this source, *Paradise Lost* would be read with greater pleasure than the *Iliad*. It is true, Homer's sublimity is a source of indescribable pleasure to us, but it is equally true, that there must

be something else in Homer with which we are pleased still more, for I repeat it, if there were not, we should more frequently recur to the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* than to that of the *Iliad*.

Whether we succeed in ascertaining what pleases us most in poetry or not, it must be admitted that the communication of pleasure is the soul of poetry, and that alone which makes us linger with delight amid the haunts of Parnassus. Whoever, therefore, imparts the highest pleasure is the greatest poet. It may be said, that if poetry has no higher object in view than that of pleasure, a mere buffoon may please us for the moment, as well as Swift or Butler, Homer or Milton; and that, consequently, greatness of mind has no necessary alliance with the power of dispensing pleasure. That the buffoon may please as well as the poet I admit, but does he find no greater difficulty in imparting this pleasure than the poet? Does he require the same expansion of mind, the same discrimination of judgment, the same refinement of feeling, the same sublimity of idea, the same delicacy of taste, the same chastity of imagination, the same native and rapturous enthusiasm, the same greatness, dignity, generosity, nobleness, and majesty of mind? The fact is, that what would please us in the buffoon, would disgust us in the poet. We look to the former as a creature below ourselves, who is willing to do any thing that may amuse us; but we look up to the poet as a being of a superior order, raised above the ordinary level of human nature; whose sentiments exalt us, whose feelings refine us, whose imagination ennobles us, whose associations, images, and creations not only enchant, but place before us the most luxuriant banquet which fancy can anticipate, or the constitution of our nature enable us to enjoy. Where such high expectations are excited, how difficult is it to impart that pleasure which we seek for in poetry. Though the communication of pleasure then is the sole object of the poet, it requires the highest exercise of human genius to impart it. It may be said, that the

pleasure which the poet imparts is, in itself, no proof of merit, because the rapture which we feel, frequently arises from passages which seem to have been penned without difficulty, and to be simple effusions suggested by the influence exercised over his feelings at the moment. Grant it: will any person who does not possess the feelings of a poet produce similar effusions? What the weak man accomplishes with difficulty, the strong man effects with ease; and what Raphael could effect with one touch of his pencil, would require months and years from an inferior artist. Besides, we do not always know, that those beautiful passages in poetry which seem to be the instinctive, unpremeditated effusions of the poet, are actually what we suppose them to be. The highest exercise of art consists in concealing art, and appearing easy and natural.

“True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.”

The greatest poet, consequently, is he who pleases us most; and he who accomplishes it with greatest ease is evidently the greatest favourite of nature. That Homer pleases us more than Virgil, with all his tenderness, judgment, and majesty; that he pleases us more than Milton, with all his sublimity, with all those grand and terrific scenes which he scatters around him in horrific magnificence; that he pleases us more than any other heroic poet requires not to be proved, while it is verified by the consent of ages, and the common feelings of mankind.

What is it, then, that pleases us in Homer? What is the character of that spirit which constitutes his genius, and distinguishes him from all other poets? I reply, *an ardent and impassioned enthusiasm of mind*, arising from that quick and rapid sensibility of feeling which responds to the slightest impulse. The mind of Homer was so finely organized that no impression was lost upon him. He was alive to every influence, and he imparted to others that life, and ardour, and impassioned energy which he felt himself. He identifies himself with all his characters, and speaks the language of that passion by which they are

influenced. He was inspired by his own feelings, and what is strongly felt is strongly expressed. The mind of Homer took "its form and pressure" from the immediate object which his own imagination had placed before him. His feelings were of too ethereal and unearthly a mould to remain fixed for a moment after the scene had changed, and therefore it is difficult to say, what character in the *Iliad* is Homer's peculiar favourite, because the instant he summons any character before him, he forgets all his former sympathies, and seems to have no feeling but for the hero who is present to his view. He is agitated by the same passion, because he imagines himself placed in the same situation. If he describe his actions, he lifts himself to the combat;—he is fired with that strong tide of military enthusiasm which animates his hero, so that Agamemnon, Menelaus, Diomed, Ulysses, Teucer, Glaucus, Eneas, Sarpedon and Pandarus, appear by turns, equal in might to Hector, Ajax, or even Achilles himself. The present hero seems always to be the greatest hero, because the enthusiasm of Homer was so strongly excited by the object before him, that all former reminiscences were forgotten, and the present warrior seems to be the hero of the poem. Hence, Menelaus is the hero of the third book, Diomed of the fifth, Hector and Ajax of the seventh, Hector alone of the eighth, Agamemnon of the eleventh, Hector again of the twelfth, and so of the other books. Homer, accordingly, excels all poets in the distribution of poetic justice. The strong and ardent patriotism that attached him to his country, and which frequently inspires him with the most generous, the most exalted, the most impassioned sentiments, is as completely forgotten, as if it had never been felt, while he is engaged in describing the exploits, and delineating the characters of the Trojan Chiefs, so that we can hardly persuade ourselves, after reading the *Iliad*, that Achilles is a greater warrior than Hector; and we are unwilling to believe, even on the authority of Homer himself, that Ajax was fit to meet him in the

field. Homer had the art of placing Ajax on a level with Hector, and of placing Achilles above him, and yet of attaching us so much to the Trojan Prince, that we frequently endeavour to cheat ourselves into a belief, that he was equal to Achilles himself in heroic achievements. But whence did Homer derive this art? From that very enthusiasm and susceptibility of feeling which formed the very essence of his genius. A man of quick sensibility of feeling can, in an instant, divest himself of all former impressions. If any interesting object presents itself to his view, it strikes him so forcibly, from his being so easily affected, that all former feelings and affections are lost in the strong sensation of the moment. The man of slow and obtuse feelings, receives impressions slowly, and parts with them slowly. Such men may be said, in a manner, to have only one unvaried round, or succession of feeling. The same objects are continually recurring to them, and renewing the same thoughts and impressions, because even when new objects present themselves, their feelings are too indurated to be affected by them. They make, consequently, no impression, or at least an impression too slight ever to return. The influence of new objects being, consequently, lost upon them, their old impressions and habitual feelings become progressively more and more confirmed, and the more any impression, feeling or affection of our nature is strengthened, the more difficult it is to remove it by any new influence, so that what would slightly affect a man of natural insensibility before he becomes the slave of one taste, insipid round of feeling, will not affect him in the least afterwards. This can never happen to a man of quick sensibility; for as every thing affects him, every day has feelings, emotions, and sympathies of its own. As his feelings are consequently changing with every change of circumstance and situation, he is a stranger to all fixed impressions, and therefore every new species of agency has its full effect upon him. His mind is not already pre-occupied with habitual impressions, or modes of feel-

ing, which, from their long ascendancy over him, repel all other influences. He is free as the air, volatile as the birds of heaven, as open to every new influence as the infant mind on which no impression has ever been made. He roves from scene to scene, from creation to creation, in search of new delight. His appetite for enjoyment is so insatiable, so keen, and eager, that he soon devours all the pleasure which each new object is capable of bestowing, and therefore he seeks for new modes of pleasure in the contemplation of new objects. He has not, consequently, a long acquaintance with any object, and therefore no object can fix his affections to itself alone, and wean them from those untried delights which he always anticipates, and always enjoys in the contemplation of new objects.—Hence, whenever any thing new and interesting presents itself to him, whether it be a natural or ideal creation, it takes entire possession of him, because there is nothing to prevent its influence. He is not the creature of any particular passion by which it can be repelled: he is a stranger to all fixed impressions, and therefore he yields without resistance to the influence of the moment. It was this fine susceptibility of feeling, this fine enthusiasm that enabled Homer to identify himself completely with all his characters, to place himself in their situations, and to enjoy the luxury of sympathising in their distresses, and of revelling in their delights. Enthusiasm paints all its objects in such strong and vivid colouring, that they assume the appearance of life and reality. Homer, accordingly, the moment he sketched any image in his own mind, was not less influenced by it, than if it had a real and virtual existence. It appeared to him no longer the work of imagination, and consequently the moment this creative faculty had given it “a local habitation and a name,” he no longer consulted with its parent; he never asked his imagination, which was the most happy or ingenious way of describing it, but trusting altogether to the strong impression which it made upon him, he described it as it affected his feelings alone, and instead of obliging

it to conform to any principles of poetic reasoning, and of describing it as these principles would dictate, he obliged his reasoning, his imagination, his understanding, all his perceptive and discriminative faculties, to conform to the sympathies or affections which it excited within him. Hence, he describes every object as it affects him, without ever enquiring, whether this was the right way or not. Had he consulted reason, when he designed the character of Hector, it would have directed him not to dwell with such ardour and fire on the heroism and virtues of this chief, not to introduce him with such pomp and majesty into the field, not to give him that warlike and “godlike” appearance that struck terror into the bravest of the Grecian Chiefs. Reason would say to him, if you exalt the character of Hector so highly, you will lessen the fame and glory of your own countrymen, and this cannot be reconciled with true patriotism. Endue him with giant might if you will: give him the strength of Hercules;—the Greeks will only derive the greater honour for their victories over him; but do not make him, at the same time, more heroic, more intrepid, more expert in the use of his arms, more rapid and impetuous in the field, more divine in his appearance, more magnanimous, generous, forgiving, and humane, more desirous of peace, and at the same time more prodigal of existence, where the safety of his country requires such a sacrifice. If you endow Hector with these virtues, what more enviable or more godlike accomplishments can you bestow on the divine Achilles himself. These are the lessons which reason would have dictated: they are the principles by which Virgil was guided in designing the character of Turnus; but Homer spurned such partial and niggard views. He consulted only his own feelings, and they were so tremblingly alive to every impression, that he had no difficulty in placing himself in the situation of all his characters, and of feeling as they would have felt. He to whom nature has denied such generous feelings and exquisite sensibility, could never identify himself so completely with his characters, and con-



sequently he could not do them justice, because he could not feel for them.

It was different with Homer. All his creations are interesting, and therefore all his characters are interesting: they are pure creations of his own. If every thing related in the *Iliad* were even true, yet the characters must be all ideal creations. Homer lived at too distant a period from the Trojan war, to have any certain knowledge of the persons whom he describes. He might have sufficient authority to know, that there were such men, and that they performed such and such exploits; but with regard to their characters, dispositions, virtues or vices, he could know next to nothing, for he acknowledges himself, in the second book, that the reports of this war was only guessed at by rumour. All the characters in the *Iliad* are, therefore, pure creations of the poet, and he had the fondness of a parent for them all. The enthusiasm of Homer would hardly suffer him to create an uninteresting character, because poetic enthusiasm is continually straying among

objects of delight. There are, accordingly, few uninteresting characters in the *Iliad*, and these few are scarcely presented to us, when they are dismissed again; but in proportion as Homer is happy in any of his creations, in the same proportion is he attached to it.—Accordingly, when he first sketched the person and character of Hector in his own mind, the image appeared so noble, so graceful, so much the hero, so much the man, that he became naturally enamoured of it. His feelings were of too fine and susceptible a nature not to feel delighted with so graceful, so imposing, so godlike an image. He prized it as the happiest of his creations; for if it had not the colossal bulk of Hercules, it had the grace and beauty of Apollo, the rapidity of Achilles, and the majesty of Agamemnon. The swift-footed Achilles could not overtake him in the chase, and the impetuosity of his charge has something in it so grand and sublime, so rapid and resistless, that his enemies appear in our imagination to fall prostrate at his feet,

“Exhaustless, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.”

Who can imagine otherwise when he reads the following passage?

“Fierce on his rattling chariot, Hector came,  
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame  
That withered all their host: like Mars he stood,  
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God.”

He is always foremost in the dangers and perils of the war.

“First of the foe, great Hector marched along,  
With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong.”

No wonder, then, that Homer should have so frequently called him the *godlike Hector*. He makes no figure in the *Iliad* before the fifth book, and the moment the great Tydides beholds him, he trembles,

and relaxes in the fight, though, in this very book, he killed Pandarus and a host of Trojans, wounded Venus, and sent Mars groaning to heaven. At the presence of Hector, however, he

——“Paused amidst his full career,  
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.”

No wonder, then, that Homer should become enamoured of so bold, so spirited, so animated, and so majestic a chief, particularly when he was the creation of his own genius. He forgets, therefore, that

he was an enemy to Greece, and though he does the same justice to all the Trojan chiefs, simply because he always identifies himself with the immediate character before him, his feelings being too susceptible of

impressions to resist this sympathy, yet he dwells with a kind of inspiration on the character of the god-like Hector. He attaches us more to him than to Achilles himself. If he had not the untamed passions, and indomitable spirit of the latter, it was not because he was less brave, less courageous, less daring or intrepid, less skillful or expert in the use of his weapons, less formidable to his enemies, or less reckless of existence, but because he possessed a more filial reverence and solicitude for his parents, a more paternal anxiety for the destinies of his infant, unprotected son.

*"The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy:"*

a more tender affection for his beloved Adromache, and a more zealous and undivided attachment to the welfare of his country than either Achilles or Ajax, or any other chief in the Trojan or Grecian hosts. Homer, then, forgets his patriotism, while Hector stands in his presence, and he seems a Trojan in his heart: he can sympathize only with the object before him, and this sympathy is so strong, that he can feel no other impression at the moment.

How differently are we affected in the Eneid, where all our sympathies are for Eneas and his companions: and yet they are seldom worthy of it. They have no passion: all their actions are premeditated, and guided by reason and cold deliberation. In Homer, every thing is pregnant with passion, and, therefore, every

thing lives and moves, and has a being. Even his Gods are hurried forward by the influence of this mighty engine, and cannot refrain from joining in mortal strifes, and assisting their favourite warriors. But in the Eneid, every thing goes on smoothly and calmly; and from what has happened, we can generally guess what will next take place, because the *Pious* Eneas will do nothing but what reason dictates. The storms of passion are not suffered to approach him, and his very virtues seem to be acquired,—to be the offspring of reflection, not of nature, or of natural feeling. Hector's piety, greatness, and generosity of mind are of a much higher character than those of Eneas; but when the battle rages, passion predominates, and makes him forgetful of all consequences. He storms the enemy in the very face of heaven, and the inauspicious omens of the Gods, so far from terrifying him, only serve to rouse all the energies of his mind. His passion, however, so far from obscuring his intellect, only enables him to rise to more expanded and exalted views of Providence, and of man. When the eagle drops the enormous bleeding serpent, in the twelfth book, Polydamus endeavours to dissuade him from attacking the Grecian entrenchments, and predicts, from the omen, that the Gods were unfavourable to the design; but Hector, spurning such tame, effeminate, and superstitious counsel, charges his prophetic brother with cowardice, and asks if he must guide his

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"Wavering mind  
By wandering birds that flit with every wind.  
Ye vagrants of the sky, your wings extend  
Or where the suns arise, or where extend;  
To right, to left, unheeded, take your way,  
While I the dictates of high heaven obey.  
*Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,  
And asks no omen but his country's cause."*

Such is the sublime, the luminous, and the patriotic piety of Hector. Homer, then, has the art of uniting the sublimest piety with the sublimest passion, of which Virgil affords but few instances. Hector's piety, so far from moderating his

passion, serves only to inflame it, as the following inimitable passage, pregnant with fire, passion, and enthusiasm, sufficiently testifies. After rejecting the counsel of his prophetic brother.

" Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall,  
 Calls on his host ; his host obeys the call ;  
 With ardour follow where their leader flies,  
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.  
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,  
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide :  
 He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,  
 And gives great Hector the predestined day.  
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,  
 Close to the works, their rigid seige they laid.  
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,  
 While these they undermine, and those they rend.  
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall ;  
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.  
 Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms ;  
 The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,  
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row,  
 Whence hissing darts, incessant rain below."

Shall we call this passage sublime ? Few passages can certainly be more so ; but the sublimity arises more from the passion, clamour, tumult, and rapid succession of images, than from abstract grandeur and vastness of conception. Greatness and vastness are the elements of Milton's sublimity, but it is a greatness without fire, a vastness that frequently evaporates, and destroys the intended effect by its approach to immensity, an approach which necessarily renders it obscure. But Homer cannot be sublime without firing us at the same time with that living flame which never forsakes him, whether he wander through the remotest confines of ideal being, or merely

describe the arms and person of an individual warrior. All is fire, all is animation ; and this fire and animation is the very soul of Homer's sublimity. There is not a page in the Iliad where we do not behold some vestige of this fire ; its flame ascends with him when he passes the blue profound of sensible existence, when he enters the assembly of the Gods, and describes the councils by which they are governed. Nothing can exceed the grandeur and fire with which he closes the above book, where he represents Hector forcing open the gates that guarded the entrenchments of the enemy with an

— " Unwieldy rock, the labour of a God."

Armed with this rock

— " Before the folded gates he came,  
 Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;  
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,  
 On lofty beams of solid timber hung :  
 Then, thundering through the planks with forceful sway  
 Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way.  
 The folds are shattered ; from the crackling door  
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.  
 Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,  
 Gloomy as night, and shakes two shining spears :  
 A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,  
 And, from his eye-balls, flashed the living flame.  
 He moves a God, resistless in his course,  
 And seems a match for more than mortal force.  
 Then pouring after, through the gaping space,  
 A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place ;  
 The Greeks behold, they tremble and they fly ;  
 The shore is heaped with death, and tumult rends the sky."

Who could ever wish to see such a warrior defeated? But the truth is, that we admire all Homer's warriors by turns, because he admired them himself. The Trojan Hector was as great a favourite of his as the Grecian Ajax, while, in Virgil, all the opponents of Eneas are painted in such colours, that we cannot endure them. In the *Eneid*, then, Virgil seeks to confine our sympathies to Eneas and his companions alone. Eneas is a saint, Mezentius an infidel, Turnus a barbarian. But with all the sanctity of Eneas, and with all Virgil's admiration of him, there are some parts of his character with which we are disgusted. That he should take advantage of Dido's passion for him, is not surprising. He was not more than man, and reason yielded, as it generally does, to the stronger propensities of that nature on which it is grafted. But what excuse can be offered for his cruel abandonment of this unhappy Queen? What excuse can be offered for the cold hearted Jupiter of Virgil, who sends down Mercury to warn Eneas from Carthage, after he had accomplished his infamous designs? If Mercury was to be sent at all, why was he not sent before he had yielded to his unhallowed flame. Virgil, then, with all his coolness and deliberation, makes Jupiter the author of evil. He not only suffers the perpetration of the crime before he sends his messenger, but by sending him afterwards, and warning Eneas from Carthage, he justifies its commission, and virtually tells him, the crime which you have committed is only a crime in the eyes of the world, not in mine. Do not, therefore, consider yourself bound to be faithful to Dido. She was herself in fault and not you, and, therefore, abandon her. I, who am the God of Justice, absolve you from the crime. Eneas, then, whose actions are almost invariably guided by reason, and not by passion, acts more basely than the most passionate of Homer's characters, and, therefore, it is only to Homer we must look for that genius which has the art of uniting passion with greatness and magnanimity of mind. Virgil's principal character seems to have no passion

*E. M. Jan. 1824.*

but what is founded upon reason, and yet, he not only commits a deliberate crime, in abandoning Dido, but he is told by Jupiter himself, that it is a crime not to commit it, that it is a crime to remain faithful to her, that it is no crime to deceive her, or rather that it is a crime not to deceive and abandon her. In a word, that the first crime he committed, can only be expiated by the commission of another.

Virgil, throughout the whole conduct of the *Eneid*, never throws out the slightest hint that Eneas was subject to the frailties and infirmities of our nature, except in his amour with Dido; and here he redeems, if we may call it redemption, the crime which he had committed, by trampling on the sympathies of his own nature, or, at least, by resisting those sympathies which are natural to man, by leaving Dido to her own fate, by assuming a stern and inexorable tone of character, and by pursuing the object which he had in view, whatever miseries it might entail upon others. Eneas always listens to the voice of reason, is always deaf to the sympathy. He always does that which is best calculated to promote his objects, but he is a stranger to all greatness and generosity of character. His passions never triumph over him: he is generous only when he can be so with safety. He has the prudence, the caution, the prescience, the calculations of a man brought up in poverty, to whom certain prospects have been opened, from the attainment of which no object or influence can divert him. Achilles, on the contrary, is altogether the slave of passion, or, if he reason, it is the reasoning of passion. But why does Homer endow him with this strong, indomitable spirit? Because he considered that the most stubborn and passionate spirit was, at bottom, the most virtuous, the most heroic, the most generous, noble, and exalted character. He suspected that he who stopped, and reflected what was best to be done, what was most for his interest, what might prove most instrumental in the accomplishment of the objects which he had in view, possessed a meanness and littleness of soul, and that he was not to be trusted. Where there was

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no passion, he considered there was no soul; where there was passion, he considered there was no plots to circumvent the innocent, for the passionate man never stops to deliberate, never weighs within himself the best means of accomplishing his end. The plodding calculator was a creature below the notice of Homer. He excused every thing that resulted from passion, though, when he came to reflect on the evils which resulted from the wrath of Achilles, he could not resist, for the moment, a feeling of indignation against their author. This feeling, however, he indulged only

for the moment: it subsided the instant he came to reflect that they resulted from the domination of ungovernable passion, and that Achilles, though incapable of pre-meditating coldly and deliberately an evil act, could not restrain his hand when passion was at the helm. Thus, in the opening of the Iliad, he attributes all the miseries of the war to the wrath of Achilles, his favourite hero. But he was no favourite while his feelings are acted upon by some opposite influence. He seems ready to vent all his indignation upon him, when he reflects on

“That wrath which hurled to Pluto’s gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain,  
Whose limbs, *unburied on the naked shore,*  
*Devouring dogs, and ravenous vultures tore.*”

But though he appears thus incensed against him at the very opening of the poem, he was, notwithstanding, his favourite hero; though as I have already observed, we are frequently seduced into a belief, that Hector was as dear to him as Achilles. Achilles, however, yielded to his passions, and spurned the controul of reason and the dictates of prudence, more than any other chief, and, therefore, Homer esteemed him the more. He was regardless of consequences, and governed by the tyranny of his own unbending, uncompromising nature. Hector reasons more than Achilles, though he is equally regardless of life when his honour or the interests of his country is at stake. Achilles, however, never indulges in passion without a cause, and he never suppresses the expression of his indignation when once it is roused, though he may resist yielding to the measures to which it would prompt him. If he restrain his hand, however, he restrains it in obedience to a religious feeling, not through a sense of fear. The heroes of Homer are, throughout, more governed by religious than by moral feelings. The feelings of Achilles never prompted him to any thing base or inglorious, if we except his treatment of the dead body of Hector; but passion of the most exalted and heroic nature will decline into savage ferocity, when it once suffers itself to be carried be-

yond a certain point. This, however, is no proof of natural barbarity of disposition; for natures of the most tender and exquisite sensibility, when provoked beyond a certain degree, turn upon their enemy with a ferocity and venom that is totally foreign to their nature. It is only a disposition naturally barbarous, that will work itself into a passion without any cause to excite it, except that of accomplishing some self-interested views, and that will suppress the most violent passion where an object can be gained by it. But Achilles never rages without a cause, never seeks for an opportunity to insult, though he never suffers an insult with impunity. He adheres to what he thinks right, whether he be right or wrong in thinking so. He supports the weak man where he has justice on his side, and sets power at defiance where it opposes itself to justice. All the Grecian chiefs, even Nestor himself, who viewed every thing through the eye of reason, and whose great age, at the period of the Trojan war, placed him above the influence of passion, looks upon Achilles as he, who, of all other men, could be most relied upon, who was most tenacious of his word, most faithful to his engagements, most firm to his friends, and most incapable of being influenced by interested considerations. When Chalcas wished to

reveal the cause of the plague which afflicted the Greeks, Achilles was the only warrior to whose protection he would entrust himself, because he considered him the only

warrior who would not be intimidated by the threats of Agamemnon. He promises, therefore, to discover every thing if this hero plighted his word to protect him, for he

“ Must speak what wisdom would conceal,  
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.  
Bold is the task when subjects, grown too wise,  
Instruct a monarch where his error lies.”

Achilles, without reflecting for a moment whether it was wisdom or not to conceal his sentiments, without reflecting on the consequences that

might result from taking Chalcas under his protection, instantly replies to him,

“ From thy inmost soul  
Speak what thou knowest, and speak without controul.  
Even by that God I swear who rules the day,  
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,  
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare,  
Long as Achilles breathes the vital air,  
No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,  
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand.  
Not even the chief by whom our hosts are led  
The King of Kings shall touch that sacred head.”  
(*To be continued.*)

#### THE FAREWELL.

Cold December has almost expir'd,  
And another new year is in view,  
But the love which my bosom inspir'd  
To that bosom has sung its adieu.

Ah ! how wretched a creature am I,  
Who once was as careless and gay  
As the sweet-singing lark, that, on high,  
Wings her tow'ring, ethereal way.

Like a flower embalm'd in morn's dew,  
In the Garden of Life I rose ;  
All I saw was attractive and new,  
As the fragrant and fresh-budded Rose.

But on me the sun's fostering ray,  
Its encouraging warmth never shed,  
And I scarcely had seen the full day  
Ere my hopes of felicity fled.

Oh, my Sarah ! had nature endow'd  
Thy lov'd form with less exquisite charms,  
My warm tears would not thus have o'erflow'd,  
Nor my bosom have known these alarms !

Yet tho' beauty's own image we see,  
When, enraptur'd, we gaze on thy face,  
'Tis thy *mind* that distinguishes thee  
Far beyond all *exterior* grace !

But alas ! I must bid thee farewell !  
May the blessings of heaven be thine !  
May thy innocent breast never swell  
With the griefs that must ever be mine !

## MATCH-MAKING.

— "an amorous thing is want."—HEDIBRAS.

In my early youth I made a voyage of enquiry to the Sister Isle: the songs of Ossian inspired me with a wish to examine this warlike people on their own territory, and the fame of green Erin gave me an idea that I should find a rich superiority in her soil and produce when contrasted with the Highlands of Scotland. Moreover, I had met with so many students in Edinburgh, and subalterns in the regiments occasionally quartered there, each of whom had five hundred a year and a park, that I counted on a hospitable reception, choice society, and much amusement in my tour. In the growth and numerical strength of the Hibernians I was not disappointed, nor as to their warlike appearance and disposition. I found the lower orders intrepid and irascible to a high degree; nor were they over nice about the cause or nature of the quarrel, nor the degree of provocation. I have very often seen Pat knock down his friend after spending his half-crown, and then sympathize with him for the wound which he had inflicted.—Nor was *club-law* confined to these classes alone, the higher ones possessed very gladiatorial habits, and were prone to indulge in liquor, love, and war. The fine Hibernian soil equally satisfied me that I was right in my expectations; but where the generous earth was most lavish, I observed poverty still fix her dire abode. The culture was out of all proportion with the capabilities of the land; while education and civilization fell equally short of the strength and numbers of the people; nay, industry was paralysed by distress, and emulation cramped for want of encouragement and pecuniary means. In my quality of an examiner I have no right to talk to government on these subjects, but (Scotchman like) the less I said on this subject the more I thought, and the more I was convinced that Calidonia was the happiest and best used

Sister of the two. In vain I looked for the parks and five hundreds per annum of the O.'s and the Mac's, my studying and travelling acquaintances. The father of one of them, tenanted a mud edifice upon a bog, and was ground to death by tithes, taxes, and a bad landlord. Perhaps these parks, rent-rolls, &c. were mere figures in speech, and as such let them rest. There was no lack of noble mansions and fine estates springing up amongst surrounding misery, the possessors of which were, even then, absentees; and whose stewards and land-agents were pounding the cattle of the indigent, and driving them to despair. This prefatory matter may, perchance, be considered superfluous to my reader; but I beg leave to assure him, or her, that it leads to the subject of Match-Making.

In the course of my tour through a great part of the country, I sojourned for a short time in the Counties of Galway and Roscommon; from the former I was frightened away by the constant reports of pistols discharged in duels, sometimes fought in public; for the amateurs there would turn out to see a couple of gentlemen decide an affair of honour, with as much avidity as the *fancy* resort to Moulsey Hurst, or Wormwood Scrubs, to witness two fellow-creatures half-murdering each other for a purse of gold and their *colours*, a silk handkerchief, of vulgar pattern, for the neck of a ruffian. How much more honourable would it be to bleed for their national flag! But there is knavery as well as barbarity in these contests, and we will leave the *scrubs* of all denominations to themselves. From the latter I was driven by the almost certainty (if I remained) of breaking my neck over the stone walls, which it was quite fashionable and almost necessary to leap over, in and out of the sporting field. In each of these counties there was a prodigious deal of

Match-Making; the country gentleman who really *had* some hundreds of pounds annually, dipped and mortgaged a little, had another drawback of his unemployed stock, in the form of fine-grown, smiling-eyed, affable young ladies: now the market being over-stocked, and the price being much lowered by the over-produce of these fair and flourishing plants, the owners were obliged to part with these valuables (for such, as wives and mothers, they generally were) at a very low rate indeed; since this was not a dead stock on hand, but one which consumed other articles which *must come from*, instead of *going to*, market. For these mighty reasons, parents were incessantly on the alert for sons-in-law; sisters helped each other off in the best manner they could; the brothers turned husband-hunters; and if a stranger came amongst them, he was not made *game of* in the vulgar ordinary way, but he was either ensnared by bright eyes and warm complexions, brought down by the long bow of a brother, or taken by hook or by crook, by the angling, wiling, coursing, and heart-shooting of *sisters and self*, all of whom the happy man might be fortunate enough to have for six months in the year at his table. When these gamesome practises and pairings failed, the field was very often taken in another way; incautious birds were winged, and shy ones were now and then bagged by the undertaker, in punishment for their want of taste and feeling, and for their stubborn adherence to celibacy. It has erroneously and impolitely been advanced, that you could not look at an Irish woman at table without her saying, "Port, if you please:" this I never found; on the contrary, I always met with ladies of this country, who were as mild and temperate as any in the world; and I must say, that I consider them charming creatures at table and every where else; but although I deny the assertion of "Port, if you please," I must confess that I often trembled lest, by looking at a pretty girl in Galway or Roscommon, I should draw on me the question, from a big brother or militia cousin, of, "Pray Sir, are your views honour-

able towards Mary Ann, Eugenia, or Fanny? Which of them have you fixed your eye upon? I have perceived very *marked* (an observation worthy of a marksman!) attentions to the first, and she has much susceptibility, and shall not have her feelings sported with," &c. Right sporting language! thought I, to myself, so I kept much on my guard, and departed as soon as possible; for, be it observed, the questioning gentleman is always a sporting character, and a good shot; the lady is usually the sister who has been longest on hand; no time is to be lost; and if the lover is not off like a shot, a shot may be off at him before he can cry "*peccavi*." Under these impressions, I returned to Scotland, convinced that Match-Making belonged most to the Irish, in which idea I was confirmed by two gentlemen having each disposed of a daughter (the one to a Northern Peer, and the other to a Colonel, since a General officer) pretty much in the way just described. On my return I trumpeted the uxorious disposition, the marriage-making, nuptial-seeking propensities of my western friends all over Edinburgh; but had to change my opinion ere long, finding, from having now directed my attention to the subject, that the Irish were not match-monopolists; the same trade being successfully carried on in the North, and even in the capital thereof, the manner only differing, and being *far more discreet*. It was submitted to my consideration that large families were no rarities in the Land of Cakes, and that if, in the Land of Potatoes, an off-hand kind of dexterity was used in marrying the females of the families to the first or best bidders at home, a *quiet* system existed in the former, of exporting its golden-haired lasses to warmer climates; and, that where one took growth, half a dozen sisters or cousins were sure to be planted by her side. Then again, the provident and affectionate brother of Bel, Barbara, and Janet only requires to get a footing in a productive country, and he will speedily have a brace of sisters out on speculation, the one to keep his own, the other his neighbour's house; whereas Pat,



when he migrates, leaves all entailments behind him, and his changeable disposition operates against the young ladies change of condition and home. Of the truth of this remark I soon became convinced; for, on going to a private ball in Edinburgh, and seeing the crowd of female candidates for *partners*, the thing became still more obvious. I enquired of one worthy dame where her other fair daughters were (there being three in the room) and she told me, "Marion is with her brother in India, her sister Jessie is very well married in the same country; Bessie has just ta'en a planter in Jamaica, and she has sent for Susan as her companion; but" (turning to the only grown up daughter of the remaining three) "there is your old acquaintance Annie." As much as to say, "she is grown up a fine lassie, and is to be had if sought for." A gentle traffic this, but, doubtless, a successful one; for I observed *son James* engaging his sister to a number of his brother officers, on leave of absence, and after one engagement another, perhaps, may follow. As further instances of Scotch match-making, a lady of very high rank was such a dab at these negotiations, that, when she married off all her daughters to titles and fortunes, which she almost did *vi et armis*, which let us translate by the *force* of argument and those arms which female attractions make use of on these occasions, she turned her views to pairing off her more distant relations; and so fond was she of these matchings and marryings, an old Baronet informed me, that he dared not go to — Castle, for fear she should insist upon his wedding one of her maids or other female attendants, just by way of keeping in her hand, and having something to do in this line.

The last Match-Making matter which came within my notice was that of a friend of my own. It must be allowed that there are *coming* ladies, and going ladies, engaging misses and forbidding misses; there are also pretty maidens who, (to use a vulgar expression) *go for to come*, such as love

"— to wander not unseen,"

Or, like the flirting Galatea of the Latin bard, when she flies to the grove to escape her suitor,

— "se cupit ante videri."

Of these coming, engaging misses, these fair runaways, who expect to be followed, was my friend, Amanda M'Matchem. One of a dozen fine children, and second of seven daughters; she hung out for promotion at an early age, more for the good of *Ma* and family than from any self-interested motive, or from her feeling lonesome, as Widow Wadman did. The Laird or eldest male held the estate, out of which he, like a dutiful son, gave a liberal allowance to his mother, and she expended a great proportion thereof in dressing her daughters, whilst the four other children were giving a *dressing* to their country's foes wherever they met them, by land or by sea, in Europe, India, or America; for their swords were their chief inheritance, and they all served in the navy and army. The seven sisters, like the streams of the Nile, glided on together in perfect harmony with each other, until it became necessary to direct their attractions into some other channel, and they were nothing averse to visiting a foreign shore, more rich than the rock which bore them, and on which they sprung up like wild flowers, lovely and unperceived. Determined, therefore, no longer

— "to blush unseen,

And waste *(their)* sweetness in the desert air,"

A council was held of *Ma* and the seven sisters, and it was agreed upon to make great sacrifices in dress and entertainments *this* winter; to give lively balls at home, and to go abroad (within the limits of the city) as much as possible, frequenting all public places, and figuring in all public walks. These seven stars shone in a cluster, similar to the *septem-pleiades* of the starry firmament, each looking forward to be the lucky star of some gazing astronomer. Their beauties were rather the gifts of *Hygeia* than of *Venus*, healthful, robust, active, and fair, they were mutual resemblances, like the flou-

rishing branches of a comely plant; and it might be said of them, as of the progeny of the ocean-nymph Doris—

————— “*facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen : qualem decet esse  
sororum.*”

Amanda, however, seemed to lead the van of these female champions for the matrimonial prize, whilst their emulations were so well concerted, that the good of one was deemed the good of all; there was no jealousy amongst them lest a younger sister should outstrip an elder one in their exertions for the ring, and thus give her seniors green stockings,\* no trying to take a *bean* from each other, no diversions and drawings off, which are so common in the south; but if a youthful swain looked preference, or admiration on one, the other sisters fanned the flame, by mentioning her perfections of mind, her good nature, her cheerful disposition, her domestic turn and companionable qualities.

Amanda possessed commanding attractions; Isabella had much rhetoric, and a persuasive turn; Arabella was keen and discerning, prudent and circumspect; Corinthia was fascinating and sly; Phoebe playful and a wit; Phillis affected a graver tone, and Septima was the snow-drop just come out, on whom the approving glance of old age fell like a wintry sun. She was marked out for a nabob or a banker; but, up to the eventful winter,

“There (was) nobody coming to marry me,  
Nobody coming to woo,”

Sung in harmonious cadence and full chorus by the sister-seven. The winter wore on with no signs of change; the active sisters shone in strathspeys and reels; displayed their agility by being constantly on the boards; they were much praised for their steps, but they hoped to

have *other* steps yet to take: the Edinburgh lads were

“ ——— cold as wintry brooks.”

Willy M'Worldly flirted a little with Amanda, but it was at long shots; he would choose her for one dance, but he could *nae mak himsel particular* by duning a second. Peter Parchment, the writer, was a daily walking companion; but he took care not to offer his arm, lest the hand should be expected to accompany it. Pat Michaelson, a gay aide-de-camp, admired them all, but he was too dissipated to be fixed; the laird of Craigelarty cast a sheep's eye at the eldest, but he went off, whistling

“I'm ower young to marry yet.”

At length a *man of war* hove in sight, and he loomed like one richly laden: his fingers were *bediamonded* with rings, he had a jewel of high value for a brooch, a repeating watch, the nine genus as seals, boxes, canes, trinkets, and shawl waistcoats; every thing looked *comfortable* about him. Besides, he had arrived at high military rank, and had saved a round sum of ready money. There were a few drawbacks on this concern; namely, that he was neither tall nor handsome, was climate-worne and lame, had lived very hard, and seemed very bilious and lusty; from this temporary lameness he could not dance. The case required consultation; he was an old bird, and could not be caught with chaff; he had been a gay deceiver, and thrice slipped his neck out of a noose in which he had been half secured. He was a *general* lover, and the cousins of the seven ladies had already set their caps at him. No time was to be lost: he had been introduced to them in the morning, and he was to be at the ball at night. The sisters contrived to keep two always disengaged, in order to look out for prizes, whilst the other five were in the merry dance. The hero arrived, supported by an Irish Cap-

\* We hear in England of wearing the willow for being deserted; in Scotland the *green stocking* is the livery of an elder sister who remains unmarried after her younger ones are disposed of in the conjugal line.

tain and a mercantile friend, the former brought him into line with the two *vidette* sisters, one of whom took the Captain's arm, whilst the other engaged the *merchantman*. Isabella was the sister on the right flank, and Septima the light infantry of the left; the friend of the family drew out Isabella so as to have it in his power to open in high terms on the good qualities of all the sisters, and in the praise of the fair sex he was no niggard. A feint, or demonstration was now made on the right, whilst Septima made a diversion so as to keep the mercantile friend employed. The first attempt failed; the artillery of the eye was silenced by perceiving this great gun direct the elevation of his glances towards Amanda, then quitting a partner at the conclusion of a dance: the Captain, by a *forward* movement, brought her down to bear upon the rich veteran; and, separating from his wing, left an interval through which she marched up, supported by the arm of the former. Mercator was drawn off by Septima, and thrown into confusion by her youthful charms, so that the main body was separated from all communication with the second corps, and had no *reserve* at command. The able *Mihernian* embraced this favourable opportunity, (what would he not have embraced to serve a lady?) and, disengaging himself from Amanda, skirmished in sight; whilst the man of war was led off captive to a bench in the rear of the dancers; placed betwixt Isabella and Amanda, the wounded chief remained for some hours,

"Looked and sighed, looked and sighed,

Looked and sighed, and sighed again."

The protector-general (such was the Captain's nick-name), now returned and poured in the *grape* and round of his battery, on the defeated spirit, who had entered the room *Bacchi plenus* (full of wine). Amanda retreated for a short time, but returned to the charge and found the eloquence of the sister star, and the impudence (boldness or valour let us call it) of the allied power had decided the fate of the day. Mercator escaped slightly wounded, and recovered in a few days; but the

man of love, wine, and war, was led off the field and placed at home on his *parole*, whilst the sisters retired with flying colours, and the able Captain made good his quarters at home or elsewhere, for he was every where at home, and with him

"Ubi bene, ibi patria"

Was the device of his standard.

On the ensuing morn, or rather at noon thereof, the vanquished victor sought a parley with the son of Erin, and he (the latter) was demanded at a court of enquiry, at the seven stars. He had a *rendezvous* with a German lady, and a call to make at a banker's on a subject of finance; so various were his duties and occupations. It is believed that he first attended the lady's court, to enquire into the strength and resources of the captive chief, and to concert future plans of operation. He put off the germanic alliance for a day, and his wife for a week. Whether he attended the banker or not regards not the present subject; but he repaired to the prisoner's quarters in the quality of a *parlementaire*, nor was the gift of the gab denied him, love, logic, and liquor being his *forte*. The steady merchant appeared and talked of the terms of an honourable retreat; the chief shook his head; the Irishman would admit of no appeal but to the sword; he was a *polished* and *dangerous blade himself*; a piece of *well-tempered steel*, and fit for any thing except a pulpit. In honourable love no ransom is taken; the man of war had advanced too far, for he had made proposals and terms already; he accordingly struck his flag, and shortly after filed off (*not in Indian files*) by the side of the *white sergeant*, who did her duty by him ever after. It is asserted by some that she commanded in chief, and that one of her sisters, who passed the line with her, was second in command; whether this was the case or not is doubtful, but all agree in stating that the husband is happy, and his happiness is increasing yearly. The Captain, the zealous and faithful ally of the family, continued to *serve in the same way*, and arrived at more honours than emolument. Thus ended this Match-Making farce, which is of a

far more easy and elegant cast than those of the counties of Galway and Roscommon to wit; the palm must therefore be given where due: and if this gentle campaigning or *civil* war, these *ruses de la petite guerre*, or *belle-stratagems*, can prove of any use to parties concerned in such *manœuvres*, they are offered without a comment by a friend to the fair sex.

SCOTUS

## TO THE MARTYR OF SPAIN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Riego! Riego!—and can it then be  
That the sword of thy valour is sheath'd in the grave?  
Ah! why must the root of young Liberty's tree  
Thus ever be fed with the blood of the brave?  
Yet, oh! when we think how the blossoms will flourish,  
When life-drops so pure and so precious as thine;  
That exotic from heav'n in its infancy nourish,  
E'en they who most loved thee will cease to repine.  
For the tyrants will find,—who have let forth the soul  
From thy one single bosom, in thousands to burn,—  
That they safelier far might have crush'd the dread bowl,  
At the poison-tree fill'd for the culprit's return,  
Than have thus let escape from its prison of clay  
That electrical spirit, a spark of whose flame  
Were enough to light cowards themselves on a way,  
O'er the necks of oppressors to freedom and fame.  
In despoiling the fruit, they have scatter'd its seed  
Wide, wide through the land, to spring up and to thrive,  
When, of all that are link'd with this merciless deed,  
Not a name, save in infamy's page, shall survive.  
And in fast-coming years when Hispania shall see  
The abyss which had well nigh entomb'd her o'ergrown.  
She will turn, with a boast and a blessing, to thee,  
As the Curtius who rescued her life with his own.  
Not to her! whose affections to thee haply nearer—  
Not firmer—than e'en to her country, must cling;  
Who must feel that one flow'r in the bosom is dearer  
Than all that yet slumber, unwoke by the spring.  
Not to her shall the pitying tear be denied,  
(Which it shames us o'er thee in thy glory to shed)  
Till the first madding tumult of sorrow subside,  
And she learn that not vainly her loved one hath bled;  
Till we roam thro' our vallies, unchain'd, but by all  
The blue hills where the olive-branch waves to the gale;  
Till we bound o'er our mountains, unconscious of thrall,  
Save the loveliness luring us back to the vale;—  
Then ev'n the lone mourner will joy to behold  
Her own birth-land as blest as its hero desired,  
And each true Spanish heart, with the same loving, bold,  
And high soul which, in *him*, she could worship inspir'd.

B.

## LETTERS FROM MISS FLIRTILLA TO MISS PRUDENTIA.

It seems requisite, before the reader enters upon the following correspondence, to remind him of our having, on a previous occasion, remarked how much the introduction of French frivolities into the manners of the Scottish fair is at variance with their customary habits and deportment, and how much we doubted that the pretended improvement would be ultimately and generally beneficial. We shall now leave him to draw his own conclu-

sions from this part of a correspondence betwixt two amiable young ladies of different characters, united by the bonds of friendship, and only separated by circumstances: namely, the former's being on her travels in order to give the last polishing touch to her person and education, whilst the companion of her early youth was doomed, from a more limited income, to remain at home—discreet, sedate, and contented with her lot. Now to the letters.

## LETTER I

Paris.

DEAR PRUDENTIA

It has been with much difficulty that I refrained from writing to you sooner, for a number of interesting things took place on my road here; but you know Ma's old fashioned economical way. She has forgotten the first impulses of the heart, and calculates the postage of a letter; so she insisted on my not putting you to this expense until I arrived in Paris, and even now wants me to wait for Mr. Ballantyne, who thinks of visiting your cold and smoky capital in three weeks.

"C'est un éternité pour l'amour,"

As *somebody* says (but this *somebody* must not be brought in before the proper time and place); so you see, my dear girl, I stole out by myself, without fear of being run away with by the light and *volage* *chevaliers Français*, and went personally, whilst Ma was in the arms of Morpheus, and put this my letter in the *Grande Poste*, in the *Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau*, and I was followed and looked at by legions of admirers; aye, my love, and some of these gay youths were of the *Legion of Honour* too! what say you to that? *Entre nous*, how a little bit of red ribbon does give a finish to a gentleman's dress, just peeping out of his button-hole, like a *grandee* in cog: the black stock, bushy hair, rakishly-worded hat, and a thousand sweet *et cætera*, not forgetting what I call game-spurs, and high heeled boots. And now, my dear Prudentia, I

am so bewildered with delight at every thing in this dear, dissipated metropolis, that I don't know where to begin. First, the *Thulleries* are splendid,—the entrance to Paris is magnificent,—the *Column* grand,—the *Opera* enchanting,—the *Fly-dean* captivating,—the attentions of the men overpowering, and their manners *divine*! I should have been ruined if I had not learned waltzes and quadrilles before I came here. I might have been accounted a rustic amongst rustics, an uneducated amongst the vulgar; but you advised me never to waltz with a foreigner, who, between you and I, are the only people worth waltzing with. Such murmuring of vows and oaths as we whirl round together;—such humble yet warm attentions, so much mischief done with the eye, and such elegant exertions to set off a partner to the best advantage. Who would dance with a Scotch loon after these, a rough animal who handles you as he would the reins of a coach-horse, merely to give himself exercise and to get you on? Frenchwomen are not driven thus, and why should we be so? They are gently led in wreaths of flowers and *vive*! The rosy wreath, say I? But my poor little head is straying, and you must not chide me for it. They who have not drunk of the cup of pleasure know not its bewitching effect. I dare say, notwithstanding, that a sober cup of tea would satisfy my dear Prudentia just as well: however, I must try and convert you, and bring you over here by hook or by crook. *Adieu*, I have

already named you to the very cream of elegance, the pearl of perfection; a gallant young lancer of twenty-two years of age, with one of those faces which you meet with in a picture-gallery, with berry-black whiskers, and chintuft *à la Henri Quatre*, an eye like an eagle, and a high forehead of polished marble, a lofty air, seducing smile, and covered with military decorations. He evinced much interest to see you. How romantic! To see my friend, he observed, would be like seeing my second-self; a thing that always must have high interest with an admirer. He hinted too that as he was devoted to me *à la vie, à la mort*, that he had a dear comrade as brave as he is engaging, and covered with wounds and glory, whom he would introduce to you, and who would be almost intuitively in love with you before he saw you. He too has two orders dangling on his breast; but I am going on too fast. I must tell you that we went first to Meurice's Hotel, where every thing was so extravagant that we were forced to leave it, at which I was not ill-pleased, for I saw nothing but our own country people (I mean Britons) there; and they do indeed, Prudentia, lose by comparison--don't be angry. Neither our men nor women know how to dress, and you will allow that the exterior is the first thing we judge by; and as to politeness, they know it only by name. Bless you, a French nobleman of the first rank takes his hat off respectfully to the humblest class of our sex--dear woman is his idol! From Meurice's, Ma, from economy; removed to the *Faubourg St. Germain*, the other side of the water; I at first shed a tear at being borne away from the centre of high fashion, but I was consoled by the agreeable inmates of our private hotel, or lodging-house, consisting of a Countess,--no less, my love,--of about thirty, as giddy and as playful as a girl of fifteen, whose husband is at his chateau three hundred miles off, and three *militaires*, one a lancer, and the other two *Gardes du Corps*, but all titled; the Marquis de Maisenrude, the Vicomte Volage, and the Chevalier d'Orcourt. The former is my dying swain, the other two his confidants and of the same part of

France, *Auvergne*. We have been every where: to the play, to church, to the *Palais Royal*, to the Chapel Royal, to the Promenade, and I know not where. The Marquis wanted to take me in his cabriolet to the *Bois de Boulogne*, but Ma ill-naturedly refused, and I would not eat any thing the whole day, nor utter any thing beyond yes and no. She cannot bear Frenchmen, a proof of her bad taste; the Countess, however, gave what she called her little *impromptu* at night, and forced Ma to come and bring me; now this *impromptu* consisted in a concert and a ball *sans façon*, with a cold collation at one in the morning. How your poor dear friend, Flirtilla, who is thought slightly of at home, was flattered, sought for, and admired: I blush as I recite my triumph. The French ladies were all envy. One youth protested that he had always had a *penchant* for English ladies; a Colonel of Hussars stole my glove, and swore that he would keep it more reverentially than a saint's relic; *J'en ai trop vu en Espagne*, said he: and two Captains of the *Garde*, nay, all, assured me that they were dying for the felicity of being my partner. There was no "Miss, or Ma'am, are you engaged for the next dance?" But "may I aspire to the honour of Mademoiselle's dancing the next quadrille with me?" On assuring one of them that I was engaged for four dances, but that then I should be happy to accept his offer, he replied, "four dances hence! that is an age, but" (with a sigh), "*J'attendrai toujours*." Now where would you find such refinement in Scotland? The truth is, that English women were quite the rage. I don't know how many marriages, elopements, and *faux pas* have not taken place this winter. Our countrymen begin to look quite blue, and rich fathers are frightened to death about their girls. Poor Ma don't appear quite at her ease about myself: if they look to fortune, she need have no apprehension, but *furthermore this dependant sayeth not*. I am disgusted & *jamais* with our Sandy's, and Wallis's, and Donald's, and Alisters: how different the sounds of Victor, Adolphe, Auguste, Hippolyte, Amédée, &c. I must tell you

that the grand ballet at the opera is sublime: they dance like demi-gods. I do not understand the French of the drama completely; doubtless it is heavenly, and I shall know all about it in time. The conversation of the French is spirited to a degree: at first I thought it a little too free, but I am getting over that prejudice daily, as I am surmounting all the awkward obstacles to comfort which stood in the way of convenience and *bon ton* when first I arrived; such as draggling a pair of white satin shoes for fear of showing my ankles; keeping my partner at arm's length in a waltz for fear of looking bold; (it is impossible to waltz gracefully thus) holding down my head when complimented; and asking Ma's leave upon every trivial occasion. I have taken the Marquis's advice, who tells me that a pretty woman ought to be a despot, her will is absolute—I must take breath—would you believe that I am considered as quite a beauty? Such a complexion, they say; so natural! so artless! Even my golden

locks find favour in their sight,\* and I assure you that I spare no pains in setting off my ringlets to the best advantage; nay, I now may be mistaken for a French woman in every article of my dress, if ever I come back—but far distant be the thought: I have forgotten every thing but thee, my Prudentia: and now, whilst it is in my head, I will certainly contrive to smuggle over to you some Paris shoes and gloves, and the last mode in a bonnet. And now adieu, my dear Prudentia, *ma bonne et tendre amie*. I hear my lancer singing his favourite air; he is a charming rattle, and the words suit his character well. This song is a signal for me to go out walking with the Countess; one of the *Gardes du Corps* is her beau, and is to be one of the party—hark, I hear him again.

“Aujourd'hui encore de la folie,  
Et je serai sage demain.”

Adieu, your's most truly,  
FLIRTILLA.

#### LETTER II.

INDEED, my dear Prudentia, your preaching letter is too *sombre* for the light and airy sphere in which I move, and for the warm climate which I inhabit. One would think that pleasure, instead of being a charming aerial spirit with gilded wings, was some haggard demon of frightful aspect, from which a young woman must fly as from deadly temptation. Surely a little flirtation with a few butterfly beaus is no such great sin. Why should I let the French fair ones bear away the palm of admiration from me? No, no, my dear girl, youth and beauty are spring flowers, and, as my admirer says,

“Il n'y a qu'un tems pour vivre  
Amis passons le galement;”

and I am determined so to do: nay, more, it shall not be my fault if I do

not make a convert of you, and if I do not prevail upon you to quit the frigid zone, where you are frozen up under a non-intercourse with the votaries of pleasure, and visit fashion's most favourite haunts; to wit, *la bonne ville de Paris*. But now let me treat you with an account of our last ball. I prevailed upon Mama to give an *impromptu* two nights ago: our dear Countess ordered the music, the decorations, the supper, &c., and I assure you, all was *magnifique*, although Mama grumbled at the expense, and was out of her element all the night. You would have been astounded to see the incense which was offered to what was called my charms; to have beheld so many gay flatterers about me; such rivalry for the advantage of dancing with me; such high request as I was in amongst the *elegantes*.

\* Here Mademoiselle Flirtilla has been flattered into an error: the French particularly dislike red hair, but adulation stops at nothing; it aims at turning the brain, and the consequence may be fatal. The conquest of one *Angloise* is a greater triumph to a Frenchman than a score of victims of his own country.

I had a written list of promises made to aspiring partners as long as my arm, and I was not able to fulfil one half of my engagements. The disappointed many claim my hand for another ball next week, at the Duke de —'s *ambigu*, a party without form or ceremony, at the Duke's hotel, which is given weekly. The voice of scandal breathes a vile report respecting that house, namely, that the lady who does the honours is the Duke's *chère amie*, that the birth of her daughter is doubtful, and that — hotel is a scene of intrigue and a match-making place. Mademoiselle, it is added, is to go off in wedlock to the best bidder, the heaviest purse being the object in view. *Eh bien!* What is that to me, or to any one else but the party concerned? But to return to our *soirée*: I was dressed in a robe *à la vierge* of white *taffetas*, richly trimmed with expensive lace, my hair all in simple ringlets, kept back by a costly comb, which, by the way, is not paid for yet; white satin shoes completed my artless appearance, for which I was idolized by a legion of lovers. Every one with some two or three orders dangle from their button-holes. Dear, delightful creatures! how well they do understand the art of flattery. I did not dance with one Englishman the whole of the night, for which I gained much praise from the Paris *beaux*. The fact is, that an Englishman in Paris is a mighty insipid being; he looks like a fish out of water, and a queer fish too. The French *militaires* eclipse them completely, and place them in darkness visible. I had a pretty scolding from Mama the next morning, for what she terms levity; but, on the other hand, I was *les délices* of the French for my sprightliness and amiability; and I was assured that I might be mistaken for a French *élegante du premier ton*; that is just what I aim at; and I trust that if ever I return to Scotland I shall not be recognizable. But far from me be the horrid thought of quitting dear France; I could pass my life in this admirable metropolis; and, between you and I, I should have no objection to becoming the partner for life of some young Colonel, with the title of

Count or Baron tacked to his name. How the Scotch lasses would envy me! *A propos*, I have had one offer, but of this hereafter. One thing my intended must make up his mind to, if he takes me: namely, that he will not have a tame, tasteless, British matron for a wife, but one whose manners and habits will be all French: one who will flirt when and where she pleases, and have her own will in every thing, *à la mode de Paris*. To be sure, women were born to reign, instead of being the complying, obeying, sermonizing, household stuff, without a will, and as gentle as a *petit mouton*, like most of the English married dames. No faith, I have learned another lesson here: I am otherwise schooled: however, this I shall keep to myself; it will be time enough for my *caro sposo* to know this when I have him in Hymen's chain—there's high spirit for you! Do not believe a word against the French; they are the best flirts, the most agreeable admirers in the world, and some of them very good husbands; and as matrimony is but a lottery, why should not I get a prize as well as another? Now I think I see you looking grave, and shaking your head, and thinking that your poor Flirtilla is on the road to ruin. Not a bit—this is all mere sportiveness, *aimable folie*, a thing not understood in the land of Thistles. Here we know only the roses of life's *parterre*, but—true—yes, 'tis he—I see my swain, and the hour of the post's departure approaches also. How pale I look; last night's dissipation has spoiled my complexion. I must away to my dressing-room, and keep the dear man waiting for at least a quarter of an hour, that is *bon ton*; besides, my ringlets must be adjusted, and — dear, how pale I look! Shall I borrow a blush from the Countess's book? No, that won't do for a *Demoiselle*; it will be time enough to practise that attraction when I become Madame; my admirer will, doubtless, find me *bien intéressante* as I am. What a pity it is that the fatigues of pleasure should disfigure the bloom of youth! But *n'importe*, I hear my admirer taking up my guitar, and playing a *romance*.—I must away, once more farewell—My dear



girl), believe me, with all my *light-headedness*, as you are pleased to call it, 'still

Your unalterable friend,  
FLIRTILLA.

one for gluttons, &c. &c. &c., so that one runs after a new fashion, and another after a new dish or a new sauce. You will, perhaps, say that I am saucy enough without.

P.S. I send you the *Almanac des Modes*. We have here an Almanack for everything : one for the Muses,

"Comme vous le voulez, ma bonne amie,"

*Encore adieu.*

## ALI.

### CANTO I.

It was as beautiful a night  
As ever shadow'd earth and sky,  
To make the dim remains of light  
More loved in that obscurity.  
The sea slept stirless on the shore,  
Save haply when the dripping oar  
Its purple robe with gems besprinkled,  
Round which the circling eddies wrinkled.

Young Selim's bark across the flood  
Its lone and silent way pursu'd,  
Now broke across the widening gleam  
Of pale Phingari's ocean-beam,  
Then swiftly o'er the darkling blue,  
Awhile invisible, it flew,  
Save by the shining track that swept  
The wave, and still its lustre kept,  
E'en when the boat had reach'd the strand,  
And grated on the sloping sand.  
You might have traced from Hermon's hill,  
As clearly as the sunny rill  
Through emerald vales is seen to wind,  
The silvery course that keel had taken ;—  
The line, though thin, was yet unshaken ;  
It seem'd a cable of moon-beams twin'd,  
Some spirit's fairy prow to bind.—  
Are those the whispers of Autumn's breeze,  
As it lures the ripe leaves from the citron trees,  
Or is it the hum of the clustering bees,  
Thus breaking the silence of midnight's hour  
With murmuring music from yon grey tower,  
Whence gleams through the lattice a flickering ray,  
Like the beacon expiring at break of day ?  
Oh ! no, 'tis the voice of empassion'd greeting,  
Oft silenced awhile by their soft lips meeting,  
For Selim has gain'd the turret's height,  
By none but Zella's eye discern'd,  
And now e'en the night-lamp is hid from the sight  
In the shadow of him for whom it burn'd.  
Though the way was far, and the crag was steep,  
And the bower of his beauty the foil of his foe,  
And his path lay over the faithless deep,  
Lest a footstep awaken the warder's sleep,  
Yet whither did he ever fear to go ?  
His foot is as fleet as the bounding roe,

And wherever the mountain-goat can climb,  
 Regardless of the abyss below,  
 There seems an easy way for him.  
 And lives there one of Moslem faith  
 Who would not brave e'en more than death  
 To win the warm yet pure caresses

Of those fond arms that now are thrown  
 Around his neck, whose ebon tresses  
 Flow darkly mingling with his own,  
 While still his lip her smooth cheek presses

In rapture but to lover's known?  
 Yes, theirs was joy, but not unmix'd  
 With untold fears of coming sorrow,  
 For on the dread eventful morrow  
 The weal or woe of both was fix'd ;—  
 Long ere another sun shall set,

That youthful warrior's meteor-sword  
 Must with the bosom-stream be wet

Of those high turrets, hoary lord :—  
 Yon battlements, whose friendly shade  
 Hath ne'er his nightly haunt betray'd,  
 When, bounding to his beauteous maid,  
 Their walls were dear to Selim's eyes  
 As the blest bounds of Paradise,—

The first bright glimpse of opening heaven,  
 That greets the Peri as he flies

To his lost home, with sins forgiven,—  
 His brand shall give to blackening flame,  
 While crackling beam, and crashing tower,  
 Shall echo through the blissful bower  
 Where late his noiseless foot-step came  
 To love away the moonlight hour.

Yet ere that work of dread is over,  
 The grave may close on Zella's lover,  
 And quench the blaze of that full eye

The maiden now is gazing at,  
 As if the countless lights on high

Were all concentrated in that.  
 But, Oh! should Selim live no more,  
 Thy pangs, fond girl, would soon be o'er :  
 Thou ne'er couldst linger on an earth

Where not a bosom beat to love thee,  
 But still wouldst feel affection's dearth,

If Eden's fruits bloom'd fresh above thee.  
 Though thou wert nurs'd in war's red lap,

And scared by death in every shape,  
 Yet meekest eyes can easier brook

On thousand mangled forms to look,  
 Of strangers in the death-gasp writhing,

Than *one* loved face no longer breathing.  
 Though (like the bud of Zellan's palm (1)

When first its veil is rent asunder,  
 Trembling beneath the deep-ton'd thunder,

That shakes the forest with alarm,  
 And with loud prophet-voice is heard

Greeting with omen's dirè the birth  
 Of that proud flower too highly rear'd

Above each neighbouring child of earth)  
 Thy cradled slumbers had been broken

By the harsh trumpet's deadly clangor,  
 Though none but words of hate and anger

E'en to thine infant ears were spoken,—

Though thy first sighs inhaled the air,  
 The tainted breath of reeking war,  
 Though pent within a fortress gloom,  
 Like the steel helmet's quivering plume,—  
 Thy soul was not less mild than theirs,  
 Who never felt the spicy grove  
 Where from the din thy youth would rove,  
 Who never felt the wildering cares,  
 Alike extreme of hate or love,  
 And thou no more couldst bear to see  
 The death-gloom shadding o'er the face  
 Of him whose love was all to thee,  
 Than the calm ocean's printless glass  
 Can view the fragments of the rock,  
 That thunder down to its floating base,  
 And lie unruffled by the shock.

“ Yes, Selim, yes!—I know it now,—  
 Thou comest to bid adieu for ever ;  
 That quivering lip and that swollen brow  
 Too well proclaim that we must sever.  
 How different were thy looks when first,  
 At the soft noon of midnight's hour,  
 The radiance of thy bright eye burst  
 Through the dark bars of this lonely tower,  
 And, while thy Zella trembling stood,  
 A burning blush on her pale cheek threw  
 As the red flame of India's wood  
 Sheds over all its crimson hue.  
 Oh ! better far hadst thou return'd,  
 While my green kerchief still was waving,  
 Soon as thy pinnacle I discern'd  
 On the wild tide these turret's laving.  
 Far better hadst thou ta'en my warning,  
 Than come and leave me now to weep  
 Over a bright and transient dawning  
 Of joy, like the light which gilds the steep,  
 When the dull eye of drowsy morning  
 Opes and again is closed in sleep.” (2)

“ My bird of beauty, say not so;—  
 I might have shunn'd the beacon-blaze,  
 But when that lovely arm of snow,  
 And silken streamer, met my gaze,  
 Had this been Eblis' dread abode,  
 My bark would still have onward row'd,—  
 If more than death had yawn'd between  
 My boat and yonder surf-worn strand,  
 The black abyss I ne'er had seen,  
 While o'er the waters thy white hand  
 So sweetly waved to warn me thither,  
 To me it seem'd—forgive the thought  
 By passion's flattering frenzy wrought—  
 With its light motion beckoning hither.  
 And would'st thou joy if all the bliss  
 That hour and many since have brought,—  
 All the fond transport, too, of this,  
 Had never been, or now were nought ?  
 Oh ! Zella, Zella ! could I deem  
 Thy spirit e'er can wish to wake  
 From love's unearthly, tranceing, dream,  
 Why let the thirsty war-hound slake

His raving lip in Selim's gore,  
Which ne'er shall glow when not for thee,—  
Since all that sweeten'd life is o'er,  
What terror has the grave for me?"

"Alla forbid!—oh! be not rash,  
Trust me, my heart and soul are thine,  
True as the thunder to the flash—  
But, hark! I hear the hurrying dash  
Of oars across the rippling brine!  
A boat!"

"I know the purple sign  
That decks their prow,—I must to mine.  
Adieu, my life! nay, cling not thus,—  
Thou know'st not half the peril near,  
What ruin would alight on us,  
If my fierce comrades found me here,  
Thus link'd within thy dear embrace,  
At such a time, at such a place,—  
When all are arming for the fight,  
And waiting but the morrow's light,—  
Thus absent from the battle-call,  
And,—what to them were worse than all,—  
Within the foe's detested wall,  
By *them* detested, not by *me*,  
While yet its round encircles thee.  
But morning's dawn shall break the tie  
Of thy harsh kinsman's tyranny,  
For he, if Selim live, must die.  
Yet if no more that face I see,  
Oh! may the memory of our love  
A fount of endless pleasure prove,  
As the rich burden of the bee  
Becomes more precious every hour  
Than when first gather'd from the flower."

She wildly prest his throbbing hand,  
And then his manly figure scann'd,  
Bidding a long and mute farewell  
To every feature's heavenly spell.  
Never are blossoms more sweet and rare  
Than just before their beauties die,  
And never are forms more lovely fair  
Than when they are about to fly.  
Young Zella's look, though sad and fix'd,  
With admiration's fire was mix'd,  
While pondering on the noblest frame  
That ever Crishna lent to men, (3)  
To light and feed a virgin's flame,  
And which was ne'er so prized as then.  
'Twas such a motionless regard,  
As though she hoped if ne'er they met,  
But in those realms heaven's high reward,  
She then might recollect him yet,—  
As though she deem'd there was an art  
Each worshipp'd feature's form to trace;  
In lines that from her deathless heart  
Eternity could not efface.  
But then the dread of losing him,  
Her only hope of bliss below,  
Made even Paradise look dim,  
To think it must be purchas'd so.

A thousand horrors darkly roll'd  
Across her brain, yet all untold,  
And the first words her white lips wrought  
Were but the sequel of her thought.

"Remember I have none but thou  
To cherish and to love me now:  
My sire and she who gave me birth  
Are slumbering in their bed of earth;  
And he who owns this gloomy pile,  
Although I am his brother's child,  
Did never yet upon me smile,

Or sooth mine ear with accents mild.  
Yes, though a stranger were the foe,  
Prepared to strike his mortal blow,  
His weal could ask no tear from me;  
Then think how friendless I should be,  
Were aught of ill to light on thee!  
Not the wild rosemary that blows,

Unheeded, on the desert sands, (4)  
Where not a cooling rivulet flows,

Unrear'd by any fostering hands,  
Is half so desolate and lorn

As I, if thou wert from me torn.

Bethink thee, then, amid the strife,

'Tis thine to guard a twofold life;

The hand that crops the javelin-blossom

Will rend the verdant curls that bound it, (5)

And the wound that pierces thy manly bosom,

Will reach the maiden who clings around it."

One kiss—another!—he was frown,  
And Zella look'd on heaven alone,

While down the beetling crags he wound,

And his light shallop's prow unbound;

Then like a spectre o'er the tide,

So swift and pale, she saw him glide,

And as the dash more faintly broke

Upon her ear at every stroke,

Her heart's pulsation died away,

Till cold and motionless she lay,

Nor ever raised her drooping head,

Until the early dawn of day

Brought sounds so clamorous and dread,

As would have roused the trance of death,—

The tymbaton's unceasing clang,

The clash of zel, and boisterous breath

Of trumpet through the castle rang,—

The snorting steed, the rattling spear,

The yell of pain, the shriek of fear.

Yet these, which made a hell of earth

Were notes of harmony and mirth,

Compared with what she soon must hear.

(To be continued.)

## THE OLD SOLDIER.

---

“ And I will tell you,  
 Why that strong eye of his is never seen  
 To sparkle with the tear of mirth and joy,—  
 Though I have known it, when the good old man  
 Relates some action, which *his* arm performed,  
 With honour to his country and himself,  
 Beam for an instant,—like an April sky,—  
 Forget its griefs, and almost seem to smile.”

---

’Tis said of Dr. Johnson, that he discovered more charms in the smoky environs of Fleet-street than in the richest landscape. I envy not his feelings: and, however much I may honour him for his learning, I have always entertained but a mean opinion of him as a philanthropist. For the man who could behold unmoved the proud oak of the forest rear its majestic branches to the sky; gaze with cold indifference upon the more humble, but not less wonderful productions of nature; turn a deaf ear to the voice of the lark, nor pause for an instant to endeavour to follow it in its aerial course—

“ Unseen, tho’ still at intervals to hear  
 Its strains of melody, for ever clear,  
 Upon the passing breezes borne along:”

or could even look with contempt and scorn upon the humble pastimes of the peasant, must be dead to all the finer feelings of the heart; and could have but small pretensions to be ranked among the chosen of the muses.

Reader, if thy taste differs not from that of the “Colossus of English literature,” turn away. But if thou art a lover of the country—if thou canst feel a pleasure in beholding the beauties of nature spread forth in all their rich luxuriance; but more especially if thou canst cast aside the idea of thine own superiority, and identify thyself for awhile with the rude, uneducated peasant, join in his sports, and be a partaker of his pastimes, then mayst thou proceed, for I address myself to thee, well knowing that ’tis only such can form any notion of the pleasure which I felt, after having been a sharer (no matter how small) in the labours of the

harvestman, on finding myself seated beneath the shadow of a wide branching oak, secured from the scorching rays of sun, and surrounded by a multitude of happy and contented faces, whose owners had assembled together to partake of their homely repast. I had witnessed that day, with delight, their cheerful toil, and had, in the fullness of my heart, more than once repeated the beautiful description of such a scene by the minstrel of the seasons:—

“ At once they stoop and swell the  
 lusty sheaves;  
 While through their cheerful bands the  
 rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious  
 time,  
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours  
 away.  
 Behind the master walks, builds up  
 the shocks;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every  
 side  
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave  
 with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here  
 and there,  
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest  
 pick.”

The feast having been spread out on the ground, was surrounded by the reapers themselves, to one of whom, in the absence of the master, was assigned the charge of dispensing abundance to his hungry companions, which he did with an unsparing hand. Nor was it dispensed to them alone, but all who were within the reach of his eye, or the sound of his voice, were equally the objects of his attention. The bashful maiden and her widowed mother, seated in silence beneath the shelter of the hedge, anxious to shun the eye

of observation, escaped not *his* notice, but were compelled to become the unwilling receivers of the harvest fare, rich mayhap when compared to their own. Nor was he even forgetful of the little urchins who gamboled about in all the thoughtlessness of childhood; now plucking cunningly a few ears from the sheaf to increase their little gleanings; now striving in vain to surprise the watchful sparrows, and anon returning to our party, to cast a longing look towards the enormous pudding which graced its centre. "Now, my boys, whose for pudding?" cried our honest carver, as his knife dived into a dish at least a foot and a half in diameter. In an instant he was environed with a host of them, each striving to attract the notice of the dispenser of such luxuries. They were all served in turn, and away they went hallooing most lustily. "What, Dicky," exclaimed he to a youngster, who stood at his shoulder with one hand

in his mouth, and the other in his pocket, and hanging down his head with a look of extreme archness,—  
"art thou last? Never mind, better late than never—now then, my boy, meat or pudding?" Dickey seemed puzzled which to choose, at length he decided upon having "a little of both."—"Bravo, my boy!" shouted the reapers, as they laughed at the young rogues cunning. But with the pudding in one hand, and the meat in the other, Dicky scampered away, regardless of their laughter, to his poor mother, in whose lap he deposited the latter, while he sat down and shared the former with his little sister.

At the conclusion of the repast a sun-burnt reaper bawled out, "Who sings grace to-day. Come, Master William, one of your songs by way of a finis, and then to work again." Master William, a youth with strong lungs, and a loud voice, without any excuses, sung the song of

#### THE REAPER.

LET the Lord be proud of his wide domain,—  
The Miser glad of his hoard;—  
But we'll rejoice when the ripen'd grain  
Bids fare to be safely stored.  
While proudly travels the monarch of day,  
Unobserved by the thoughtless sleeper,  
We'll haste to the harvest, away, away,—  
No mortal's so blest as the Reaper.

The mirth of his fellows the only boon  
In which he expects to share,—  
He toils 'neath the scorching rays of noon,  
Contented and free from care.  
Or seated awhile on the shady ground,  
He's merry and laughs with his neighbour  
While the cup and the joke pass gaily round,  
To sweeten the hours of labour.

Thus happy the life of the Reaper proves,  
And should grief dare look thereon,  
The witching smile of the maid he loves,  
Bids the grisly fiend begone.  
While proudly travels the monarch of day,  
Unobserved by the careless sleeper,—  
We'll haste to the harvest, away, away;  
No mortal's so blest as the Reaper.

Though I always delight to share in the mirth of the happy, even when most boisterous, I could not on the present occasion altogether divest myself of a feeling of respect for the person who sat be-

side me; a venerable looking old man, who appeared a perfect stranger to all around, and by whom the mirth of the company seemed to be disregarded. Even when the joke was most happy, and the laugh

was at its highest, I watched in vain for a smile upon his countenance. Sorrow sat upon his brow; and if ever his eye brightened, it was with a tear. His face was deeply furrowed, and its brown complexion was evidently the effect of warmer suns than ours, while the few hairs that were scattered o'er his head hardly served to conceal the traces of more than one scar, marks which plainly indicated that he was now in a different sphere from what he once moved in. Indeed his whole appearance was such as to excite my curiosity in a particular degree. I enquired of those around, but I enquired in vain, who he was: they seemed as ignorant of his history as myself. I was determined, however, to know, if possible, something more of him. I entered, accordingly, into conversation with him, and requested he would favour me with an account of his life, which seemed to have been so different from that of his companions. He yielded to my entreaties, and the effect which his narrative had upon me, tended to impress it deeply on my mind. I can hardly hope it should have the same upon the reader, since it wants its most interesting feature, the presence of the Old Soldier.

"I comply with your request, young man, not that I suppose my life has differed materially from that of others, or that the sorrows of an old soldier can possess any interest, but in order to satisfy you, that 'tis not from natural dislike to these sports that I do not now join in them. No—there was a time when I could laugh with the loudest, and pass the joke as freely as others. Would that I had never been spared to behold other times, since I was not allowed to follow, in peace, the footsteps of my forefathers. Fate had ordained it otherwise. Compelled by necessity, it was the lot of Herbert to become a reaper in the field of blood and slaughter; to exchange the sickle for the sword, and to bid, as it afterwards appeared, an eternal farewell to his paternal hearth. I was born in a village some twelve miles off, in the same house in which both my father and grandfather drew their first breath; and when it came into my possession, I looked upon it as a sacred habitation in which I was destined to pass my

days, if not in affluence, at least above the reach of want. Every thing which it contained was sacred to me; I even looked upon its very furniture as my household gods. Here for several years I resided, enjoying as much, or, perhaps, more happiness than falls to the lot of the generality of mankind. This calm, however, proved but the forerunner of a storm, which was gathering over my head, though I perceived it not until too late to avert its effects.

"About this time there came to reside in the village a person who was fated to disturb my repose, and whose conduct drew upon his head the curses of the injured. He came and looked upon our little land as Ahab looked upon the garden of Naboth, the Jezreelite. So, to be brief, he wished to inclose it within his new plantations; but I was determined never, if possible, to part with that in which my happiness was centred, or to give up a spot which was consecrated by the recollection of all that was dear to me. This opposition only served to aggravate our wealthy neighbour, who, unknown to me, set off for London, where the owner of our farm resided, and by some means or other got him to dispose of it. Having no lease of the ground, in three months I found myself expelled, together with a wife and two infants,—the sacred pledges of affection,—from the house where I had hoped to have passed in quietness my allotted time. Thus suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence, cast upon the wide world, with a wife and family, without a house, without a friend, I knew not what to do. I could not bear to live any longer in my native village to witness the habitation of my fathers in the possession of another, who, disregarding the feelings of a parent, only laughed at my grief, and triumphed in my sorrow. The bare idea almost drove me to distraction. But the recollection of a wife and two children, who looked up to me for support, recalled my wandering thoughts, and after three days spent in fruitless attempts at determining upon some plan for my future life, I rose ere sunrise on the fourth, resolved to set out to seek employment in the nearest town,



which was the sea port of P— I kissed my boy and girl as they lay fast asleep; the smiles of innocence and happiness played upon their lovely features. Little did they know of the anguish which then tore the breast of their father, and while thus gazing on them, the thought that they were happy, afforded *me* consolation. But it was not till I felt the scalding tear descend along my cheek, that I forced myself away. I had yet, however, another, a severer trial to undergo in parting with my wife; and it was not till after many struggles, having released my neck from her embrace, and summoning up all the courage I was master of, that I rushed out of doors, and ran for some distance, not daring once to look behind me. Had I been capable of thought, or of foreseeing the evils which I was destined in after-life to encounter, I should even then have returned and chosen rather to perish with those I loved, than to live a life of pain, a fugitive upon the earth, unknowing and unknown.

"I now determined to seek some employment to support my family from indigence, and this my education, which had been better than was generally bestowed on the sons of farmers in my time, led me to expect. But having arrived at P— late in the evening, with a brain almost distracted, and hardly knowing what I did, I embraced the first offer which presented itself. Tempted by the bounty, I enlisted for a soldier—that very night I sent the money to my wife, and next morning embarked with the regiment to which I had bound myself; ere noon we set sail for the East Indies, and the same night lost sight of the land which contained all that I valued upon earth.

"After a rough voyage of eight months, we arrived at our destination, where we remained some time to recover from its effects, and to get a little inured to the climate. We were then sent to join the main army, and for eighteen years from this period my life was a continued series of dangers and escapes. The only thing which occurred worth particular notice was, having once preserved the life of an officer at the expense of this scar,—(pointing to one across the front of his

head),—I was exalted to the post of serjeant, and received as a reward ten dubloons. These I forwarded to my wife by the hands of him whose life I had saved; but who, being unfit any longer for service, was returning home, to blast,—oh! base ingratitude of man!—the happiness of his preserver.

"Eighteen years having past away, I resolved to return home at the expiration of the campaign in which we were then engaged, when a circumstance happened which embittered every hour of my life, and hastened my departure from a scene now rendered doubly painful to me. The army was reinforced with some new companies, which were dispersed equally throughout the various regiments. Among those who were incorporated with ours was a young man with whose appearance I was particularly struck, and to whom I felt much attached, without being able to give any reason. His disposition was very reserved, and he seemed to take no pleasure in the amusements of his companions. In the first engagement after his arrival he kept close to my side all day, and his gallant conduct attached me still more to him.

"But, alas! fate envied me the pleasure which I found in his company. He had not been with the army a month, when we were called out one morning to attack a party of the enemy, which was advancing to our outworks. The battle had lasted upwards of an hour, and the ground was covered with the dead and dying, when I observed my young companion stagger, and drop beside me. I caught him ere he had well reached the ground, and notwithstanding the smoke, observed the blood gushing from a wound in his head. I instantly bore him into the rear, and having left him with the surgeon, returned to my post. The enemy were soon after routed, and I flew back to my young friend. He lay where I had left him, the surgeon having as yet been unable to notice him. The spark of life was nearly extinct; in vain I tried to staunch the blood. He fixed his eyes intently upon me, and seizing my hand in a fit of agony, exclaimed with much difficulty, 'I thank you, serjeant, but 'tis in vain: life will not stay.' I only ask one favour

more of you : 'twill be the last. I came here in hopes to find a father, who is perhaps gone before me to another world : if so, I soon shall find him. But should he yet live, and you should ever meet him, tell him that his son searched for him, and died—oh ! my poor mother,—his name was Herbert Coulson '—  
 ' Oh, heavens ! it is my boy ! ' But he heard me not ; his hand stiffened within my grasp, and his eye closed for ever."

Here the emotion of the old man was such as to prevent his continuing his narrative for some time : at length however he proceeded.

"After this circumstance I obtained my discharge, and hastened back to England. I landed in safety upon the same spot where I had embarked nineteen years before. But I felt no pleasure on beholding my native land. I was incapable of feeling ; my brain swam round and round—I was like a drunken man—I scarcely saw any thing around me ; and when I reached the shore, I know not how, I sat myself down on a large stone upon the beach, hid my face in my hands, and wept ; but not the tears of joy. I was insensible, and wept without a cause, my heart was full. Thoughts crowded upon thoughts, too thick, too fast, for me to be conscious of them ; my mind was a perfect chaos. I tried to calm my troubled spirits, but the

moment I had done so, the recollection of a son whom I had only known in death, together with the thought of a wife and daughter who perhaps were also dead, rushing across my mind, rendered every attempt ineffectual. Roused, however, at length from my stupor by the flowing of the tide, I arose and turned my steps by instinct towards that village where I had once a home. The night was cold and still—not a leaf stirred—the moon shone beautifully, and as I walked along my spirits became calmer, but it was late ere I came in sight of my native place. Passing through the church-yard, I resolved to rest there, and for this purpose laid me down upon the bench in the porch, where I had passed away many of the hours of childhood. The scene around me reminded me of my happier days, and the events of life passed in rapid review before me ; I tried to quiet my mind, till at last wearied and fatigued I fell asleep. But the steeple clock striking the hour of midnight awoke me. I continued awake some time, when thinking I heard some one talking, I arose, and beheld, seated by one of the graves, the figure of a young woman clad all in rags, and bare headed. She remained silent for some time, and then, with a wild and hurried voice, she sung the following

## SONG.

Oh damp is thy bed, my mother, and cold,  
 Cold, cold as the mountains snow,—  
 Yet forgive, and in pity, in pity behold,  
 How the tears of the penitent flow :  
 But why did I credit the tale that was told ?  
 Why trust to the false one's vow ?

But soon will I rest in the peaceful grave,  
 And hide in its bosom my shame ;  
 And forget the proud stranger that came o'er the wave,  
 To ruin poor Emmaline's fame :  
 Then leave her the scoffs of the thoughtless to brave,  
 With dishonour attach'd to her name.

I heard no more, for I became insensible, and when I recovered myself, my Emmaline, (for it was her) was gone. I hastened to the spot where she had sat—it was a new made grave—I knew now too well whose it was. I could not weep—but called on heaven to know what I had done to merit its displeasure.

"Morning dawned, and found me still at the grave. A stranger past,—he told me *all*. The officer for whom I risked my life, came, saw, and loved, or said he loved my Emmaline. She trusted to his words, was ruined—ruined by him whose life I had preserved. He deserted her, forgot his vows, and my poor

wife died of grief Emmaline now rests by her side. Having been seduced by villany from the paths of virtue, she soon fell a victim to a broken heart.

"Such, young man, has been the life of old Herbert. I have now resided some months in the village

close by, and have taken again to the scythe and sickle, having changed the fields of war for those of peace; turned my sword into a ploughshare and my spear into a pruning hook."

HALL OF HALLIDON.

## THE LAST SHILLING.

THE clock struck six, as Harry Craven issued from his obscure lodging in Burleigh-street, Exeter Change, to attend his professional duties, in the orchestra, at one of the minor theatres, in the southern division of the metropolis. It was a dismal November evening; a dense fog obscured the atmosphere; yet he walked forward with a firm, buoyant step, for Harry had a light heart, and a clear conscience, and was not yet eighteen. In crossing Waterloo Bridge he did not encounter a single passenger; all above, before, around him, was loneliness and gloom; while the dark watery expanse flowing silently below, shewed through the beautiful balustrade with an appalling dreariness. Harry was touched with a feeling of melancholy; but the emotion was transient, and the unbidden sigh which rose to his lip terminated in a merry whistle.

About three hundred yards beyond the second toll, he came up with a woman, who was standing with her back towards him, as though avoiding observation, holding by the wall that skirts the foot-path, and leaning her cheek upon the stone parapet. Her tattered garb bespoke extreme poverty; her arms were bare, and the slight covering that was spread over her shoulders was drenched with the heavy dew. She asked no alms, she uttered no lamentation; but the sound of her bitter sobs reached Harry's ear, and arrested his progress. He briefly enquired the source of her suffering, and was soon enabled to gather from her broken, incoherent accents, that she was the mother of a large family, reduced to a state of the most abject distress and destitution, and having been unsuccessful during the day in her attempts to obtain some relief to their necessities, she had

formed a resolution to drown herself, rather than return home to brave the unanswerable cries of her children's hunger. "But, oh! my baby," she exclaimed, "my own dear baby, what must become of you;" and the tears that gushed from her eyes seemed drops of blood wrung from her heart, by the torturing thought of her infant perishing for want. Harry's hand was instinctively in his pocket; there was but one single coin remaining there, and that was a love token! a curious shilling of the reign of Queen Anne; but the end justified the means; his time was pressing; he hastily drew forth the keepsake of his absent fair, and putting it into the woman's hand, ran off towards the theatre; while the object of his compassionate bounty sunk, overwhelmed with gratitude, on her knee, pouring out fervent benedictions on the head of her youthful benefactor, for his unsolicited and timely aid.

Harry was a sad thoughtless, unthrifty cashier; his salary, such as it was, was always mortgaged a fortnight in advance; yet the boy had so much of honour and honesty about him, that his fellow-performers, nor even the manager himself, never hesitated to lend him a guinea at any time. On this evening he executed his part, as *secondo violino*, with unusual ability and spirit; and when the performance was over adjourned, with a musical colleague, to a tavern in the neighbourhood, which the persons belonging to the theatre were accustomed to frequent.

"Come," said Harry's companion, when they had made an end of their refreshment, "show us your metal, my lad; hand up some semi-quavers."

"Devil a doit have I got," an-

answered Harry, "not a single demi-semi to buy a bit of rosin," turning out his pockets as he spoke, to evince their utter emptiness.

"Why, where's your silver pocket-piece!" exclaimed the other; "your *Anna Regina*? the lady's head without a tongue in it. I thought you always carried it about you, just to swear by, and to pay for your swearing: a shilling's the charge for taking an oath you know."

"Oh," replied Craven, hesitatingly, "I've lost it, that is, I gave it away just now."

"Fie, for shame," rejoined his friend, "give away the seal of your mistress's constancy! why, I'd as soon have parted with the great seals of England."

"The fact is," said Harry, in exculpation, "I used it to bribe a poor devil of a woman not to throw herself into the Thames; though, mayhap, I was a fool for my pains, for its odds if the world of waters, or any other world, be not better than this one."

Harry then recounted the incident he had met with on his way to the theatre, adding, "I'd gladly give a sovereign this moment to redeem that old shilling; and it's not worth more than eight-pence, I guess, to any one but me."

"Ah, you're a noble rascal," cried his messmate; "I don't want your cash. There, mine host, subtract two-thirds out of that half-crown."

The landlord, who had been standing near the box during the latter part of the dialogue, bowed respectfully as he offered the change; and eyeing Craven with a marked expression of kindness, wished his customers a cordial "good night;" and the two friends shortly afterwards left the house. It was a few days subsequently to this that Harry, being engaged one morning at rehearsal, received a message, desiring to be spoken with by a person who refused to give his name; and, on descending to the box-office, was surprised to find the landlord of the Wellington Arms waiting to see him; who at once declared the object of his visit, by proffering to the astonished Harry the identical piece

of money that he had bestowed in charity; at the same time explaining how it had come into his possession by saying, that having been asked its worth by a baker in the neighbourhood, who stated that he had taken it of a poor woman in payment for a loaf of bread, on the very night in question, and having heard Harry bewail the loss of such a coin, he bartered with the baker for its full nominal value, in order that he might have the satisfaction of restoring it to its original owner. Harry, delighted with the recovery of his treasure, after making a thousand acknowledgments, drew out his purse to substantiate his gratitude; but the worthy old man declining his liberality, took Harry apart, and after briefly commenting on the youth's candour and generosity, went on to say, that, if he felt inclined to relinquish his present unprofitable pursuit, he would be happy to appoint him major domo of his own lucrative concern. "I have got neither chick nor child," said he. "I once had a boy, indeed, he might be about your age, but the perverse dog went to sea and was lost; and my wife is but a poor sickly thing, so I am obliged to confide the business almost entirely to servants, who consider it, I presume, their chief duty to cheat me of every sixpence that they possibly can; but now, if you will come and put your honest hand foremost among 'em, I warrant it should be as much to your gain, as it would be to mine."

"Strike hands, most princely Boniface, I take your offer," cried Craven. "Henceforth I abandon drawing the bow, for drawing of beer; and, 'flow thou regal purple stream,' with accompaniments, be my morning and evening song."

Preliminaries were soon adjusted, and it was not long before Harry was installed in his new office, where he conducted himself with the utmost integrity; married an amiable and reputable young woman of his own rank in life; and in the course of a few years the whole property of the inn devolved to himself; which he directed should in future be known by the sign of the *Queen's Head*.

ARIETTA.

## LETTERS FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

## No. III.

As pride was to be the order of the day, I attempted to assume it as soon as I arose from my bed; and, although my valet de chambre came in with a look of respect and willingness to serve, I thought proper to seem distant, dry, and serious. I was at the time very much inclined to be cheerful and affable, if affable may be applied to the being who extends humanity to his fellow creatures, and who is mild and moderate in commanding, but the lesson which I had received from my *gentle cox* so operated on my mind, that I dreaded lest a smile should intrude itself on my countenance. I detected my reflected self in the mirror, and it was the mirror of truth to me: I never looked so abominably in my life. "Mine is not," said I to myself, "a right quality countenance, for its whole merit seems to consist in looking happy and content; without a smile it is a sad piece of business altogether. Well, *allons*, fashion must be obeyed."

"Will you have tea or coffee for breakfast; fresh eggs or cold ham?" asked my serving man, with more humility than I had ever perceived before, doubtless arising from my commanding air, or from an apprehension that I had some cause to be out of humour (for which I had no excuse). "Either," I was just going to reply, "either, honest James;" for I felt hungry, but then rude hunger is not the child of dissipation, and as dissipation is the offspring of fashion, I ought not to appear like a rustic in this particular: furthermore I had perceived, during my short stay in the British metropolis, that great people were never heartily pleased with any thing; and that to be foppish and capricious was *du bon ton*; and, above all, that an exquisite, or an *elegante*, always wanted the thing most difficult to obtain; any thing but what was present, offered, or easily procured. "Come, thought I, I must practice my artificial part. "Tea," replied I, "no—it makes me nervous—coffee heats me. I will have chocolate."—"In ten minutes," cheerfully answered my valet.—

"Eggs make me bilious," This was a fib, I knew bile only by name; and had, at this time, never experienced a nervous attack, nor a tremulous hand; but I grew more refined and *comme il faut* in time. "Eggs create bile—and ham is too gross food, except on a hunting morning."—"We have some smoked salmon," observed James. "'Tis bad for the breath," said I, "and creates an intolerable thirst."—"Fruit," hazarded he, with an uncertain air. "Too cold for the stomach—(although it was what I was very fond of)—Have you any Scotch marmalade?" "No, Sir;" (this was as it ought to be) "but I can get some immediately."—"Do so," (with an attempt at being peevish) "be sure that it is genuine, and never in future omit having some in the house." He bowed and retired, and I felt somehow or other not quite easy within. Was this amiable? What mattered, it was fashionable. Bravo! I would have cried to myself, but nature and I were now beginning to turn our back on each other, and to disagree. My toilet was longer and more studied than usual; yet I never looked worse.

I now entered the breakfast-room, and found every thing that a moderate man could wish for. "I have a great mind to order a broiled chicken," I just assented, when two fellows ran simultaneously to the door to procure it. "No—hang it—I shall be better without it." Obedience was bowed. "What a Turk!" said I to myself; aye, and a troublesome, ill-tempered Turk, too, whispered reason. But what business had reason to do in town? In a winter in high life above all?

"Your German tailor is below stairs," announced a third liveryman. "Show him up directly," thoughtlessly and ungardedly, quoth I; and in a few seconds a high-dressed simpering fellow was at my elbow, followed by another individual, carrying a load of clothes—for snip *primus* was too much the ape of a gentleman to carry home—

his work—this was snip-secundus, the tailor's subaltern's occupation. They both looked much pleased and easy in their deportment, which immediately announced to me my error. They had expected to have been kept waiting a couple of hours. My only plan to recover this mistake was to find fault with the cut of the waistcoat, to detect a wrinkle in the back of the coat, to reject the *pantalons*, and to be very dubious about a *surtout*. This, however, I was reconciled to by an assurance, that it was twin brother to one made for Lord Gerald Algernon Highflyer, the son of a Duke, and the best dressed and most extravagant man in Europe. The *pantalons*, it was observed, were made from a pattern of an ultra nobleman in Paris, on which I drily observed, "Well, then, leave them; I will try them on, although it is probable that I shall never wear them." This was another fib, I was determined to wear them, and appeared as an *ultra* fashionable that very evening.

"The groom is come to know if you will have your riding horses, stanhope, or curricie this morning," said James, returning to the room. "Neither!" I was just going to exclaim, "but I began to be tired of my *scenic* part, and a gallop was the thing which I longed for. Shamrock was brought to the door, and I was myself once more. Morning calls and street-riding are odious things, so I was determined to get out of town, and to have an hour's *tete a tete* with nature. As I was mounting my horse a ragged Irish soldier approached, begging a bit of bread; the porter was just going to thrust him away, and it would have been very good style to have allowed it, and to have cantered off in perfect indifference; but the stubborn feelings of nature were too much for me; a drop of mother's milk (she was unfashionable enough to nurse me herself) lurking about my heart, made me *weak* enough, not only to compassionate and relieve my countryman, but also to desire that he would call the next

morning that I might enquire as to the county from which he came, what service he had seen, and how he came to be discharged without a pension. I heard the porter murmuring, "the town is over-run with these lazy Irish fellows, strapping thieves as won't work, and there's no keeping the door free of them." Now the saucy *janitor* was in a great mistake; the want of work is their destruction; they toil like slaves at home for a bit of bread, and they can, in thousands of instances, find neither, which induces them to seek for relief elsewhere. Here pride forsook me. "This poor fellow\* has, no doubt, done more for his country than I have," hinted truth to me as I galloped along. The upstart or the adventurer may be ashamed of his country, but a man of honour must say, *à tante ame bien nê, que la patrie est chere*. I could have rambled about bye-roads and green lanes all the day, but the appearance of twilight put me in mind that I had to be seen in the Park, and in St. James's-street, and I must drop a few cards at the houses and lodgings of my visiting acquaintances, whose names in lengthy array on my table and in my card racks, began to proclaim me as one who was well known in the *beau monde*. I accordingly regained the town at three parts speed, and got through the fog time enough to be seen in the lamplight in St. James's-street and in Old Bond-street. I called on Sir Harry Hartless, at Long's Hotel; he was (I was informed) at the Fives' Court, as he was deeply interested in the next battle, and had also had a *set-to*, or a manly stand up, with a gipsy fellow and a dustman, merely for pleasure; the *triumvirate*, viz., the gipsy, dustman, and baronet being all *amateurs*. I dropped my name for young Workall, at the St. James's Hotel, and found that he had been all the day at Tattersal's and another horse-dealer, having four horses on sale which were not yet paid for by *his honour*, a

\* He had seen service, but had not been long enough in the regiment previous to its disbanding, to entitle him to a pension.

stud of a friend's to puff, a match to make with a greenhorn, and advice to take of an old ostler who was let into the secret of a certain race, which was decided before it was run, and was to be what is genteelly termed a *throw over*. Pretty occupations, thought I, for men of family and fortune! but I was afterwards told "that it was *all right*." My last call was at Lord Leatherhead's, in the Square; he was gone on foot to the city, arm-in-arm with a young grazier. Is this *comme il faut*? asked I of myself, but soon recollected that his Lordship's estates were all incumbered; that he had an execution in one of them, and that he had lost a large sum of money at the *Union Club*, which must be paid, so he got acquainted with this youth at *New Market*, and is now taking him to the *money-market* to join him as a security to an Israelite money lender; he will, no doubt, *lighten* the grazier's weight by the Spring Meeting; if he leaves him wherewith to make a match at all. Some time after this, my Lord did me the favour to ask me to dine with his young friend; but, as I had no design upon Mr. Marsh, I begged leave to decline: the party was made up of Corinthians, so I should have been out of my latitude, for I had much yet to learn, for which I did not feel inclined to pay an over-high price. Turning the corner of the street, an emaciated thing, on a coach-box, placed behind three blood

chestnut horses and one grey, dropped his wrist and threw his elbow at me: this was the gentlemanly salute of a titled coachman whom I had met at my Cousin's one night, but who had so doubled the cape, in his driving excursion, that I did not recollect him; he was not worth the trouble. I, however, gave him a nod and passed on,

"What a piece of work is man!"

Was an exclamation which one could not refrain from making, on seeing this coach-box Lord, with mother of pearl buttons the size of a saucer each, with half a score of silk handkerchiefs and wrappers round its neck, with the hat of a mail driver, a puny growth of red hair on each cheek, terminating in a point at the chin like the tip of a carrot, so that the Lord's face looked like the sign of the broken spectacles, displaying a vacancy in front, with a narrow rim of gilding on each side. 'The Right Honourable' looked at brother coachee on the box, from time to time, as he squared his elbows; as much as to say, "there's a pair of us." Brother whip, in his turn, looked up to his master. They had by this time turned the corner, *all right*. And, as I doubt not, my lady-readers are not sorry to get rid of my Lord, we shall leave him there, and conclude by subscribing myself,

Their most humble Servant,  
and admirer, &c.

## A DREAM.

(Continued from page 417, vol. 84.)

'Twas strange,—there seem'd a ray that lighten'd through  
The clouds which overhung that distant land,  
But, as I read the lore those mystic wayes  
Gave to my soul, I mark'd that not a sparkle  
Play'd upon all I saw: they rose and fell  
In rapid alternation—but in vain; each change was but from  
dark to darker still,  
For not a gleam from that phantasmal world  
Lit one dark billow on the side I gaz'd at.  
Though all was gloom, yet, with a limner's art,  
My prophet fancy shaped a host of forms,—  
Though dark, Oh! too distinct!—of varied shadows,  
Without the aid of one bright hue to tint them.

It was a fair girl in her maiden prime  
 Blushing at her own loveliness, which rose  
 To the bright verge of womanhood, like morn  
 Peeping o'er ocean's rosy rim. She saw  
 Her charms reflected in a thousand eyes  
 That languished on her ; but her spirit yet  
 Was as a virgin mirror, which the form  
 Of man hath never shaded. Her pure heart's  
 Devotion glow'd as yet for heaven alone ;  
 Or, if at times, an earthly wish might burn  
 To worship the Creator in his creature,  
 She had not yet the taintless altar found  
 Whereon to kindle up such holy flame.  
 Wealth shone around her ; wit and valour shower'd  
 Their laurels at her feet ; Devotion's eye  
 Turn'd from its heavenliest visions to her face,  
 Or seem'd to view them all embodied there :  
 The very air that compass'd her was fraught  
 With burning sighs ; but, in her saintliness,  
 She pass'd the fiery ordeal unscath'd,  
 Unshaken. E'en the gems of praise that Love  
 Had taught his sister Poesy to link  
 Together in a radiant chain of song,  
 Were still disown'd by her ; for she was like  
 Some bashful flow'r that spends its little life  
 In hiding from the day-god's kindling glance,—  
 As if unworthy of so proud a beau,—  
 Dyes whose divinest light is in themselves.

But there was one who lov'd her as a part  
 (Of her own being ; for 'twas *she* had given  
 The germ of that sweet bud which years had ripen'd  
 Into the loveliest thing that heaven e'er smil'd on.  
 She doted on her child, as on a something  
 Which, if not mingled with her existence *still*,  
 Had *once* been so ; and the mysterious chain  
 That binds a mother to her offspring long  
 After its life is parted from her own,  
 As to a sever'd limb with which the nerves  
 Throb in like sympathy, as when it form'd  
 A portion of the frame, left her no wish,  
 No thought, unwoven with her daughter's weal.  
 And yet a *parent's* love has more of fear  
 To lose for ever what it dotes on, than  
 Of longing to still hold it near the heart !  
*Mine* had both feelings—and a twofold woe !—  
 The matron watch'd that season coming o'er  
 Her darling daughter's life,—that blissful season  
 Whose breezes are love-whisperings, that make  
 The young flowers kiss each other ; and whose warmth  
 Glows in the lightning glance, or in the shower  
 Melts, to form rainbows which the loving eye  
 May write a mystic promise on ; whose clouds  
 Are but a veil where bashful beauty hides  
 Awhile to robe itself in fresher charms ;—  
 Then look'd around amidst the countless youths  
 Turning, like sunflowers, to the same bright idol,  
 For one whose peerless form and soul might make it  
 Virtue to wither every hope but his,  
 And realize the fairy visions which  
*Will* float between young eyes and every object  
 They wander o'er, shedding soft light upon it,  
 Though the pure bosom knows not whence the beams



Are kindled, but unconsciously dwells on them,  
 As on far sunshine, from a shadowy vale  
 Seen smiling o'er the mountains, tho' the source  
 Of day be shrouded from the gazer's view.  
 If *such a one* was found, I knew not, nor  
 Could wish to know : suffice it, that a rival  
 In my beloved one's heart,—a burning wooer,  
 Who ne'er had prest her delicate palm, but with  
 A thrill unfelt in *our* young seraph union,—  
 Who ne'er had caught her on his boyish knee,  
 And,—clinging to her lips, as he would drain  
 The sweet soul out of them,—long'd for no earthlier  
 Bliss,—whose affection never had been water'd,  
 And purified, by the unsullied flow  
 Of his best, earliest feelings, as *mine* had ;  
 But sprang up like a tropical shrub upon  
 Some arid sands that rivulet ne'er freshen'd,—  
 He—*he*—the hell-kite !—with a ravenous dart,  
 Sweep'd down betwixt me, and that beautiful bird,—  
 Which, haply, had but wander'd from its cage  
 To be the sweetlier won back to my bosom,—  
 And bore away the prize !—

I did not see them  
 Hand-in-hand at the altar ; no,—my stars  
 Were not so pitying ; they would needs shine over  
 The slowly mouldering ruins of this heart,  
 Which, at a sight so blasting, were at once  
 Whelm'd in oblivion's dark and tombless grave,  
 As a tall tower by some volcano-burst,  
 Scorch'd into playthings for the wind, or thrust  
 Into the riv'n earth's undisgorging maw,—  
 Viewless, and swift, tho' vast, in its destruction.  
 I had seen the black spot ere it grew a storm,  
 A plague,—and fled from it : I would have shunn'd  
 All knowledge of the time, the place, forenamed  
 For the last contract to be seal'd with vows—  
 With lips—whose meetings was to bar me out,  
 Like a disconsolate Peri, from my heaven ;—  
 I would have nothing known ; but those curst tidings  
 Which torture us like imps of hell, and yet  
 Have angel's wings to fleet unto us, yell'd  
 Into mine ears the very hour—Oh ! God !  
 Though hill, and vale, and ocean, swell'd and sank  
 Between us, I could hear the interchange  
 Of their fond fealty !—aye, the very murmur  
 Of their fierce longings ! every marriage-peal  
 Around me seem'd a knell, and every death-bell  
 Rang like a nuptial chime. I sought the forest,  
 For its lone shadows ; but ev'n there, the breeze,  
 Fitfully panting on the stirr'd leaves, told me  
 All the dark doings of a bridal night.  
 I rush'd again into the glorious noonbeam,  
 But, oh it lit young faces, fair and mirthful,  
 Such as ne'er frown'd upon the enamour'd boys  
 Tripping it with them o'er the printless turf  
 As lightly as the elfin joy within  
 Their buoyant bosoms, in which love ne'er grew  
 To be but rooted up by the same hand  
 Which planted it. I dared not flee again  
 To those thought-peopled woods ;—the mountains gave  
 Too sweeping an horizon for an eye.  
 That could not look on aught untinged with sorrow :—

Darkness and solitude—that heartless nymph  
 Who smiles but on the glad—alike I dreaded;  
 For, by removing from the eye or brain  
 All pressure of external sense or thought,  
 They but empower the struggling soul within,  
 And give the full of grief an ampler scope  
 To swell and burst itself with agony.  
 Oh! how I long'd, as I look'd up unto  
 The blue arch bending o'er me, for an arm  
 Of more than Titan strength, to wrench away  
 Its ponderous key-stone, that the topping firmament  
 Might crush my soul into annihilation!  
 But then the palsying sense of human feebleness  
 Opprest me tenfold, and I saw myself  
 An insect coop'd beneath the pygmy dome  
 Of an inverted wine-cup,—for no loftier,  
 Compared with all the infinity beyond,  
 Is what we gaze on of etherial space.

Time flitted round and round me, but I saw not  
 End or beginning in his yearly circuit,—  
 Like the worm's wildering web, it seem'd interminate.  
 My brain reel'd with its vertigo of thoughts,  
 Till, as the whirl now linger'd—ceas'd, I knew not  
 To which point of the compass I had turn'd;—  
 Whether I might expect the borean winter,  
 The oriental spring, the south-born summer,  
 Or the red west of autumn's annual sunset,  
 To rave, to smile, to shine, or soften o'er me:  
 What marvel? when the seasons that float over  
 The passion-clouded heaven of the heart,  
 Full long had past unfelt or undistinguish'd?  
 For mirth and love had sate upon my cheek  
 Mocking each other with the same wild laugh:  
 Driven from the phrenzy-flooded breast,—as brutes  
 Of differing kind from earth's deep deluged vales;—  
 They herded *there* together, nought retaining  
 Of their first nature, save a mutual hate.  
 Reason had slept—and not undreamingly—  
 Through a chill twilight, neither slumbrous night,  
 Nor still a sultry noon, and now awakening,—  
 Like a roused infant from its late siesta;—  
 Started to find the dark hour not o'erpast,  
 And look'd out for the flagging wing of morning,  
 That morn whose pinions wake the dead with odours.  
 Vainly my soul had flutter'd from its ark,  
 For it had found no resting-place: I still  
 Threaded the world's dim labyrinth,—my sole comfort,  
 That never blindest wanderer miss'd its end.

B.

(To be continued.)

## MEN AND THINGS.

## No. I.

“ Let us beat the ample field,  
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;  
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,  
 Of all who blindly creep, or madly soar;  
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
 And catch the manners living as they rise :  
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,  
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.”

POPE.

MR. EDITOR.

ON the two subjects which are prefixed as a title to this essay, can any thing more be said than has been already repeated over and over in various shapes, and under, various pretences? Perhaps not, taking them in the abstract; still, the alterations in human affairs, the follies, the vices, the crimes, and, what is a far more pleasing theme, the virtues of the beings by whom this world is peopled, must afford sufficient room for a paper of moderate length, once a month, by way of comment or illustration, praise or reproof. Such a paper it is my intention to furnish; and, I hope to render the series neither uninteresting nor unamusing.

As a sort of introduction, I shall give a slight sketch of the principal events in “*My own Life*.” My readers may then judge what qualifications I possess for the office of censor, with which I have invested myself, and gratify their curiosity at the same time; which, according to Addison, is always excited by the history, character, &c. &c. of him whose lucubrations they are perusing.

I am the son of a substantial country squire, who, although he was ignorant of every thing except hunting and racing (and he had the best horses and dogs in the country), was determined that his son should enjoy those advantages which he wanted himself; and accordingly neither pains nor expense were spared in completing my education. A private tutor was engaged till I was old enough for college; when I was entered of —, where I passed through my course of studies regularly enough, neither exciting

much praise nor much censure from my tutors; acquiring a sufficient stock of Latin and Greek to form a more agreeable companion to my father's chaplain, during my visits to the Old Hall at the vacations, than any which its vicinity afforded him. Together we perused the classic page; and many a brilliant and apposite remark was elicited from his well-stored mind, as we dwelt on histories of past ages, or drank rich streams of inspiration from the pure fountains of poesy and oratory, which the schools of Greece and Rome afford us. Venerable man! to thy instructions I owe much of the little good which mark my character; and the recollection of the hours I have passed with you in my dear father's library, is fraught with pleasure, unmixed with any alloying sensations, except that of regret at the loss of one I loved so dearly, and of whose real worth I was, perhaps, ignorant, till he had become an inhabitant of those bright regions, to fit himself for which was the whole object of his life. This tribute to the memory of one of the best of men, may be pardoned, I trust, by all: and those who have to lament a similar loss will not be slow in appreciating my feelings.

Having left college, the profession in which I was to win my way to fame became the next subject of discussion. The church was declined by myself, as I was of opinion my habits were not sedate or serious enough for a minister of that gospel, which inculcates morality and purity in their most sublime forms; and I wanted a Mentor too much to assume an office which would make me the instructor and reprover of

of others. Physic was mentioned, but my father could not bear the sight of a physician, his own medicine had been exercise; and he never consulted the faculty but once, when, in a desperate chase, he broke his leg, and put out his collar-bone in taking a leap, which every other huntsman had turned away from. A surgeon was sent for to "splice the broken bones;" but even then my father growled at the idea of employing him; and said if he had not had a parcel of weak women and helpless children about him, there would have been no necessity for it. If my mother or sister had broken a leg, he would have "spliced" it, as easy as he would a puppy's. Physic was, therefore, quite out of the question. Next came law: but here again I put in my caveat. I would never immerse myself in chambers to study the vile jargon of the law; I would never embrace a profession, where I should be obliged to argue *for a fee*, in defence of any cause, good or bad; and have to be as often the advocate of a rogue as of an honest man. Here, too, my father chimed in: he had never liked the law or lawyers, since old Taxem, the attorney of a neighbouring village, had brought an action for assault and battery against him, and obtained one farthing damages, the Squire having horse-whipped him one day, for insulting and illtreating a poor old woman, who had seen better days; but whom "poverty's evil eye" had blighted, and who had fallen into the power of Mr. Taxem, by not being able to discharge a small debt, contracted during a period of sickness. My father paid the debt, and, as I have said, horsewhipped the lawyer; he obtained the prayers and blessings of the widow, and the enmity of the attorney. The former, he said, would smooth his passage to the grave, the latter he valued not a rush, as he defied all the lawyers in England to injure him, while he did his duty to his country and to society.

The church, law, and physic being dismissed for the reasons stated; and trade being scouted *neg. con.*, as too mechanical a pursuit for the

*E. M. Jan. 1824.*

heir of the Hildebrands, the army only remained. My mother shook her head, as soon as it was mentioned: "why cannot he remain at home," said she: "why should he court dangers in pursuit of the bubble reputation; and perhaps leave us to mourn his untimely death in a foreign land."—"But my brother would look so handsome in uniform," exclaimed my lovely sister; "and could he not go into the militia, *they* never go abroad."—"The militia!" exclaimed I, with indignation—"no, that will never do; if I am a soldier, I will be one indeed—none of your feather-bed, stay-at-home, skulking work for me, in a period of danger; and when honour and glory are to be acquired by all who have the spirit to contend for them."—"Well, well," rejoined Maria, "I should as little like to see you shrinking from the post of honour or of duty, as *you* would be inclined so to act, my testy brother: yet," and a tear dimmed the lustre of as bright an eye as ever sparkled from beneath the dark lashes of a beautiful maid,—"I could not bear the idea of losing you; and war is so dangerous."—"Aye, my dear," replied I, pressing her cheek, "and 'tis dangerous to cat or sleep, for men have died in the act of doing both. The army is my choice. I will promise, if fortunate enough, to have a skirmish with the enemy, that I will neither run rashly into danger, nor disgrace my name and ancestry. So, my dear father, your blessing and your sword." This scene passed in the library: I knelt at his feet as I spoke; and laying my hand on my head, he said, "thou hast it; God bless thee, my boy?" His speech faltered, but he advanced to the fire-place, over which was suspended among other trophies, a sword, that he had worn when serving his country during the American war. He took it down, drew it from the sheath, examined the blade carefully, to see whether corroding rust had tainted the brightness of the steel, and finding it "pure and undefiled," he advanced to me, said, "Here, Reginald, take thy father's sword, boy: 'a better never did sustain itself upon a soldier's thigh."



discussed, the merits of the last new work by the author of *Waverley* ascertained—and, as I have a scape-grace of a great nephew, who sends me regularly all the new periodicals, and as I am known to be in habits of intimacy with several of the artists of the day, my opinion is listened to on all literary subjects with great deference;—many pleasant hours are thus spent at the “King’s

Arms,” and many an interesting conversation there takes place, which deserves to be recorded.

I have now informed you and your readers of every particular, which it concerns them to know about me and my family for the present, and till next month I bid you adieu.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.  
*Elmwood Hall, Dec. 12, 1823.*

### A METRICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE LONDON DIRECTORIES.

“Here’s fine revolution an we had the trick to see’t.  
Oh! world thy slipper’y turns,  
We know what we are, but know not what we may be”

SHAKESPEARE.

ALAS! for the heroes and sages of old,  
Though immortal, how chang’d is their state!  
They the world’s ups and downs have been doom’d to unfold,  
And a lesson impart to the great.  
POOR CATO, is domiciled on Holborn-hill,  
But no longer the Stoic is wise;  
He sells rat-traps and mole-traps, these vermin to kill,  
And wire meat-safes to keep off the flies.

GREAT CÆSAR, a grocer, at Cripplegate dwells,  
A dealer in plums and bohea:  
ALEXANDER himself, as a brazier excels,  
For a maker of trumpets is he:  
In the purlieus of Houndsditch his hammer resounds,  
War he loves—but the worst thing of all,  
His abode and his trade, his cognomen confounds  
With the man’s who ill-treated St. Paul.

MARS, the great god of war, in a piteous case is,  
At his tan-yard, near Bermondsey Church:  
BLITHE BACCHUS, in Thames-street, sells bottles and glasses,  
But for wine, he is left in the lurch.  
POOR HOMER is doom’d on a coach-box to sit,  
And so badly conducts himself there,  
It was but t’other day he was led to Bow-street,  
And was punish’d for bilking his fare.

BOLD REGULUS station’d in Great Newport-street,  
Deals in rattles and drums and wax dolls;  
AND HECRON, a jobbing tailor, you’ll meet,  
In an alley not far from St. Paul’s.  
SERN NERO has taken a dashing hotel,  
Where he’s fix’d and at home to a T;  
His dinners and lodgings are known to excel,  
And no longer a tyrant is he.

Ev'n the patriarchs, prophets, and ancient apostles,  
 Have in business embark'd, one and all:  
 FATHER ABRAHAM in term-time the spectator jostles,  
 With his bag and his briefs at Guildhall.  
 His friend LOR keeps a pork-shop, near Ratcliff-highway,  
 In the Minories poor MOSES sells hops;  
 AARON deals in old clothes, LEVI cries them all day,  
 HAM and JACOB both stick to their shops.

NOAH cuts out a coat for the peer or the squire,  
 At his shop-board not far from Bond-street;  
 ELISHA, in Shoreditch, a worker of wire,  
 Sells bird-cages, and skewers for roast-meat.  
 A boot-maker is DAVID to dandles of fashion,  
 DANIEL dabbles a bit in the stocks;  
 JOB has turn'd auctioneer!—'tis a patient vocation,  
 Grave his visage and hoary his locks.

Holy PAUL, near Dukes-place, sells his cakes and hot rolls,  
 But his "bake-house" is at Doctor's Commons.\*  
 MATTHEW sojourns in Store-street, a dresser of polls  
 And attends in his shop to each summons.  
 MARK has set up in Holborn, by business a tailor,  
 LUKE a shoe-maker dwells in Cheapside,  
 JOHN has stuck to the *craft* too, a general retailer,  
 Now to Chelsea he's gone to reside.

In the like piteous plight see the worthies of Britain,  
 Ev'n her potentates, poets and sages;  
 To rub on through this life, strange expedients they've hit on,  
 Unknown to the world's better ages.  
 Great ALFRED in Coleman-street sells fishing rods,  
 RUFUS hangs out his sign in Long-lane,  
 HAROLD, beadle of Islington, swears by the gods,  
 He's hard work'd, and has cause to complain.

SHAKESPEARE doom'd to a soldier's life—lo! the old stager  
 Heads a troop—and of rank he's deserving;  
 OTWAY finds better luck, he has long been dubb'd major,  
 And his half pay will keep him from starving.  
 DRYDEN sells bombasins, at Wood-street, in the city,  
 BEAUMONT rules at the County Fire-office,  
 And that FLETCHER should quit him is truly a pity,  
 For at trading he seems quite a novice.

But while BEAUMONT and FLETCHER no longer we meet,  
 Coadjutors in trade or in writing,  
 'Tis pleasant to see, as we walk through Fleet-street,  
 "ROWZ and WALLER" sell books so inviting.  
 As for CONEVEY, no longer he writes for the stage,  
 Wit and humour would not fill his pockets;  
 Now in deeds truly tragic he's found to engage,  
 And destruction deals round with his rockets.

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\* Paul's Bakehouse Court, in Godliman-street.

The sky-born NEWTON long flourished a draper,  
 Till so many got into the trade,  
 At the fam'd "*Central Mart*" he has since cut a caper .  
 Finding *service* for footman and maid.  
 Then for MILTON th' immortal, ah ! what shall we say ?  
 He who Pegassus rul'd like a filly,  
 Is a horse-breaker, still in an ignoble way,  
 At his stable-yard in Piccadilly.

Alas ! for these sages and worthies renown'd,  
 And for others who share the same fate ;  
 'Tis a lesson we learn if we search the world round,  
 Fickle fortune still sports with the great.  
 Then away with all pride, high or low our condition,  
 Life is fleeting and checquer'd with sorrow,  
 Let each act well his part and with patient submission  
 Bear the lot that awaits him to-morrow.

Islington, Dec. 1823.

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## TO A ROBIN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

SWEET herald of the drooping year,  
 Awhile thy warbling notes prolong,  
 A while enchant my list'ning ear,  
 With thy soft, swelling, varied song.

Ah ! quit not yet thy fav'rite spray,  
 But still the dulcet note indite ;—  
 Still lengthen out thy vesper-lay,  
 'Till day melt shadeless into night.

But hark ! did not that parting note,  
 Which stole so tender as it fell,  
 Faint from thy trembling, thrilling throat,  
 Some direful future ills foretell ?

Oh ! yes, sweet bird, I feel thy woe :—  
 Thy woes, thy wants through winter's reign,  
 O'er ice-bound rills, o'er fields of snow,  
 To hop and look for food in vain.

But cease thy sorrows :—smiling spring,  
 Will soon her charms again return ;  
 And joy, and love, and music bring :—  
 So cease, sweet mourner,—cease to mourn.

But ah ! how different is the state,  
 Of him whose ear thy notes delight ;  
 His hopes of spring are now too late,  
 Involv'd in life's drear winter's night.

J. F.



## LONDON REVIEW.

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QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTIL, QUID NON

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*The Character of the Russians, and a Detailed History of Moscow.* By Robert Lyall, M.D. 4to. pp. 639. London: Cadell, 1823.

ANY information respecting a country which is rising to such great importance in the scale of nations as Russia, cannot fail to be interesting to the British public; but it is doubly enhanced when the author is unbiassed in his opinions, and independent in expressing them. Judging from the work now before us, we should pronounce Dr. Lyall to be a character of this description. While with grateful feeling he confesses the obligations he is under to the Emperor, he still disclaims the language of flattery, and gives, in the dedication, an earnest of that manly and ingenuous adherence to truth, which he has shewn throughout the work. He conceals no fact that ought to be disclosed, and discloses nothing, as fact, for which he is not prepared to vouch. When we consider the vast extent of territory which the Autocrat of the North has under his sway, stretching from the utmost extremity of Siberia to the frontiers of China, and from the wilds of Crim Tartary to the plains of Warsaw, we are naturally anxious to enquire into the condition of the people inhabiting those immense regions, and to ascertain, as far as possible, the principles upon which their civil policy is regulated in all the details of despotism. Most of the writers on Russia have been carried away by a spirit of exaggeration, which has either led them to magnify defects, or multiply perfections far beyond the standard of truth. Dr. Clarke has not avoided the former fault; and M. Dupin, a writer of some celebrity, has clearly fallen into the latter, in the work which has recently come from his pen. It is, therefore, with pleasure we now take up the production of an author, whose statements appear

impartial, and whose knowledge, judgment, and discrimination, have so well qualified him for the task he has undertaken. Anticipating some objections that may be made to his work on two opposite grounds, he says, in his preface, "I have formed my opinions from facts, and stated the convictions of my heart with impartiality." He certainly seems to have done so in every instance, and the mass of information, which a long residence in the ancient capital of the empire enabled him to collect, is extremely valuable at the present juncture, as illustrative of what Russia *can*, and what she *cannot* accomplish in her projected schemes of ambition and aggrandisement. The moral revolution effected by Peter the Great, extraordinary as it was, still left the subjects of his vast dominions in a state of semi-barbarism, a state from which the majority of them have not yet emerged, and it was only within a recent period that Russia in the progress of civilization, became entitled to a place on the map of civilized Europe. That she has made great and rapid advances in the arts of social improvement every man must allow, but that she has done as much as M. Dupin gives her credit for, no man who reads Dr. Lyall's work will for a moment admit. M. Dupin does not hesitate to assert, that the Muscovites of the present day are more civilized than the Austrians; whereas, Dr. Lyall, with much more truth says, "It does not seem probable that either the reign of Alexander or of his immediate successors, will enable Russia to take her place, *in all respects*, upon an equality with the civilized nations of Europe." The fact is, that in Austria the public mind has been as it were stationary for centuries, and national culture seems to have attained all that can be attained under the peculiar system of despotism that prevails there.

but in no part of the Austrian dominions with the exception of the provinces immediately bordering on Turkey, shall we meet with a population so rude, so ignorant, as we find in the most civilized districts of modern Muscovy. As in all countries, the peasantry constitute the great majority of the nation, as well as its firmest support, it will not be uninteresting to learn what state they are in throughout the Russian empire.

"The Russian peasantry are in the first, or agricultural stage of civilization; they are therefore not in a state of barbarism; neither are they civilized, but they are making progress towards civilization, especially to the imitative stage. In Russia, where, comparatively speaking, so many manufactures, arts, and trades are carried on by the natives, to supply the necessities and luxuries of the civilized and polite part of society, the genius of improvement, though shackled, must be in activity.

"What a contrast between the nomad tribes of Tartary, or the savage mountaineers of the Caucasus, and the tranquil Russian boors, who till their own and their master's land, who tend their flocks and herds on the same spot from year to year, who are governed by laws, in some degree, suited to their moral state, and who go on in the same beaten path of religion from birth to death! The former are in a state of barbarism; the latter have surely quit-  
ted its precincts.

"Though domestic slavery be the most cruel and oppressive civil subjection, to those who have tasted the sweets of liberty, yet those ignorant of these sweets experience no privation: and such is the condition of the Russian peasantry. When they are educated, have learned what liberty is, and to prize its blessings, it will be time to give them their freedom. That this step may be taken with caution, and only a part of the empire set free at a time, must be the wish of every man acquainted with Russia, and every philanthropist who has studied human nature on the great scale, by the history of nations, and of the world."

With respect to the upper ranks of society, the picture given of them by Dr. Lyall, can never be reconciled to our ideas of honour, good faith and propriety. He represents the trading and mercantile classes

as knavish in the extreme, defrauding in every instance the persons they deal with, and having recourse to the meanest artifices in order to effect their purpose. He regards the conduct of the nobles as altogether at variance with the habits and feelings of Englishmen; and, that it must be so, will readily appear from the following brief outline.

"In different ways the conduct of the Russian nobles surprises Britons. The French often say, that they are *outré*, and laugh at their procedure; but we are accustomed to regard many of their *outré* actions as very mean, very base, very perfidious, and very sinful. Many of the Russians, however, do not seem to have the smallest idea of wrong, in what are generally reckoned ignoble and detestable transactions, encroachments on good faith, and infringements of the moral law."

It appears that an inordinate spirit of curiosity prevails among all ranks in Russia, so much so, that the most indelicate questions are asked, and categorical answers expected. In this we have a strong proof of the absence of due cultivation, for in proportion as the mind becomes enlightened, it acquires just notions of propriety, notions which would of course prevent a man from indulging in impertinent interrogatories. What should we think in England, if persons who ought to know better, were to act like the Russian nobles in this particular? Adverting to the pre-existence of their inquisitiveness, the author furnishes these original samples of it.

"With as much ease as they say '*How do you do?*' the nobles ask the most unexpected, and what we reckon the most impertinent questions, with respect to your connections and family, your property and revenues, and your secret affairs and private opinions. An evasive answer, or even directly replying, that what respects your own affairs you keep concealed, so far from silencing them, only prompts their curiosity; and they will continue to tease you with their demands, in all forms, either till you lose patience and show symptoms of displeasure, or till they extract some intelligence from you. Nay, so singular are they, that they show evidently hurt feelings at your refusal to gratify their inquisitiveness, especially if you are in the smallest degree de-

pendant upon them. But they do not content themselves merely in making enquiries of yourself; they will apply to your servant-women or your servant-men, to your lackey or your coachman, to any body who may be able to give them information. If you are living in their families, the master or mistress generally is acquainted with every thing you do, through enquiries made of your servants. I have known this system of acting carried to such lengths, that its relation might appear fabulous. A single instance may give the reader an idea of such conduct as I allude to. A nobleman who has a village in which there is a high belfry attached to the church, at certain times when he had visitors, caused one of his men to sit in the balcony and make a regular report of every individual's motions; while a number of servants, or spies, were stationed throughout the different houses, who were duly examined as to the procedure and conversation of his invited society. As the Russians are continually surrounded by numerous servants, the most trifling actions of every individual are known. Similar conduct is pursued by the clergy, the merchants, and the peasants."

In another part he describes the whole body of the people as faithless and inconstant. "It must," he says, "be avowed, and it is a lamentable avowal, that the Russians are not a sincere people, and that not one in a hundred has any friendship worth preserving." If morality be considered essential to the power and stability of a nation, Russia is certainly in a very low state. Fraud and chicanery characterise her merchants, low-cunning and deceit pervade all classes, and the degrading crime of theft is universal. The nobles are represented by Dr. Lyall, in a manner that shews them to have feelings very little accordant with nobility, in our acceptation of the term. He describes some of them as being sordid, mean, selfish, and avaricious; nay, even as being as much addicted to theft as the most untutored boors. The following instances which he relates, are certainly calculated to support the charge to the full extent.

"In the spring of 1821, I resided at Serpukhof, a district town in the government of Moscow. The *Maslenitsa*,

or Butter-week, which precedes the Carnival, was distinguished, as in the metropolis, by balls and amusements, and even a well-managed masquerade. A sledge parade was announced for Saturday, and a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, by Prince ——— *le Maréchal de la Noblesse*; and I, among others, accepted the invitation. The number of sledges was not great, nor the spectacle at all imposing. As the weather was cold, every individual present seemed to await the breakfast with impatience. After being tantalized till two o'clock, a shabby entertainment followed. Half of the ladies and gentlemen never sat down, but ate and drank while standing on their feet; some seized a piece of fish with a fork, put it upon a plate, and withdrew from the table; others, without ceremony, got hold of pieces of a pie, divided on purpose, and retired with them in their hands. Some got a dram of sweet *Votki*, others a glass of wine, &c. &c. All I could come at, in the universal scramble, was a little *Votki* and a bit of pie. A gentleman who had been more fortunate, and had partaken of two or three dishes, seemed to enjoy a triumph, when a servant approached him and demanded two roubles and a half;—so much for each dish, and half a rouble for his dram. His astonishing wild stare of surprise, fury, and indignation, and his hearty curses, I shall not readily forget. He paid the money, and the affair ended. Application was then made to some of the other guests, who absolutely refused payment. I was about to quit the grand hall, when a servant approached me and demanded a rouble and a half. I felt insulted, and while scolding, desired that Prince ——— might be told, that I had been present at a public entertainment, and that I should never pay a kopeck, and off I went. Every individual present understood, that the paltry breakfast was given by Prince ———, and indeed a number of his favourites were not asked payment. His steward was master of the ceremonies; his cooks prepared the dishes, in the assembly-rooms of the town; his servants waited at table; and he himself acted as host during the entertainment. Deservedly, he was abused by his countrymen for this *acte éclatant*.

"A nobleman of the highest rank, now in his grave, invited his friends to an elegant dinner, and splendid entertainment, in his fine gardens on the banks of the Moskva. The most distinguished personages of the metropolis were present. With surprise, one

of the guests was remarked, as he most dexterously conveyed a silver spoon, which he had been using, into his pocket. Immediately after dinner, this noble left the party, and attended by livery servants, got into his carriage, and drove home.

"A prince of the northern empire having entered one of the Magazines at Moscow, wandered up and down, passed a number of articles in review, and demanded their prices. While the proprietor and his assistants were busily occupied in shewing a variety of wares to numerous purchasers, the said nobleman clandestinely,—and, as he thought, without being seen,—seized a gilded tea-cup and saucer; conveyed it under his cloak; commenced a general conversation; pretended to have forgotten something; ran off with his booty; deposited it in his carriage; re-entered the magazine; bought some trifling article; departed, and, followed by a couple of servants in gorgeous apparel, seated himself in his vehicle, and, no doubt, dwelt with complacency on his triumph, as he was hurled along the ——— street to his splendid palace."

But while he thus lays before us the many disgusting traits which are to be found in the Russian character, he always takes care to notice any qualities that may tend to redeem them, and though he censures with freedom, yet he never withholds his praise where he thinks praise is due. The work is interspersed with many entertaining anecdotes, and, in point of style, is far superior to the generality of those productions with which modern tourists favour the public. There is, however, an obvious want of methodical arrangement, resulting from desultory transitions, which give a jumbled and confused character to the whole performance. That part which relates to the character of the Russians, is, by far, the most interesting to the English reader; and though apparently written in haste, yet gives us a clearer and more comprehensive view of our northern rivals, than any former production that we have seen. The details respecting Moscow are interesting, not only in a topographical, but in a national point of view. From the elaborate character of the several delineations, the author seems to have given the

*E. M. Jan. 1824.*

most earnest attention to the subject, and we have no hesitation in recommending the whole work to the public, as every way worthy their perusal. If they give credit to the statements it contains, they will very soon be convinced with us, that the Russians are not a people either so civilized or so formidable as M. Dupin would represent them, and that another moral revolution must take place before they can give efficiency to their physical resources.

*Parables by Dr. F. A. Krummacker, translated from the German by Frederic Shoberl. 18mo. pp. 316. London: Ackermann, 1821.*

This neat little volume is intended for youth, and may be read with advantage by the philosopher and the sage. When we say it is intended for youth, we must confess ourselves ignorant of its author's intention, as the title page makes no allusion to the class of readers for whom it is intended. We shall therefore express ourselves more clearly by saying, that whatever be this class or description, we have never perused a work so perfectly adapted to the youthful mind. While it clothes innocence and virtue in the most attractive and engaging charms, unmingled with that asperity, that methodistical or hypocritical cant which substitutes appearance for reality, it exalts the early aspirings of youth, and gives it a more and more exalted idea of the dignity of human nature, and the evils arising from the imprudence, impatience, and inexperience of youth. Indeed, we have no hesitation in saying, that there must be some deep-rooted evil in the mind of a child who can peruse this little work without becoming in love with virtue, and with virtuous deeds. We are aware that in no department of literature or science, has the critic so sacred a duty to discharge as in the review of works intended for youth. It is the character of the education which we receive, and of the principles which we imbibe in the prime of life, that determines our future conduct through life, and our hopes of

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that felicity in a future state, which faith holds out to the disciple of virtue. Impressed with a certainty, or, at least, a conviction of this truth, we should hardly dare to recommend this little work so strongly to parents and guardians, if we were not perfectly satisfied that it is one of those works which can be read, not only with the greatest safety, but with the greatest advantage. The language is elegant and luxurious, but chaste and correct. The original writer calls them "Parables," but we should convey a better idea of them to the English reader by calling them tales. Indeed we deem this little work of such importance to youth (and whatever is important to them is important to society), that we should think we had not discharged our duty to the public, if we omitted quoting a few specimens from it. It is chiefly conversant in describing the charms of nature and the maxims of wisdom, and incentives to virtue which may be derived from the contemplation of her works.

#### THE MOSS-ROSE.

"The Angel who tends the flowers and in the silent night besprinkles them with dew, slumbered one delightful spring-day in the shade of a rose-bush.

"And when he awoke, he said with looks of kindness: Loveliest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing perfume, and for thy cooling shade. Ask what thou wilt of me, and I will grant it thee.

"Confer on me then a new charm, sigh'd the spirit of the rose. The Angel adorned the fairest of the flowers with simple moss.

"And the moss-rose, the loveliest of her race, appeared in her modest but beautiful attire.

"Learn hence, ye fair, to disdain gaudy finery and glistening stone; and profit by the hint of maternal Nature."

#### THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

"Malvina stood with her father before a lily, which blossomed under a rose-bush. Dazzling white, like a sun-beam, the lovely flower lifted up its open fragrant cup. Over it hung a fallen-down rose, and threw a reddish tinge on the delicate white of the lily, and the perfumes of both flowers were mingled in like manner with their colours.

"O what a charming union! exclaimed Malvina, bowing down her smiling face toward the flowers.

"'Tis the union of innocence and love! rejoined her father. Thus did they stand and silently contemplate the flowers.

"Meanwhile Oscar, the virtuous lover of the maiden, entered the garden; and Malvina's cheek was tinged with a flush, like the tint of the rose reflected by the lily.

"Her father looked at her, and said: The flowers, too, have a language and an expression of countenance, have they not, Malvina?

"Certainly, answered Oscar, for innocence and love?"

#### THE HYACINTH.

"Emily was grieved because the winter lasted so long; for she was fond of flowers and had a little garden, in which she raised some of the most beautiful with her own hands. Therefore did she anxiously desire that the winter might pass away, and long for the return of spring.

"See Emily, said her father, I have brought thee a flower-root, but thou must cultivate it thyself with care.

"How can I, father, replied the maiden. Every thing is buried in snow, and the earth is as hard as a stone!—Thus spake she, for she knew not that flowers may be reared in vases. But her father gave her a vase with mould, and Emily put the bulbs into it. She looked, nevertheless, at her father, and smiled, doubtful whether he was in earnest in what he had said: for she imagined that flowers could not thrive unless they had the azure sky above their heads, and the genial breezes of spring about them.

"In a few days the mould in the pot was raised, and green leaves pushed it up on their points and exposed themselves to view. Emily was overjoyed, and she acquainted her father, her mother, and the whole household, with the birth of the young plant.

"How little is required, said her mother, to rejoice the heart, while it remains true to nature and innocence!

"Emily then besprinkled the plant with water and smiled complacently upon it.

Her father observed her, and said: That is right, my child. Rain and dew must be succeeded by sun-shine. The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses. Thy plant will be sure to thrive, Emily.

"The leaves soon shot forth entirely above the surface of the earth, and were of a lovely green. Emily's joy was greater than ever. O, said she, with an overflowing heart, I should be content, though it were not to produce any flower!

"More will be given to thee, said her father, than thou dar'st hope for. This is the reward of moderation, and of a heart that is content with little. He shewed her the germ of the flower, which lay hidden between the leaves.

"Emily's care and attention increased every day as the blossom gradually unfolded itself. With delicate hands she sprinkled it with water, and when a gleam of sun-shine burst forth she carried the plant to the window, and her breath, light as the morning breeze that plays about the rose, blew away the dust which had settled upon its leaves.

"O the sweet union of the tenderest love and innocence! said the mother.

"Emily's thoughts were occupied with her flower till she fell asleep at night and as soon as she awoke in the morning. Often, too, did her dreams present to her view her hyacinth in full blossom; and when in the morning she found that it was not yet open, she was under no concern on that account, and said, smiling, I must have patience a little longer. Sometimes she would ask her father in what hue the flower would be arrayed; and when she had gone through all the colours, she would cheerfully say: 'Tis all one to me, so it do but blossom!

"At length the blossom appeared. Early one morning twelve little bells were found expanded. They hung down in the full bloom of youthful beauty, between five broad leaves of emerald green. Their colour was a pale red, like the rays of the morning dawn, or the delicate flush on Emily's cheek. The flower diffused around a fragrant odour. It was a serene morning in the month of March.

"Emily's joy was calm and silent, as she knelt before the flower and gazed upon it. Her father approached, and he looked at his beloved child and at the hyacinth, and said: Behold, Emily, what the hyacinth is to thee, thou art to us!

"The maiden sprang up and threw herself into the arms of her father, and after a long embrace, she said, in a low voice: O father, would to heaven that I could rejoice your hearts as you have rejoiced mine!"

*Carwin the Biloquist, and other American Tales and Pieces.* By Charles Brockden Brown, author of "Wieland, Ormond, Arthur Mervyn," &c. &c., 3 vols. pp. 802. London: Colburn and Co.

THIS is a collection of the authors unfinished pieces. The editor informs us, that "unlike most other writers, his modes of thinking, the system of ratiocination with which he invests his characters, and the peculiarities arising from the state of society in which his scenes are laid, are more the objects of our admiration or attention than the incidents or themes of his fictions." Hence he concludes, that "the incomplete state in which some of these posthumous pieces have been left, is therefore the less to be regretted." We should draw a different conclusion from these premises, granting them to be true; but this is more than we honestly can; and as there is only one lecture more in the preface, we shrewdly suspect that the editor wrote the preface without ever reading the work. We may be wrong, it is true, but he who suspects cannot help himself. Very few can be implicit believers where they perceive a reason for doubting, and the reason of our scepticism, in the present instance, is simply this. We have read these tales from beginning to end, and we are certain that we have never read any work in which there are less allusions to the state of society. In fact there are no allusions to it at all, nor is there in the characters themselves, the least tincture of that species of peculiarity which arise from a peculiarity of manners in the state of society. Had the scene been laid in England, at the present day, a suspicion could never once enter our mind, either from their actions, their manners, or their language, that they were not genuine English characters. The fact is, that so far from having any thing peculiar in them, arising either from peculiarity of disposition, or peculiarity of national manners, they are such characters as might be placed in any age and in any clime; because they are actually such as are met with at all times, and in all countries. Brown is no

describer of *manners*, and, indeed, he never attempts it. His power lies in describing the passions and secret workings of the heart, and as these passions can never be grafted on national manners, founded as they are in the very nature of man, they are the same in all ages and countries. The character of "Carwin the Bilquist" is not formed when his history concludes: we only know he had a thirst for knowledge, and a restless ambition. These are not new traits in the human character; nor is there any thing more novel in the character of "Stephen Calvert," "Jessica," or the "Scribbler." It does not follow from this, that they are uninteresting characters: on the contrary, the most interesting characters are those where human nature is alone depicted. It is true that human nature is often whimsical, and often produces whimsical characters, whose eccentricity or peculiarity of disposition is altogether independent of the state of society; but Brown's characters do not belong to this class. He is far from being a Quixotic writer. Stephen Calvert is described a slave to his passions: so are a great portion of the world. Except what was the natural consequence of this propensity, we find nothing else peculiar in the character of Calvert, and as for the Scribbler, he is one of those characters that are met with every day, for there is nothing in him sufficiently characteristic to excite our sympathy.

Neither do we believe with the writer of this preface, that the incidents or themes of Brown's fictions are less *interesting* than the "modes of thinking or the systems of ratiocination with which he invests his characters," because the *interest* of the latter depends entirely on the *interest* we take in the characters themselves. Whatever excites our *interest* in any character, excites a proportionable *interest* in every incident of his life, and therefore the *interest* which we take in the incidents related in this work must always be proportioned to the *interest* we take in the characters themselves, whether this be produced by their "modes of thinking," or by any modes or means which are placed

within the reach of the novelist. To suppose that an incident can be interesting in itself, abstracted from the person to whom it happens, is to suppose what is contradicted by the experience of every day. If we read of a battle in some remote part of the globe, in which some thousands were lost, the electric thrill of commiseration never awakes our dormant sympathies, because we had no previous acquaintance with, and consequently no previous *interest* in the ill-fated sufferers. An incident or event, then, may be very important, but creates no *interest* at the same time, while the most trifling incident will become highly *interesting*, if we only feel an *interest* in those who are concerned. We cannot then be *interested* in Brown's characters without being proportionably *interested* in every incident of their lives; and yet we are told, that the little *interest* we take in the incidents, render "the incomplete state of these posthumous pieces the less to be regretted." The fact, however, is the contrary, for if the loss of the incidents is not much to be regretted, it proves the characters of whom these incidents are related must be extremely uninteresting, and, therefore, their loss is as little to be regretted as that of the incidents themselves. When we look at the matter more closely, however, we shall find, that it is the loss of the incidents that entirely cause our regret; for the moment we become fully acquainted with the peculiarities of a person's character and his mode of reasoning, we can guess pretty nearly how he will act and reason on every future occasion, if we only know the situation in which he is placed. It is our ignorance of this situation, or of the future incidents of his life, that we, therefore, regret, because there is no possibility of guessing at future incidents, or the future fate of a man from what is passed. This is so true, that after perusing a considerable portion of a novel, and getting acquainted with the characters, we frequently pass over many of their reasonings to get at the incidents. We guess what they are going to say, from the situation in which they are placed, but we

cannot, without a spirit of prophecy, tell what is to happen them next, and, therefore, we hurry on to get acquainted with it. The reason, therefore, why the editor thinks the incomplete state of these pieces, is *less* to be regretted, appears to us to be the very reason why they are to be regretted *most*. When he talks of the incomplete state of *some* of these pieces, he seems not to know that they are all incomplete, and what is worse, that, except Stephen Calvert, they all break off at the very point where our expectations are raised to the highest, and where we hope for an explanation of all the mystery through which we had been hitherto led. Stephen Calvert, it is true, explains at the conclusion, a considerable portion, though not the entire, of the mystery which precedes; but in all other respects, it is as imperfect as any of the rest; for the story is a five act drama, of which only the first act is given here. The story was written by Calvert himself after he quitted the world, and became a recluse on the banks of the *Mechigan*. We consequently know nothing of this interesting hermit, from the end of the first act down to the period of his seclusion from society; nor is the entire mystery removed, that preceded the conclusion of the first act, for it is impossible to ascertain whether Miss Neville was guilty of some of the charges attributed to her or not, though there are stronger reasons for believing her innocent. Indeed we must say, that for our own parts, few can regret more than we do, the incomplete state of these pieces, particularly the story of Carwin and Jessica. The mysterious character of Dudloe, and the mysterious life of Colden, excite the highest expectations, and the most intense interest; but what appears most surprising to us is, that these pieces should break off exactly where the mystery was on the point of being developed. Can it be supposed, that the author would have written so much, and begun so many pieces before he finished either, or that it gave him any satisfaction to mortify his readers, by dropping the subject at the very crisis where further information was most eagerly

sought after, and most anxiously expected. At any rate, we know the thing did not happen by chance. A novelist who engages in several pieces, before he concludes either, must necessarily leave some in a greater state of forwardness than others. As all these pieces, then, break off abruptly at the same critical juncture, it is obvious that the author never intended to complete them; or that those who became the subsequent depositaries of these papers lopped off the remaining part, judging they would be more interesting by discontinuing the subject where expectation was at its highest. Perhaps they judged right with regard to those readers who cannot enter into the spirit of an author, and who believe he can get out of the greatest difficulty with as much ease as he got himself into it; for such readers attach a sort of omnipotence to men of genius, and believe they can effect any thing they undertake. Feeling they can do nothing themselves, and perceiving the ease with which former writers have resolved those gordian knots of fiction, which were perfectly inexplicable to them, and which, in fact, they thought it impossible to explain satisfactorily, from being complete sceptics, they become implicit believers, and imagine that a noble writer can give satisfactory reasons for the most unaccountable line of conduct which their fictitious characters can pursue. Thus it is that extremes meet. The most pertinacious pyrrhonists become the completest dupes, if their sceptical principles be once shaken; and the most unhesitating believer becomes the most confirmed sceptic, if the absurdity of one article of his faith be once satisfactorily demonstrated to him. Men of strong minds and enlarged perceptions avoid both these extremes. They perceive more clearly the real magnitude of the difficulties in which a writer has placed himself; and if these difficulties be not absolutely insurmountable, they perceive some at least of the resources by which they may be overcome; but as they know, that a fool may advance positions which the ablest logician can never prove, so also do they know, that a novelist may make any of his



characters pursue a line of conduct so perfectly at variance with the opinions which we are led to entertain of him, that the most inventive genius can never reconcile them with each other. In such a case, if the story be dropped in the middle, before any explanation takes place, it is fair to conclude, that he could assign no sufficient reasons for the mysterious manner in which he has conducted himself. We make these observations in reference to Dudloe. The author insinuates in one or two places, that he was a deep designing man, and yet, we think, that a man may be very deeply versed in the intrigues of life, without being able to reconcile the tenor of his conduct with speculative cunning. As for Carwin himself, on whom alone he could have practised his designs, and whom he so liberally patronized, we are infinitely less interested in him than in Dudloe. Our interest in the latter arises from a desire to know what possible object he could have in view; but with regard to Carwin, who is the hero of the piece, we know too little of his character to feel any interest in his fate. His real character is far from being developed when the story is dropped: we can hardly tell what he might turn out to be, and, therefore, we are the less interested in whatever might have happened him. He seems to have somewhat of Gil Blas in him, at the opening of his career. He has the same thirst for knowledge, but if possible, a greater ignorance of the purposes to which his knowledge might be applied. Indeed it is difficult to reconcile the idea which we are led to entertain of his literary acquirements, and the spirit of curiosity by which he was actuated, with his total ignorance of the world. His genius was by no means of a sublime character, he sought rather to know what was curious than what was great and elevated, and a genius of this character, is, we believe, seldom slow in getting acquainted with such matters as are best calculated to promote his interests. Carwin, however, with these qualifications, and with no slight portion of the cunning of Gil Blas, is still perfectly ignorant of any means by

which his interests can be promoted. We think the idea of sending him to Spain to get acquainted with the world, is rather unhappy. France or Italy would have served his purpose better. The story, however, cannot be read without the strongest interest; but this interest, as we have already observed, arises from our desire to penetrate into the deep designs of Dudloe. Unhappily our curiosity is baffled, for the story drops exactly where we expected to have all our perplexities resolved.

The story of Stephen Calvert takes up a considerable portion of the first and third volumes, and the entire of the second, and yet it forms only one-fifth of the plot which the author had sketched out. Calvert is a much more interesting character than Carwin. His prevailing passion is an attachment to the fair sex, and yet he is not what the French call *homme gallant*, for he has too much native modesty and timidity to disclose his affections, even when they are of the most honourable kind. How long he preserved this hallowed feeling we cannot tell: we only know it did not forsake him during the first act, where the story drops; but we are inclined to think, that a longer intercourse with the world, indurated its delicacy and restraining influence. To this supposition we are led by the following passage in which the author accounts for his seclusion from the world.

"For this solitude and labour, I was induced to change my habits of corruption and idleness by a just estimate of benefits and evils. I tried the world, and found it too abundant in temptation and calamity for me safely to remain in it. Some men gifted with extraordinary endowments, or fortified by an auspicious education, may preserve their integrity in every scene; but, as to me, experience has taught me, that I can be safe only in withdrawing from temptation, and can escape from guilt and remorse only by interposing deserts between me and the haunts of mankind."

There are men whose reason is clear and unclouded, whose feelings are delicate and refined, whose souls are in unison with the finer harmonies of nature, and whose discrimination of things are piercing

and acute, but who, with all these redeeming and subliming qualities, rush headlong into the snares of the stupid, and the machinations of the crafty. The impetuosity of passion extinguishes, for the moment, the sunshine which is kindled within them, and tramples on the dictates which its intelligence prescribes. Their intentions are good, and yet they abandon the guidance of their better will. Vice can assume no disguise in which they cannot recognize her, nor throw any veil over her turpitude which they cannot unmask; and yet with a rooted and unalterable abhorrence of vice, they resign themselves to its sway, and abandon that virtue which they admire and esteem. Such was Calvert: he saw clearly, in the first instance, the evil of pursuing a certain line of conduct; and immediately after sought for arguments to convince himself that this evil was imaginary. Thus he became the slave of passion, a yane that yielded to the softest zephyr. No wonder that he should at length get tired of the world, and embrace the only means which were left him of avoiding its snares. To set vice at defiance, is to yield to its dominion: to fly from its habitation, is to trample on its seductions. He who can read Calvert without interest, has little of human nature in him. The character of Sidney is finely contrasted with that of Calvert. Both of them are endowed by nature with honesty of principle and the love of virtue, and yet no two characters can be more dissimilar. Calvert is the slave of passion, Sidney the stern, unbending disciple of reason. He seems placed above the reach of every influence which tends to seduce the mind from the love of virtue: and yet he is not an interesting character, simply because he has no character at all. He who betrays a total want of passion, may be properly said to possess no character, because the character of a man is determined by some peculiar propensities or aversions which distinguish him from the generality of mankind. These propensities and aversions, however, can find no place in a man void of passion, and, therefore, he cannot be said to possess a character at all. Without

a character, however, there can be no interest, for though we may admire the man who always acts right, from a sense of duty, not from the impulse of any internal emotion, we can neither love nor hate him, and without love or hatred there can be no interest. Calvert, therefore, with all his imperfections, is infinitely more interesting than Sidney, and we are not surprised that Louisa should be more in love with his faults than with Sidney's virtues.

The story of Jessica is simply told, and the first indications of love beautifully portrayed. Jessica is in love with Colden, a strange mysterious wight, of whom neither she nor any one else could make any thing. We are, indeed, at a loss ourselves to know what the author intended to make of him; all he has condescended to tell us of him is, that he had lately come to America from Europe; that he boarded at a family of the Phillipsons; that their leaving the city obliged him to seek new quarters; that he was recommended by the Phillipsons to Jessica's brother, as a proper person to procure him a quiet domestic family to board with; that the brother introduced him to his mother and sister, with whom he boarded till the story drops; that he paid liberally for his board, though his fare was of the simplest description, consisting of a pint of milk in a tin porringer, with a cut or two of brown bread, morning, noon, and night; and his bed a blanket laid on a sacking bottom; that he avoided society except during meal hours, and even seldom spoke a word unless spoken to; that his intellectual acquirements appeared extensive, his appearance prepossessing, his eyes piercing and intelligent, but wandering and unsettled; and his countenance generally shaded with a cast of melancholy; that Jessica, who had a little before refused the hand of a man of fortune, fell in love with him; that she was extremely desirous of engaging Colden in conversation at meal hours, but wanted resolution to commence it; that at length she resolved to ask him, why leaving the Romish religion and turning Protestant, should be so criminal

as to deserve burning alive; that she asked the question at length after considerable stammering, and some encouragement from Colden, who perceived her agitation of mind; that Colden, however, so far from being pleased with the question, started half up, cast a dreadful look at her, uttered not a syllable, paused for a moment, and hurried out of the room; that Jessica's feelings were so overpowered by this scene, that she wandered across the fields towards the Hudson, and sat under an old tree, on the edge of a hill that overlooks Wantseys Marsh, where she remained till it was an hour after dark, forgetful of herself, forgetful of every thing but Colden's strange behaviour, when a figure suddenly came up, and accosting her in a tone of surprise, said "Jessy Arnot, is it you?" that with some difficulty he made her confess the cause of her remaining there at so late an hour: that Colden acknowledged himself to be a faulty wretch, in acting as he did, but that it was an infirmity which could not be accounted for; that after humbling himself to Jessica, he accompanied her till they reached Broadway, where he parted with her, saying, "you know the way now: my path leads me differently."

Here the story breaks off; but the peculiarities of Colden's character cannot be conceived from this sketch, nor can they be satisfactorily explained after perusing the original piece. What was there in Jessica's question that could terrify him: it is evident from the whole tenor of his conduct, and the intelligence that occasionally beamed in his countenance, that he was not a religious enthusiast. He could not, therefore, be offended with Jessica's question, as it proved her no advocate for an exclusive system of belief. Did he suspect her passion for him, did he hope, from the agitated and stammering manner in which she began to ask the question, that she was going to acknowledge her flame, and did his conduct arise from disappointment in this surmise? This seems the most probable supposition, and yet how could he expect such a confession from a girl whom he treated so coldly, and with whom he never

exchanged a word beyond the common salutations of the day. With the exception of the Scribbler, we should wish to see all those pieces completed, and all those mysteries resolved by a master hand. The subject would be worthy the author of Waverly, for however powerful he may be in unfolding and analyzing the secrets of the heart, and the impulses and influences by which it is diversely governed, the completion of Carwin, Calvert, and Jessica would give ample exercise to his genius.

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*Memoirs of the Life of Don Rafael Del Riego.* By a Spanish Officer. London: W. J. Partridge, 1823.

THE subject of this memoir need not be recommended to any of our readers who contemplate with interest the revolutions and vicissitudes to which nations are exposed, and who sympathize in the destinies of those who bravely attempt to alleviate the sum of human wretchedness, and oppose the spirit of despotic rule at the peril of their lives. Of these Riego was one, and his *Memoirs*, accordingly, must be perused with interest. So far then as regards the subject of the work, we have nothing to say, or, rather, it is unnecessary to say any thing; but as the most interesting subject becomes frivolous in frivolous hands, our readers may naturally wish to be informed whether the execution be equal to the subject. This information may appear the more necessary as the author is a Spanish Officer. In the work before us, however, we can perceive no trace of a foreign idiom (so difficult to be avoided even by a translator), and, therefore, conclude it to be a translation from the original Spanish; though we must confess it has all the appearance of an original English production, not having the slightest trace of Spanish literature about it. Our limits will not permit us to give even a faint outline of the adventures of Riego, but as the following sketch if correct serves to portray the character and qualifications of the man, we give it with pleasure.

"Don Rafael del Riego y Nunez, was born in the year 1785, at Tuna, a

village of the district of Tineo, in the principality of Asturias. His parents were of noble extraction: his father, Don Eugenio Antonio Riego, was a man of very comprehensive genius, and endowed with such a talent and facility for poetical composition, that Ovid's expression,

*"Quod tentabam dicere versus erat,"*

might fairly be applied to him. Many of his works remain unedited, but several have been published, and they shew that his natural inclination for poetry was not inferior to the delicacy of his acquired taste."

"During his captivity in France, he applied his whole attention to take advantage of the resources which that country opened to him for cultivating his natural genius, enlarging his understanding, and, above all, in perfecting himself in the military science, to which he had a decided partiality, as well as the requisite capacity for acquiring it. He gave himself up entirely to the pursuits of literature; he acquired the French language in its utmost purity; obtained a competent knowledge of the English, and carefully studied modern tactics; he gained correct views of the general course of politics, and imbibed, from the writings of philosophic publicists, those philanthropic and beneficent doctrines, that are calculated to promote the happiness of nations, by securing to them laws analogous to their necessities, and by destroying the evils which corrupt society, from permitting the ease, comforts and conveniences of life, that all are entitled to, and all have a right to enjoy, to centre within the small circle of a limited number of ranks and families. He soon made himself capable of comparing the absurd institutions of his own country, with the permanent laws of universal legislation, founded on reason and justice. Possibly his fervent and generous spirit, bounding forward to the future, figured out in perspective the happiness of Spain, for which he afterwards laboured with so much zeal and solicitude. The gentleness of his character, the easiness of his manners, and his unassuming modesty, endeared him to his comrades, and procured him a great number of friends. The hospitable reception given to the Spanish prisoners by the people of France, excited in him a very high esteem for that nation, then under the brilliant and seductive despotism of Napoleon, but now sunk in a more disgraceful slavery."

*E. M. Jan. 1824.*

*Researches in the South of Ireland.*  
By L. Crofton Croker, pp. 393.  
London, Murry, 1821.

SEVERAL works on the state of Ireland have made their appearance within the last few years, but most of them have been written in the violence of party spirit, and the authors seem to have had no other than political objects in view. Irish magistrates, Irish parsons, Irish tithes, Irish orangemen, Irish constables, Irish papists, Captain Rock, and Sir Harcourt Lees, have been the themes which envenomed partisans have chosen to take up in all their recent productions respecting the Sister Country. These they have dwelt upon till the mind of every man less prejudiced than themselves has become disgusted with the detail, and is glad to return from a revolting picture of political strife, which it can no longer endure to contemplate. The author of the volume which we now introduce to our readers seems to have been aware of this, and has judiciously avoided all subjects of a political nature, except so far as he deems them necessary to the illustration of historical facts. His work is confined almost exclusively to topographical delineations of those parts of the South of Ireland, which best deserve the notice of the traveller, and also to characteristic descriptions of the people. He has not extended his plan beyond certain districts in the province of Munster, which are peculiarly interesting as furnishing matter for antiquarian research and historical enquiry, but still more so as exhibiting some aboriginal features in the national character, which are found in no other quarter, Connaught alone excepted. When Ireland boasted a rude independence, Munster was the region of romance and chivalry; and while at various subsequent periods, the power of conquest produced a manifest change in the manners and habits of the northern and midland inhabitants, the people of the south still adhered to the original usages of their ancestors, and shewed themselves stubborn and determined in maintaining them even under the most dire oppres-

sion that ever broke down the energies of man and brutalized his nature. The same spirit prevailed in the several districts on the other side of the Shannon, known under the general denomination of Connaught; but the invaders had not there the same incentives to rapine and persecution, the country being inferior to the adjoining province of Munster both in natural and adventitious resources. Hence, while most of the ancient families of the south were despoiled of their inheritance, and had either fallen victims in defence of the cause they espoused, or sought an asylum in a foreign land from the fury of their enemies, a considerable number of the original proprietors still retained their estates in Connaught, and thus gave a tone of feeling and character to their numerous dependants which peculiarly distinguishes them even at this day. In the south, however, the peasant was absolutely demoralized, and rendered ferocious by the attempt to accommodate himself to the religion and civilization of England. He abhorred the one, and could not appreciate the other, so tenacious is man of old institutions, and so unwilling to adopt systems uncongenial with his habits and perceptions. But this subject would lead us much too far for our present purpose. Mr. Croker is not one of those scientific tourists, who think they can never be too diffuse upon plants, fossils, shells, and minerals: no, his business is not so much with still-life as with man in a degraded and wretched state, and upon this more important subject, his book contains a great deal of entertaining as well as useful information. We cannot, however, help observing, that many of his narratives want the stamp of authenticity, and that he often exaggerates facts in a manner that must appear equally preposterous as absurd to any man acquainted with the country. The author, after commenting in a strain of sarcastic asperity, on all the miseries of posting in Munster, does not hesitate to allure his readers to the very extreme of credulity. Mr. Croker may, perhaps, find some persons on this side of the water simple enough to believe his tale about a "pretended understand-

ing" between an Irishman and his horse, but we can scarcely imagine he ever supposed it would be believed in the country to which it refers. The Irish are often silly, rarely simple, and never credulous. The following is the passage to which we allude, —

"Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village where we stopped to sketch?" inquired one of my fellow-travellers of the driver, who for the last three or four miles had with much exertion urged on the jaded backs.

"I did not, your honour," was his reply, "but sure and they know I promised them a good one at Limerick."

Nor is this instance of pretended understanding between man and horse singular. Riding once in company with a poor farmer from Cork to Mallow, I advised him to quicken the pace of his steed as the evening was closing in, and the lurid appearance of the sky foreboded a storm.

"Sure then that I would with the greatest pleasure in life for the honour I have out of your company, sir: but I promised the *baste* to let him walk, and I never would belie myself to anyone, much less to a poor creature that carries me—for, says the *baste* to me I'm tired, as good right I have, and I'll not go a step faster—and you won't make me—I scorn it, says I, so take your own way."

Immediately after this Munchasen story, the author dramatizes what he terms "an Irish breakdown," and would fain pass off his own anglo-hibernicisms as the *native lingo* of his principal character. An Irishman, however, would tell him that nothing can be more insufferably irksome to an Irish ear, than that sort of stupid uncharacteristic jargon which the people of England are so fond of thrusting into the mouth of the Irish peasant. Mr. Croker ought to know, if he is not already aware of the fact, that there are countries in Europe which for ages have been looked upon as in a high state of civilization, yet in which he will find horses as jaded, vehicles as wretched, and postillions as ragged, as in the wildest part of Ireland. We could tell him from experience, that they are to be found in France, Germany, and Italy. He surely has never travelled in Westphalia, ~~where~~ drawn by a restive hack, as he

would never complain of an Irish post-chaise. Neither has he gone from Frankfort to Vienna and taken the chance of the road for a vehicle, else he would consider an Irish *jingle* a perfect luxury. Our author ought certainly to have seen a good deal more of the world, before he descanted so freely on the extraordinary hardships and inconveniences of travelling in the sister country. But while we feel ourselves obliged to take exceptions to many detached passages of the work, we must, in fairness, award our approbation to the whole, evincing as it does considerable industry, labour and research, with literary qualifications of some merit, though not perhaps altogether adequate to the design. The author has dipped deeply into the legendary lore of the country, and sometimes dwells on the superstitions of the people even to garrulity. He gives us among other things the following erudite account of fairies.

Partaking both of the human and spiritual nature, having immaterial bodies, with the feelings and passions of mortality, fairies are supposed to possess both the power and the inclination to revenge an affront; and the motive of fear, which induces some savage nations to worship the Devil, prompts the vulgar in Ireland to term fairies "good people," and, in Scotland, "guid folk;" nor is it uncommon to see a rustic, before drinking, spill a small part of his draught upon the ground, as a complimentary libation to the fairies. Such as use the word fairy, are often corrected in a whisper, which caution arises from conceiving that these beings are invisibly present, and the appellation is considered offensive, as denoting an insignificant object. Thus, hoping to deceive by flattery, the maxim most attended to in the intercourse with these "little great ones," is, that "civility begets civility." Doubtless, on the same principle, the Greeks, as observed by Augustus Schlegel, called their fairies, Eumenides, or the benevolent, and assigned for their habitation a beautiful grove. "I cannot think of this policy," said my friend C—, "without fancying a grin on Medusa, and those little urchins the northern fairies, holding their sides with laughter." The same system of fear and flattery seems to have existed amongst the Irish, even towards ani-

mals, in the time of Elizabeth; for Cambden tells us, "they take unto them wolves, to be their *godrubs*, (gossips), whom they tearme *Chari Christ*, praying for them, and wishing them well, and so they are not afraid to be hurt by them."

The volume is embellished with some engravings which are well executed, and it has subjoined to it by way of appendix, a short narrative of the principal events that took place in Wexford, during the memorable period of 1798. This document is now published for the first time, and comes from the pen of a lady named Adams, who evidently wrote it under the influence of agitation and alarm.

*The Spawwife, a Talc of the Scottish Chronicles.* By the author of "Annals of the Parish." &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd, and Whittaker, Ave Maria lane, London.

THE history and ancient chronicles of Scotland, the ancient manners, habits, customs, peculiarities, language, dress, superstitions, civil and religious discussions, and native warlike dispositions of the singular inhabitants of that wild romantic country, seem to be an inexhaustible fund for the novel writer and the poet. The "Great Unknown," however, seems to have been the first who discovered this store-house of romantic imagery, where the imagination may brood and generate in endless variety. Either the popularity he has acquired, or the wealth he had accumulated, by the extensive sale of his works, has induced others to venture on a tour through these regions of fancy; and, following close in the footsteps of their great leader, have caught hold of some of those beauties which escaped his notice in the rapidity of his career. Few people, however, have acquired fame, popularity, or wealth, by following the footsteps of others and attempting a description of images, scenery, characters, and customs, which have already been delineated in an able and masterly manner; fewer still, who have made the attempt, have been able to convey to their readers, that plea-

sure and interest which they felt in perusing the works of those whom they have imitated. Imitators of all kinds are treated, and scrutinized with jealous, but honest severity. They are considered as a species of intruders on the rights of others, and a libel on the understanding and intelligence of the public, when attempted to be passed off as genuine and original. The merit of an *imitator*, therefore, is great only in proportion to the truth or closeness of the *imitation*, and to the greatness of the *thing* imitated. Mr. Galt, who, we understand, is the author of the work now before us, as well as of many other popular Scotch novels, which make their appearance as regularly as those of the great Colossus of Scottish *fiction*, seems to vie with him in offering to the public every six months his three volumes of a novel founded on Scotch traditions, superstitions, and so forth; for, not to bring forth, *dead or alive*, in this prolific age, at regular and given periods, would indicate an invention as barren as the wind-worn tops of the Caledonian mountains, and an imagination as cold, cheerless, and chilling as the North-sea breeze that wastes its idle strength round the far-famed cottage of Jonny Groats; though, perhaps, we would designate it more properly, by calling it a South-sea hurricane. We do not mean, however, to be angry with Mr. Galt, or throw his Spaewife into ridicule, but we really cannot help indulging a satirical laugh at the steam engine-like precision with which works of fiction, and imagination are manufactured in this age of discovery and invention. It is said that Mr. Galt does not read the novels of Walter Scott, or, as some please to term him, the "Great Unknown," lest, where any similarity might exist between passages in his works and those of his great precursor, he should be accused of plagiarism. If this be true, and it will scarcely ever be credited by any person acquainted with the works of both these writers, it is certainly very singular that such a likeness should exist between some of the principal characters in Mr. Galt's novels, and those of the author of *Waverley*. It is impossi-

ble in the present work to keep the mind a moment on the character of Anniple o'Dunblane, the Spaewife, or fortune-teller, without thinking of Meg Merrilies, Norna, &c. in the "Scotch novels," not to mention other characters and incidents that bear a very strong resemblance to each other. The Spaewife is, however, a work of very great merit, and will not in any degree lessen the fame which the author has already acquired from his other works. The present work will be read with pleasure and interest by every person who delight in works of fiction; and though the reader may meet much in it that will remind him of other characters, incidents, and scenery, he will find still more of a new and original character. Had the popular and interesting works of the author of *Waverley* never made their appearance, the author of the "Annals of the Parish" would stand high in the estimation of all admirers of works of fiction; but such is the similarity that exists between these two writers, or rather so much is Mr. Galt a follower, or imitator of the other, that every work of his is obliged to undergo the fiery ordeal of a comparison with the former works of his great master. This is no small disadvantage to any writer who makes the delineation of Scotch scenery, Scotch characters, Scotch dialect, and Scotch manners his subject. Much, however, as we admire the "Scotch novels," we have been highly entertained and amused in perusing the work before us; and although the *dramatis personæ* may not be purely original, they are of such a *strange* and novel character, that they never fail to render themselves highly interesting. The events related in this novel happened in the reign of James I., who, on his way to France, was taken prisoner by the English, and detained as such for several years. The Duke of Albany was regent during the imprisonment of the young prince. The Duke of Athol, half brother of the Duke, indignant at this election, returns to his country-seat with a mind filled with treasons, stratagems, and spoils. On his way home, he is met by the Spaewife, as himself and his suite are

travelling through the romantic scenery of Glenphearg.

"But their Lord was sullen; his brows were knotted with cogitation; and when the horse, which the groom led before him, paused and looked down from the perilous cornice of a precipice, along which the road lay, seemingly afraid to pass a sharp and jutting rock, which, loosened by the thaws of the early spring, had in its fall almost blocked up the passage, he chided impatiently, and was angry without reason.

"What mak's you so wud at the brave gelding, Lord Athol?—It's a wise beast," cried a voice from behind the rock; and in the same moment a young woman of a wild and uncouth appearance came into view, stretching out her hand as if to intercept the horse from coming forward. 'Who are you?' said the Earl, surprised at the salutation and the interruption.

"De ye no ken me, Anniple, o'Dunblane? I thought every bodie kent the Ta'en-awa," replied Anniple, adding, 'When Marion Drummond, the weaver's wife, was brought to bed o' as bonny a lassie-bairn as ever the howdie had in her arms, it was laid in a cradle, and happit wi' tow; but when Lucey Fisher gaed in the morning to bring the baby to its mother, she found bat me; and they say I'm a benweed that the fairies have dressed in the likeness o' a Christian creature, and left in the stead o' the weaver's wife's bairn, that they carried away into the fairy-land ayont the seas and aneath the hills. But the fairies have nae power to put heavenly souls intil their effigies, which is the cause, folks say, that I have a want of some o' the seven senses. But stand ye there, Lord Athol, for I was on my way to seek you.'

"Indeed!" said the Earl, smiling compassionately at the rhapsody of the poor creature, 'and what is your pleasure, Anniple, with me?'

"Yell have to gi'e me something before I tell you," replied Anniple, importantly tossing back her long matted locks with her right and left hand, and erecting herself into a posture which shewed how highly she considered the value of her apocalypse.

"Lord Athol smiled, and taking a purse from his belt, presented her with a piece of silver.

"Another," said she, holding out her hand with the money lying in it.

"The Earl drew out another piece and laid it in her palm.

"Three's aye canny, my Lord," said Anniple, 'make it three, or —'

"The tone and look with which she said this, still holding her hand stretched out, struck the Earl, and he stood for a moment with his forefinger in the mouth of his purse, evidently surprised, and in some degree daunted.

"A free heart maks a fair fortune," said Anniple, "'and if ye get what I bode, ye'll no grudge me gold.'"

"The Earl dipped his hand into his purse, but having no more silver, he drew it out empty. Anniple started at the motion, and retiring aside, said, with an offended air, "'pass on, my Lord Athol, and let your train pass on. It's an ill omen that ye canna make good your purpose.'"

"I have been fooled," said the Earl to himself; and he called to his groom, Kelso, by name, to bring his horse forward; but Anniple laid her right hand on his left arm, and showing him the two pieces of silver, looked sharply in his face as she said, 'is that a fit largess to one who comes to tell you —'

"What?" exclaimed the Earl, eagerly: but in the same moment he flung off the hand with which she held him by the arm.

"Lord Athol, 'twelve maun dee or I be the laird!' was the song that Sir Lowrie Graeme, of Donask, sung, when but a page in the hall o' Mou-teith; and yet, or thirty years were come and gane, he was the laird himself. How many stand atween you and the crown, Lord Athol?"

"The Earl looked sternly: but made no answer.

"I can tell, though ye canna," exclaimed Anniple, triumphantly; and she began to count on her fingers the different sons and descendants in the male line of Robert the Second, beginning—'There's Jamie, the Prince; and Robin, the Regent; and Murdoch his son, and his sons three—six already—that's no right; I saw but five.'

"'Tis strange!" said the Earl to himself: but his colour fled as he looked at her where she stood muttering and counting her fingers.

"There were but five," said she, 'but five burials in my dream, before the sparkling crown was placed upon your head. Oh! pale and wan I thought ye were, and the crown sat so heavy, that drops o' blood fell trickling down your cheeks.'

"Kelso, bring forward the horse," cried the Earl, sharply; and the groom obeying, he instantly mounted and galloped forward; Anniple, scrambling up the side of the hill, ran wildly towards another obstructed turn of the road, where she knew he must check his speed. There standing on a ledge



of the rock, as he passed under, she clamoured aloud, and shrill raving of malaisons, till he had the road again free before him, when, as soon as he slackened his rein and plied his rowels, she set up a frantic shout, and halloed and screamed in an ecstasy after him."

We can only add, that all those who admire the "Scottish novels," will read the "Spacwife" with a proportionate share of pleasure, however intimate the acquaintance may be that exists between them.

*Prose by a Poet.* 2 Vols. London: Longman and Co. 1823.

ADDISON, may be very justly considered the parent of prose essays in the English language. The fame which he acquired by his writings in the *Spectator*, induced others to exercise their talents in the same field. Steel, Cumberland, and Johnson, have since displayed their powers in this humble path, and have thereby done more to establish their literary fame, than those who have vainly *essayed* to rise to eminence by dabbling with subjects of a more dignified and exalted character. It is perhaps one of the most characteristic features of a weak mind to attempt the solution of a complicated question and mistake it for a mark of great genius, supposing that the mind which dares to attempt the great and the sublime, must possess powers of execution equal to the wildest stretch of its literary ambition. Experience proves the folly of this opinion. Nothing is more common than to observe, in the works of writers and poets, of painters and sculptors, vast and grand designs feebly executed, and, *vice versa*, executions of a masterly description, where the designs were altogether unworthy the execution of a master. Had young, inexperienced writers, kept this truth in view, we should not be inundated, as we are, with works from the press, on subjects which have long since been more ably, more judiciously, and more critically treated. Many have attempted essays after the manner of Addison, Hawkesworth, Johnson, and Cumberland, with nothing more to recommend them than the relationship they appeared to have to

these writers, from assuming their titles. The work which has drawn these observations from us, possesses, we will venture to assert, more agreeable and useful matter, than any work of Essays that have appeared since the commencement of the present century. The subjects treated of in these two volumes, are, it is true, of a light and playful character, but if pleasure and enjoyment be the great object of human ambition, a certain degree of playfulness will only render them more valuable. We give the following as a specimen of the author's manner.

*A Modest Confession, in a Letter to a Lady.*

Dear Madam,

I know you love me in my proper place; where that is, I leave you to guess at present; it may not, indeed, be in your eye, but I assure you, it is not far from it. I am one of the race of Balcludinarians; and to such you know, it is a pleasure to complain—perhaps the only pleasure of their lives. Pray do not say, it is no pleasure to hear idle complaints, till you have heard mine. Who I am, it will be no easy matter to tell in more words than *one*; I am determined, however, to hide myself in many, that you may find me out; before I name that, which, like a charm, will bring in all my beauty and confusion upon you. In the first place, I am not a riddle, yet I am a very fit subject for one, and, probably, while I describe myself, I may speak in paradoxes; but unless I come across you, do not puzzle yourself as you go along. My signature at the close of this epistle will make all clear, and prove to your satisfaction that I have an especial claim to the countenance of a lady.

I am neither a person, a passion, a being, nor an abstraction. I am neither a vice, nor a virtue—a member of the body, nor a quality of the mind;—neither matter nor spirit, am simply a motion! Without form I am seen; without substance I am felt; without intelligence I am the most infallible intelligible interpreter of the heart, though my meaning unhappily, is so ambiguous, that it is seldom understood in the right sense; and it is the misapprehension of this, of which I

principally complain. I come *from* the heart, and there it is that my presence is felt; for though I speak to the eye when I appear, the heart feels as if it were visible: and O! which of

"The wisest, virtuest, discretest, best:" even of your own sex, could bear to have a fellow-creature prying into her secret thoughts, all of which, especially those which she is most anxious to conceal, seem to be betrayed the moment she perceives me; and to tell the truth, they would be, if people understood my language as well as they pretended to do,

I am peculiar to humanity; no brute animal, however enclosed with instinct or sensibility, being capable of distinguishing or exhibiting me. Though I belong to either sex, I am pre-eminently "the glory and the shame of yours." The female who has discarded me from her affections, has lost all sense of honor, all purity of soul; yet she, with whom I am most familiar is most abashed by my presence; her pulse throbs quicker at the thought of me; her fear brings me upon her, though I come most unwillingly. The mere recollection, that my being in company with her, exposed her to public observation in a certain place, makes me visit her again in her closet. For the world she would not part with the fine feeling which draws me to her; yet when I am present she would give the world that I were gone. This is the more remarkable since there is nothing even in woman more graceful than I am, and one would, therefore, imagine nothing more desirable, especially as I am, in the strictest sense, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." The poet's eye beholds me in the rainbow and in the rose; in the morning clouds, on the ocean at sunset; in the face of the full moon rising. The loveliest countenance grows more lovely the instant I approach it; indeed, it then becomes so lovely, that it is a sin to look upon it, because of the unimaginable anguish which a single glance inflicts on the fair sufferer whom I am overpowering.

I am always honest; but I am not always the sign of honesty; nay, I am so frequently associated with guilt, that the vulgar and superficial

are apt to think me identified with it. This is so much the misery of my life, that I am only happy when I am put out of existence, which I may be, and yet revive again a hundred and a hundred times a day. Something not fit to be named, is roundly uttered, or insidiously hinted in conversation, and I instinctively betray the consciousness of the young and the uncorrupted, to the grossness of such an insult; hence it is impudently inferred, that they know more than they ought, either of good sense or of good manners. Now can any thing be more unjust, and injurious, than to call the swift witness of virtue, which I am, the evidence of depravity? should this letter (though intended to no one but yourself, fair lady, who happen to be just now reading it) ever fall into the hands of a man, who dares to speak what modesty dares not hear; who takes a pride in raising me to confound innocence; let him beware, lest I rise up to his face in the day of judgment, and overwhelm him with everlasting shame and contempt.

Hypocrisy may affect me, and form my resemblance where I never am found, but it must be a dull eye that cannot distinguish her false colours, and despise her for deceiving herself in wearing them. Of all their other foibles and weaknesses your inimitable sex may be occasionally vain:—a lisp, a mole, a cast of the eye, may be a subject of self-complacency, for nothing is too little or too vain for variety;—but you are never vain of me,—except where I am *not*. Then, indeed, a prude or a wanton may assume me to conceal the want of me; but the exertion costs more than the counterfeit is worth, and as it is made at the hazard of an apoplexy, I am seldom violated in this way. But I must further exemplify some of my sufferings,

Among half a dozen children, one has been playing a mischievous prank, unknown to the rest. They are suddenly interrupted in their sport by a parent or tutor, who denounces the offence, and enquires who has done it. Four of them have presence of mind to exculpate themselves on the spot; the rogue appears quite indifferent, and escapes by cunning equivocation or auda-

cious denial: the sixth, the least likely in the group to commit such a trespass, feels me rushing upon him; I cannot help it; the effort to repel me aggravates his calamity; he trembles, sobs, bursts into tears, and is speechless. Thus, though the fault cannot be brought home to him, he must bear the imputation, for no other reason than because he could not bear it.

A friend with whose credit our own is by sympathy involved, says a silly thing before strangers; I punish *you* for it, and you do for him what he ought to do for himself.—In a large mixed company, some scandalous or dishonest transaction is talked of,—some absent person is the subject of censure,—some folly is mercilessly ridiculed,—some vice is ostentatiously exposed. Now there are people, of both sexes, whose nerves are so miserably sensitive, that their animal spirits, on these occasions, are apt to be suddenly discomposed, and they manifest such ineffable perturbations, as may easily be mistaken for the workings of an evil conscience, by those hardier mortals, who are, at all times, so perfectly at peace with themselves, as never to suspect that any thing can be suspected of them, inconsistent with their own high character in their own esteem. These are very distressing cases, in which the writhings of morbid sensibility are regarded as symptoms of self-accusing guilt, startled into remorse, like the king's feelings in *Hamlet*, on seeing his crimes represented in a play,—though the very reverse is the truth: these, too, are cases more common than the majority of mankind, who are, happily, not blessed with nerves of gossamer, and spirits of ether, imagine. Here then, the first time since the creation, that I have spoken in the dialect of men (seeing my own symbolical form of expression is so liable to be interpreted), I warn you, and all to whom these presents may come,—to avoid hasty and unworthy opinions concerning persons, otherwise amiable, on presumptions so slight and uncertain as these.

I told you before, that I was not a passion; yet of every passion I am the earliest and surest symptom. In love, when the youth tells all

that is in his heart to her who knew it all before he opened his lips, I give a warmth to his eloquence which no art can rival, and a voice to her silence which no tongue can utter. In eagerness of hope, you behold me glowing with the liveliest emotion: and at a sudden disappointment deepening almost to blackness.—In envy, I rather vanish than appear; when I am gone, you remember that I have been, and I am followed by an image of ghastlier hue than that which the grave hides in the features of the dead, and from which the living shrink with equal horror.—In pride, I burn with a fierce and crimson flame, which electrifies the eye of him who dares to look upon me.—In rage, I flash abroad like lightning followed by instantaneous thunder.—In jealousy, I am wild and wavering, gleaming out of darkness, and sinking into it like the meteor of the marsh.—In revenge, I explode like the fires of Vesuvius, smothered, at length, in smoke and ashes.—In joy, at the meeting of friends long parted, I come like the glory of heaven upon them, making their faces as the faces of angels one to another. O then,—perhaps then only,—am I welcome, welcome and delightful beyond expression! On such occasions alone, were I left to my choice, would I visit you, and those whom you love, for I cannot but believe, that they resemble you in all that endears you to me.

"I dare say that you have found me out long ago; if not, read the first five words in this epistle, and then look where you are sure never to encounter any thing ugly,—into your glass, and you will perhaps see me. I ought to be ashamed of having troubled you at such great length, but I will not aggravate the offence by an apology:—you are a lady and can excuse

A BLUSH."

Our readers will readily admit that we require to make no apology for this long but fanciful extract. The critical reader will no doubt observe something to condemn; so have we; but we do not wish to lay bare little blemishes that are hidden from the general eye by the beauties that surround them.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

**LECTURE ON PERSPECTIVE.**—On Monday, January 5th, this School of Arts re-opened, and in the Evening, J. H. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. commenced his annual course of Lectures on Perspective. It is perhaps difficult to determine, whether the Lectures on Anatomy, Perspective, Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture ought to be most attended to by the Academy, or which forms the most necessary branch of the students education in art. Each has a claim to its respective votaries; but to the historical painter, in particular, they are all matters of importance. N. Poussin has very justly observed, that "painting is an imitation of lines and colours, on some superficies: its end to please." If then, such be the unlimited scope of the painter's imitation, and such, it must be acknowledged it is, there is nothing connected with his art unworthy of his attention, and the closer the connection, the more necessary is the attainment of this knowledge. Of all the Arts that present themselves to the choice of man's aspiring ambition, that of painting is perhaps capable of the highest excellence, and consequently, the art in which perfection is of most difficult attainment. This, at first thought, may seem an overcharged assertion; but when it is considered, how very much depends upon the painter's own unaided talent and genius; how much of his art depends on that which is entirely placed beyond the reach of precept, we believe it will be difficult to controvert or disprove it. The painter, indeed, is not entirely without assistance from the other sciences, and though, in many instances, they must be sacrificed by his endeavours to obtain propriety; still their knowledge is indispensable. Among these, Anatomy and Perspective hold the first places, and, in fact, may be said to be the only assistants reducible to rule. They may consequently be acquired by any one of ordinary understanding. If then, so much depends upon the strength of nature and original

*E. M. Jan. 1824.*

genius, and so little on the other sciences, surely, that little ought to be effectually taught, and consequently, form the chief feature of academic instruction. Doubtless, a student of strong mind and untired research, anxious for the acquirement of any science appertaining to his part, may acquire a tolerable share of Anatomical knowledge, and gather from the works of a Jesuite, a Malton, or a Brook Taylor, all that may be necessary for him to know of Perspective; but in order to facilitate the march of genius in its pursuit after excellence, ought not the professors who have made these particular sciences their peculiar and constant study, lay before the students such an enunciation and explanation of principles, as may help to form that climax which would lead them, if not to perfection, at least to the nearest approach to it of which human genius is capable. If we be allowed to know the duties of a Lecturer, on any science, we would say, and we do say, that it is not sufficient for him to know perfectly himself the subject he treats of, but he must also, by a happy combination of principles and of language, convey his knowledge clearly to others, in which, if he fail, however deeply he may be read in his profession, he is totally unfit for a Public Lecturer. Professors have been wisely chosen to the Royal Academy, for the purpose of unfolding to the students, the mazes, (if such they may be called) of the sciences connected with their Art; but we cannot help saying, that the Professors of Anatomy and Perspective, have but weakly co-operated in fulfilling this object; as it is performed only in part by the former, and not at all by the latter. We shall, however, confine ourselves to the efficiency of these Lectures to the ends proposed, and actually required.

Perspective forms so important a part of the painter's education, that it is said to be to him, what the

compass is to the mariner; or the rudder to the ship; the most learned and talented painters have made it their particular study, and recommended it to the attention of others. Leonardo da Vinci has said, that "the practise of painting ought always be built on a natural theory, of which perspective is both the guide and the gate, and without which, it is impossible to succeed, either in designing, or in any of the arts depending thereon;" and so conscious was Du Fresnoy of its utility to the painter, that he commences and closes his admirable *Treatise on Painting*, by recommending and pressing the necessity of its knowledge to the student of art. Many very celebrated Mathematicians and Painters have written voluminous works thereon, all of which, Mr. Turner seems well acquainted with. We have, therefore, no reason to doubt his extensive Mathematical knowledge, and his effective and beautiful drawings at once pronounce him a very clever artist. With two such qualifications, one would naturally expect from him all that is requisite to form an effective lecturer; but yet strange to say, it is not so—his drawings, indeed, yields us pleasure, but we should feel more highly gratified, and we are sure the students would be more instructed, were he to explain his meaning in a more intelligible and efficient manner. We are persuaded, that any student attending his Lectures at the Royal Academy, and not having a prior knowledge of the principles he endeavours to explain, would quit the Academy as uninformed as he entered it. We regret to say, that his ideas are so obscurely expressed, that even those already acquainted with the principles of the art, are left to guess at his meaning. It gives us pain to notice the insufficiency of a man talented as we believe Mr. Turner to be, and we do so only, that we may rouse him to a sense of the duties he has undertaken to perform, and for which nature seems to have sufficiently gifted him. We have been sometimes surprised by his seeming want of powers as a speaker, while at others, he speaks intelligibly and audibly; we are, therefore, at a loss

to account for his not doing so always, which leads us to believe, that this fault is not to be attributed to nature, but to inattention. He may, as he does, crowd plan upon plan, and treat of the rise and progress of the sciences, from its earliest to the present period; but this is but little towards the end required. One simple principle, clearly and definitely demonstrated, would tend more to the student's knowledge of perspective, and of its application to his art, than whole nights of such irksome, time-losing display of ill arranged, and worse delivered science. Mr. T.'s Third Annual Lecture this season was quite a display of his own knowledge, little tending to the advancement of the student. If we understood him rightly, his proposed problem was to put in perspective, a square being parallel to the base of the picture. He therefore produced the figure, worked by the different methods of the several authors who have written on the science; beginning with Androvet, who wrote about the 15th century, and noticing their different dates, 1600, 1615, 1644, 1676, and 1700, and respective methods. The names of some of the earliest authors who have written on that subject, are Ubaldo, Nicéron, Marolois, Vignola, Saragotti, Verderman, Moxon, and Higmore, with some of the more modern, as Ferguson, Jesuits, Brook Taylor and Kirby. The figures for the most part, and the letters employed in the definition, are in general too small to be clearly perceived at the distance of the seats; besides, so many figures exposed together, and their definitions ran over without being pointed at, leaves the audience completely at a loss to know which is referred to, and not unfrequently of what particular figure he speaks. He seems at times quite lost, and if we did not know it to be otherwise, we should be led to think it had arisen from a consciousness of inability; but, surely, perspective, sublime, useful and important as it is to art, is not the most difficult science in the world to be imparted; and, we think, Mr. T. has sufficient talents to do so, if he will but exert them. We hope, sincerely hope, he

will, therefore, be more attentive to his composition and delivery in future, and recollect that lectures to be effective, must be at least clearly and simply, if not impressively delivered.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY.—As pictorial anatomy is as indispensably necessary to form the painter as perspective, so also should it constitute a principal portion of his education in art. It is expected that every student should be acquainted with the elementary attendants on his art, prior to his exercising his ticket of studentship: this is all right, and just as it should be, as thereby he can rightly understand, and duly appreciate the more advanced principles treated of by the professors in their annual lectures: such lectures, to be efficient, must be plain and deduced, from the works of Nature and Art. More therefore devolves upon the professor, than many may suppose, for he should feel it his duty to lay before the students the easiest and clearest explanation of this particular science, and its application, and adaptation to the works of art.

It is but justice to Sir Anthony Carlisle, to say, that he feels his situation as Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy, His lectures are clear, concise and scientific. He treats learnedly of the bones, muscles, nerves, and arteries: his comparison of the skeleton with the living figure, is certainly a good lesson to the artist; but something more is required from the Lecturer, and that too of the utmost importance to the painter and sculptor, and which, with all due respect for Sir Anthony's learning and research, he seems to pass by: we mean Anatomy of expression. This is so indispensably necessary to the artist, that to be ignorant of it is not to know the means which would enable him to produce the different displays of expression, which speak the inner feelings and emotions of the soul, the constant object of his imitation. Indeed, this critical and sublime portion of anatomical research ought to be the first and chief object of the lecturer's theme, most if not all the students being tolerably well acquainted with the frame work or skeleton, and the superficial muscles that cover and work it. It is therefore for the professor to make the student

acquainted with the more intellectual part of our nature, and in particular, to point out the pictorial appearance of the human figure when under the influence of passions or at repose. It is pretty evident, that, though it be a matter of no incumbrance to the painter to know the compound qualities that compose the bones, that a muscle is not a solid mass of flesh, but a bundle of numerous little fibres running parallel to each other, adhering together in a most astonishing manner, and subject to the volition of the will, extending and contracting themselves as may become necessary to draw the skeleton to the position it requires, it is still more necessary, nay, it is indispensably so, that he should know how the muscles of the face act when under the influence of different passions. We may indeed be told that the contraction of the *zygomaticus major* will give the effect of laughing, that the *depressor anguli oris*, by drawing down the corners of the mouth, will produce weeping, and that the *corrugator supercilii* of each side, acting together, will, by drawing down the forehead, and bringing the eye brows close together, cause a frown: all this we may be told, but this is not sufficient to make lectures efficient to the artist. Any one acquainted with anatomy knows, that our simplest bodily motions are not affected by, or capable of external changes of aspect corresponding to all the inner workings and passions of the mind, to all those mental affections which render the countenance the "mirror of the soul." It was an attention to this particular branch of Pictorial Anatomy that enabled a Raphael, to give dignity and serenity to his heads; a Quintin Matz, to depict the gripping avidity of the anxious miser; a Barry, to express the wounded feelings of a distracted Lear; a Reynolds, to paint the midnight eye, and despairing lip of a persecuted Ugolino; and a Fuseli, to portray the grand, the terrific and the sublime of nature. In a word, until this portion of anatomical knowledge be fully treated of, we cannot help thinking that the professor will leave the students unacquainted with that which is most indispensably necessary, to all who

aim at any thing like an approach to excellence in the higher walks of art. We know what *ought* to be done by the Professors, whose object is to impart that knowledge which is of greatest importance to the student, not that mass of acquired and long-treasured information with

which the students are already acquainted, and with which it is possible to be as well acquainted as Mr. Turner himself, without ever being able to obtain, or even to approach the slightest degree of excellence.

#### THE PANORAMA.

Amidst the various efforts of Art exhibited in this metropolis for the gratification of an enlightened public, the Panorama, as conducted by Messrs. Barker and Burford, appears to us to be one of the most interesting, both from the fidelity of the scenes therein represented, and the careful attention of the artists, to produce in them all the varied effects which nature displays. Being unconfined, they are the only species of representation calculated to give a correct idea of the local bearings different objects have to each other, and thereby convey most important information, particularly to the rising generation, who, when they read the description of a city or country, may, by seeing the view exhibited in the Panorama, have as perfect an impression of the reality, as if they had actually been on the spot.

To the very arduous labour, and great expense, of producing highly finished paintings upon so vast a scale as those we are speaking of, may be added the time consumed in travelling to take the views; which the proprietors, with a praiseworthy anxiety for their accuracy, have with very few exceptions drawn from nature. We, therefore, feeling the pleasure of being made acquainted with countries we might possibly never have the opportunity of visiting, strongly commend the liberality of the proprietors, who, at so trifling a charge, put the public in possession of so much amusement and instruction.

The new subjects now exhibited in the Strand and Leicester-Square,

are two views of the remains of that ill-fated City, Pompeii, which was overwhelmed with ashes, thrown up during the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the 79th year of the Christian era, and has been thus buried nearly eighteen hundred years. By excavating and removing the mass of volcanic matter, accumulated to a depth of eighteen feet, the Italian Government has opened to view, a considerable portion of the city, the interest of which is heightened by the recollection, that here, time has made no change—We have before us the actual houses occupied by the Ancient Romans—the Temples where they worshipped their Deities, and the Theatres where they were amused. To exhibit so important a discovery to the British Public, Mr. Burford made drawings on the spot, selecting those points, where the most interesting objects were placed; we therefore anticipate by their production, a gratification to the public of no ordinary description, and are convinced that so much merit and ability will not pass unappreciated.

There is a complete set of views of the Principal Cities and Towns in Scotland, now engraving on a scale of 22 inches, by 15, from very accurate and comprehensive drawings, taken on the spot, by Mr. John Clark, who was engaged in Scotland, on this great National Work, during the whole of last summer. He has executed his task with all that fidelity and picturesque effect which must give satisfaction, and ensure that public patronage they so justly merit.

## THE DRAMA.

## ITALIAN OPERA.

THIS Theatre, previous to the operatic campaign, which commenced on Saturday evening, the 24th January, was opened on Thursday—not to the press, or to connoisseurs and professional ladies and gentlemen only—but almost indiscriminately. The theatre has been thoroughly repaired and decorated. The colour of the audience part is a light green (or what appears by candlelight to be green), relieved by a paler green. The curtains of the boxes are rose; the ceiling is blue, with pictures of the Nine Muses. Above the Proscenium are the Royal Arms, in stone-coloured relief. Along the front of the main row of boxes, a range of arches, in moulding, is carried, and below each is a crown *proper*. The general effect of all this, though light and elegant, fell short of what we expected in magnificence. The rose coloured hangings of the boxes (which, by the way, are not silk, but a glazed stuff of some sort, edged with yellow galloon), have a faded appearance, especially where they are not exposed to a full or vivid light. A more decided, or, as the painters call it, a *deeper* colour, would have done better, and would have suited better with the grandeur of the effect and magnitude of the house. The defect, however, which is perhaps now most striking in the Opera House is the gloomy opening of the Gallery, which something, we think, might be done to relieve. There is a magnificent lustre in the centre of the ceiling, and a new drop curtain crimson starred with gold, which has somewhat of the lustre which as we have observed, the boxes want.—There was an undress rehearsal of the Ballet, in which the principal performers of the *Corps de Ballet* made their appearance. Albert, who was greeted with loud applause, showed his accustomed grace and agility. A. M. Ferdinand, a dancer in the style of Paul, was the principal novelty. His ease and a *plomb*,

the lightness, elasticity, and wonderful strength of his movements, will make him one of the favourites of the season. He seems to rise from the ground without effort, and to alight with an ease almost miraculous. The female dancers were by no means anxious to display their powers, but Mademoiselle Le Gros is evidently an acquisition of great value; she has a handsome and intelligent countenance, and seems to rival Madame Ronzi Vestris in ease and grace.

The theatre was opened under circumstances of much pleasurable expectation. A new management had been announced; and new managers, like new kings, especially when their predecessors have been unskilful, feeble, or careless of public opinion, always excite the lively hope of a change for the better. In general, those who are, and those who style themselves, the "privileged classes," in this metropolis, seldom appear in the microcosm of fashion before the performance has half terminated; but so different a feeling prevailed on the present occasion, that before the early hour of six o'clock, there were numerous applicants for admission at the pit as well as at the gallery door. Much inconvenience was sustained by the doors not being opened at the usual time, and when opened, great pressure and confusion *was the result*. Within the house, however, and in the preparatory arrangements for the performance, all looked well. Before seven o'clock, Spagnoletti, the leader of the band, was at his post, the orchestra complete, and the instruments in tune, waiting the signal to commence the introduction to the opera. At this moment Rossini himself, to whose great name and exquisite talents the present season is to owe its chief distinction, was seen entering from the door that opens from the orchestra under the stage, to take his seat at the piano-forte; and the most lively applause instantaneously followed from all



parts of the theatre, which was repeated as the composer, in the best manner his situation, amidst the crowd of performers, would permit, testified his sense of the homage paid to his genius. This interesting scene being over, the orchestra struck into the introductory movement in a style, and with a degree of spirit to which it is difficult to do justice. The opera was *Zelmira*, one of the most recent compositions of Rossini, having been brought out at Naples in the spring of 1822. The story is as absurd and improbable and in itself as little worth recollecting, as any which have ever formed the ground-work of musical composition; but the merit of the latter raises it into importance, and renders a sketch of the plot necessary to comprehend the situations and passions which the composer describes.

*Polidoro*, sovereign of the island of Lesbos, had a daughter, named *Zelmira*, married to *Ilo*, a Trojan prince. In revenge for having been refused the hand of *Zelmira*, the king of the neighbouring island of Mitylene, in the absence of *Polidoro*, had invaded and made himself master of Lesbos. *Polidoro*, whose death was necessary to confirm the new conquest, was concealed by his daughter in the tomb of his ancestors, who, to render discovery more difficult, presented herself before the usurper, and pretending to wish the death of her father, diverted his attention by pointing out a different place of concealment. Two conspirators, *Antenore* and *Leucippo*, having put to death the king of Mitylene, the former succeeded to the dominion of both islands. In this state of affairs *Ilo* arrives in Lesbos with an army to restore *Polidoro* to his throne. Various attempts were made by the agents of *Antenore* to paralyse his efforts, by making it appear that *Zelmira* is the murderess both of her father and infant son, and that she has even formed a design against the life of *Ilo*. *Zelmira* is thrown into prison by *Antenore* on the former of these accusations, but her innocence of all being fully established, *Ilo* deposes the usurper, and the retreat of *Polidoro* being discovered, he is replaced on the throne. The characters were thus represented.

*Zelmira* .. Madame COLBURN ROSSINI,  
(her first appearance in this country.)  
*Emma* (her attendant,) Mad. VESTRIS.

*Ilo*.....Signor GARCIA.  
*Antenore* .....CURIONI.  
*Polidoro*, .....PLACCI.  
*Leucippo*.....PORTO.  
*Eacide* .....FRANCHESCHI.  
(his first appearance)

There is, properly speaking, no overture to this opera. After a few bars played by the orchestra, they are found to be part of a movement terminating in a chorus, and the curtain rises on a scene peculiarly animated and striking. No dull preparatory recitative tells the spectator what he has to expect; but the composer, in the true spirit of the Horatian precept, rushes at once into the midst of the action. He describes the agitation of the royal guards at the supposed death of the infant son of *Zelmira*, their belief of the accusation against her, and their consequent concurrence in the accession of *Antenore* to the throne. The whole of this introduction is a happy effusion of genius, full of effect, and distinguished by vigour and originality. A scene follows, in which *Zelmira*, attended by *Emma*, visits *Polidoro* in his place of concealment, and was the first introduction of Madame Colburn to the audience. Contrasted with the previous piece, this whole scene was somewhat flat and insipid. The cavatina given to *Polidoro*, "*Oh! qua trascorse il di*," is a fine composition, but it requires a better voice, and more impressive style, than that of Placci to give it effect. We are relieved by a light festive march, announcing the arrival of *Ilo* at the head of his army. Here Garcia, in most inimitable style, gave the beautiful air of "*Terra amica, ove respira*," accompanied by the chorus. The allegro movement, "*Cara, deh attendimi*," opens with an original and striking subject, but would perhaps express the situation more truly if distinguished by greater tenderness and passion. It will still rank among the masterpieces of Rossini. The duet which follows, "*A che quei tronchi accenti*," between *Ilo* and *Zelmira*, is also extremely beautiful; the expression throughout is remarkably just and appropriate. The next air, by *Antenore*, "*Mentre qual fiera ingorda*," was too difficult for Curioni, who could not,

therefore cause it to be felt and understood by the audience. The succeeding chorus movement into which it modulates, is extremely fine. A duet between *Zelmira* and *Emma*, in which the former confides her son to the care of her faithful attendant, should follow here; but it has been improperly, and to the great confusion of the action, transferred to the second act. It is in a strain of mournful tenderness, but languid unless supported by much passion and delicate expression in the singers—an aid which Rossini unfortunately did not obtain. It has a remarkable leading accompaniment, written for the horn, but which was injured in effect, by being played on the tenor oboe, an instrument of an unmusical and disagreeable tone. A beautiful finale terminates the first act, the most striking movement of which is a quintet, "*La sorpresa, lo stupore*," in which Garcia gave with peculiar force the passage "*già m'ingombra un tetto arrore*." The second act opens with a short, but beautiful chorus for female voices, and which, to the great surprise of the amateurs, was sung in tune. The air which succeeds, by Emma, who is committing the child of *Zelmira* to the care of the chorus, is also a very fine composition. The next piece is a duet, "*In estasi di gioia*," between *Ilo* and *Pilidoro*, crowded with notes, and of difficult execution, but deficient in meaning and musical effect. It is relieved, however, by a quintet, "*Ne lacci miei cadenti*," in the composer's best style; the slow movement is peculiarly striking. The finale of the second act opens with a short movement for *Zelmira*, in a bolder style of display than any before assigned for this the principal character, and the same description applies to two solos for the same voice which occur in the intervals of the concluding chorus. As compositions, they are inferior to the rest, and appear to have been written with a view to the peculiar powers of execution possessed by the singer. On the whole, the opera of *Zelmira* is one of the finest works of Rossini. His imitations of himself, and repetitions of former passages, which are characteristic of his general style, occur less frequently than in most of his

other operas. The principal movements are original varying in character and well contrasted, and his vigour continues unimpaired to the close. We doubt, however, whether it will become so popular here as many operas of equal or less merit. It is full an hour too long; and the absurd *outré* tale with which the music is united, tends to diminish its effect, except we an audience not purely musical, which is not to be found in this country, whatever may be asserted to the contrary. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, or even *Il Turco in Italia*, with a lively intelligible story, will find ten times the number of admirers. Should Rossini, as it is said he will, compose operas expressly for this theatre, his present high and merited popularity will be increased by his giving music of the character of these two pieces, applied to some subject with which we are already familiar. Nothing in this respect could be more felicitous than *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; and as it was the first of his operas attempted here, it was without doubt the basis of his reputation with us. He must not, however, assign the part of the heroine to Madame Colbran; for the truth cannot be concealed, that the placing that lady in the character of *Zelmira*, forms an obstacle, besides those we have just mentioned, to the popularity of the opera.

Of Signor Francheschi, the other singer who made his first appearance on this occasion, it is only necessary to say that if he never venture on characters more important than that in which he appeared, he may attain that envied obscurity where criticism does not enter. The other performers are already known; we discern no change since we last heard them, and can sincerely congratulate the lovers of music that Garcia is as great as ever. The performance of Saturday owed its chief support and attraction to his exertions.

After the opera, according to the custom of the theatre on the first night of performance for the season, "God save the King," was sung on the stage by the whole of the company. The solo verses were sung by Madame de Begnis, Signora Caradori, and Madame Vestris. The audience stood up while the national

anthem was sung, and the house, being crowded in every part, presented one of the finest spectacles to be seen in this metropolis. A call was then made for Rossini, who, after a considerable delay, was led on the stage by Garcia, and made his obeisance to the audience, amidst a shower of applause.

The opera, with the ceremonies which followed it, had not terminated till half-past eleven, when the ballet commenced, and in defiance of the injunction against trespassing into the morning of Sunday

continued till half-past twelve. Except Albert, there was neither in the divertissement or the ballet, any performer of the first class. Vestris, and Ronzi di Vestris were conspicuous among the group, and both pieces, which are pleasing, though simple of their kind, were well performed. The evolutions of the *corps de ballet* were formed with taste, and executed with unity and precision. It was obvious however, that the interest of the evening was concentrated in music and in Rosini.

#### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The present month has produced at this theatre, a new dramatic piece, in four acts, entitled *Kenilworth*; or, *the Days of Good Queen Bess*. Our readers will immediately anticipate, that, though this production is new, at this theatre, its story has long been familiarised to them by the Author of *Waverley*; nor, indeed, is its representation wholly unknown to the public, for it was performed at the Surrey Theatre, and once at Covent Garden.

Dublin, however, must be allowed the merit of receiving *Kenilworth* with all that applause, and burst of enthusiasm which the deeper pathos of genuine tragedy instinctively excites, where the interest is not destroyed by undramatic performance; for it is certain, that the success of a tragedy, depends as much on the performers, as on the original merits of its execution. To Miss F. H. Kelly, *Kenilworth* owed the intenser interest with which it was received on the Dublin than on the London boards. In the character of Amy Robsart she displayed powers which, if we had not witnessed, perhaps we could have admired Mrs. West's representation of that character. Having witnessed them, however, we can only say, that Mrs. West is a respectable performer, but a respectable performer is not to our taste. We never relished those in whom we could find nothing to praise or dispraise. They are too cold, too formal, too insipid, too unimpassioned for us. We look upon them as mere automations, who perform a

certain set of revolutions or motions, without knowing why, or wherefore. They awake no sympathy, they excite no emotion, they act regularly and methodically; but their regularity and method, is the method and regularity of reason, not the impassioned energy and resistless impulse of feeling and passion. They want that "soul of soul" which animates genius, and that yielding sensibility which throws its veil of grace and beauty over the softer affections of the soul, and melts even the savage breast to tenderness and sympathy.

As the dramatic author, Mr. Dibdin, has paid particular respect to the text of the original, we need not enter into a detail of the plot. It is perhaps proper, nevertheless, to remark, that a very judicious deviation from the original has been made by substituting *Varney* for the *Countess of Leicester*, in the catastrophe. The principal character in this play, and the one which absorbs all the interest, in the scenes in which she appears, is *Elizabeth*. MRS. BUNN, as the Queen of England, certainly acquits herself in a very creditable manner, being in person and manner peculiarly fitted for the personification of such a haughty, imperious, and domineering character. She derives, perhaps, an advantage from a contrast with the quiet and regular action of Mrs. West, who delineated the sorrows and the sufferings of the unhappy Countess, Mr. TERRY, in *Anthony Foster*, maintains his deserved reputation. HARRIS does all that is possible to

be done in the insignificant part allotted to him; singing some comic songs, and playing with his usual spirit and vivacity. The rest of the performers play as usual. After the dramatic part of the play is concluded, the curtain rises upon a pageant, which, although founded on the description in the novel, is extremely offensive to good taste. It is, in our opinion, very fortunate, that this splendid exhibition is, in a manner, separated from the play: it consists of much scenery, machinery, horsemanship, glitter, and show; and we are glad to perceive, that the audience begin now to be tired of such trumpery; but the season of the year seems to plead in favor of the taste of the managers.

Another novelty has also appeared at this theatre since our last publication. It is an opera in three acts by Mr. Beazely, a gentleman already well known for several successful dramatic pieces of minor pretension. We are sorry to be obliged to confess, that the present offspring of his muse will not add, in any degree, to his reputation. It is entitled *Philandering, or the Rose Queen*. The principal part of the music, including the overture, is composed by Mr. Horn, and the remainder, which we need not say is without comparison the best, is by Mozart, Paisiello, and Carifa. The songs are published and sold as usual at the theatre; and in the title-page, we have a curious, and faithful *Epigraph*, expressed in four short words, which for truth as well as brevity are singularly conspicuous.

"What stuff is this?"

The author's address to the public, which follows the title-page, is equally deserving attention, and equally in keeping with the songs that follow. As it is very short we beg to present it to our readers as a curiosity in its way.

To the Public.

"It is only from a wish not to violate an established custom in our Theatres in the production of a new Opera, that  
E. M. Jan. 1824.

the following songs are printed. It is hoped that the difficulty which an Englishman finds in the adaptation of his language to *music already written*, and particularly to airs that are Italian and French, will prove an apology for the *nonsense of some of them*, and for the *absence of poetry in all of them*. (!!)

"The opera lounge, and those acquainted with the modern French drama, will recognise a part of the ballet of 'Le Prince Troubadour,' and of the opera of 'Jocoude,' (which is the Prince Troubadour in dialogue) as one part of the plot of 'Philandering,' the story and dialogue, illustrative of the different systems of education, with which this incident is interwoven, are believed to be as original as any thing can be, when a writer's mind is so impressed with the recollection of preceding authors, as to feel his own weakness whenever he does not imitate them."

If our readers will have the goodness to turn to our number for last October, they will there find a tale, called, "The Rose Queen," which will give a good idea of the "Feast of the Rosiere," once so prevalent in Provence, and in some parts of Germany, on which are founded the principal incidents of this opera. In this feast she, who was declared by the matrons of the village to be the most modest, was crowned with a wreath of roses, and received a marriage portion.

The two old peasants, one of a severe character, Terry, the other of a merry disposition, having educated their daughters according to the peculiar ideas they severally entertained, awaited the coming of the approaching Festival with anxious solicitude, each expecting that his daughter would have the felicity of being chosen *The Rose Queen*. The piece opens on the eve of the Festival. The Count, Braham, who is the *Seigneur* of the village, at this period, pays his first visit to his castle, which is situated in the neighbourhood, accompanied by his intended wife, together with *Philander*, Liston, and his intended bride. The Count and *Philander* become uneasy at the flirting propensities of their fair charmers, and determine to put their affection to

the test, by making love to each other's mistresses. The ladies, through the medium of *Anselmo*, *Mercer*, a protégé of the *Count*, become acquainted with their plot, and punish their jealousy by permitting it to be apparently successful. The *Count* and his friend, on this, determine to desert them, and to set out in quest of adventures, vowing vengeance against the whole sex. They, accordingly, assume the disguise of Troubadours, and proceed to the *Fest of Roses*, where they commence their career of *Philandering* with the daughter of the jolly peasant. Their ladies follow them in the disguise of Gypsies, and discern sufficient to set off against them a charge of feigned inconstancy. The daughter of the severe peasant then sets up a claim to *Philander* as her husband, which is at length explained, by its proving to be the *Count's* protégé, who had married her under the assumed name of *Philander*.

The above outline of the plot will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the piece, as it is now acted, for it has been considerably curtailed since the first night of its representation. No abbreviation, however, of either dialogue or incident can redeem it from obscurity, or impart to it a lucid arrangement, in both of which essential properties this *opera* is eminently deficient.

Although this *opera* is frequently performed, it has not proved particularly attractive, nor is it likely to become a favourite of long standing: indeed we could not have conceived it possible to unite the powers of so many excellent performers to so little effect. The songs are written in a very careless style, with little euphony, and a total want of poetry. The author himself is so conscious of their demerit, that we wonder he should doom our best singers to the painful necessity of torturing such rough and unmusical lines into any thing like harmony. In the author's address to the public he says, "It is hoped, that the difficulty which an Englishman finds in the adaptation of his language to music already written, and particularly to airs that are Italian and French, will prove an apology for the nonsense of some of them, and for the absence of poetry

in all of them." This author's hope ought not to be indulged: the difficulty of adapting language to music already written, is no greater than that of adapting it to music unwritten; the difference merely is, that one may be made to humour the nonsense of a poetaster, the other cannot without being detected. But why it should be more difficult to adapt language to music written by an Italian or a Frenchman we have yet to learn, unless foreign music is considered to represent words and not sentiment. But the author talks of a new species of music of which we never heard before; *airs that are Italian and French*; we suppose he means Italian or French but the airs to which he alludes are the compositions of Mozart, Paisiello, and Carafa! Is it to be endured, that the music of these immortal composers should be burdened with ridiculous verses totally destitute of harmony? such, however, is the case in the present *opera*, and such is the author's own confession! Although it may be said, with truth, that these songs possess as much general merit as the usual run of operas performed at the Italian Opera, yet it must be recollected, that however deficient those operas are in the higher essentials of good poetry, they are never wanting in euphony. We were much pleased, however, with the *finale* to the first act, and the *aria* in the second, the music of both by Mozart; they were very tolerable specimens of an Italian opera in an English dress. Generally speaking, the songs are very ill-adapted to the music, and, as an example of rugged verse not to be softened into any thing like an harmonious sweetness even by Mad. Vestris, we give the following stanza, sung by *Pauline* to her adorable *Blaise*.

"Blaise, mind, follow this example,  
And think when Hymen binds the  
chain;  
Recollect, sir, by this example,  
Wives, like ~~maids~~, can flirt again."

The author draws too much on our good nature, if he thinks it possible that such unharmonious nonsense can be excused by the difficulty of adapting any language to any music.

Mr. Kean, on taking leave for a short time, performed his favourite character of Shylock. In this character he made his first appearance on the metropolitan boards, and has since occasionally performed it with unrivalled excellence. It was on this occasion, however, supposed, that from the apparent want of that energy and animation which so peculiarly marks his performance, that he laboured under some indisposition; but the character of Shylock, when truly represented, requires no such display of strong and powerful feeling or passion in the earlier scenes. The prominent passions of Shylock are those of revenge and avarice, and these passions betray themselves not until he hears of his daughter's flight, the flight of his ducats, and the bankruptcy of Antonio, through the loss of his vessels at sea. It is then, and then only, that Shylock displays his natural character, and then it was that Kean displayed his skill and tragic powers, by his passionate and highly wrought delineation of the avaricious soul and revengeful feelings of this merciless Jew. It requires the greatest powers to do justice to those alternate passions of avarice and revenge, that sway the breast of Shylock on this occasion; but, in Kean's representation, we behold the tortured Jew suffering all the excruciating anguish of the damned, on hearing of his daughter's extravagance, and the improbability of his ever recovering his ducats, or his turquoise, which he had of Leah when a batchelor; and his fiend-like joy and exultation on hearing of Antonio's loss at sea. Kean's powers in this scene are unrivalled and indescribable. The character is altogether one of his happiest performances. It is the only character in this comedy in which a performer can

distinguish himself to any great advantage. Such, however, as they are, they were far from having justice done them. Mr. Archer, who, for the first time, personated Bassanio, seemed to have no conception whatever of the character he assumed; he should pay a little more attention to Hamlet's advice to the players; and we regret much that this advice, penned by the father of the British stage, is not followed by the greater part of our performers; for whatever innovations may take place on the stage, if this advice be not followed, there will be neither true nor natural acting. Mrs. West will never appear to advantage in Portia: the character does not belong to her line of performance. There were parts of it, however, which she supported with great truth and justice. Introducing modern songs into any of Shakespeare's plays, as has been the case in this, is one of the greatest violations of the laws of unity, with regard to both time and place, that can possibly be committed. Every person going to witness one of Shakespeare's plays naturally prepares his mind for scenes, and circumstances, and characters of an ancient order. How repulsive then must it be to an imagination so prepared, to be transported suddenly and unexpectedly from the contemplation of ancient manners, habits, and customs, to those of our own. A Roman senator might as well be personated in the dress of an English member of parliament, as a modern love song introduced into any of the plays of Shakespeare.

Mr. Kean has since appeared in some of his most popular characters, and Mr. Munden has made his appearance in the character of *Old Dornon*, to the great delight of the admirers of this happy and able performer.

#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The chief attraction at Covent Garden this month seems to have been the pantomime of the "House that Jack Built. The interest, however, is on the decline, and we doubt not but something more rational, though perhaps, not more amusing, will soon be called for. It is true,

indeed, that Covent Garden has long excelled in the interest which it has been able to confer on those lighter productions, an interest which, perhaps, is in no small degree owing to the splendour and brilliancy of its scenery; but no species of dramatic representation can possess a

permanent attraction, which does not either immediately or remotely address itself to the more serious and contemplative part of our nature. Foolery and buffoonery may please for a moment, but after the representation is over, it will not endure a moment's reflection. Children, indeed, will always view the lighter and more ridiculous scenes of human life with renewed pleasure; but parents are fonder of going to the play themselves than suffering their children to go, and, therefore, no representation can have permanent success that addresses itself to the infant mind. The scenery, however, is the most splendid we have ever witnessed, and must delight the old as well as the young; and, perhaps, it is to its splendour that the pantomime owes its chief attractions. The perspective landscape and surrounding country by Grievé, the Panorama of the views between London and Paris, and the Village of Glandersleugh by Ann-rise, are master-pieces in their kind; nor do we less admire the eclipse of the moon and the transit of Venus.

Mr. Young has gained great applause in *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant*. He is truly a man of the world.

The petite-comedy of *Simpson & Co.* has been produced, for the first time, at this theatre, and has been, as it ought to be, well received. The incidents are truly comic, and the situations ingeniously and artfully arranged. Mr. Farien excelled in the part of *Simpson*, and if Cooper did not give the gay *Bourgeois* as much effect, at least he gave him, what most naturally belonged to him, ease and indifference. Miss Chester, who is recovered from her illness, was the *Mrs. Bromley*. Miss Love, in *Mrs. Fitzgerald*, is thought to have exercised a little too freely the potency of her visual organs.

Colman's farcical comedy of *John Bull*, which, since the retirement of Johnstone from the stage, had not been performed at either of the theatres, has been lately represented, and appears to have given satisfaction to two or three crowded houses. The mixture of broad humour in *Dennis* and *Mr. Weller*, of ridiculous affectation in *Shuffleton* and *Lady Caroline*, and of strong and power-

ful feeling in *Job Thornberry* and *Mary*, will always ensure it a good reception, and, in a great measure, compensate for its absurdities and its faults. Fawcett's *Job Thornberry*, which was always a fine picture of rich pathos and manly independence, is as good as ever. The interview with his daughter, from his adherence to truth and nature, never fails to make a powerful impression upon the audience; and his remonstrances with *Sir Simon* have lost nothing of the energy and spirit by which they have been heretofore distinguished. Blanchard's *Sir Simon* is still whimsically quaint and humorous; and *Mrs. Davenport's Mrs. Brulgrudery* is as fresh and vigorous as it was twenty years ago. These, with an humble performer of the name of Atkins, who plays *John Burr*, are the only actors remaining who appeared originally in the piece. Connor's *Dennis* wants repose. He is too quick, and does not give himself time to make his points. His brogue, however, is extremely good, and he plays some of the scenes with great success. Jones's *Tom Shuffleton* is a very entertaining, and we venture to say a very correct representation of the modern man of fashion. The lazy lounge, the dawdling tone of voice, and the perfect indifference with which he treats every thing, and every body, are exquisitely ridiculous; and he is moreover, as he always was, admirably dressed. *Mrs. Chatterly's Lady Caroline*, and *Miss Chester's Mary* are well contrasted in the totally different mode in which these Actresses delineate their respective characters,—the one, as the lackadaisical fine lady, who comes down to the country to marry one man, and starts a match with another, gives utterance to her words as if the effort of speaking was too great an exertion for any one whose name was graced with a title; whilst the other, as the deluded but affecting daughter, in whose breast virtue, love, and conscious innocence reside, and whose beauty is a tempting lure to the libertine and the villain, embodies all these graces in her person, and acts according to the dictates of propriety and good sense. Cooper, much as he disguised himself, was yet too youthful in his

appearance for *Peregrine*. Rayner, in *Dan*, was not so effective as we have seen him.

Addison's tragedy of *Cato* has been "revived," as the phrase is, at this theatre, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Young in the principal character. As to the merits of this play now, there exists hardly two opinions. Addison had neither the passion nor the feeling of a considerable poet; and about dramatic writing, he knew absolutely nothing. The circumstances however under which the piece was written, gave it a celebrity when it first appeared, and the late Mr. Kemble, while he had the ear of

the town, persuaded them sometimes to come and see it. Mr. Young's performance of *Cato* rather adds to than lessens his reputation. He does justice to that chasteness of style and loftiness of sentiment which are the chief points of real merit in the tragedy, and a certain sententiousness of manner, which is a fault in his general acting, rather aids the effect of what he does in this character. His best scene is that with the senate in the soliloquy he was rather too declamatory. But the play went off, upon the whole, something heavily, and the house was not so full as we have lately seen it.

#### PARIS INFATRES.

In the *Almanac des Spectacles*, and other publications devoted to the stage, appear at this time the numbers and names of all the new pieces played at the different theatres of Paris during the year that has just elapsed, the names of their authors, and an account of the success which attended each. If the quality of this new accession of scenic wealth correspond with its abundance, the dramatic literature of all the east of Europe and of the world would be obliged to hide its "diminished head." From Malta to the Pole, from Moscow to Lisbon, nay, it may be added in all the four quarters of the globe (to the exclusion of the department of the Seine), there has not appeared half the number of new pieces which have been exhibited to the admiration of the inhabitants of this single city. It appears, for example, on a recapitulation, that the Paris theatres have this year received two hundred and seventeen new pieces, of which eight are tragedies, twenty-two comedies, one hundred and twenty-two vaudevilles, nineteen melodramas, fourteen comic operas, and four grand operas: the rest are ballets and pieces of various kinds. If our readers have any desire to know the names of the

rival establishments which have been thus prolific in new entertainments, and the proportion in which each has contributed its share, the following enumeration may be satisfactory.—The Grand Opera, or the Royal Academy of Music, has given five pieces, the Theatre Français, nine; the Opera Comique, fourteen; the Odeon, sixteen; the Italian Opera, three; the Vandeville, thirty; the Gymnase Dramatique, thirty-six; the Variétés, twenty-five; the Gaîté, thirteen; Porte St. Martin, eighteen; the Ambigu-Comique, twenty-two; the Cirque Olympique, six; and the Panorama Dramatique, fifteen. But what a number of active playwrights must have been engaged to invent, disguise, and transpose this immense mass of dramatic lore? The list exhibits no less than one hundred and forty eight authors of dialogue or songs, fifteen composers, and five choregraphes, or inventors of ballets. The most fertile genius in this list would appear to be a M. Carmouche, who is down for thirteen vaudevilles. These dramatic authors, though, perhaps, not the most necessary, will not be thought the least useful at Paris, when it is stated that their united productions entertain nightly about twenty thousand people.



## VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The aspect of public affairs in Europe, has experienced no material change within the last month. The great powers are still apparently on good terms with each other, but how long they will continue so, no man can pretend to say. It is more than probable, that the important events which have occurred in the new world, may so far influence the Cabinets of Europe, as to disturb the existing repose at no very distant period. The King of Spain, ever since his restoration to the plenitude of arbitrary power, has been incessant in his endeavours to reduce the colonies to their former state of abject dependence: he has issued decrees and manifestoes, which have this ludicrous peculiarity, that they call for obedience where there is not even a shadow of authority to enforce it; and demand submission, where the popular spirit of resistance is uncontrollable. In the mean time the views of Ferdinand are seconded by Russia and France, whose object it is to embarrass and depress the commercial interests of England. Our ministers, however, seem to be well aware of this fact, and have firmly resolved on opposing, by force of arms, any coalition against the independence of the South American States. This policy, regarded even upon abstract principles, is worthy the government of the only free nation in Europe; but it is not only in accordance with our independent station, but also with our best interests. The advantages which we must derive from a free and unrestrained intercourse with the colonies in question are incalculable, and we should be wanting to ourselves were we to neglect them. Our ambitious rival of the North knows, that England has not only the disposition, but the means, to resist with effect; and that any maritime expedition, which the Holy Alliance could furnish, would never reach its destination—France is also too conscious of her inferiority to meet us on our own element, and is therefore obliged to resort to the intrigues of negotiation. For this purpose, a Congress has been proposed, but England cannot become a party to it, inasmuch as the

has already originated a state of things which the other powers are endeavouring to subvert. A great deal must be developed in a very short time, and the Monarchs of the Holy Alliance will find a crusade across the Atlantic, a very different thing from one across the Pyrenees. The new empire of Brazil has recently experienced a political concussion, which threatens the most serious consequences to its ultimate stability. The Emperor, who, there can be no doubt, is at least, as great an accessory to popular institutions as his younger brother in Portugal, has played the part of Oliver Cromwell, and expelled the representatives of the people, at the point of the bayonet. The cause which his Brazilian majesty has assigned for this outrage on the constitution, is the factious spirit which he pretends to have discovered among certain deputies. Whether or not, there were any plots against him, does not appear from his manifesto, but it is very probable, that his sincerity being suspected, all his measures were canvassed somewhat too freely for his arbitrary disposition. Several of the obnoxious deputies have been exiled, and it is not improbable, that the affair will lead to a general revolt of the provinces, and that, the Emperor Iturbide, will not have been the only one dispensed with by his transatlantic subjects.

At no period has political feeling so strongly prevailed as at this moment, in our West Indian Colonies; where the recent measures of the British Parliament, in respect of the Negro population of the Islands, are reprobated by their Legislative Assemblies, in language more violent than that which preceded the revolution of North America. Great Britain is accused of wantonly sacrificing properties over which it is contended she has no legal control in an absurd and impracticable attempt to raise the Negro in equality with the White. The zeal with which the European Missionaries have, perhaps, indiscreetly communicated with the Negroes on this difficult and most critical question, has excited a degree of rage, which, in some of the Islands, has led the Abolitionists

to excesses of unprecedented violence. A letter, addressed by Earl Bathurst to the Colonial Assemblies, disclosing the views of Government as to the establishment of a more extended system of religious instruction, appears but to have added fuel to the flame so far from calming, it has but aggravated exasperation; and our West Indian Colonies are, unquestionably, in a state more imminently critical than has yet been known. West Indian property is, at the present moment, comparatively without value—such is the general conviction of its insecurity.

We understand that the subject of the complaints of the West Indian colonists will be brought before Parliament immediately after its meeting. The discussion, in fact, has become absolutely necessary, to prevent the most distressing consequences to our trade and interests in that quarter. Although more is, in all cases, expected from Parliament than it can ever achieve, we nevertheless, feel all that consolation which the near approach of the Session can impart in the hope that the situation of our West India Colonies being fully discussed and understood, they may receive all the relief and alleviation which the wisdom and the power of Parliament can give.

Accounts from Paris state the death of Victor Emanuel, ex-King of Sardinia. His Majesty ascended the throne in 1802, on the abdication of his brother, Charles Emanuel; and after the revolution of Piedmont, he resigned his crown to his brother, Charles Felix.

Commercial letters from Aleppo, announce that the Persians are again in motion. It seems certain, that the Porte is uneasy because the ratification of the Treaty of Peace, on the part of Persia, has not yet been received.

We have reason to believe that the explanations which have taken place between our government and that of the United States, upon the subject of the President's message, have been of the most satisfactory kind. We believe, also, we may venture to assure our readers, that upon all the great measures now engrossing the attention of Europe and the United States, this country

and America understand each other perfectly, and are upon the best footing possible.

The *Fury* and *Hecla* are to be taken into dock immediately, at Deptford, and fitted for the voyage of discovery. Captain Parry takes the command of the *Hecla*, the ship in the first voyage under his orders; and Captain Hoppner is to command the *Fury*. The *Griper* is also fitting, and proceeds to Wager River, whence Captain Lyon proceeds by land. Captain Lyon is appointed to the *Griper*, as is also Lieutenant Manico, who is to accompany him in his journey.

By a decree received from Spain, Ferdinand has ordered *Te Deum* to be performed in all his dominions in America! to celebrate the overthrow of the Constitution, he also annuls all appointments made during its existence: directs the newly-established Courts of Justice to cease their functions, and the militia to be dissolved. By some, this decree, considering the actual state of South America at the present moment, is considered as a piece of ridiculous folly. There are others, however, who take a very different view of it, and deem it a manifesto of the intention to proceed against the revolted colonies of Spain, in the same manner as the great Allies have proceeded against the Neapolitan, Piedmontese, and Spanish revolutions.

Letters received from Lisbon by the last packet, from highly respectable merchants there, state, in the most positive terms, that a treaty, offensive and defensive, has been signed between France and Portugal in which the former Power agrees to assist Portugal in an attempt to recover the Brazils, making it a condition that Portugal should apply to England for aid in the first instance, which it was well known would be refused. It is said that an expedition was fitting out, and that every ship of war in the Tagus was ordered to be in readiness immediately. It is also added, that the Conde del Palmella was coming to this country forthwith, to solicit the aid of the English Government in subjugating the Brazils, and if he does not succeed, he will proceed immediately to the Continent, to try what he can do there.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**THE English Spy**; an original work under this comprehensive title, is now, we hear, nearly ready for publication. It is to embrace characteristic sketches and scenes of the present age, and particularly of high life, including Eton and the Universities. A series of coloured plates, and wood engravings will accompany each part, designed by Cruikshank from the life, and containing portraits, and scenes actually drawn upon the spot. Since the publication of the celebrated Bubb Doddington's Diary, there has been no work that contains so many authentic anecdotes of the court, high life, the universities, and public characters. It is, we understand, humorous, but free from scandal or offence.

*Biographica Poetica*, or *Lives of the British Poets*, from Chaucer to Cowper, in 4 vols. 8vo., including every poet in the collection of Chalmers Campbell, &c., and in those of the early Bibliographies, whose writings or whose names retain sufficient interest to be comprised in an historical collection. Volume one is nearly ready.

Miss Louisa Princess has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in two vols. foolscap octavo, a prose translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. To be inscribed, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lady Julia Petre.

*Memoirs of the Life of Riego and his Family*, including a History of Spain, from the restoration of Ferdinand to the present time, are preparing for publication, under the superintendence of the Canon Riego, and for the benefit of the Widow of that unfortunate General. The work will be illustrated with several portraits and fac-similes.

The Rev. Solomon Piggott's volume on *Suicide*; a series of anecdotes and actual narratives, with Reflections on Mental distress, will be published in the course of the month.

Mrs. Lanfear has a small volume, nearly ready, entitled "Letters to Young Ladies on their first entrance into the world." To which are added, *Sketches from Real Life*.

The publication of the Rev. Mr. Pratt's *New Self-Interpreting Testament*, will shortly be resumed, and as the whole of the copy is in the printer's hands, its completion may speedily be expected. Part IV. in 4to.

and Part V. in 8vo., will be ready in the course of the month.

In the press, and will be published on the first of March, a volume of Poems, chiefly amatory, entitled "*Myrtle Leaves*." By T. W. Kelly, handsomely printed in foolscap size, on very beautiful yellow wove paper.

Mr. George Cruikshank is now engaged in illustrating two volumes, entitled "*Tales of Irish Life*," written from actual observation, during a residence of several years, in various parts of Ireland; and intended to display a faithful picture of the habits, manners, and condition of the people. Mr. G. Cruikshank is also preparing several designs for a humorous exposition of the Tread Mill.

*Rational Stenography*; or *Short-Hand Made Easy*, in a few Familiar Lessons, founded on the Principles of the late John Bytom, with numerous improvements. By the Rev. J. Nightingale, with a portrait and three other engravings.

By the Annual Report of the proceeding of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which is just published, it appears that the whole number of Bibles, Common Prayer Books, and other books and tracts, distributed between the audit in April 1822, and the audit in April, 1823, amounts to 1,400,711. That the receipts of the present year amount to 52,094l. 12s. including legacies to the general designs of the Society. The Report also states, that to mark their affectionate veneration for the memory of the late Bishop of Calcutta, the Board has resolved to place the sum of 6,000l. at the disposal of the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, for the purpose of endowing five Scholarships, to be called Bishop Middleton's Scholarships, and of affording a salary for a Tamil Teacher in the Bishop's College at Calcutta.

A new poem is announced, entitled "*A Midsummer Day's Dream*." By Edwin Atherstone, author of "*The Last Days of Marcellanum*," &c. Foolscap, with plates engraved by G. Cooke, from designs by Martin.

*Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths*, illustrated in a Series of Narratives and Essays. In 1 vol. small 8vo. is preparing for the press.

Mr. Henry Phillips, the able and ingenious author of the "History of Cultivated Vegetables," "Sylva Florifera," &c. has a work on the eve of publication, entitled *Flora Historia*; or, the Three Seasons of the British Parterre, historically treated, with observations on planting, to secure a regular succession of flowers from the commencement of spring to the end of autumn. To which are added, the most approved methods of cultivating bulbous and other plants as practised by the most celebrated florists of England, Holland and France.

Preparing for publication, a Practical Guide to English Composition; or, a comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved Plan; containing apposite Principles, Rules, and Examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of Schools and of Private Students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A.M.

The Mother's Offering; or, Tales in Ryme, for Children. By a Lady. "Something to please, and something to instruct," is preparing for publication.

*In the Press.*—Thoughts on Prison Labour; to which is added, in an Appendix, the entire Controversy collected from the Public Prints and other Publications, on the Question of the Tread Wheel Discipline. By Jacob Jones, jun. of the Inner Temple, and late of Brasenose College, Oxford.

Eugenia, a poem. By Mrs. E. P. Wolferstan: author of the Enchanted Flute, and other Poems and Fables from La Fontaine.

Sir William Chambers's Treatise on Civil Architecture, much extended. By J. Gwilt, architect; to be in Six Parts.

Harding's Short Hand. Second Edition. Corrected and improved with the addition of a New Alphabet. By the late W. Blair, esq.

The Literary Companion; or Young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort, in the formation of a Library. By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, F.R.S., S.A.

A translation by Mr. William Cox, surgeon, of Mr. Coster's Manual of Surgical Operations, containing Mr. Lis Franc's new methods of operating.

Observations on the Religious Peculiarities of the Society of Friends. By Joseph John Gurney.

Sacred Tactics; an attempt to develop and to exhibit to the eye by tabular arrangements, a general rule of

composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. T. Boys, A.M. of Trinity College, Cambridge. In two parts, royal quarto.

Aureus; or the Adventures of a Sovereign. Written by Himself. In 2 vol., 12mo., will soon appear.

The Deserted City; Eva, a Tale, in 2 cantos; and Electricity, Poems. By J. Bounden, in 1 vol. 12mo. is nearly ready for publication.

A Narrative of a Journey from La Guayra to Bagota, and thence to Santa Martha, performed between February and July, 1823, in 1 vol. 8vo. will appear early in January.

A Specimen of some truly National and Original Poems, illustrative of the of the Wars and Customs of Britain and Rome, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, will this month we understand, solicit the public favour, and the impartial remarks of the liberal-minded critic.

The Old English Drama, a selection of Plays, from the early English Dramatists. It will include the whole of Dodsley's Collection, and every Play of any excellence. To be printed in small 8vo., with biographical and critical Notices, and published in monthly parts, at a moderate price.

In a small volume, Notes, biographical, critical, and poetical, on the Portraits of "The British Poets from Chaucer to Cowper."

A second part of George Cruikshank's Etchings, entitled "Points of Humour." It contains passages from celebrated Comic Writers, selected for the humour of situation, which are illustrated by original designs, drawn and engraved by Cruikshank, in his best manner. This part will contain several scenes from Smollett, and Regnault Le Brun.

A Catalogue of the Pictures in England, collected and arranged with the permission of the proprietors. This work will be divided into counties, and will appear periodically.

Mr. J. Williams, the editor of the last edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, is on the eve of publishing a new edition of Milton's Poetical Works, with copious Notes and Illustrations. This edition will be preceded by the Criticism of Dr. Johnson, with numerous corrections and emendations of the misconceptions, misrepresentations, and party prejudices and partialities of the critic; and it will contain many additional facts and circumstances, which have been omitted or imperfectly stated by the biographer in his Life of the poet.

## WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

*Architecture.*

Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, from the German of Mollor; crown 8vo. 6s.

Ornaments, Grecian and Roman Architecture, &c. selected from Stuart's Athens, &c. &c. for the use of Architects, Workmen, &c. 24 plates. Imperial folio, 25s.

Elme's Lectures on Architecture, second edit. 8vo. 12s.

*Biography.*

Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Great, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.

The Historical Life of Johanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence; and correlative details of the literature and manners of Italy and Provence in the 13th and 14th centuries: with portraits, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

Faustus, from the German of Goethe, 8vo. 6s. bds.

Kotzebue's Literary and Political Life; translated from the German, second edit. 6s. bds.

*Fine Arts.*

Neale's Views of Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; (from Drawings by J. P. Neale, author of the Illustrations of the History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey, &c.) engraved in the line manner, by the first Artists, and accompanied with Descriptions of the Mansions, and a Genealogical Account of the Proprietors. Six vols. 2l. 10s. each, half-bound, or in royal 4to. proof impressions on India paper, 5l. each.

A second Series of Views, being a Continuation of the above Work, is now publishing in monthly parts. This Series consists of such Views as could not be contained within the limits originally prescribed, and includes interior, as well as exterior Views, Lodges, Entrance Gates, &c. &c. The First Number of this New Series contains five highly-finished Engravings, and a Vignette of Fonthill Abbey, price 4s. in royal 8vo. or in 4to. with proof impressions of the plates on India paper, 8s.

Monumental Antiquities of Great Britain, engraved from Drawings by Edward Blore, F.S.A., 8vo. in parts.

*Miscellaneous.*

The Peerage and Baronetage Charts for 1824, in a case, 8s.

The Spirit of the Public Journals, for the year 1823: being an impartial Selection of the most exquisite Essays, *Jour d'Esprit*, and Tales of Humour, Prose and Verse, that have appeared

in the Morning, Evening, and Sunday Newspapers, 10s. 6d. in boards, illustrated with a portrait of His Majesty, and six humorous designs, by Cruikshank.

The Law of Landlord and Tenant, by R. Tabiam, Attorney at Law, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

The Perennial Calender and Companion to the Almanack, by Thomas Forster, F.L.S. M.B., &c. Fellow of Christ Church College, Cambridge, 8vo. 18s. bds.

The Green House Companion, by Robert John Thornton, F.R.S., &c. 1 vol. 8vo. coloured plates, 12s. bds.

*Novels and Tales.*

A Volume of Romances, by Mr. C. Ollier, author of "Altham and his Wife."

Isabella, or the Tempter, a Romance; with other Tales, by the author of "Altham and his Wife," 12mo. 7s.

The Ionian, or Woman in the Nineteenth Century, by Miss Renou, author of "Village Conversations, Temple of Truth," &c. in 3 vols. 1l. 1s. bds.

St. Roman's Well, by the author of "Waverly," &c. 3 vols. post, 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.

*Theology.*

The Preacher, or Sketches of Original Sermons, vol. 6., 12mo. 4s.

Dr. Owen's Works, vol. 9. 8vo. 12s.

Christian Philosophy, or an Attempt to Display by Internal Testimony the Evidence and Excellence of Revealed Religion, by the late Vicesimus Knox, D.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, Master of Tunbridge School, 8vo. 9s.

The Book of the Church, by Robert Southey, L.L.D., 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

*Voyages and Travels.*

Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa, by William Burshell, Esq. with a Map and 116 Engravings, 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d.

Six Months Residence and Travels in Mexico, by William Bullock, F.L.S. 8vo.

Researches in the South of Ireland, by T. Crofton Croker, with 16 Engravings, wood-cuts, &c. 4to. 2l. 2s.

Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia, with maps and plates, 8vo. 15s.

Scenes in the Morea; or a Sketch of the Life of Demetrius Argyri, 7s. bds.

The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow, by Robert Lyall, M.D. 4to. with coloured engravings.

## LIST OF PATENTS.

To Joseph Bourne, of Denby, Derbyshire, stone-bottle manufacturer, for certain improvements in the burning of stope and brown-ware in kilns or ovens, by carrying up the heat and flame from the furnace or fire below to the middle and upper parts of the kiln or oven, either by means of flues or chimneys in the sides thereof, or by moveable pipes or conductors to be placed within such kilns or ovens; and also by increasing the heat in kilns or ovens by the construction of additional furnaces or fires at the sides thereof, and to communicate with the centre or upper parts of such kilns or ovens; also by conveying the flame and heat of one kiln more into another or others by means of chimneys or flues, and thus permitting the draft and smoke of several kilns or ovens to escape through the chimneys of a central kiln or oven of great elevation, whereby the degree of heat is increased in the several kilns or ovens, and the quantity of smoke diminished.—Dated 22d of November, 1823.—two months allowed to enrol specification.

To John Slater, of Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus to facilitate or improve the operation of cutting or grinding wool or cotton from off the surfaces of woollen cloths, kerseymeres, cotton cloths, or mixtures of the said substances, and for taking or removing hair or fur from skins.—22d Nov.—two months.

To Thomas Todd, of Swansea, South Wales, organ-builder, for his improvement in producing tone upon musical instruments of various descriptions.—22d November.—six months.

To Samuel Brown, of Windmill-street, Lambeth, Surrey, gentleman, for his engine or instrument for effecting a vacuum, and thus producing powers by which water may be raised and machinery put in motion.—4th December.—six months.

To Archibald Buchanan, of Catrine Cotton Works, one of the partners of the house of James Finlay and Co., merchants, in Glasgow, for a certain improvement in machinery heretofore employed in spinning-mills in the carding of cotton and other wool, whereby the

top cards are regularly stripped and kept clean by the operation of the machinery without the agency of hard labour.—4th December.—four months.

To Josiah Parkes, of Manchester, Lancashire, civil engineer, for a certain method of manufacturing salt.—4th December.—six months.

To George Minshaw Glascott, of Great Garden-street, Whitechapel, Middlesex, brass-founder, and Tobias Mitchell, of Upper Thames-street, London, gentleman, for their improvements in the construction or form of nails to be used in or for the securing copper and other sheathing on ships, and for other purposes.—9th Dec.—six months.

To Thomas Horne the younger, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, brass-founder, for certain improvements in the manufacture of rack pulleys in brass or other metals.—9th December.—six months.

To William Furnival, of Droitwich, salt-manufacturer, and Alexander Smith, of Glasgow, master-mariner, for their improved boiler for steam-engines and other purposes.—9th December.—six months.

To Sir Henry Heathcote, of No. 23, Surrey-street, Strand, Middlesex, knight, and captain in the Royal Navy, for his improvement of the stay-sails generally in use for the purpose of intercepting wind between the square sails of ships and other square-rigid vessels.—13th December.—six months.

To Jarvis Boot, of Nottingham, in the county of Nottingham, lace-manufacturer, for his improved apparatus to be used in the process of singeing lace and for other purposes.—13th Dec.—six months.

To Pierre Jeau Baptist Victor Gosset, of Queen-street, Haymarket, Middlesex, merchant, who, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, is in possession of an invention of a combination of machinery, for producing various shapes, patterns, and sizes from metals or other materials capable of receiving an oval, round, or other form.—18th December.—two months.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Friday, January 23.

**SUGAR.**—The Sugar market was particularly heavy early in this week, and though no great business is to-day effected, yet the holders evince more firmness than for some days preceding, and will submit to no reduction to facilitate sales—the prices are nominally the same as on this day week—the few parcels forced off have sold at prices a shade under the quoted currency.

The very depressed prices of refined goods appear to have attracted some attention—the exporters have been making enquiries, but at present no purchases to any extent are reported; the prices remain without variation.—Molasses are 27s. 6d.

In foreign sugars no purchases whatever are reported.

**COFFEE.**—There have been no public sales of Coffee this week until this forenoon—the purchases by private contract are too limited to fix a market currency.

The public sale this forenoon consisted of 45 casks Jamaica and 800 bags and casks St. Domingo—the former sold freely, and at rather higher prices—fine ordinary 83s. a 84s. middling 90s.—middling ordinary St. Domingo 67s. a 6s—first class damaged 63s. a 66s—by private contract good ordinary St. Domingo has been sold at 72s.

**COTTON.**—Our Cotton market, in the face of the approaching India sale, has become somewhat languid, though we can notice no alteration in price—the sales are too inconsiderable to enumerate.—The Company's Bengals are fixed at 5½d.

The letters from Liverpool this morning state that market heavy—about 1200 bags Cotton were sold on Wednesday at prices rather lower—the holders of Brazil descriptions had withdrawn their Cottons from sale, on account of the political intelligence lately received.

**IRISH PROVISIONS.**—Pork continues enquired after—Beef is neglected.—Bacon is exceedingly heavy, and may be purchased under our reduced quotations.—Butters are held with some firmness.

**RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.**—The Rum market has become quiet, but the late prices are maintained—the great proportion of the Jamaicas in importers' hands are sold either to specu-

lators or to the trade. Brandies are firm, and rather looking up.—In Geneva there is little alteration.

**TALLOW.**—The market remains very depressed,—from 2000 to 3000 casks Tallow have already been thrown on the market, and had not the speculators taken it up immediately, a considerable depression would have taken place.

**INDIGO.**—The East India Company's sale of Indigo, which commenced on Tuesday last, terminated yesterday. The quantity declared was 3791 chests, from which several parcels were withdrawn previous to the commencement, leaving only 2899 chests, viz. 1648 Bengal, 1200 Oude, and 51 Madras.

**CORN.**—The supply of Wheat and Flour this week being very moderate, occasions the Mealings-Trade to be tolerably brisk, at Monday's prices.—Rather more money is asked for Beans and Peas; and good fresh Oats meet a ready sale, on better terms than Monday. In fact, our market, on the whole, may be considered improving—and considerable business was done to-day.

*Prices per Quarter :*

Wheat (red) new	48s to 55s
Fine	55s to 60s
Old ditto	55s to 63s
Ditto (white) new	54s to 62s
Fine	63s to 66s
Superfine	66s to 70s
Rye	—s to —s
New ditto	45s to 48s
Barley, new	28s to 32s
Fine	35s to 37s
Malt	30s to 56s
Fine	58s to 60s
Pease Hog	34s to 36s
Maple	36s to 38s
White	36s to 40s
Boilers	42s to 44s
Beans, small	40s to 44s
— old	44s to 48s
Tick	36s to 40s
— old	38s to 43s
Oats, Feed	23s to 28s
Fine	26s to 27s
Poland	24s to 26s
Fine	27s to 29s
Potatoe	27s to 29s
Fine	30s to 31s
Flour.—Town made, per sack	55s to 60s—Seconds, 50s to 55s—Essex and Suffolk, on board ship, 45s to 50s—Norfolk and Stockton, 45s to 50s.—Bran, per quarter, 9s to 10s.

## BIRTHS.

- Jan. 1.—At Castle Hill, the seat of Earl Fortescue, Lady Mary Hamlyn Williams, of a daughter.
4. In Bolton-street, the lady of Robert Bellingham, esq., of a son.
- At Winchester-row, New-road, Paddington, the lady of Robert Baxter, esq., of Bombay, of a daughter.
5. In Doughty-street, Mrs. James Patten, of a daughter.
- At Clapham-rise, the lady of Henry Owen, esq., of a son.
- The lady of Dr. Warren, of Lower Brook-street, of a son.
6. At Forrest-hill, near Windsor, the lady of William Felix Riley, esq., of a son and heir.
7. In Great James-street, Bedford-row, the lady of Robert Mangham, esq., of a son.
10. At Bath, the lady of Samuel P. Pratt, esq., of a son.
- At Dover-place, New Kent-road, the lady of Wm. Thomas, esq., of a daughter.
12. At Crichel, the Lady Charlotte Sturt, of a daughter.
16. In Great Coram-street, Brunswick-square, the lady of Capt. Balderston, of a daughter.
- In Russell-square, Mrs. Nichol, of a daughter.
- The lady of James Moody, esq., of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, of a daughter.
17. In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of Joseph Van Zeller, esq., of a son.
- In Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of Major Rivett Carnac, of a son.
19. At Loampit-hill, Deptford, the lady of James Lucas, esq., of a son and heir.
- At Islington, the wife of Edward Cohen, esq., of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- Jan. 1.—At St. George's Hanover-square, Mr. Anderson, of Peverilly, to Anne, third daughter of Mr. Kinder, of North-place.
- At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Thomas Jones, esq., of Long-acre, to Miss Hughes, of New Bond-street.
3. At Ashton Church, by the Rev. Alfred Perrin, Thomas Vincent Holbeche, esq., only son of the late Thomas Holbeche, esq., Hill-court, Worcestershire, to Miss Cox, daughter of Mrs. Cox, Kent-road, London.
6. At Dawlish, Devon, George Warts, esq., of Sloane-street, Chelsea, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Everitt, of the same place.
9. At Ashbourne, Derbyshire, by the Rev. Walter Shirley, vicar of Shirley, and rector of Woodford, Northamptonshire, William Dorney, esq., of Whitehead's-grove, Chelsea, to Catherine Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Newton Walter, rector of Leigh, Essex.
10. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John G. Tyrie, esq., of Judd-place East, to Sophia, second daughter of John Hardy, esq., of Woburn-place, Russell-square.
- At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Edward Williams, J. W. Edwards, esq., of Conduit-street, to Harriet Extou Teale, eldest daughter of Thomas Morris, esq., of Chandos-street.
- At Chancery, by the Rev. James Wilding, James Hoggson, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Wm. Neale, esq., of the former place.
12. At Marylebone New Church, William Babbington, esq., of St. John's Wood-place, Regent's-park, to Katharine, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Raven-craft, Prebendary of Llanthaken, and rector of Finsbury, in the county of Antrim.

13. At South-Weald, Essex, Mr. John Phillips, of St. Austle, Cornwall, to Miss Head, daughter of the late George Head, esq., of London.
- At St. Paul's, Covent garden, the Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Barnet, to Ann Kezia, eldest daughter of Mr. P. White, of Brydges-street.
14. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Adam Wilson, esq., of Finsbury Circus, fourth son of Adam Wilson, of Glasgowe, in the county of Aberdeen, esq., to Martha Teresa, second daughter of the late William Lescher, esq.
15. At Bury, by the Rev. Thomas Yarker, William Thompson, esq., of Batavia, to Miss Grace Grant, niece of William Grant, esq., of Spring-side, in the county of Lancaster.
16. At St. Mary-le-bone new church, the Rev. John Drake, rector of St. Athan, in Glamorganshire, and of St. Bride's, Netherwent, in Monmouthshire, to Susan, widow of Captain William Thomas Tayler, late of the 5th Royal Veteran Battalion.
17. At St. George's, Hanover square, by the Very Reverend the Dean of Hereford, Lieut.-Colonel Davies, M.P., to Augusta Anne, only child of the late Thomas Champion de Crespigny, esq.
19. At Streatham, by the Rev. G. C. Gorham, the Rev. G. D. Whitehead, domestic chaplain to Lord Monson, vicar of Saxuly, curate of Burton, and minister incumbent of Kensington, to Inger Maria, daughter of George Wolff, of Balham, Surrey, esq.
20. At Hampton, in the county of Middlesex, William Owen, of Lincoln's Inn, and of Glan Severn, in the county of Montgomery, esq., one of His Majesty's Counsel, to Anne Wat-burton, widow of the Rev. Thomas Coupland, of the Priory, in Chester.
- At Edmonton, by the Rev. Dawson Warren, John Schneider, esq., of Southgate, to Miss Goad, of the same place.
21. At Tottenham, by the Rev. Thomas Robert, Samuel Philip Rickman, esq., to Mary, daughter of William Hobson, esq., of Markfield, Middlesex.
29. At Hammer-smith church, J. C. Clifton, esq., of Stockwell, to Miss Turner, of Theresa-house, Hammer-smith.
30. At the new church of St. Pancras, Charles George Christmas, esq., of Gower-street, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Lansder, of Upper Conway-street, engraver to the King, and author of the "Sabean Researches."

## DEATHS.

- Jan. 6.—Mr. Henry Dibdin. This event has involved his family and numerous friends in the utmost distress. His death has occasioned: in private society, a chasm that will not be filled; and the high value of his public character is too well known in the city of London, especially in the Common Council, of which he was one of the most upright, consistent, and efficient members, to need any elaborate eulogy. In public and private life he was ever a candid, intelligent, honest man.
- At his house in Upper Bedford-place, the lady of John Loch, esq.
7. At Luddington-house, Surrey, after a protracted illness, Walter Irvine, esq., in the 76th year of his age.
- In the 80th year of her age, at the Rectory, Great Tey, Essex, Mrs. Storry, relict of the Rev. Robert Storry, late vicar of St. Peter's, Colchester.
8. In his 24th year, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, after a short illness, Benjamin Dickinson Speke, esq., of the 64th Regiment, third son of William Speke, esq., of Jordans, Somerset.
9. At Tours, aged 71, Abraham Benj. Cohen, esq., late of Amsterdam, formerly banker to his Majesty the King of Prussia.



## LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, DEC. 16, 1823, TO TUESDAY, JAN. 20, 1824, INCLUSIVE.

*Extracted from the London Gazette.*

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. James, J. A. James, and W. Seddon, Liverpool, ship-builders.  
G. W. Marsh, Hope-Bowdler, Shropshire, clerk.  
W. Peyton, Lincoln's-inn-fields, wine-merchant.  
W. Redfern, T. Stevenson, and W. Blatherwick, Nottingham, hosiers.

J. Robinson, Burslem, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthenware.  
J. Spencer, Norwich, bombazine manufacturer.  
L. W. Williams, proprietor of the New Surrey Theatre.

## BANKRUPTS.

Acton, P. Congleton, Cheshire, innkeeper. (Milne and Parry, Temple.  
Anger, G. George and Blue Bear-yard, coach-master. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.

Avery, J. L. Macclesfield, Cheshire, hardwareman. (Blakebeck, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-st.

Brittain, I. Chatham, grocer. (Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn-square.

Bunce, J. and M. J. Joseph, Fox Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, merchants. (Parton, Bow Church-yard.

Blunt, E. Cornhill, optician. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.

Bates, W. Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Bury, H. Austinfriars, merchant. (Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street.

Bryant, W. Bristol, tailor. (Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden.

Bishop, J. Warwick, grocer. (Wortham, Castle-street, Holborn.

Bailey, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.

Buchanan, J. and W. R. Euing, Liverpool, insurance-brokers. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Buller, B. Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, corn-dealer. (Hull, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

Brockbridge, T. Knight's-court, Green-walk, coach and bedstead-carver. (Cottle, Aldermanbury.

Cooper, C. Morston - Bigott, Somersetshire, edge-tool-maker. (Hartley, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Coward, J. Castle-street, Leicester-fields, currier. (Corbett, Hart street, Bloomsbury.

Coates, J. Fore-street, Cripplegate, dealer. (Butler, Watling-street.

Chambers, T. late of Liverpool, grocer. (Rowlinson, Liverpool; and Blackstock and Bunce, Temple.

Durant, J. New Nicholl-street, Bethnal-green, silk-manufacturer. (James, Bucklersbury.

Driver, A. P. College-wharf, Lambeth, flour-dealer. (Van Sandon, Dowgate-hill.

Dawson, T. of Houndsditch, whalebone-cutter. (Nind and Cottenill, Throgmorton-street.

Davenport, J. Stockport - Etchells, Cheshire, publican. (Bower, Chancery-lane.

Dyson, J. Netherton, Yorkshire, clothier. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.

Donkin, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen draper. (Bell and Buxdrick, Bow Church-yard.

Dorrett, R. jun., Rochester, linen draper. (Jones, Size-lane.

Eyre, W. Cockspur-stree, Charing-cross, trunk maker. (Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone.

Ford, J. Little Dartmouth, Devonshire, lime merchant. (Blake, Great Surrey street, Blackfriars.

Fox, S. Mosbrough, Derbyshire, sithe manufacturer. (Biggs, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.

Forsyth, S. Shoreditch, haberdasher. (Robinson, Walbrook.

Farrer, W. Friday-street, Cheapside, victualler. (Spence and Desborough, Size-lane.

Flewett, J. Hillhampton, Worcestershire, farmer. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.

Fell, W. Cloak-lane, merchant. (Robinson, Half Moon-street, Piccadilly.

Glover, T. Derby, brush maker. (Wolston, Farnival's-inn.

Gludice, A. Merthyr-Tydvil, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.

Gibbon, G. H. Finch-lane, Cornhill, merchant. (Robinson, Walbrook.

Gray, T. March, Cambridgeshire, common-brewer. (Meredith, Lincoln's-inn, New sq.

Gibbs, C. Eccleshall, Staffordshire, ironmonger. (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings.

Holbrook, J. Derby, grocer. (Wragg, Ave-Maria-lane.

Hood, J. Beeston, Nottinghamshire, hosier. (Knowles, New-inn.

Hopkins, T. Woolwich, carpenter. (Nokes, Staple-inn, Holborn.

Holmes, J. Carlisle, grocer. (Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn.

Hurt, W. Manchester, grocer. (Nettleship and Bicknell, Grocers'-hall.

Hunsdon, J. Bulstrode-street, coal merchant. (Watson, Gerrard-street, Soho.

Henderson, J. Blackfriars-road, draper. (Parton, Bow Church-yard.

Hassell, J. Little Guildford-street, Surrey, timber dealer. (Black, Clifford's-inn.

Harris, W. Sutton Valence, Kent, victualler. (Taylor, Clement's-inn.

Leeming, R. Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street, silkman. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.

Luton, W. Bristol, saddler. (Hammond, Farnival's-inn, Holborn.

Lyon, D. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, timber-merchant. (Barker, Gray's-inn-square.

Langshaw, J. Latchford, Cheshire, timber-merchant. (Leigh, Charlotte-r. Mansion-h.

Lowe, J. and W. Lowe, Bridgeford Mills, Staffordshire, and Manchester, millers, and corn-factors. (Benbow, Alban, and Benbow, Lincoln's-inn; and Mr. Fisher, Newport.

Lyney J. jun. Limehouse, sail-maker. (Atcheson, Great Winchester-street.

Moss, W. G. Diamond-row, Camberwell, dealer. (Allen, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

Moody, J. L. Clifton-street, Worahip-square, silk-manufacturer. (Cope, Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-road.

Merrick, W. Bristol, flax-dresser. (Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden; and Haberdash, Bristol.

Mitchell, T. Oxford-street, Cannon-street-road, grocer. (Cousins and Hyde, Great Winchester-street, Old Broad-street.

Mortimer, J. H. Lostwithiel, Cornwall, brandy-merchant. (Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Mapley, J. Cheapside, glass-cutter. (Jesseop, Thavies-Inn, Holborn.  
 Munday, R. Rochester, plumber. (Flexney, Bedford-row.  
 Niven, C. Holborn-bridge, e.l.-broker. (Lay, Grove, Hackney.  
 Ogden, J. Ardwick, Lancashire, grocer. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.  
 Oakes, H. Chelmsford, linen-draper. (Bryant, Cullum-street, Fenchurch-street.  
 Pierce, T. and D. Williams, Merthyr-Tidvil, Glamorganshire (Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn.  
 Palmer, C. Russel-street, Bermondsey, brewer. (Stride and Lyddon, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Parker, H. Plilton, Somersetshire, victualler. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.  
 Peacock, J. Watton, paper-maker. (Brough, Shoreditch.  
 Pratt, J. Hatton-wail, Hatton-garden, pavier. (Raitton, Clifford's-inn.  
 Pink, A. jun. Portsea, common-brewer. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Pollard, T. Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, flour-factor. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.  
 Rawlins, J. Mitton, Oxfordshire, druggist. (Russell and Son, Lant-street, Borough.  
 Roby, R. Radnor-street, City-road, tailor. (Goren and Lord, Orchard-street, Portman-square.  
 Ranken, F. W. Langbourne-chambers, Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Took and Carr, Gray's-inn.  
 Robertson, J. Whitstable, coal-merchant. (Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane.  
 Richardson, J. and J. Griston, Norwich, brick-layers. (Saggers, Crosby-square.  
 Reeves, R. Stockport, shopkeeper. (Lowe and Son, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.  
 Shaw, J. W. and A. Wallace Elmshie, Fenchurch-buildings, merchants. (Hall and Browley, New Boswell-court, Carey-street.  
 Spencer, J. Norwich, bombasin-manufacturer. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.  
 Springweiller, A. Duke-street, West Smithfield, cabinet-maker. (Waller, Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street.  
 Seddon, J. J. and W. Liverpool, ship-builders. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.

Sims, G. F. Aldermanbury, chinaman. (Pullen and Son, Fore-street, Cripple-gate.  
 Shaw, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, clothier. (Roaser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.  
 Saxby, J. R. Southwark, hop-merchant. (Kearsey and Spurr, Lothbury.  
 Sanderson, W. W. and J. Sanderson, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, insurance-broker. (Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street.  
 Sims, B. St. Ann's-lane, shoemaker. (Ellison and Bloxam, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Sutcliffe, T. Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted-stuff-manufacturer. (Taylor, Clement's-inn.  
 Stewart, J. Manchester, tailor and draper. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row: and Rymer, Exchange-street, Manchester.  
 Thomas, W. Regent-street, Piccadilly, stationer. (Monney, Wood-street, Cheapside.  
 Thomas, J. Leicester, linen-draper. (Wilkinson, New North-street, Red Lion-square.  
 Taylor, R. Edgware-road, stage-master. (Carlton, High-street, Marylebone.  
 Threlfall, J. Liverpool, banker. (Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Wilcox, W. Bristol, waggon-warehouse-keeper. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.  
 Wadham, B. Poole, cooper. (Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn.  
 Wade, D. P. Hadleigh, Suffolk, tanner. (Whitshaw and Son, Holborn-court.  
 Wilson, E. Wellington-street, Strand, upholsterer (Young and Thompson, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.  
 Wagstaff, J. Worcester, saddler. (Cardale, Buxton; and Parbly, Gray's-inn.  
 Walker, J. Halthax, Yorkshire, clothier. (Jaques and Battye, New-inn.  
 Wiley, J. Throgmorton-street, coal-merchant. (Young, Poland-street, Oxford-street.  
 Weeks, T. Southampton, upholsterer. (Hicks and Drakenridge, Bartlett's-buildings.  
 Wharton, G. A. Mildenhead, Berkshire, wine-merchant. (Clowes, Orme, and Wedlake, King's Bench-walk, Temple.  
 Walker, S. Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire grocer. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner Bedford-row.  
 Valentine, H. Walton, Buckinghamshire, builder. (Williams and Goddard, Gray's-inn.  
 Yeoman, B. Keyford-Frome, Somersetshire, baker. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

## DIVIDENDS.

Avison, J. Eastburn, Yorkshire, Jan. 10.  
 Atkins, W. Chipping Norton, Oxon., Jan. 23.  
 Andrew, P. P. Brighton, grocer, Jan. 31.  
 Ablet, I. Bucklersbury, Feb. 7.  
 Adam, W. Narrow-wall, Lambeth, Jan. 24.  
 Bates, T. Cushion-court, Old Broad-street, merchant, Jan. 10.  
 Barker, W. Welch Whittle, Lancashire, Jan. 14.  
 Rutter, P. Little Bolton, Lancashire, Jan. 10.  
 Barchard, E. Fenchurch-st. Chambers, Jan. 10.  
 Braddford, G. and A. Paradise, Bristol, Jan. 10.  
 Batterbee, P. F. Norton, Suffolk, Jan. 17.  
 Bedson, T. and R. Bishop - Aston, Warwickshire, Jan. 20.  
 Barker, T. and F. Hudson, Stratford, Essex, Jan. 17.  
 Burn, J. Lothbury, merchant, Jan. 20.  
 Bullock, J. Leadenhall-street, grocer, Jan. 21.  
 Beavan, W. Buckley Mountain, Hawarden, Flintshire, Jan. 30.  
 Brander, A. Budge-row, upholsterer, Feb. 3.  
 Button, W. and W. Paternoster-row, Feb. 3.  
 Barton, H. Paul's Cray, Kent, Feb. 3.  
 Copland, W. — Holt, Norfolk, miller, Jan. 16.  
 Cuffey, J. R. Ipswich, maltster, Jan. 20.  
 Coldman, J. Brighton-place, New Kent-road, Jan. 20.  
 Cottin, J. Broad-street, merchant, Jan. 27.  
 Cox, J. St. John-street, linen draper, Jan. 31.  
 Cogger, T. Haymarket, glassman, Jan. 31.  
 Cohen, E. London, merchant, Feb. 3, & May 25.

Clifford, J. Fulneck, Yorkshire; and J. Jackson, Queen-street, Cheapside, Feb. 9.  
 Dallas, W. Cushion-court, Old Broad-st. Jan. 20.  
 Doull, A. London-street, Greenwich, Feb. 3.  
 Drakes, D. and G. Smith, Reading, linen drapers, Feb. 7.  
 Davies, W. King-street, Covent-garden, Feb. 10.  
 Evans, T. B. Strand, wine merchant, Jan. 27.  
 Ealand, R. Stourbridge, Worcestersh., Jan. 27.  
 Essex, M. Coventry, and Wood-street, Cheapside, Jan. 24.  
 Earl, J. jun. and T. Lee, jun. Birmingham, Feb. 20.  
 Fraser, J. New-court, Swithin's-lane, Jan. 10.  
 Fitton, J. Gosport, Southampton, Jan. 23.  
 Flowers, J. G. Leadenhall-street, Jan. 27.  
 Fereday, S., R. Smith, and J. Fisher, Bilston, Staffordshire, Feb. 9.  
 Ferguson, J. Liverpool, master-mariner, Jan. 29.  
 French, W. H. and J. Desborough, Little Eastcheap, Feb. 3.  
 Farrell, J. Prospect-place, Newington-causeway, Feb. 28.  
 Finch, R. Cooper's-row, Crutched-friars, Feb. 7.  
 Gibbons, T. J. and B. Wolverhampton, bankers. Jan. 10.  
 Gray, M. J. Cannon-street-road, wine merchant, Jan. 10.  
 Greatrex, C. B. Abberley, Worcestersh., Jan. 23.  
 Grafton, J. Lapworth, Warwickshire, Jan. 20.  
 Green, J. Rednal, Worcestershire, Jan. 23.

- Gould, W. and F. Greasley, Maiden-lane, Wood-street, Cheapside, Jan. 24.  
 Gleave, S. Warrington, shopkeeper, Jan. 30.  
 Gough, R. Liverpool, tobacco manufacturer, Feb. 3.  
 Gayner, W. Bristol, dealer, Feb. 3.  
 Greenhouse, W. Ludlow, Shropshire, Feb. 10.  
 Goodwin, R. Lamb's Conduit-street, Feb. 21.  
 Goodair, J. Chorley, Lancashire, Feb. 2.  
 Harrison, R. Coleshill, Warwickshire, Jan. 6.  
 Hudson, J. Birch-in-lane, Cornhill, Jan. 6.  
 Humphries, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Jan. 6.  
 Haigh, J. Ley Moor-Goleor, Huddersfi., Jan. 27.  
 Heaton, J., M. Fleming, and M. Dyson, Almond-bury, Yorkshire, Feb. 4.  
 Hague, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, haberdasher Jan. 31.  
 Henry, A. Finsbury-square, merchants, Jan. 31.  
 Hart, S. G. Harwich, merchant, Jan. 31.  
 Heys, J. Stockport, draper, Feb. 25.  
 Hughes, J. High Holborn, linen draper, Feb. 3.  
 Hyams, J. Coventry-street, Haymarket, Feb. 21.  
 Hilder, W. New Windsor, saddler, Feb. 7.  
 Innell, J. and J. Chalford, Gloucesters., Jan. 21.  
 Isbell, R., C. Chapple, and R. D. Isbell, Stone-home, Devon., Feb. 23.  
 Ketcher, R. Bradwell, Essex, Dec. 20.  
 Kempster, T. Bouverie-street, Fleet-st. Feb. 3.  
 Kirby, J. Chelsea, linen draper, Feb. 14.  
 Lewis, G. London, merchant, Jan. 17.  
 Lethbridge, J. Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road, Feb. 3.  
 Lea, T. Liverpool, grocer, Feb. 6.  
 Lavender, J. Leominster, Herefordshire, Feb. 7.  
 Longster, G. Highbury-ter, Islington, Feb. 10.  
 Middlehurst, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, Jan. 9.  
 Matthewman, R. Leeds, merchant, &c. Jan. 31.  
 Murgatroyd, J. and B. Murgatroyd, Idle and Bradford, Yorkshire, Jan. 25.  
 Meredith, T. sen. Bishopsgate-street-without, Jan. 31.  
 Moore, W. Liverpool, soap-boiler, Feb. 3.  
 Minchen, T. A. Portsmouth, banker, Jan. 31.  
 Manser, T. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, Feb. 7.  
 Marks, M. Romford, slopseller, Feb. 14.  
 Newby, J. Aldgate, draper, Feb. 7.  
 Niblock, J. and R. S. Latham, Bath, Jan. 29.  
 Notage, G. Stansted Mountfitchel, Essex, Feb. 3.  
 Newman, E. Lambeth Marsh, brewer, Feb. 21.  
 Owen, W. Islington, stage-master, Jan. 27.  
 Palmer, G. Mosterton, Dorset, miller, Jan. 30.  
 Paternoster, W. Rochester, Jan. 17.  
 Pelerin, H. T. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-broker, Jan. 20.  
 Palmer, S. Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire, Jan. 31.  
 Park, R. jun. Portsea, coal-merchant, Jan. 21.  
 Parkes, J. jun. Warwick, worsted-manufacturer, Jan. 31.  
 Peet, J. Ashton in Mackerfield, Lancashire, Jan. 30.  
 Palmer, E. T. Bedford, draper, Feb. 3.  
 Pinkerton, T. Nuneaton, Warwickshire, Feb. 3.  
 Pelerin, H. F. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-broker, Feb. 14.  
 Roper, J. Norwich, woollen-dealer, Jan. 9.  
 Roylance, S. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 9.  
 Riddell, J. H. Ballall Heath, Worcestershire, Dec. 24.  
 Richards, W. Salford, soap-maker, Feb. 3.  
 Rawlins, C. E. Bristol, Feb. 9.  
 Reed, H. Mill-street, Bermuda-see, Feb. 7.  
 Rawley, J. New-street, Covent-garden, Feb. 7.  
 Robinson, J. Nicholas-lane, Feb. 21.  
 Reddell, J. H. Ballall Heath, Worcestershire, Feb. 10.  
 Silver, J. and J. and A. Boyson, Size-lane. Jan. 20.  
 Serie, J. C. La Hackney, merchant, Jan. 20.  
 Stinson, B. Dudley, Worcestershire, Jan. 22.  
 Sutton, T. H. Strood, Kent, Jan. 17.  
 Srobell, J. jun. Hinton-street, George, Somersetshire, Jan. 23.  
 Silver, J. Size-lane, Jan. 20.  
 Slater, R. Cuddington, Cheshire, Jan. 17.  
 Sedgwick, M. London, warehouseman, Jan. 31.  
 Sarvis, A. Sloane-street, Chelsea, upholterer, Jan. 17.  
 Singer, J. sen. Keyford-Frome, Selwood, Somerset, Jan. 27.  
 Stubbs, J. Castle-street, Leicester-square, jeweller, Jan. 31.  
 Smith, T. Hampton-Wick, timber-merchant, Jan. 31.  
 Stolorthy, Whitechapel, cheesemonger, Feb. 3.  
 Stacy, G. Basingstoke, grocer, Feb. 5.  
 Sawyer, R. J. B. Tobler, and J. Cumberlege, Leadenhall-street, Feb. 3.  
 Stewart, R. King-street, Cheapside, Scotch factor, Feb. 14.  
 Smith, H. Tooting, Surrey, Feb. 14.  
 Tennant, B. J. and W. Garnett, Liverpool, Jan. 16.  
 Tribouline, C. J. and P. Godefroy, Cleveland-street, Mile-End, Jan. 21.  
 Travis, J. Oldham, Lancashire, Jan. 30.  
 Taylor, J. Shoreditch, corn-chandler, Jan. 17.  
 Troward, R. J. Cuper's-bridge, Surrey, Jan. 17.  
 Turner, W. Rackholt-house, Luyton, Essex, Jan. 21.  
 Thompson, J. T. Long Acre, coach-joiner, Jan. 31.  
 Troughton, B. and J. Wood-street, silk-men, Jan. 31.  
 Tyerman, J. Bristol, silk-mercer, Feb. 3.  
 Turner, W. Laiton, Essex, March 30.  
 Will, T. Portsmouth, grocer, Jan. 8.  
 Worrall, S. J. Edmonds, Bristol, bankers, Jan. 20.  
 Welsford, J. P. Union-court, underwriter, Jan. 10.  
 Winch, B. sen. Hawkshurst, Kent, Jan. 17.  
 Wilson, J. jun. Staincliffe, Yorkshire, Jan. 26.  
 Wilson, J. and G. Waugh, Aldersgate-street, Jan. 24.  
 Welsh, J. High Holborn, master-mariner, Feb. 3.  
 Williams, R. Worcester, timber-merchant, Feb. 16.  
 Worth, J. and J. Trump-street, warehousemen, Jan. 31.  
 Warrington, N. High-street, Southwark, Feb. 3.  
 Younger, J. and J. Drakin, Sheffield, Jan. 30.

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The Meteorological Journal, on a new and approved Plan.—The prices of Stocks and of Foreign Ditto are unavoidably omitted this month. They will in future be inserted every month. The prices of Canal Shares, and List of East India Shipping are intended to be inserted occasionally.

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

FEBRUARY, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF MARCH.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MATTHEW BAILLIE, ESQ., M. D.

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[END OF THE FIRST PART]



## EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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THOUGH we engaged in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE with some degree of fear and trembling, not from any consciousness of our own weakness (that weakness which is so often affected only to be praised twice), but from the novelty of the situation in which we were placed, our elixir, it gives us a small gratification to be able to state, that the increased sale of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE last Month, gives us a confidence, that, no doubt, will remove all the nervousness which we originally felt. We shall therefore redouble our exertions henceforth to merit the good opinion which has been formed of us, and evince a zeal proportionate to the influence which such a testimony of public approbation should naturally excite.

In our present number we have ventured to arraign the infallibility of the Edinburgh Review, in an article which we entitle "The Periodical Press." This article will be henceforth continued, but was unavoidably delayed last month by circumstances which we promised to explain in the present number, but with which, on reflection, we think no reader could find any interest in being made acquainted.

If Ads claims to the original idea of the D—— will be considered in our next.

The Storm in our next

Articles to be returned, and replies to all communications, will be left at our Publishers, on the Fifth Instant.









*W. H. Ormsby.*

THE  
**EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,**  
 AND  
**LONDON REVIEW.**

FEBRUARY, 1824.

MEMOIR  
 OF  
**MATTHEW BAILLIE, Esq., M. D.**

DOCTOR BAILLIE is one of those men who stand high in public estimation, but of whom little is known, and that little seldom spoken of after his death, except among his own immediate friends. He was of too reserved and unassuming a character to attract any considerable portion of public attention. His preëminence as a physician was, indeed, generally known: but it was a knowledge not calculated to make any impression on the mind. We speak from our own feelings: that Dr. Baillie was the first physician in England is a fact that frequently occurred to us, but the idea hardly occurred when it and Dr. Baillie were forgotten. This never happens when we think of Mr. Abernethy: we have no personal acquaintance with him, yet we cannot help dwelling on the image which our own imagination bodies forth; an image which, no doubt, bears no resemblance to him; but still an image which we cannot dismiss in a moment. Whenever we think of him, we cannot help philosophizing on eccentricity of character, and of associating this eccentricity with his name: we cannot, therefore, forget him in a moment, nor forget to talk of him to any person that disturbs our reverie. This man talks to the next; and if other people feel, and think, and talk like us, it is easy to perceive why Mr. Abernethy should frequently become the theme of general conversation. But how

often has Dr. Baillie glided along our memory without resting there a moment. There was nothing sufficiently marked in his character to arrest our attention. The very character of his virtues tended to produce this effect. The mildness of the heart, like the flower that "blossoms unseen," is less apt to be noticed, or to make that strong impression which results from the severer and austere virtues, unless we be acquainted with the individual in whom they reside.

Mr. Irving, perhaps, is not the most virtuous man in England; but then his virtue possesses that stern and rigid character which makes him more talked of than men of the mildest and most amiable dispositions. Whether the milder or the severer virtues, however, be preferable, we leave others to determine: the fanatic will decide in favour of the one, the philosopher in favour of the other.

We regret we have nothing to add to the accounts already before the public, relative to Dr. Baillie, but the correction of some errors, and the notice of legacies, omitted in the "Obituary for 1824." Though we intend to notice these legacies, we cannot satisfy ourselves with regard to the propriety of doing so: for in our opinion,—and we are satisfied that our opinion is right if we may judge of public feeling by our own,—the generality of mankind give

themselves but little concern about legacies bequeathed by great men. Curiosity, indeed, naturally prompts us to discover what wealth falls to the lot of poor relatives and kinsmen by the death of a miser; and what means he possessed of amassing this wealth; not only because it enables us to know what profits arise from the spirit of avarice, but because our imagination is exercised and led to a variety of contemplations in dwelling on the nature and character of that mind which lives only to be miserable, and yet lives as if never to die. We find a pleasure, of a strange romantic character, in placing ourselves in his situation, and discovering, as far as we possibly can discover, without being actually placed in it, the trains of thinking that engaged his mind, the nature of the scenes on which his niggard imagination was wont to dwell, and the modes of feeling that swayed his unimpassioned breast. There is in this contemplation another source of pleasure, namely, the character of the sensations which his wealth excites in those poor relatives to whom it is bequeathed. What a variety of feelings, emotions and passions is produced by this revolution of fortune; and what a new character is impressed upon them. We behold despondency brightening into rapture, moderated, perhaps, by some lingering remains of feeling and of regret for the departed cause of their present happiness. But what is there to gratify us in being made acquainted with the will of a good man? We know already that he will dispose of his wealth as he ought, and that few, if any, of those to whom it is bequeathed, will experience any sensible change of fortune, or of feeling from his testamentary bequests; for a good man when possessed of fortune, will suffer none of his poor relatives to endure privations of any kind, unless he find them unworthy of relief; and if they be unworthy, the same feeling that induced him to give them no relief while living, makes him forget them, or at least convinces him that they ought to be forgotten at his death.

The following errors, to which we have already alluded, crept into the *Obituary*, for 1824:—

It is stated that Dr. Baillie was

born "in the manse of Tholy." It should have been "in the manse of Shotts," near Hamilton.

In the same publication (noticing Dr. Baillie's Will), it is said "to Mrs. Baillie he has left his house, furniture, &c. a sum of two thousand pounds, and one thousand pounds per annum." It should have been "to Mrs. Baillie he has left his house, furniture, &c. a sum of two thousand pounds, and twelve hundred pounds per annum." The Legacies omitted are the following:—

To his Daughter, in addition to the fortune settled upon her at the time of her marriage, one thousand pounds.

To the Society for paying Annuities to the Widows' of poor Clergymen in Scotland, two hundred pounds.

To his Servants, gratuities of different amounts, proportioned to the length and value of their service.

From the same *Obituary* we collect, the following information respecting his life and parentage:—

He was born Oct. 27th, 1761, in the manse of Tholy, near Hamilton, in Scotland. His father was the Rev. James Baillie, D.D. (a supposed descendant of the family of Baillie of Jerviswood) some time minister of the kirk of Shotts (one of the most barren and wild parts of the low country of Scotland), and afterwards professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow. His mother was Dorothea, daughter of Mr. John Hunter, of Kilbride, in the county of Lanark (a descendant of the family of Hunter of Hunterstown), and sister of the two celebrated anatomists Dr. William and Mr. John Hunter.

In the earlier part of his life, Dr. Baillie enjoyed considerable advantages; indeed he was in the whole of it peculiarly happy. Having received the rudiments of knowledge under his father's immediate superintendence, in 1773, when in his 12th year, he began his college education at the university of Glasgow, where he distinguished himself. In 1779, having been appointed to an exhibition, he went to Balliol College, Oxford, on the same foundation which Adam Smith and other eminent countrymen of his had

gone before him; and, when of the usual standing, he took his degrees in arts and in physio; that of M.D. in 1760.

In 1780 (of course keeping his terms at Oxford) Dr. Baillie went to London, and commenced his medical studies, by attending the anatomical lectures of his maternal uncle, Dr. William Hunter; and soon after, those of his other maternal uncle, Mr. John Hunter.

In the year 1787, Dr. Baillie was elected physician to St. George's Hospital, which office he held for thirteen years. In the year 1789, he was admitted a candidate at the college of physicians, and in the following year had the full privileges of a fellowship conferred upon him. He served the office of censor in 1792, and 1797; and that of commissioner, under the act of parliament for the inspection and licensing of mad-houses, in 1794, and 1795.

Having been called in to the late Duke of Gloucester (whose malady however proved a hopeless case), he gave such satisfaction to the royal family, that, on the subsequent illness of His late Majesty, he was commanded to join in consultation with the court-physicians; and he thenceforward continued a principal director of the royal treatment. For a while he was, in consequence, placed in circumstances which might have shaken men of less firm and independent minds. But, amidst the hope and fear which for so long a time agitated the nation on the subject of the King's health, the opinion of Dr. Baillie always regulated that of the public, who were perfectly convinced that no consideration could ever bend the stubbornness of his integrity. On the first vacancy, which was in 1810, he was appointed one of the physicians to His late Majesty, and received the order of a baronetage, which has good sense and unassuming disposition induced him to decline.

Dr. Baillie was remarkable for forming his judgment of any case before him from his own observation; exclusively; carefully guarding himself against any prepossession from the opinions suggested by others. When he visited a patient, he observed him accurately, he listened to him attentively, he put a few

pointed questions—and his judgment was formed; and this less from prominent symptoms, and more from a comprehensive view of the case, than is common when the judgment is formed quickly.

Dr. Baillie's writings were confined to his profession, but they were numerous, and valuable. *The Morbid Anatomy of some of the most important Parts of the Human Body* is the work upon which his fame as an author principally rests; and which not only has made him known in every part of Europe, and wherever medical science is cultivated, but will secure him a name in succeeding times. Like every thing that he did, it was modest and unpretending. A perfect knowledge of his subject, acquired in the midst of the fullest opportunities, enabled him to compress into a small volume more useful information than exists in the combined works of Boerhaave, Morgagni, and Lientaud. Its publication, which was in 1795, formed an era in the history of medicine in this country. Perhaps no production of late years ever had so much influence on the study of that art, or contributed so much to correct unfounded speculations upon the nature of disease, to excite a spirit of observation, and to lead the attention of the student to fact and experience.

A striking instance of the zeal which Dr. Baillie felt for the promotion of medical knowledge, was afforded by the present which, in December, 1818, he made to the Royal College of Physicians of his extensive and valuable collection of anatomical preparations, together with the sum of 300*l.*, which he afterwards increased to 600*l.*, for the purpose of keeping them in order. It is remarkable that three individuals so closely connected—Dr. Hunter; his brother, Mr. John Hunter; and their nephew, Dr. Baillie—should each have left to his country a noble memorial of his science and patriotism. In the College of Glasgow may be seen the magnificent museum of Dr. Hunter: the College of Surgeons possesses the collection made by Mr. Hunter, which is more like the result of the labours of many individuals, suc-

cessively enjoying royal patronage or national support, than that of the unheeded efforts of a private surgeon; and, lastly, Dr. Baillie gave to the College of Physicians at least a foundation for a museum of morbid anatomy. If the present should have the effect, which there can be no doubt Dr. Baillie expected, of exciting an increased attention from that learned body to anatomy, and especially to morbid anatomy, the profession, and society at large, will owe to him lasting obligations.

Eminent as Dr. Baillie was as a physician, those who knew him well will not hesitate to say that he was not less distinguished as a man.—The leading features of his character were simplicity, singleness of heart, and ingenuousness, not at variance, but in strict accordance, with true wisdom. He was quick of apprehension, and expressed himself perspicuously, impressively, and readily; and had such a command of thought and language, that he has been known, when he was a lecturer, to change the subject of his lecture at the moment of delivering it, and to give at once a lecture which he had not prepared. His judgment was remarkably correct; and his opinion and advice, therefore, upon all subjects, were of great value. He had the power of reasoning clearly and powerfully; but, on many occasions, he seemed to arrive at his conclusion by a sort of tact, rather than to make his way to it by argument. His mind was always more readily engaged by what was useful, than by what was merely curious and ingenious.

There was one trait in Dr. Baillie's character which ought not to pass without special notice: namely, his professional liberality, not only to his equals in medical rank, but to his juniors, and to those who practised the subordinate part of his profession. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of professional engagements which occupied his time, even as we have observed, to the destruction of his health, he was ever punctual to the moment of an appointment; and particularly so if he had to meet a junior practitioner in consultation. On that subject he has been heard to express himself in the following words:—"I con-

sider it not only a professional but a moral duty punctually to meet my professional brethren of all ranks. My equals have a right to such a mark of my respect, and I should shudder at the apprehension of lessening a junior practitioner in the eyes of his patient, by not keeping an appointment with him."

He bequeathed by his will three hundred pounds to the College of Physicians, and all his medical, surgical, and anatomical books, together with all the copper-plates belonging to his "*Illustrations of Morbid Anatomy*," as well as a number of little curiosities, among which is the gold-headed cane of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe. (In case of the death of his son, William Hunter Baillie, without issue, he has also left to the college a further bequest of four thousand pounds.) He has directed his two *Introductory Lectures* to his *Courses of Morbid Anatomy*, his *Lectures upon the Nervous System*, delivered before the College of Physicians, and a short *Account of his Medical Practice*, to be printed, but not published; remarking that, though not sufficiently important for publication, they may yet contain matter too useful to be altogether lost.—The various articles of plate presented to him in the course of his professional practice are left to his son, to be preserved in the family. Three hundred pounds are left to the society for the relief of widows and orphans of medical men; to Mrs. Baillie he has left his house, furniture, &c., a sum of two thousand pounds, and one thousand per annum; to his sisters, Agnes, and Joanna Baillie, one hundred and fifty pounds per annum each; and there is further provision, to a considerable amount, for these and other legatees, in case of his son dying without issue, to whom is given the residuary personal estates as well as the freeholds in the county of Gloucester and elsewhere. Thomas Denman and Thomas William Cair, Esqrs., are the executors, and have a legacy of 160*l.* each as a compliment for their trouble. The will was proved in the Prerogative Court on the 21st of October, 1823, and the effects were sworn under 80,000*l.* It is dated the 21st of May, 1819.

## ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF HOMER.

(Continued from page 61.)

ALL Homer's chiefs have a character of greatness about them which we would vainly seek for in the Enied or any other work, because all true honour, greatness, and generosity, arise from passion and feeling alone. Reason is not the parent of these sublimer virtues, for generosity, and all the purer affections of our nature, are mere modes of feeling within us, which, if nature had denied us, reason could have never imparted, because reason, so far from being the parent, is the offspring of feeling, and consequently it cannot create that by which it is created. The reasoning of Homer is always the reasoning of passion, and the reasoning of passion is always sublime; but that reasoning which removes passion beyond the pale of its contemplations, has no alliance with any great or exalted affection of our nature. It may instruct us in matters not connected with the science of human nature: it may analyze the mind and its powers, but it knows less of the heart and its affections, than the unmindful savage who reasons only by instinct, and who has never drawn a conclusion from the most obvious differences and relations in nature. Who has reasoned more closely and metaphysically than Locke? but who, at the same time, is less sublime, less acquainted with the human heart, and the influences by which it is governed? The savage knows what passion, generosity, commiseration, anger, love, hatred, jealousy, and all the other passions of our nature are; because he feels them, and feels them more acutely, too, than the most expert logician; but Locke knew these passions only by name. He never suffered them to approach him; and therefore, he was a stranger to the human heart: he could not sympathize with passions and affections which he never felt, and consequently what fills the savage mind with joy and rapture, would be a mere matter of contemplation to the metaphysical mind of Locke. Hence, he despised poetry and poets. In his treatise on education, he thinks it dangerous to suf-

fer youth to cultivate the Muses, or to acquire a taste for poetry, and his own taste may be easily determined, by his admiration of one of Blackmore's Epics. For all other poets he expresses a most decided contempt. Locke, however, with all his reasoning, is mistaken in his views of poetry. The taste for it is not *acquired*, for it is in highest estimation among savage nations, and even in the most civilized, those who have the highest relish for poetry are those who retain longest the feelings of their youth, that is, those feelings which they received from the hand of nature, unmodified by those acquired habits which arise from subsequent reason and reflection. It is only a hatred for poetry that can be acquired, for the love of it is born with us, because our feelings are born with us, and poetry is the language of our feelings.

Whatever destroys that pure sensibility of feeling which nature imparts to the bosom of youth, that electric something which responds to every influence, destroys, at the same time, all relish for poetry and for the charms of imagination. I would by no means insinuate; that reason is an enemy to feeling, because I believe the reasoning of a Locke may be found united with the feelings of a Rousseau. It is possible to have a relish for the fine arts, and also for just and conclusive reasoning; and whoever studies to mingle the *utile dulci*, will find that reason and feeling only strengthen and improve each other; but he who studies the *utile* alone, and who devotes himself exclusively to metaphysical pursuits, will soon have no feeling or relish for the beauties of poetry, and is consequently: unqualified to offer any opinion on the subject.

Whatever puts on the appearance and habit of reason, throws off the sublimer robes of grandeur and sublimity. Hence there is nothing sublime in Locke, but there is frequently a degree of grandeur and sublimity in the reasoning of a savage, because he reasons without seeming

to reason, or, in other words, he speaks only what his feelings suggest. The language of feeling is always pleasing, frequently grand, generous, enthusiastic, and sublime. Homer, accordingly, by imparting his own feelings to his characters, by making them act as the feeling of the moment dictated, has made them all great and disinterested characters. It is true, some of them are more cautious, and reason more, than others; but want of caution, and an instant obedience to the impulse of the moment, is the leading character that distinguishes them all. Achilles yields more implicitly to his passions than any other, and therefore is the greatest warrior; and Homer is the greatest of poets for the very same reason. It must be observed, however, that there are two kinds of passion, one feigned, and unnatural, into which the poet endeavours to force himself without a cause; the other natural, and always arising from some immediate agency. The former passion produces only bombast and the false sublime; the latter carries with it a fire and energy, that enraptures not only the poet and his readers, but make him and them seem actually engaged in the scenes described.

This passion arises from natural susceptibility of feeling; for he who feels a thousand influences act upon him where another feels but one, has, consequently, a multitude of ideas which never enter the mind of the latter; for who can think of directing his attention to things and causes by which he is not affected. Where any thing affects us strongly we perceive it clearly and distinctly, but where there is only a slight affection, we have but an obscure idea of the cause. Hence, where there is obtuseness of feeling, there is, necessarily, obscurity of idea; and where there is an extreme susceptibility of feeling, there is not only clearness of perception, but there are thousands of images and objects present to our view which totally escape the perceptions of insensibility. When I say, therefore, that Homer's great and characteristic excellence consisted in rousing all the feelings and sympathies of our nature, by yielding instinctively to the influence of his own, I am aware, that they who write merely what

their feelings suggest, frequently, decline into rant and extravagance, but this arises not from being governed by their feelings, but from having no feelings to govern them but what are cold, barren and lifeless. They are not fired, like Homer, by their subject; and whoever attempts the language of passion without feeling it, must inevitably run into rant and bombast. Passion and enthusiasm, so far from obscuring the other faculties of our nature, only render them more acute, more clear sighted, and more upon the alert. Necessity, it is said, is the mother of invention; and passion acts like necessity. It traverses, in a moment, all the means by which it can accomplish its designs. Reason is always slow, passion always rapid, in the attainment of its object. Reason deliberates, canvasses, examines, compares, contemplates, hesitates, perceives, or imagines it perceives a relation, perceives or imagines it perceives a difference, stops to examine whether these relations or differences be founded in nature, or be the mere creations of fancy; but passion rejects deliberation, examination, comparison, objection, contemplation and hesitation. It decides immediately, or, if it compare, the result of the comparison appears to it at a glance, and though it should be mistaken in its conclusions, the conclusion to which it comes is so like the truth, and so agreeable to our feelings, that we are not less rapid in determining to be pleased with it. It seldom mistakes, however, because, where we feel a strong interest, such as passion always feels, we are seldom mistaken. We see by a kind of intuitive perception, what is for us, and what is against us. Love is ingenious in devices, but it is only so because love is a passion. A lover who is perfectly ignorant of attraction, and innate ideas, would outwit Locke or Newton if they were rivals of his in love. No man is ignorant where he is strongly interested. He has the eyes of Argus, and the wisdom of Solomon. Why does Demosthenes excel Cicero? Because Cicero was a scholar, a logician, a reasoner; because he thought before he spoke, because he spoke not what his feelings but what his reason dictated. He considered what was most pro-

per to be said, not what his feelings inspired him to say; but Demosthenes, governed only by a strong attachment to the welfare of

his country, and consequently governed by a strong and impetuous passion, that passion which,

Wielded at will the fierce Democracy,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece  
To Macedon and Artexexes-throne,

spoke only what this passion dictated, regardless of consequences. A passion, however, founded in virtue, dictates only what is right: its views are simple and undivided, because it has only one object in view. But Cicero had different objects in view, at the same moment. He loved his country no doubt; but he loved himself more: he looked to the fame and popularity which his eloquence might procure him, and he exercised all the faculties of his mind, in devising the best arguments, in creating the most affecting images, in studying the various tempers of the various individuals, who were capable of promoting or opposing his views. Reason, consequently, predominated over, and determined the character of his eloquence; while Demosthenes cared not who was for him or who against him. He had only one object in view, and he saw there was only one way of attaining it. He, therefore, turned neither to the right nor to the left. He proceeded straight forward, and he convinced all who heard him, that he belonged to no party, no faction, no interest; and that the welfare of the state was the only object he had in contemplation. As he looked, then, only to the general interests of his country, and the best means of promoting it, he perceived these interests, and these means at a glance. He who aims only at one object, sees his way clearly, but he who aims at different objects, who wishes to serve his country, to serve his particular friends and relations more, to serve himself more than all, makes his patriotism conform to partial considerations and complicated interests. He studies not only how far, and in what manner he can serve his country, without injuring his friends, how far and in what manner he can render this service subservient to their interest, but also how far and in what manner he can render the interests of both subservient

to his own. Such a man is confounded in the multiplicity and diversity of his pursuits. He will, therefore, never succeed in securing the love and admiration of his hearers, though he may convince them that he is a man of extraordinary talent.

Demosthenes, then, excels Cicero only because he spoke under the influence of a stronger passion; for no man can speak strongly whose feelings are divided between different objects. The more a man multiplies his friends or extends his attachments to the fair sex, the less can he feel attached to any of them individually. All divided passions are, consequently, dissipated passions; and all dissipated passions are weak and impotent. Homer wrote not to accumulate wealth. He had no object in view but that of recording the fame of the characters whose actions he celebrated. He was not, consequently, acted upon by different influences. He had not to study in what light his sentiments would be viewed by his contemporaries. He had nothing to fear, and little to hope, and therefore, he gave an unbridled scope to the impulse of his own feelings, and wrote, only, what their inspiration dictated. He was differently circumstanced from Virgil, Tasso, Ariosto, Camoens, or Milton. He was obliged to make no sacrifice of feeling to the prejudices or manners of the time in which he wrote. He depended upon no particular patron; but Virgil had to pay his court to Augustus, and, accordingly, the desire of securing his favour, influenced him not only in the design, but in the execution of the *Eneid*. He would give expression to no sentiment, however brilliant and sublime, if he suspected it would prove offensive to his patron, and the hopes and fears by which he was influenced, rendered him timid and diffident. He wants, therefore, that



fire, that vivacity, that ardour, that enthusiasm, that bounding and luxuriant imagination which glows in every page of Homer. Tasso, lay under still greater restrictions. His native ardour was chilled by neglect, and his spirit broken by oppression. Ariosto, who was more independent of circumstances, has ardour, vivacity, and enthusiasm; but it is the ardour and enthusiasm of imagination, not of feeling. The subject of his Rolando is of too wild and imaginative a character. It affects the head, therefore, more than the heart, for we can never feel strongly affected by scenes, images, or situa-

tions that are purely imaginary. Hence it is, that Pope's Ode to Music affects us less, and is consequently less esteemed than Dryden's. Every thing in Pope's Ode wears the aspect and livery of imagination. We are pleased with the poetical idea of sending Orpheus to hell in search of Eurydice, but still we are not credulous enough to believe, that he ever went there; and, consequently, the affection which we feel, is of a light and agreeable character; but we are not only pleased, but strongly affected, when Philip, and Alexander, and Timotheus, and Thais, and the unfortunate Darius,

“ Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood,”

are brought before us. These are names with which we are well acquainted, and even if what the poet relates of them be not true, yet it has all the effect of truth upon us, because it has all its appearance. Our feelings and sympathies are variously affected, and rise and fall with those of Alexander, for we

know the dominion which Timotheus exercised over him is not only happily imagined, but true to nature; that the power of music is not exaggerated, and that every thing described by the poet is only what might have happened whether it happened or not. The poet opens the poem with

“ Philip's warlike son aloft in royal state ;”

and throughout presents us with such images and circumstances as have all the appearance of reality. He addresses our feelings, consequently, and not our imagination; and it is only our feelings that are capable of being strongly affected; for the images and representations of imagination, are of too light and sportive a character to make a strong impression. Pope, accordingly, affects us but little throughout his Ode because it is entirely addressed to the imagination. Hence it is, that the enthusiasm of Ariosto falls infinitely short of the enthusiasm of Homer. The enthusiasm of the latter appears natural to us, because it is excited by events, characters, situations, incidents, relations, combats, &c. that have all the appearances of true and genuine history. Nothing appears feigned, and Homer's ardour seems to arise entirely from the greatness and importance of the events which he relates. We are therefore as strongly affected in the perusal, as Homer himself. It is evident, that whether

he added to the Trojan war or not, he believed that the principal facts were founded in truth; for though he acknowledges, that the history of this war was entirely founded upon tradition and rumour, yet it was a tradition in which he placed implicit belief, and accordingly he wrote under a conviction of its truth. Illiterate nations have as strong a faith in the traditions of their country as civilized nations have in historic testimony; and, what is more, these traditions are received with greater enthusiasm than is ever found to result from the best authenticated relations. The Scotch and Irish are more strongly attached to the traditions that precede their written history, and are fired with greater enthusiasm when they hear them related, than any other nations feel from those historic reports which are founded on the best authenticated records.

This, no doubt, was the case in the time of Homer; and must, evidently be so, if the use of letters were unknown in his time. He was

inspired, therefore, in common with all his countrymen, by the traditional reports, and oral chronicles of his country; and he embellished what was true in history, by all that was rich, and fervent, and luxuriant in imagination. Camoens, like Homer, took up a true story, and like him made gods and goddesses instrumental in the accomplishment of his design. We read, therefore, the discovery and conquest of India with an interest which is not felt in the *Orlando Furioso*, because we believe the story to be a fact, though embellished with the ornaments of poetic imagery, and conducted by the instrumentality of poetic machinery. Ariosto had a genius truly poetic, but Camoens excelled him in his knowledge of the human heart. Ariosto's scenes and situations are more terrific, and his allegories are exquisitely fine; but still the *Orlando* interests us less than the *Lusiad*, because it is of too ideal or imaginative a character. Camoens, however, was always in distress, and though he breathed the pure spirit of liberty and independence, yet his situation obliged him to make some sacrifices, and to consult more or less his own individual interests. He wanted, therefore, the fire and enthusiasm of Homer, and so will every poet, whatever his natural poetic ardour may be, if he listen to any other impulse than those of his feelings. If self interest tells him to qualify some of his sentiments, to reject others, and to make all palatable to certain minds, the spirit of poetry abandons him if he listens to such counsels, or at least, that fire abandons him which is its soul and creator.

Milton wrote in a factions age, and he was far from being independent. His feelings were, therefore, more or less irritated, more or less dissatisfied with his state; and he, consequently, imbibed more gloomy views of human nature than he would have, had every thing responded to his wishes. His subject, moreover, is removed beyond the proper sphere of our sympathies; it is still more ideal and imaginary than Ariosto's. We cannot sympathize with his good angels, because we feel they are too good for us, that they know their own superiority over us, and stand neither in need

of our assistance or sympathy. Whatever humbles our pride, extinguishes our affections, and, consequently, unless we sympathize with the bad angels, we have none to sympathize with but Adam and Eve. Unhappily, however, Adam and Eve have nothing determined, nothing of a sympathetic character in their nature. Their frailties, imperfections, inconstancy, exclusion from Paradise, and the evils which they have entailed upon us, their posterity, make us look upon them as two beings with whom it is dangerous to associate, who do not claim our sympathy, as we have suffered more from them than they have from us. We are much more apt to philosophize on such a subject, than to feel; and that poetry which sends us to reason and philosophy, is only poetry in name. The crime of eating a forbidden apple, and the consequence arising from it, are proper themes for theological and philosophical discussion, but there is nothing in them to inspire the poet. Whether it was right to eat or not to eat the apple, is a question perfectly indifferent to the poet, for he looks not to the philosophy or theology of the question; and the mere circumstance of eating, which is all he looks to, has something in it of too gross and corporeal a nature to awaken the fine frenzy of imagination, to awaken that fine sensibility which

" ———bodies forth

The form of things unknown, and  
gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

No poet, then, was happier in the choice of his subject, and in the circumstances in which he was placed, than Homer; and none so happy in both circumstances united. The wandering life which he led, and the hospitality which characterized Greece at this period, rendered him independent of any particular patron. When every stranger was hospitably received, the poet was received with something more than hospitality. He was, in a manner, the master of the house while he remained. The attention paid to him, and the regret expressed at his departure, called forth all the finer sympathies of his nature, inspired him with all the virtues, with all

the openness, with all the generosity, with all the raptures, and felicities, anxieties and regrets, which he witnessed and experienced wherever he sojourned. His feelings, consequently, were perpetually brought into action, but his reason never. Whatever was the real and fixed character of the family with whom he stopped, they laid it aside for the moment, and put on the better qualities of their nature, while he remained with them. He was, therefore, at a continual feast,—the banquet of human nature. He saw, and conversed, and feasted with men of all conditions, tempers, humours, and propensities. The mirror of human nature was consequently always before him, and he became not only acquainted with the various tempers of men, but he imbibed the very feelings and sympathies of which he was a continual spectator. Homer, then, was altogether the man of feeling: he acquired his knowledge not from reading, but from conversation, travelling and experience. He had no time for study, but he was eternally enriching his mind with knowledge acquired from actual experience. He consequently spoke the language of real life. He has no false sentiments, no far-fetched associations, no ambiguous phrases, no laboured thoughts, no studied refinements. All is nature, because Homer, conversed with nature alone. He was never “bewildered in the maze of schools,” for he received his knowledge from the living lips of man. No wonder then that he should speak in

—“words that breathe, and thoughts that burn.”

The orator who writes his speech and commits it to memory, never addresses his audience with that force, that energy, that life and animation which fires the orator who stands up, and, trusting to the strong impulse of his own feelings, addresses them in the language which this impulse suggests; and if Homer had derived his knowledge from reading, from study, and from that abstract contemplation which they suggest, the fire of poetry would not always be upon his lips, the enthusiasm of nature would not always predominate,

always tinge even the minor characters of his poetry with its own deep and animating hues.

Pope, in his preface to Homer, says that the strength of his mind lay in his invention; but whence does invention proceed? Certainly from that very enthusiasm in which I have made the genius of Homer to consist,—from that divine fury which takes possession of the mind, which inflames, elevates, and enriches the imagination—from that impetuous movement of the animal spirits which carries the mind from one object to another with eagle rapidity, and, consequently, supplies it with images which no industry can discover, with sentiments and associations which no art of thinking can suggest, with conceptions to which no extent of acquired information can attain, and with that varied knowledge of men and things which outsteps the progress of science and the improvements of art;—in a word, with that richness and exuberance of imagery which Pope ascribes to invention. Invention is not, therefore, as Pope asserts, the very foundation of poetry, but that enthusiasm from which it derives its existence.

We cannot, therefore, agree with Pope, that “it is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself when he reads him.”

It is not invention that causes the fire and rapture of the poet, for if this fire be not born with him, he shall look to invention for it in vain. It is enthusiasm then that causes invention, not invention enthusiasm. It has been said, that *poeta nascitur non fit*, and the assertion is true so far as regards that poetic fire which nature only can impart, and without which there can be no genuine, impassioned poetry. In fact, this fire and enthusiasm which nature alone can bestow, is not only the parent of poetry and invention, but the parent of genius itself. It is—

“—ce feu, cette divine flamme,  
L'Esprit de notre esprit, et l'Âme de  
notre Âme,”

which exalts the soul to those sublimer flights that lift us above the

low condition of our nature, and give us a character, an independence, a sovereignty of mind, which, who possess it, would not exchange for all that nature can give, or the caprice of fortune destroy.

That Homer's poetical pre-eminence arises from that enthusiasm which characterizes and constitutes his genius, must, I think, appear sufficiently evident from what I have already said on the subject; that it is that quality which gives to poetry its greatest charm, which is most sought after, and most admired, will appear equally obvious from the following reflections:

We are so constituted by nature, that we instantly feel all the passions, emotions, affections and sympathies of which we become spectators. If we behold a man in grief, it creates a melancholy and pensive emotion in ourselves. If joy and pleasure sparkle in his countenance, we cannot resist the impulse that prompts us to participate in his happiness. Accordingly we are happy when we behold others happy, and wretched when we behold others so. In reading, the same law acts upon us in the same manner. Milton's "Allegro," rejoices us, because it is the language of pleasure and delight, but we cannot read his "Penseroso" without feeling a pensive and thoughtful emotion. The language of sorrow dejects, and the language of pleasure delights us.

If pleasure, then, be the chief object of poetry, that poetry which pleases most, is most poetic. Enthusiasm, however, is not only the most pleasing of all emotions, but it is the very extreme of pleasure. The more we are pleased, the more we approach to enthusiasm, and beyond enthusiasm mental pleasure cannot proceed. There is no higher delight, no higher enjoyment of a mental character. The pleasure that rises higher, terminates in pain, madness, or actual death. Whether there be "a pleasure in madness, which none but madmen know," is a question which men in their senses cannot well determine; but certain it is, that enthusiasm is the highest of all pleasures that belong to the sensible and intellectual parts of our nature. Enthusiasm originates with the mind, but as it is sensibly

felt, it consequently affects the senses, and so far resembles sensations arising from physical causes. It is more proper, however, to call it a mental pleasure, because it arises from mental associations.

If enthusiasm, then, be the highest of all mental pleasures, it follows that it is that quality which gives to poetry its greatest charm, and which is most sought after and most admired. In a word, it follows, that the very soul and essence of poetry, consists in enthusiasm, because there is no higher pleasure either to be expected or anticipated; and, that he who fills us with enthusiasm, realizes all that we can hope for, or seek for, in poetry. Homer has effected all this, and more cannot be effected by the poet, as we cannot even form an idea of higher pleasure; the degree of pleasure being always determined by its approximation to enthusiasm. In Homer, therefore, we have all that we can seek for in poetry.

"Read Homer once and you need read no more."

I am aware that some modern critics attribute more of the graces of poetry to the structure and varying cadence of the verse, than to that life, and soul, and energy, and spirit, without which poetry is poetry only in name. With them, Pope is a mere versifier, because he writes in fixed and regular numbers; but is not this saying, in other words, that the soul of poetry consists in a species of mechanism with which Pope was unacquainted. If it be the mere structure of the verse that determines the beauty of poetry, then poetical beauty is mere mechanical beauty. If these mechanical critics reflected, for a moment, that variety in poetry, is not to be attained by variety in the structure of the verse, and that the most varied numbers are monotonous, if the sentiments and imagery of the poet have no variety, they would blush at being thought the advocates of such unpoetical principles. Poetry may be written in prose, it may be written in regular or irregular numbers, but its variety and beauty depend not upon numbers, for variety of numbers produces only a variety of sounds, and if variety of sound constituted poetry, it would be easy for the

voriest scribbler to produce a finer poem than the Iliad, the Eneid, or the Paradise Lost. The variety, then, that we seek for in poetry, is only to be found in that perpetual variety of contrasts, images, scenes, sentiments, situations, and associations, by which the poet of true genius is eternally surrounded.

Change the order, measure, and arrangement of the following passage from ALI, in our last number; break and invert it as you will it will still be poetry, and retain the *disjecti membra poetæ*.

"Young Selim's bark across the flood  
Its lone and silent way pursued,  
Now broke across the widening gleam  
Of pale Phingari's ocean-beam,  
Then swiftly o'er the darkling blue,  
Awhile invisible, it flew,  
Save by the shining track that swept  
The wave, and still its lustre kept  
E'en when the boat had reach'd the  
strand,

And grated on the sloping sand.  
You might have traced from Hermon's  
hill,

As clearly as the sunny rill  
Through emerald vales is seen to wind,  
The silvery course that keel had taken;  
The line, though thin, was yet un-  
shaken;

It seem'd a cable of moon-beam stwain'd,  
Some spirit's fairy prow to bind.—

Are those the whispers of Autumn's  
breeze,

As it lures the ripe leaves from the  
citron trees,

Or is it the hum of the clustering bees,  
Thus breaking the silence of midnight's  
hour

With murmuring music from yon grey  
tower,

Whence gleams through the lattice a  
flickering ray,

Like the heacon expiring at break of  
day?"

It is true, that in these lines B. has studied a variety of cadence and measure, and that this variety is pleasing to the ear; but it is equally true that the beauty of the poetry does not in the least depend on this variety of cadence, for if it did, we could not distinguish poetry from music. The beauty arising from variety of cadence is perfectly distinct from poetical beauty, the latter being recognized by the mind alone, while the former simply addresses itself to the ear, though it cannot be doubted, that when both happen

to be united, the effect is infinitely more agreeable than either can produce of itself. Harmony will render a poem more pleasing, but it cannot render it more poetical. The real difference between poetry and prose, is, that the latter describes the qualities of things as they are perceived to exist, abstracted from any impression which they make on the sensitive faculties, while poetry describes only such qualities as affect us, or such associated qualities as these primary affections suggests to the mind. The first is the poetry of feeling, the other the poetry of imagination; but strictly, all poetry has its origin in feeling. It has been generally supposed, that the essence of poetry is fiction; but if this were the case, every liar would be a poet, and every poet would be a liar. The opinion that fiction constitutes the essence of poetry, has evidently arisen from its frequent occurrence in poetic language; but the reason of this frequent occurrence is very obvious. The poet describes only such qualities of things as affect himself, and which he therefore supposes, will equally affect others. But if he find the object which he begins to describe destitute of any qualities which would render it more agreeable and pleasing to the senses, he either attributes these qualities to it, or rejects the object altogether, and selects some other in which these qualities are found. In the former case he feigns, and the latter case seldom occurs, because he seldom can find any object in nature that possesses that exact assemblage of qualities which he wishes to describe. He is, therefore, obliged to attribute them to an object which does not actually possess them, or to create an object which may be supposed capable of possessing them, and in either case his poetry is bleated with fiction. Fiction is, therefore, an accident, not an essential of poetry, for every description is poetic, however true, provided it be affecting, and awaken pleasing associations in the mind. Fiction is so far from being necessary to poetry, that the finest passages are those in which we cannot discover the slightest shade of it, the slightest colouring, but the colouring of nature.

"And, as imagination bodies forth  
The form of things unknown, the poet's  
pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy  
nothing,  
A local habitation and a name."

This passage, however, though it is highly poetic, does not belong to that species of poetry which pleases us most; for as the object of poetry is to affect and awaken the latent emotions and passions of the heart, it is obvious that the more these passions are excited, the more the poet adheres to the spirit which distinguishes poetry from prose. Now, though it is certain, that the fine frenzy of the poet's eye produces a fine and etheralized feeling in every poetic mind, it is also certain, that this feeling is of too refined and intellectual a character to produce those strong and ardent emotions which are excited by descriptions that address themselves exclusively to the sensitive part of our nature, that is to the heart and its affections, emotions, passions, and sympathies, though the latter may be considered of a more gross and terrestrial nature. Be this as it may, it is certain that the poet who addresses the senses directly, raises stronger emotions, and communicates a pleasure more sensibly felt, than he who addresses them indirectly through the medium of the imagination. The latter emotions may be more refined and spiritualized, but the more they are so, the less potent is their effect, whereas, the feelings that belong to the heart and its affections, cannot be excited without being strongly and sensibly felt. Hence the celebrated love Ode of Sappho pleases us more than the fine frenzy of Shakspeare's poet, and we could read a thousand such odes with increasing pleasure, whereas a thousand sentimental passages following each other, or even half the number, would set us to sleep, though we admire them where they occasionally sparkle forth, and "like, an accidental fire from heaven," throw an atmosphere of light and radiance around them.

The poetry of the heart then, if I may so express myself, is a continual feast, but the poetry of imagination, however charming it may be at the commencement, soon turns

*E. M. Jan., 1824.*

into satiety, unless our feelings have something of a more substantial nature to dwell upon, something to excite them, and keep them in action. Sappho describes nothing in her celebrated Ode but what is strictly true, as Longinus properly observes, and so far it resembles the above passage from Shakspeare; but it addresses itself more directly to the heart, and, therefore, can be read over and over again, and yet be read with pleasure; but in the passage from Shakspeare, our feelings are not so much interested. Who has not read Pope's *Eloisa* more than once, and who ever wished to lay it aside, after he had once commenced it. It is obvious then, that in poetry, whatever affects our feelings have a permanent interest, and that the poetry which addresses the heart and its affections, differs as much from that which addresses the imagination, as the fixed light of the sun differs from the unexpected blaze of a comet. The light of the sun is always agreeable, though we are always accustomed to it; but though we look with a degree of pleasure on the blaze of a comet, it is only its novelty and sudden appearance that creates this pleasure. If it were always to continue, we should view it with indifference.

The poetry of Homer is almost throughout, the poetry of the heart and its affections, for even when imagination carries him farthest beyond the pale of sensible existence, when he seems to wander in the remotest regions of ideal being, he still clothes himself in the robes of mortality: he never forgets his origin, nor blushes to avow it. His motto is,

*"Homo sum: humani nihil à me  
alicuius puto."*

He has no abstract idealisms, no images so subtilized by metaphysical refinement as to escape the recognition of our senses, and present only a shadowy shape to our imaginative faculties. Homer's images are all images of real being; they present nothing to the mind which it has any difficulty to comprehend, because they are taken from objects with which we are daily conversant. If he represent Jupiter rolling his thunder, he

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excites a sublime emotion in our mind, and yet we have no difficulty in understanding what he means. We have frequently heard the explosion of thunder, and it excites the same emotion in our minds that it did in the mind of Homer;—or, if the emo-

tion be different, it differs not in nature, but in degree. All Homer's images are equally obvious, and the more sublime he is, the more palpable and sensible are the elements of his sublimity. What can be more sublime than when he tells us, that

Mars, hovering o'er Troy, his terror shrouds  
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds;

and yet what is more easily comprehended than gloomy tempests, and the darkness caused by clouds.

Equally sublime is the picture which he presents to us, when he represents Neptune

In Samothracia, on a mountains brow,  
Where waving woods overhung the deeps below;

and yet a mountains brow, woods waving over the deep, are by no means strange and unusual objects. But poetry, perhaps, cannot present

a more sublime passage than that which immediately follows, where he represents Neptune rushing from the summit of this mountain.

Prone down the rocky steep, he rushed along;  
Pierce as he passed, the lofty mountains nod,  
The forest shakes, earth trembles as he trod,  
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.  
From realm to realm, three ample strides he took,  
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægea shook.

This is one of the noblest efforts of imagination, but still it is the imagination of the senses: every thing is plain, and obvious to the most untutored capacity.

Homer's poetry, then, is properly the poetry of the sensitive, not of the imaginative faculties. Every thing is placed before us as it exists in nature, so that while we are reading his works, we are conversing, at the same time, with the sublimer works of creation. Every thing is alive, every thing in action, every thing interests; so that the clearness of the images, combined with the fire and enthusiasm that reign

throughout, give Homer a just pre-eminence over all other poets.

That Homer should be at once the most ancient and the greatest of all poets, is a phenomenon that has not only puzzled the writers of all ages and nations, but a question that still remains as great a mystery as ever. All that has been written on the subject has only served to make "confusion worse confounded," for no two writers agree in their view of it. It may appear presumption in us to attempt to unloose this Gordian knot: we shall attempt it, however, in our next number.

## LETTERS FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN:

## No. IV.

"Two, three, five! these were the matutine hours," (said I to myself, looking at a French time-piece on the chimney) which brought me home thrice successively this week; Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. First, in a good flow of spirits; 2nd, tormented with a head-ache and listlessness; 3rd, feverish, and greatly depressed in spirits: thus stands our account. But then how many fashionable circles I have been in, and that too, in so comparatively short a time! what a blaze of beauty has met my admiring glances. I attempted *de faire l'aimable* with a brace of them, and was led to think, that I was not quite unsuccessful; do I, however, feel any particular interest in the matter? no;—Lady Tilorinda's fascinations are all studied, and flow from ambition; she has no hesitation in saying, that her conquest must be a fortune and a coronet, whilst the condescensions of the widow, who sat near her, proceed from the immeasurable vanity of having a host of admirers about her; all the gayest young men of the day in her train; "*tout cela ne me touche en rien.*"

"I ne'er could any lustre see,  
In eyes that would not smile on me."

Sang I carelessly to myself: "what will you have for breakfast? enquired my man;" "Chocolate." "I am sorry to say," (added he) "that the black horse is very ill." "What the Irish horse?" "Yes, sir." Before I could make further observation, another servant laid down a waiter full of visiting cards, invitations, small letters on trifling subjects, club, and other admission tickets; adding, "these all came yesterday;" ha! this was flattering to vanity: let us see, Lord Boroughvend's dinner for Monday week; oh! that will be a political party, where I shall be lost, and I am only asked out of compliment to my cousin, the member Mrs. Flowerfield's evening party on the first of next month; a crowd where I am just invited to make one, and where,

if I could send a statue with my clothes on, it would do just as well, and suffer less by being pushed about. Lady Bridget Basset's, a card party, she wants my money, and I have none to spare at present: she shall have my room instead of my company. My fair cousin's fancy ball, just to make an Irish hack of me, and dance me off my legs; will send an excuse. The club, drinking and play; they are both too expensive, and a black leg chairman! this brought my Irish horse into my mind again; a better friend than any of them, thought I, poor Shamrock would take me out of the mire, whilst some of these card-friends would only plunge me into it. Sir Matthew Marrowfat's weekly dinner; a cit, just beginning to shine in the west, a knight of a day old, a sort of somebody; I never saw him but once in my life. Mrs. Moleshurst at home on Tuesday "*qu'elle y reste,*" let her stay at home, she is a wholesale scandal-monger, a *cutter* of character, and a *shuffler* of cards, a loud, haughty, detestable being, and one whom I never mean to visit. Lady Chase Martin, another of the same feather, and much more like a chace pigeon or an unchaste crow, a supper-giver at her acquaintance's expense, for I now began to know a little of the town visiting tickets! General Musters! I may have passed a *general muster* in the street, but I will swear, that I am not aware of our knowledge of each other's going further. Mr. Lack, a nabob with a black niece, he must, however, lack a nephew if he wants me, Captain Grun. Mrs. White, (here my toast fell out of my hand) she too is a *toast* I believe, but the black horse again vexed me. Burn the toast and the cards together, I must answer them all, not keeping a secretary for that purpose. Mrs. Burton Andrews with thanks for kind enquiries: positively never heard of such a woman, and therefore could not enquire after her; the letters will be time enough for to-morrow, except one, as a servant is waiting from Dash Daruley, Esq., a cornet



in the ——: we met twice, but his letters must be answered—(to my own man) “the servant, you say, is waiting.” “Yes, sir, and he looks something like a waiter.” This I considered *something like* an impertinent remark: but let us see,

## THE LETTER.

My dear Fellow,

(very free and easy thought I) A d——d trifling, ridiculous circumstance, not worth thinking of, and less worth naming, one of the *contretems* of a man's life, and owing to my folly, a herdless (I really should like to understand this language better, we know nothing of it in the western isle) a ridiculous *bagatelle*, a scrape and yet not a scrape, makes me prefer applying to you for a brace of hundreds, to asking a favour of a less good fellow, (hem! I felt a little *gullible*) or to one whom it might inconvenience, for all the town is ruined this winter; but as I know that you are one of the few correct ones (I am not so sure of that), and have always plenty of coin in your banker's hands (very civil indeed), I anticipate the receipt of the trifle per bearer, the waiter at Stevens's *tout de suite*, for in two hours I could raise it myself, but a degree of exposure might attend the measure.

Yours with sincerity,

TANCRED RANDOM.\*

“There is very little, yet a great deal in this letter,” said I to myself, upon the whole it would be called a great piece of Irish impudence, if it came from a native of that country, nor is it quite free from *blarney*, although of pure English extraction, so easy that the favour seems nothing. Yet so pressing, that no time must be lost; “perhaps the poor fellow is arrested,” whispered Good-Nature.” “Perhaps he is humbugging you, and will laugh at you on receipt of your draft on your banker,” said Prudence. “The messenger is in great haste,” said my footman, sent up evidently by the impatient waiter, “he says that

he can't wait,” added the former, “then,” observed I, “he is not fit for his situation, but reach me the pen and ink; here goes.”

Pay bearer on demand two hundred pounds, which place to the account of \* \* \* \*

Addressed to Messrs. *Gosling*.—the name staggered me, who was the goose? but the young man may be in difficulty, *allons*, two lines of answer.

Dear sir, (a gentle lesson for his familiarity.) It gives me much pleasure to have it in my power to be of service to you. Yours, &c.

My note was sent off, and I remained for many minutes in doubts and difficulties, in hopes and fears, divided betwixt the pleasure of doing a kind action, and the humiliation of having performed a foolish one. Young Tancred's not having named any specified time to return what he called the *coin*, puzzled me. “If he does not *forge* a false excuse for never paying it at all,” intimated the hag Reflection, “thou'lt be a lucky fellow.” “Well, and if he *does* return it in a day, or two, or as many weeks, or months, and is grateful for the service, I shall be a happy one,” replied Nature in an emphatic tone. “I will just tell him that he is welcome to it for a quarter of a year when next I see him,” said I to myself, “you had better hold your tongue,” seemed to advise an invisible spirit, “nonsense!” cried I, aloud, “come take away the breakfast-things, what's done, is done; “so was my appetite: was I so too? time must show. I will see my poor horse, he was *done* completely, in a very bad state, an internal inflammation, poor Shamrock! but the day must be passed. I was not in a humour for staying in the house, nor fit for study, or tranquil inactivity, so I ordered my gray horse, and as I mounted him, the name of Tancred came across my mind. Ha! the opera to night is Tancredi, I will go there, a hard ride to Harrow will do me good. I will call on an Irish school-boy, take a sober dinner at the Modist coffee-house, and get to the opera at a decent hour; but scarcely had I put my foot in the stirrup, when my valet came to the

\* This name is merely given as a *nom de guerre*.

door, to remind me of my engagement to dine with Lady O'Trump, and to accompany her to this said opera, "very well."

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

Charles O'Vara was delighted to see me, but in great difficulty, he and Vernon Tempest had got out of school and indulged a little too freely in the bottle. They had broken six panes of glass, and the landlord made a frightful demand, accompanied by threats, and "cash was low," Charles observed, in a rattling way, "I always expect a *tip* from you when you come here, and it never could arrive more *apropos*," (here he related his story) so I gave him five pounds and rode home in better spirits. Charles is a fine dashing boy, a good scholar and a kind hearted fellow, and what is a five pound note. "Thank you for the *flimsy*," said he, slapping me on the back as we parted, so we shook hands, and this matter was amicably terminated. My cousin's dinner was in her very best style, there was a degree of *recherche* in it, she had certainly something in view, the party consisted of eight, four of each sex, three of the ladies exquisitely beautiful, one of whom, a young artless girl, just coming out; her sun-bright eyes, half-curtained at times in the richest and softest eyelashes, were the most powerful, the other two ladies were not less *coming*, but it was not *coming out*, nor *coming* for the first time; our *beaux* were exquisitely conceited, all handsome, two of them most conspicuously gallant, and one remarkable for his marked attention to the lovely novice. The wines were excellent, and it struck me that a certain *belle blonde* was of the same opinion, the spring flower of beauty, (so I call the very young lady) scarcely touched the brim of her glass, and that only in order not to refuse accepting it; her very courtly neighbour was rather more solicitous and pressing than is delicate, or usual, in offering her a variety; my cousin pledged me with moderation, and as it was a lady party, and an opera-night, I knew that the coffee would be announced earlier than on other occasions, and, therefore,

provided myself with a certain portion of *stimuli*, arising from various wines, *liqueurs*, and the richest soups, viands and sauces possible, so that I was quite nerved by eight o'clock and had forgotten my brace of hundreds, shamrock, care and all vexation together.

After coffee, the carriages were announced, each lady had her *cavalier*: here was great rivalry in the endeavours to throw the cashmere over the parian marble shoulders of the novice, but her neighbour at table won the prize. I felt jealous and yet had no reason for being so. I seemed to dread the insinuating manners of the happy man, I took an interest in this young person's *entré* into high life, and there seemed to me to be danger and temptation in the banquet, the party, and the opera itself; not from the subject of fashion, the enchantments of music, the unguarded mind of youth; from kind smiles, warm complexions, close attentions, external objects, and internal feelings; from the increased pulse, accelerated by the feast and by flattery, from the erring principle of man, not innate, but acquired and strengthened by time and luxurious habits, from novelty, and from town experience, strange contrasts! yet often mischievously opposed to each other: from — but we were now at the opera house.

The audience was numerous and brilliant, the rattling of carriages up to the door, the legion of tall footmen (who, by the bye, were I an absolute monarch, I should make serve in a more manly and active way), all the accessory circumstances appeared to me very fit to set the head and heart *a'straying*, and to add intoxicating effects to the madding draught of pleasure. I trembled for the spring flower of love and was absent, stupid and absorbed in thought, which the *belle blonde*, a foreign countess observing, said to me, "I believe you are in love. You look as sentimental as a novel!" the hacknied cant of refined circles taught me to say, that "her ladyship could not wonder at some silent admiration on my part, being honored by her arm." To this she answered, with an arch look,

that "she liked people to *speak* their mind," this, I had not the least *mind* to do, but rather regretted the baneful effects of compliments on weak and tender minds, and the hypocrisy of gallant persons of either sex. The assiduous cavalier sat behind the young lady all the night, infinitely too close, according to my idea, for she, more than once, seemed uneasy and blushed. "The snow-drop, or lily of the valley, that is breathed upon, is sullied in its purity," said I, inwardly; the *belle blonde* now played off all the scenic effect of her features, my cousin was in deep conversation, as if on business, the other couple attended for a few minutes to the opera; the music was delightful, the dancing a master-piece, the scenery effective. yet the public mind is not free from peril amid melting arms, and foreign arms, light figures and light conduct,

loose postures and attitudes, nor amid the associations produced by the heart-searching, love-appealing notes of harmony, and the sportings, flirtations and other exertions of the dance, particularly when the ballet is of an amatory character, such as *Cupid and Psyche*, *Zephyr et Flore*, and the like, and when the dancers of either sex perform immodest miracles to shew either the pliancy and elasticity of their form its fair proportions, or their excellence in the art. However, as I mean to devote a letter, at a future period, to those and to other theatrical matters, I shall now leave my male readers to meditate on the perfections of the novice beauty, and my female ones to believe, that no one has a higher sense of respect, and esteem for them, than

Their's most devotedly.

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### THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

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Mark yonder hag, that mutters as she goes;  
She deals in charms—can read the Book of Fate,  
And tell the future with unerring skill.  
One of the Gipsy tribe, whom maids consult,  
When silver spoons are missing—or when Love  
Beats an alarm in their timid hearts.

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Beneath yon hedge I saw them stand,  
The Gipsy held the maiden's hand:  
And as its lines she pans'd to trace,  
She gaz'd upon an anxious face.

I mark'd them both—the moon was high,  
And pure and cloudless was the sky;  
And as I listen'd in the shade,  
The Sybil thus addressed the maid.

Maiden—thou would'st have told to thee  
The secret of thy destiny;  
Then on this palm now plac'd in mine,  
For thee I'll read each mystic line.

'Tis a fair hand—a fairer one  
These aged eyes ne'er gaz'd upon;  
But ah! these signs too well betray,  
That clouds will cross thy summer's day!

This is the line of hope—and this  
Should be the mark of love and bliss,  
But that it ends abruptly here—  
Oh! maiden—thou hast much to fear.

A dark ey'd man will cross thy way,  
Thy guileless bosom to betray;  
And he will use his honied tongue  
To win thee—beautiful and young!

Maiden—what means that boding sigh?  
Thou hast already met his eye;  
Thy ear hath drunk his accents sweet,  
Unconscious of their deep deceit.

I see 'tis so—thy cheek is pale;  
Thou dost not like to hear the tale;  
But thou his proffer'd love must spurn,  
Or thine will meet a base return!

Thou hast a pure and polish'd brow,  
'Tis lovely in the moonlight now;  
Thou hast an eye, beneath whose lid  
The softest light of love is hid;

So much the worse, for I can trace  
Upon that pure and polish'd place,  
Whose whiteness shames the feath'ry snow,  
Ere yet it touches earth below,

Impassion'd thoughts—fond hopes and feelings,  
A soul awake to Love's revealings;  
A heart that doted and believed;  
Was ruined—wretched—and deceived!

Weep not—weep not—but steel thy soul  
Against deceitful Love's controul,  
His power once rooted in thy breast,  
Then farewell happiness and rest.

Maiden—my skill can only see  
Thus far into thy destiny;  
The rest remains conceal'd from view,  
Behind yon canopy of blue.

The gipsy paus'd—the maiden sigh'd,  
A heaving sigh she turn'd to hide,  
Then slow and sadly bent her way  
To yon low tenement of clay.

While muttering words of magic power,  
The Sybil sought her woody bower;  
And I, to cheat the fleeting time,  
Mused my sad feelings into rhyme.

G. L. A.

## HALLIDON HALL.

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"Why looks the Hall of Hallidon so cold?  
 Where is the fire that blazed upon the hearth?  
 Where is its proud and hospitable board?  
 And where the steaming bowl that graced its surface,  
 The glorious monarch of a blest domain  
 Dispersing happiness to all around?  
 Where, too, the guests, his firm and loyal subjects,  
 That made the very rafters echoing ring,  
 And scared the swallows from the chimney top,  
 With their loud shouts of mirth and revelry—  
 —Hold! shall I tell you where?"—

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—"HILLOAH! hilloah! bolts and bars on the doors of Hallidon!" shouted a traveller, hooted and spurred, and splashed up to the ears, as he rattled against the door that had from time immemorial used no other fastening save a latch. — "Why what the fiends means all this, has Roger Dalton turned miser, and locked his doors to save his fare and lose his fame? hilloah I say." — He shouted in vain, no answer greeted him as it was wont to do, and the door defied his utmost efforts to force it open. He was, therefore, compelled to re-mount his steed, and to seek shelter at the Blue Lion, some three miles farther on, wondering at the alterations that had taken place, and cursing his bad luck in being forced to ride over a road through the wind and rain, on a starless night. — "Mine host," hearing the clatter of horse's hoofs in the yard, hastened to receive his guest. "Welcome, sir, to the Blue Lion, a shocking night this to travel in. Ah! ah! what Harry Wilkins as sure as I'm alive! Why, we had book'd you an inside place in the church-yard long ago; glad to see you however, strange things happened since you were here last, the old Hall got into new hands." — "And cursed be the hands that keeps its gate so close, and puts bolts and bars on the doors of Hallidon." — "Curse no man," cried the knight of the foaming tankard, who had of late grown rather conscientious, at least on the subject of the new possessor of the Dalton estate. The fact was, that he had found the truth of the old proverb, "its an ill wind that blows no-body good," most happily verified in the recent

increase of guests which had sought for shelter and entertainment beneath his roof. Indeed it was plain in the eyes of all the world, (that cared about it) that Mister Morris Haledraught, was treading the "way to wealth," and bidding fair to hold up his head as high as his betters. Certain it is, that within the short space of three months, he had fresh painted the sign which swung upon a pole before his door, (which, by dint of good guessing, and the assistance of the inscription beneath, might be transformed into a rampant lion,) and sported a new jacket, the counterpart, as to colour at least, of his wooden standard. Nay, had any other proof been necessary to show that great changes had lately taken place in his financial affairs, it was to be found in the person of the post-boy. Dame Margery, had on the very last Sunday sported two new ribbons in her cap at church. Some of his more envious neighbours had even gone so far as to whisper it abroad, that he had ordered a crash of London porter, for the entertainment of his superior visitors, but this report was, however, thought by many to be without foundation.

It was not then, under these circumstances, to be much wondered at, that Boniface should caution his guests against cursing a person whose conduct had been the principal, if not the only cause of the prosperous turn in his affairs; for, to tell the truth, the Dalton's, with their plenty-covered tables and reeking bowls, were no great friends to the professed entertainers of "man and horse." — And Mister Morris Haledraught was far from

regretting the change which had taken place at the Hall of Hallidon, since it promised to be very beautiful for him in more senses than one.—It was, therefore, with an air of some little consequence that he ushered our traveller into the kitchen of the Blue Lion, an apartment which, for the reasons already stated, had begun to assume the air and bustle of a thriving establishment. Though the lateness of the hour had been the means of withdrawing many of the guests, yet the large fire which still blazed upon the hearth, showed that *mine host* entertained hopes of further employment before he retired to rest; nor, indeed, was he mistaken. The appearance of this his most frequented room, bore ample marks of his being able to satisfy the hunger, if not the palates of all his customers;—for in the immense aperture which served for a chimney, hung three or four fitches of bacon, with about an equal number of pig's chins, while the large rack, which formed a kind of net-work beneath the ceiling, was groaning with provisions of a similar description. When Harry Wilkins entered this grand repository of the riches of a country inn, he found one portion of it occupied by half a dozen grey beards, the walking newspapers of the village, a class of beings who took a particular interest in publishing abroad the transactions of the neighbourhood, *cum notis variorum*, but who, upon the appearance of the stranger, immediately rose to make room for him at the fire. Let it not be supposed that they thus made way purely out of kindness to an half drowned traveller: no, it was plain from their manner, that they were anxious to obtain his good graces, in order to be partakers in some portion of his entertainment. The tankards, which had for some time stood alone upon the massy oak table, in all the cheerless and forlorn majesty of emptiness, appeared to be the object to which they seemed most desirous of calling his attention. Nor, indeed, were the hints, which they threw out respecting the coldness of the night, &c., lost upon their guest.—“Deil take me if ever horse of mine had such roads in his life, and deil take him too, that forced me to cross

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them such a night as this,” exclaimed Mister Wilkins, as he flung his spattered boots to the opposite side of the room, with all the consequence of a gallant cavalier, “but let that pass, and come turn out your stores, Mister Sparemeasure, do you think a man can live upon the wind and rain of this cursed place, for though I was bred and born here myself, I say the place is not worth a broken horse-shoe, now the gates of the old Hall yonder are shut against all comers,—and, harkce, none of your after-draws, but let it be such as foamed upon the tables of the Dalton’s,—no, that’s impossible, you did not learn brewing at Hallidon, and none ever brewed such ale as Meg Merrilay, that’s when the old man stood along-side her, to order about the malt; but God bless Meg, for though she had sometimes a close hand, she never locked kitchen or cellar against an honest man, or lacked a faggot for the winter fire.—Your health, gentlemen.” He lifted the tankard to his mouth, and saw the white froth adder to the bottom and sides before he thought proper to withdraw it, for Harry was a dry soul, and capable of doing justice to the good things of the land, solids and fluids, whenever they came in his way. What he would have done, had he been seated at the table of Hallidon Hall instead of that of the Blue Lion, is no easy question to decide, but this much is certain, that spite of the unfavourable contrasts which he sometimes drew, he gave ample proof, that “hunger was the best sauce.” The remark which had been dropped respecting his native place was not lost upon his companions, and they soon made the discovery that they were old neighbours, or, at least, had been so in their younger years, when Hallidon was in all its glory; and the potent draughts of Sir John Barleycorn, of which they all partook from the oft-filled tankard of their guest, served, no doubt, to revive their memories, and to make them as communicative as an hungry traveller could possibly wish. “Aye, aye,” exclaimed one, glad of an opportunity for putting in his claim of acquaintance, “many’s the happy days we’ve spent together at the Hall, when Roger Dalton, reat

his soul, was alive, but he's now gone to sleep 'neath the green turf, and Hallidon shall never look again as it did in his or his father's times, unless the old man should rise from his grave."—"And who is he that dares to shut the doors of Hallidon against an honest man that asks admission."—"One with a hard heart and a close hand, and who cares no more for the name of Dalton, than Will Hardy cares for the Justice, and that's little enough, God knows. But he will learn by and by, that the old man did not charge him, on his dying-bed, to keep the house as he had kept it, that he might be laughed at, now he's gone. No, no, strange things come sometimes, when people don't expect 'em." "Ye speak right weel, right weel, Miekee," exclaimed a coatless sage in the corner, "for never yet was man known, that forgot or neglected the last words of the dying, but he was sorry enough for it i' the end; and, for my part, I'd rather now be poor Job Mason, than Caleb Never-loose, with every bonny rood of land that he calls his own. I shall never forget the day the old man died: I was there when he called his nephew to his bed-side.—'Cal.,' said he;—be used to call him Cal.—'I give thee house and home, the habitation of thy old uncle, and of his father's before him, with every fair acre that belongs to it, but mind, lad, never abuse the things that I leave thee, never shut the doors of Hallidon against he that would come in, never let thy table be uncovered, or thy bowl empty, whilst thou hast a sheaf in thy barn, or a handful of malt in thy loft, nor the fire go out on the hearth, while a faggot can be got from the field or forest. Else, if thou dost, may the swallow forsake thy roof in summer, and the robin come not near thee in winter; mayst thou live a life of misery, and die before thy time.'—Ay, ay, and a life of misery he does live, and if there's any thing to be feared in the wallison of a dying man, die before his time he will too, or else let me never,—well, then, your health, sir," said the prognos-

ticating Job, as he took hold of the tankard which was offered for his acceptance. The guest of the Blue Lion, who had by this finished his repast, took up the narrative of the last speaker.—"And the sooner the better, as the song says. The world will thrive better without him, and the church-yard is large enough to hold him, and as many more of his race as would tread in his steps, and forget the gallant customs of the Daltons. Deil take the man, say I, that keeps his gold in the chest, and never cares for what the world says of him. Old Roger had no gold in his house, but he had plenty of every thing else, plenty of old English fare, and plenty of mouths for to help to consume it, and a merrier set of beings than we were then, you could not find in all the world beside, and the old man himself was always the merriest of us all. How his eyes would sparkle when he used to call for the bowl, and, in singing, no voice was louder than his, especially when the song would be (and we always sung that first) the old one that he had learnt from his father, as well as we from ours. I think I see him now, standing with his own dear horn cup in one hand, and the other holding by the back of the chair to keep him from falling. Stop, now, I'll give you the old song, and a better was never made by Dick Stanza, praise him as much as you please."

Merry Harry Wilkins having cleared his throat with the assistance of his friendly tankard, began singing, to the no small delight of those around, one or other of whom ever and anon chimed in a stave or two, by way of accompaniment, while the whole company joining in the chorus made the place resound again with the loudness of their melody (if such it might be called). The noise brought the stately Mrs. Staledraught herself into the kitchen to ascertain the cause of this boisterous mirth, and though her gallant partner joined occasionally in the song, yet he seemed almost afraid that his guest intended to turn the Blue Lion into

#### HALLIDON HALL.

Come friends in return for the plentiful board,  
We'll drink to the health and success of its lord;  
May the proud name of Dalton ne'er pass from the earth,  
But live to be coupled, with revel and mirth;

Alike to the happy or wretched still dear,  
The watchword of plenty, the pass to good cheer,  
And such be each worthy, the future shall call  
To heir the possessions of Hallidon Hall

This mansion was never the nurser of pride,  
Here free hospitality loves to preside,  
The stranger is welcome as he who has long  
Sat down to our banquet, and joined in our song,  
And while the light hearted, the cheerful, and free,  
Unites in our pleasures, partakes of our glee,  
'Care shall not approach him, nor sorrow appal,  
They cross not the threshold of Hallidon Hall

Let winter then come, with her frost, and her snow,  
There's no one will care for his coming I trow,  
For still shall our roof be the wanderer's home,  
And free as the common to all that will come,  
Warm'd, warmed by our fire, without let or controul,  
He may feast of the table, and quaff of the bowl,  
Then fill up each cup, and we'll drink one and all,  
Long life to the glories of Hallidon Hall.

Should any rash mortal in time be so bold,  
To let our warm hearthstone grow cheerless and cold,  
Move the bowl from its station, or fasten the door,  
Gainst the happy, the wretched, the rich, or the poor,  
Then cursed be that sordid and niggardly slave,  
May he piss unregarded, unmourned to his grave,  
And sooner the better that being shall fall,  
Who blots the bright honours of Hallidon Hall

The last verse seemed to afford all of them much pleasure, since they kept chanting its four concluding lines, for the space of several minutes, after they had done with the rest of the song. They were either pleased with the anthems which it contained, or, what is equally probable, were determined to live then —

“winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out”

At length, however, the repeated sounds of *Hallidon Hall* gradually died away, to the infinite satisfaction of the numerous feathered inhabitants of the adjoining outhouses, who having been awakened by the noise in the first instance joined in chorus, but who now on finding the more rational part of created beings cease to lift their voices, composed themselves again to sleep. Silence was once more restored, so that when the gallant cock crowed his last loud note of defiance he could be distinctly heard. While the “jovial crew” were recovering their breath, or moistening their dry throats with liberal draughts of their favourite beverage, a short and silent pause ensued; but this stillness was soon disturbed by the rosy faced dame

Margery, who uttering a most terrifying shriek, sprung from her station at the window, declaring that she saw two men coming towards the house and galloping as hard as they could “and looking” as she elegantly observed “more like devils than men.” Wilkins, and Job Mison supplied her place at the window in an instant, which post they had scarcely gained when they beheld two horsemen pass by them with the rapidity of lightning “Oh, ho! very gallant, Dalton,” exclaimed the former, half intoxicated with the frequent applications which he had made in course of the evening to the oft replenished pitcher “ride on, ride on old boy, don’t take me but you’ll catch him now—He’s cleared the gate as I’m a living soul!” Honest Job however, seemed to look upon what he had seen in a more impressive light than his half sober friends, and drawing near again to his terrified companions at the fire, declared with an abundance of significant looks and mysterious shakes of the head, “that it was no every day sight that he had seen, for,” observed he “the first man was no other than Caleb Neverloose, and he that was behind, was the old lord of Hallidon himself, or else never let me trust my



own eyes again, for he rode upon his old grey mare, that Caleb sold to Ralph Rashton, only last Saturday, and which was turned to graze in his orchard at the back of the church yard. Good-bye gentlemen, its a foul night when the dead rise from the grave, and every man is best off under his own thatch at such times say I, so good night to ye, good night " Old Job adjusting a ragged hat to his head, turned towards the door, and walked out with a very slow and solemn step. His neighbours who looked upon him as an oracle, one after another followed his example, and bent their way homewards, muttering as they went something about the Hall of Hallidon, and the last words of Roger Dalton. One only remained asleep by the fire, and when the propriety of retiring to rest was suggested to him, it was with some difficulty that he found his way up stairs to bed; when wrapt in the fleecy mantles of the poppy-loving-god he forgot the mysterious sight that had terrified his companions, and thought no more of the sports and revels of Hallidon Hall.

The next morning sun was up long before Harry Wilkins; and the dews had disappeared from the grass sometime, ere he had done his breakfast; but that repast ended, he rose from the table with the full determination of again attempting to gain admission into the "old castle," where he had spent the happiest hours of his life. Not in the least daunted by his failure the preceding evening, he seemed confident, that though refused entrance in the darkness of the night, that Caleb dared not shut the door against him in the broad day. He was also, doubtless encouraged by the boast which he could make of "having a no small portion of Dalton blood mixed with his own." Leaving his horse at the inn, he took the path which led across the fields to the once gay Hall of Hallidon. Every thing around, fields, hedges, trees, looked to him just as they had done fifteen years before, but when he drew near the end of his walk, the scene became altered, for since he had been there it had undergone many and grievous changes. No human being met his sight, the house itself, he saw stood in its old place, but had

lost its ancient hospitable appearance. The yard in front, one side of which was once lined with kennels, whose tenants were wont to run frisking and barking to welcome all who approached, now were quite a different aspect: nothing stirred to denote that he was in the neighbourhood of a human habitation. A large white cat that scampered across the lower end, was the only living thing that greeted his view. Crossing a low stile at the bottom of the yard, he reached the building itself. He lifted the latch, but the door was fast. He then stepped aside, and looking through one of the windows, beheld the room that had so often in former times, echoed back his shouting and his laughter: the oak table too, seemed to stand in its old situation; but one bench alone remained of the many that were once ranged round the walls of the former; and every thing was removed from the latter; the only article which now rested there was a case of rusty pistols, intended no doubt to frighten away all intruders. The hearth was without a fire, and the whole interior looked, in the eyes of the self-invited visitor, like a perfect wilderness. He again returned to the door, against which he began knocking with the end of a huge horse-whip, hallowing at the same time most lustily. After he had continued this exercise for about the space of a quarter of an hour, he beheld the head of an old woman thrust out of a small window above, who enquired in rather a shrill voice who he was, and what it was he wanted, "what do I want," exclaimed her enraged visitor, "what think you old hag, but to get in to be sure? and what the fiend do you mean by keeping an honest man outside all this time? come down I say, and open the door." The old dame, by no means pleased with this salutation, lifted up her voice to its highest pitch, and informed him, "that she would let nobody in, for her master was ill a bed, and she was not going to come down to please the king himself, much less every idle beggar that chose to come hallowing there for what he could get," and with this she withdrew from the parley, and shut the leaden window with such

force, that two of its diamond shaped panes fell from their leaden frames upon the head of Wilkins, who, notwithstanding, that he recommenced his assaults, and continued them for some time with unabated violence, was unable to make the least impression either on the door or the ears of those within. Finding his efforts fruitless, at length he gave over his unavailing attempts, and turning away, he cursed in his heart, both master and maid, and retraced his steps to the place from whence he had started.

The reports of the illness of Caleb Never-loose spread rapidly through the adjoining village, at which Job Mason and his cronies shook their heads in ominous unison together; fore-telling future events, and fore-boding awful things to the man, who, according to their opinion, had brought upon himself the curses of the dying. Two days after this event took place, as the jovial guest of the Blue Lion, was mounting his steed, in order to return to the metropolis, (having failed in the object he had in view, of passing the remainder of his days merrily in the house of his relation) the tolling of the bell

in the neighbouring steeple fell heavily—no, not heavily, but rather the reverse, upon his ear. “Ah, ah!” said he, withdrawing his uplifted foot from the stirrup—“Roger Dalton calls thee Caleb, and thou must go too, and leave every fair acre of pasture and meadow for a seven-foot grave in the churchyard of Halldon.” He was not wrong in his conjecture, for news was soon brought of the death of the miser, who had bade farewell to the world on the preceeding night.

On the following day he was carried to his final resting place, amidst the scorn of many, the pity of a few, but the regret of none. Various were the causes assigned for his death, some advocating one opinion, some another; while Job Mason took care to support his own with all the eloquence he was master of, commenting with all due mystery on the circumstances of the two horsemen which he had seen from the window of the Blue Lion.

On the death of Never-loose, Harry Wilkins became possessed of the Dalton estate, and restored it once more to its ancient splendour.

### ALL.

(Continued from page 30.)

Oh! who can tell the deafening din,  
That shakes the massy battlement,  
When leaguering foes come pouring in  
From chasms in every quarter rent?—  
When stifling smoke and flame arise,  
What awful peals ascend the skies!  
While mix'd with women's shiller tones,  
The wounded vent their dismal moans,  
Till agony's convulsive groans  
Are silenced only by the crash,  
Of toppling towers that downward dash  
Their headlong weight of thundering stones  
Upon a thousand writhing bones,  
And which around a crimson splash,  
Where'er the crumbling ruins gape,  
Like that express'd from the juicy grape.  
But where was she, that helpless maid,  
By hands unknown, unseen, convey'd?  
She passed the battling ranks along,  
Nor heard the din, nor view'd the throng;  
And, when her terror passed away,  
Within the hostile camp she lay,  
Stretch'd on a rough and martial bed,  
By blood-stain'd hands in fury spread,  
Of banners captured from the flying,  
And garments torn from dead and dying.  
Oh! what her feelings were, when lifting  
From that rude couch her deathly cheek

Pale as the snow o'er the mountain drifting,  
She saw the pillow she had prest

With red and glowing moisture reek,  
The blood—perhaps of Selim's breast!

Yet had she not the power to fly  
From the fell sight that met her eye.  
But lay with such chill horror there  
As the lost wretch is doom'd to bear  
Who, faint and bleeding on the plain  
Whence, whence he ne'er shall rise again,

Beholds around his festering form  
The carcase-loving vultures swarm,  
And every moment perch more near,  
Losing *their own*, doubling *his* fear;  
And when the feeblest cry—a wave,  
The lightest of his hand—would save  
From the fell prey-bird's famish'd beak,  
Nor arm can stir, nor tongue can speak.

She felt upon that gory couch  
Her soul beneath its horrors crouch,  
As sinks the heart of him who lies,  
Escaped from shipwreck, on the strand,—  
Alas! without the strength to rise!—  
And sees the encroaching wave dash o'er  
A wider portion of the shore,

And sweep from off the shelving sand  
The nearest pebbles to the brim,  
Knowing 'twill next return for him.  
Her wilder'd glance in vain was wandering  
Amongst the crowd that round her drew;  
On every warlike visage pondering,

It could not fix on one she knew.  
"Oh, Alla!" then she inly said,  
"Has the bolt fall'n on Selim's head?—  
"It has, it has, for well I know  
"His sire was chieftain of the foe;  
"And he must sure have sunk in fright.  
"Or never would this sickening sight  
"His loved one here disgust and fright;—  
"Oh! long ere this his step had shed  
"To bear me from this place of dread,  
"Which, dreary as it is, were heaven  
"If his loved presence here were given."

But no; not yet was Selim's fate  
So dreadful as her terrors painted,—  
Nor yet his soul had past the gate  
That opes to the Moslem by sin untainted,  
But half on heaven's bright way had flown  
To claim its high and star-gem'd throne,  
When as it cast one fond glance back  
On her it left so sad and lone,

It strait resumed its earthward track.  
Yes—nought but she could render life  
Endurable, nay, wish'd for too,

When crawling from the scene of strife,  
Bathed in the blood of those he slew,  
Mix'd with his own breast's crimson dew,  
He long lay lingering on the plain,  
Grasp'd in the demon-clutch of pain.  
His was a maddening agony  
That bids all thought, all reason, fly;  
And the strong consciousness of one  
Who breathed for him, and him alone,

Whose life with his was intertwined,  
 Had more of instinct than of mind ;  
 As midst the phantasms of a dream,  
 View'd but by Fancy's wildering gleam,  
 One well-known form is brightly spied,  
 When all are dark and strange beside.  
 Yet Selim dreamt not ;—ne'er could sleep  
 The suffering in oblivion steep.  
 His rest unnumber'd blades had pierced,  
 But miss'd his life, and well, in sooth,  
 Was every thrust with gain amerced  
 By the swift arm of that bold youth.  
 But he was bent on nobler prey,  
 And ever since the light of day  
 First broke on shining lance and mail,  
 Whose whiteness made the moor look pale ;  
 There where the buckering blade slash'd quickest,  
 Where the dark shower of death fell thickest,  
 Onward he prest, with all the zeal  
 A bridegroom's throbbing heart can feel,  
 Rushing to clasp his passion's prize,  
 The cause and soother of his sighs,  
 With such an ecstasy of wrath.  
 He flies to cross dread Osman's path,  
 And, as each mouldering fragment falls,  
 Fears lest the tent and rocking walls  
 Entomb within a grave of stone  
 Their lord, whose head he counts his own.  
 He knew the bower where Zella pined  
 Hung o'er the verge of the dukedom,  
 And, were all else to flame consign'd,  
 Would still unscorch'd, unshaken be  
 Like one small nest on a topmost bough,  
 When ev'ry branch is lopp'd below  
 So nought of fear for her loved sike  
 Could then his thirst for vengeance slake,  
 And on he burst through foemen's rank,  
 And as the grim terraces sink,  
 And roll'd across his bloody track  
 Their crushing fragments, huge and black ;  
 He o'er the vain obstruction sprang,  
 And through the domes his loud voice rang,  
 On Osman's hated name still calling,  
 Nor heard the ruins round him falling,  
 That seem'd to wait but till he past.  
 "Bismillah! he is found at last!"  
 Yes, it was Osman with a brow  
 That never look'd so stern as now ;  
 Though smear'd with many a gory soil,  
 Unwearied with the murderous toil,  
 It lower'd on Selim such a frown  
 As hungry wolves, who nightly prowl  
 For human prey, with startling howl,  
 Fix on the traveller straggling near,  
 And kill him, basilisk-like, with fear  
 'Twas such a dark and envious frown  
 As Eblis wore, when looking down  
 From Eden's wall, he saw the first  
 Fairshape of man, and deem'd his own  
 Then doubly hideous and accurst :  
 For if a face in anger seen  
 Can aught of beauty still retain,

If the far west with evening sheen  
 Beams lovely through the darkening rain,  
 Young Selim's form was *then* as bright  
 As e'er was given to mortal sight.  
 He knew not that, nor paused to eye  
 The visage of his enemy,  
 But with a whirl which, like the blast  
 That on the desert's leafless way  
 Holds over all its withering away,—  
 No force could turn aside, or stay  
 One mortal stroke, the first, the last,  
 He clove stern Osman's turban head,  
 Who, ere he lay among the dead,  
 From his broad belt a pistol drew,  
 And dying half avenged his fall,  
 For Selim's breast received the ball,  
 And down he sank in darkness too,  
 And weltering on the cold earth lay  
 Till the first swoon had pass'd away;  
 Then faintly dragg'd his wounded form  
 O'er mangled heaps yet moist and warm,  
 And though 'neath many tottering arch  
 The next tophaike's resounding breath  
 May topple down on all beneath,  
 He needs must bend his bleeding march,  
 Oft would he pause awhile to trace  
 The features of some well-known face  
 That late was flush'd with health's red hue,  
 But now o'erspread with livid blue,  
 Until that open spot he gain'd  
 Where now his stiffening frame remain'd.  
 In torment few have e'er sustain'd.  
 But when the battle's din was o'er,—  
 The craven shriek, the cannon's roar,  
 And crash of columns, heard no more.—  
 When all was still, save the faint cry  
 Of some crush'd wretch, who, ere he die,  
 Wishing one look upon the sky,  
 With strength which is not of the world,  
 A burning mass aside has hurl'd,  
 And breathes the freshening air again,—  
 Alas! 'tis but to breathe in pain!—  
 A band of stragglers roving round  
 The field, the bleeding Selim found,  
 And when they knew him for their chief,  
 They bore him to the Pasha's tent,  
 Who soon, to give his son relief,  
 A leach of skill unrivall'd sent,  
 And piteous 'twas to see him vent  
 O'er his fond boy a father's grief.  
 But ere had set the blushing sun,  
 That this foul scene had look'd upon,  
 One litter slowly took the road  
 Towards many a gilded minaret  
 Whereon his last effulgence glow'd,  
 As on the green-sea wave he set;  
 And ere the night breeze had blown o'er  
 Full many a prostrate arch and tower  
 That erst his liberal course had stay'd,  
 Ere Osman fell by Selim's blade,  
 That youth had reach'd his father's home,  
 The conquering Ali's princely dome.

(To be continued.)

## THE DEPARTURE.

“*Rara avis in terris.*”

“This is a serious undertaking which I have embarked in, a heavy task to perform, a long journey which I have before me,” said Mr. Mandeville to his trusty steward. “It is indeed,” replied the faithful servant with a sigh, “and I wish that I was welcoming you home sir, instead of seeing you off. Alas! one never knows what may happen in a foreign country, a man cannot feel bold and independent any where out of Great Britain: you know, sir, the unsettled state of the continent, the revolutions which have happened, and may happen again, the absolute power of foreign kings, the uncertainty of their laws, the hatred borne towards strangers in some places, the murders and robberies in others, the envy of certain countries which possess not the advantages of Old England, the—” here Mr. Mandeville stopped him. “In pity honest Jones, proceed no farther. I am already enough out of spirits, so do not damp them further I beseech you. It is not all those apprehensions which cast a gloom over me. The continent is neither strange nor unpleasant to me. I passed three years in France, Flanders, and Germany, in my youth, and it is not without the anticipation of much enjoyment, and the gratification of innocent curiosity, that I am destined to view Italy and romantic Switzerland. What afflicts me, is the loss of friends and relations, whom I love most truly, the localities of home, old fashioned ideas, which render the land of my inheritance dear to me, my good neighbours, the honest fears of my tenants, the poor whom I consider as my people, nay even, (although it is a weakness) the animal and vegetable world which environs Mandeville Hall, my faithful dogs, my cattle for pleasure and agriculture, my improvements, the trees which I have planted, the garden which has grown under my eye, and which was laid out the day I came of age, my poor father’s picture in the hall, which so often

*B. M. Feb. 1824.*

brings back to my remembrance his many virtues, in a word, a thousand things which have charms for none but myself.” “Pardon me, sir,” interrupted the steward, “your father’s memory will long be dear to all the neighbourhood, and to his tenants children’s children; there could not be a more honourable gentleman, a juster magistrate, a better master, nor a more hospitable landlord.” “Would that I were as good as he,” resumed Mr. Mandeville, “but Jones the packet will soon sail, and I have much to say to you. I take this journey, as you well know, not from doubt, or disaffection, not from fashion, or necessity, but for the benefit of Lady Mary’s health, and for the finishing of my children’s education, in order to give them a refined taste, increased learning, and to raise them to an equality with other young people destined to move in the same sphere with themselves. This is a sort of tax which must be paid to polished society, a sacrifice which I freely offer, hoping that your poor mistress will return re-instated in her health, and that my children may reap the benefit which is proposed for them. I shall not let my town house, I am not in want of money, and, I, therefore, desire that you will offer it to my youngest brother during my absence. It will save him two or three hundred pounds during the session of parliament. I shall only take my riding horses over with me, my carriage horses are old, and travelling will not improve them, therefore turn them out in the park until my return. Pray take particular care to keep the garden and grounds in good order, and every thing just as if I were at home, the weeding, picking of stones, hedging and pruning, will give bread to a number of poor people; you have already a list of my pensioners, and, I say, do not forget to go on with and to finish the cottage which I have built for the widow of my father’s huntsman, who lost his life by a fall from his

*B.*

horse; I mean to give the game of my preserve a jubilee whilst I am abroad; but do not be too strict about a few hares nor birds on the rest of the manor, I will have no severity exercised except against actual depredators. I shall discharge none of my servants, nor will I have any of them put on board wages. We feed and grow enough for them all, nor have we any lack of timber to warm them on a winter's night: you will tap the October on my birth day, make merry and drink my health, I shall not forget you, I assure you, there are no fids which will look so green in my eyes as those of my forefather's, nor will any tree afford me so delightful a shade as that which I have enjoyed under my own at home, from childhood to manhood, and from manhood (here he looked gravely, and his voice sunk) to — the decline of life." "Oh! dear sir," said the steward, his lips faltering as he pronounced these words, "what is forty-five? and to one in such fine health, so regular in his habits, and so unimpaired in his constitution?" "Should I not live to return," added the just Mandeville, "you will find your name in my will, and you may take my full length picture out of the breakfast room and hang it up in your parlour. I am almost ashamed to have three portraits of myself at Mandeville Hall, a full length in my College gown, painted to please my poor mother, and placed in her bed room, a three quarter's length by an Italian artist in the drawing room, and the one intended for you in a hunting dress."

The steward would have thanked him respectfully and affectionately, but true gratitude is no orator. The warm flush of the cheek, and the filling eye-lid, are generally the only interpreters of the language of the heart. Honest Jones's utterance was nearly choked; he breathed thick, and a blessing died upon his lips ere he could waft it up to heaven. The waiter entered at the moment, it was best for both of them. "All is ready sir," said he, shewing a lengthy bill at the same time, "her

ladyship is waiting, the young people are in high spirits, the sails are set, the wind blows right out of the harbour, and you will have plenty of passengers on board." The bill was discharged and the passengers now passed in review, whilst Mandeville was shaking hands with his trusty steward, and giving further directions to be observed in his absence. Here was Lord Oldminster, who was sentenced by Dame Polly to seven years transportation for gaming, during which period, all his estates were to be at nurse, his stud was sold, his houses let, his timber cut down, until his domain became a mere waste; and all his servants turned adrift. Next, Sir Venerly Vamp, off for an undecided term, until he can get over the damages awarded in a case of *Crim. Con.* Colonel Clatterwheel, put out, extinguished for life, ruined by all manner of extravagance, and never more to shine in fashion's circle. Moses Bailem, a rich money lender, gone for a year or two in order not to appear on a certain trial. Michael Adolphus O'Brag, esq. to try his fortune abroad, or to stay out the period necessary to plead the statute of limitation.\* Sandy McClishclash, to look about him until he can see how his bankruptcy turns out. Miss Moody for a husband. Lady Florentine for a winter and a wardrobe. Peter Playfair for a hoax. Sir Henry Hyems, a battered beaux running away with his neighbours wife, and the fashionable Ralph Random, of whom more will be seen immediately. Few, few indeed, leave home like Mr. Mandeville; but now for young Random.

"How is the wind?" said a figure having all the appearance of disguise, to the waiter. "Quite fair," replied he, with an obsequious smile and a complaisant bow; "quite fair sir, and plenty on it, you'll be cantered over in less than three hours, no doubt some of the ladies will be sick, and it would be more advisable for them to wait for the next packet." "I wish they would," said the man wrapped up in a horse cloak, a beniamin, a thick silk kerchief, covering

\* It is a mistaken notion that persons absent from England cannot plead the statute: they have only to come over for a time and to keep snug.

half his face, and a large hat slouched like the *sombrero* of a Spaniard, equipped for a serenade, an expedition of discovery, or a stiletto attack. Then turning to a friend in a similar cloak and dress he said, "the wind can't be too high Jack, for it was d—ly low in the west, and there was no means of raising it:" here a short pause ensued, whilst the two *socii*, one of which seemed the *fac-simile* of the other, whispered together. "I don't like that *cove* in mourning Harry," said Jack to his brother Muphty, "he makes me shudder like a lawyer, it would be a pretty joke, if the rascally coach-maker, the jeweller, or Mordecai from the city had sent the d—d fellow after us; but if worst comes to worst, I will step in between you: he cannot know one from the other, and when he fastens upon me, I'll *floor him*, and you can break away, whilst the by-standers are gazing at our *set to*. If once I get his head in *chancery* he won't be able to see a hole in a ladder or to distinguish a man from a beast;" here they both laughed, but, stifled the mirth flowing from this gentlemanlike conceit and happy thought, in the voluminous folds of capes, handkerchiefs and collars. Jack evinced symptoms of impatience, at length all was bustle amongst the passengers, and we were far on our way to the packet; in about a minute after, a chair, commonly used to take persons down to the salt-sea baths, passed by, when the *socii*, who were *marching off in quick time* to the vessel, were convulsed with laughter: they, however, hid their faces in their cloaks, and lost no time in jumping on board; the *lading* of the sedan, equally muffled up, was lowered upon deck, when out limped, not a lame duck, but a lame dandy; not a bear, but a buck of the first head, his knee being enveloped in three yards of flannel.

Our sheets were filled, the pier was cleared, it was blowing great guns, as the sailors term it, and numerous spectators were on the shore observing us cut through the waves with incredible velocity. I amused myself, (for I am an old sailor) with contemplating the countenances of the crowd, whose persons and features were diminishing every second to our view. "Thus it is,"

said I, "that we lose sight of each other in the rough voyage through life, remembrance sinks into nothing relatively to absent friends, other objects fill their former place in the mind, the nearest are the most looked up to, and in a brief period of time, the absent are forgotten; but such is life throughout, for as the corporal said, 'are we not here to day and gone to morrow?'" Whilst I could discern the lines of the features on land, I clearly descried the faithful servant standing like a statue representing grief, and keeping his eye on his beloved master until the packet boat must have appeared to him like a speck in the water. Mr. Mandeville hailed him with his hat repeatedly, and seemed to sympathize with the feelings of an humble friend, for such is an attached and trusty servant. There was waving of handkerchiefs from friends left behind, curiosity standing on tip-toe to see us ride out the gale, self-approval from landlords and waiters, for having made a gallant and successful charge upon us, gloominess and disappointment in other faces; whether from rival plunderers, or Dover sharks, who had not been able to have a little picking at us, or from creditors arrived too late and finding their birds flown I know not, but such they had the appearance of, and my fancy was afterwards confirmed.

Our little wooden walls now represented another scene, some of our passengers stowed themselves below as soon as possible, among them, the Mandeville family, either from sickness, or the awakened weakness (at least so called by the unfeeling majority of society) brought into action on leaving home; others retired to escape observation, either from fear, or from the mysterious circumstances of their departure; the triumvirate, now unmasked, extricated their *phisogs* (as the fancy call them) from the incumbrances around them, looked up, put back the copious folds of their drapery, and each smiled on the other, the member (of this chaise society) who had been *chaired*, turned out to be Ralph Random, he was supposed to have almost broken his leg, and to be in such an agony that he could not walk, and he had a domestic who



played "*the lying valet*," from life and habit, and who amused the enquiring few with a marvellous account of his master's fall into a stone quarry, sixty-feet deep, and the loss of a valuable horse on that horrific occasion. The *faithful* relation served as a hint to his master to limp most deplorably, and to call for a seat on deck whereon to repose his leg. The fact was, that he and Harry had *taken leg* from town, and had an almost *neck and neck* race with the hounds of the law, who *run after* fashion's votaries, and who reverse the order of things by the Doe and the Roe pursuing the jolly dogs or puppies who *break cover* on a cloudy morning. When we were about half-way over, Harry broke out into heroics, and exclaimed,

"O'er the wide waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts are boundless and our persons\* free."

This caused another laugh, Mr. Mandeville looking contemptuously upon the three youths.

From some broken conversation,

unintentionally picked up, it appeared that Jack was only taking a trip to see his friends safe on the other side of the water, and that he was charged with making terms with the creditors of one of them, and of misleading those of the other, by putting his departure for Rome in the papers, and giving it out that he was to be absent for five years. This said Harry Hotspur will, no doubt, *make the play* as long as he can, and then *make off* to the other side and join his worthy associates.

The reader will have little difficulty in imagining how the rest of the passengers felt on this occasion, as he has already been introduced to them *personally*. Their characters therefore require no comment. It may seem late to state, that the writer hereof was bound to Paris on business, as he considers himself an object of no importance, and has given this living scene, merely in the quality of what he is, namely, an observer of mankind, and through the journey of of life.

VIATOR

## ARISE MY LOVE

"Solomon's Song." Chap. II.

Arise! my Love, the new born gale  
Breathes softly o'er each fragrant vale;  
The rains are past:—from sapphire skies  
Darts the warm beam; lo! winter flies.  
The soul of music wakes, and now,  
'Mid the wild notes of sky and bough,  
The turtle's voice, in accents bland,  
Floats through Judea's pleasant land.  
How balmy is Judea's breeze!  
How lovely are her flowers and trees!  
The fig drinks lustre from the sun,  
The vines from "bud to beauty" run,  
Arise! my Love, the leaf-wreathed hills,  
And flowers that fringe the sparkling rills,  
And songs that roll, and gales that play,  
At morn, await thee—come away.  
O! let me hear thy voice divine,  
And view the living lustre shine,  
From eyes to me more dear—more bright  
Than all spring's heaven of life and light.  
O! what were spring without thee, love,  
Or minstrelsy below—above—  
Bud, leaf, bloom, flower, or genial ray?  
Arise, my fair one, come away.

\* This change of the word *mind* into *persons* was correct, they were not men of mind.

## THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

## THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

IN commencing our labours on the Periodical Press, it is proper to observe, that some articles appeared on this subject in the European Magazine, entitled, "The Reviewers Reviewed," before the late change in the editorship; but the evils we complain of, and the view which we intend to take of the subject, will be found to differ essentially from those contemplated by the writer of the former articles.

England never produced so many original writers, or so many original works, as she does at the present moment, but it is not merely in their increased number that English literature differs essentially from any former period of its history; for a difference in number, properly speaking, is only a difference in quantity, not in quality. The real difference arises from the increased number of critics or reviewers, and the influence which they exercise over the literature of the age. By a species of unaccountable delusion, which cannot entirely result from an admission or consciousness of our own ignorance, we trust implicitly to the guidance of reviewers, and look upon original writers as a class of people with no one of whom it is safe to be acquainted, until he is recommended to us by the reviewers. The latter are our literary monitors, our omniscient mentors, under whose guardian care we think it impossible to err. It never occurs to us, that the critic is as liable to impose upon us as the original writer, and we scout the opinion of Pope, when he tells us, that

"Ten censure wrong, for one who  
writes amiss."

But if we be really wiser than Pope, what need have we of reviewers at all? Or why is it we dare not venture any opinion on the merits of a work, until we are first made acquainted with the sentiments of the reviewer regarding it? Pope judged always for himself; or, if he attend-

ed to the opinion of others, he was ultimately determined by his own judgment. We do not pretend to be so wise: we tremble to offer an opinion on a new work, and yet we assume more wisdom than Pope by maintaining that the only person we can safely entrust ourselves to is the reviewer. If Pope be right, we are involved in tenfold ignorance; and if he be wrong, we are ten times wiser than he was, as he maintained that there were ten critics wrong for one original writer; while we maintain, if not the direct contrary, at least, that reviewers are more generally right than authors. That the majority of readers are guided by a belief in this opinion, though no reader, perhaps, is willing to avow it, is a fact which requires not to be proved by argument, while it is known, that the best production that can possibly proceed from the press, has no chance of being read till it is first reviewed. Is not this trusting more to the reviewer than to the original writer? Is not this tacitly and virtually maintaining, that instead of ten, there is not one "critic censures wrong, for one who writes amiss." Whether, therefore, we be right or wrong in differing from Pope, we are equally inconsistent, for if he be wrong, our superior knowledge and discriminating powers render us better qualified to judge for ourselves, without the aid of criticism, than he was; and, our neglecting to do so, and suffering ourselves to be entirely led by the reviewers, proves our inconsistency; but if we acknowledge him right, we are equally inconsistent in still maintaining, contrary to our own acknowledgment, that it is safer to trust to the critics, than either to the writers on whom they comment or to ourselves. In no country are readers so completely gulled by the cant of criticism as in England. John Bull hates, upon any occasion, to judge for himself, and therefore he throws himself entirely at the mercy of ignorant and self-interested reviewers,

—whose profits are always in proportion to the dispatch with which they get up a review, and whose views and judgment of a work are always erroneous and superficial in proportion to their despatch. It is the interest of the critic to write a bad review, simply because it is his interest to write it hastily. How then can he be more safely relied upon, than the writer on whom he comments. Besides, as his name is seldom known to the public, he has no character to lose; whereas the author publishes his name to the world, and consequently knows, that not only his fame, but his interest depends entirely on the opinion which shall be entertained of his work. He is, therefore, unlike the critic, actually impelled, by self-interest, to confer upon his productions the highest possible degree of excellence. Whichever, therefore, we trust implicitly to the reviewers, and avoid the trouble of thinking for ourselves, we cannot complain of being mistaken, and of treating authors unfairly, by judging of their works through the speculum of self-constituted critics.

The philosophy of criticism is totally unknown at present. Authority is put for argument, and assertion for reason. It must be so, because the reviewer tells you it is so. Properly speaking, however, we differ from the last century, not in the multiplicity of our reviews, but in the multiplicity of works styling themselves reviews. This truth will appear obvious enough, if we only reflect for a moment on their nature and character. A modern review is either an essay on the subject treated of in the work which it pretends to review, or a history of the matter contained in the work, or, finally, a string of quotations selected from it, without order, method, or connection. The first class of these reviews, of which we shall speak more hereafter, though, virtually speaking, no review at all, is, however, more worthy the attention of the reader than either of the two last; the second is a mere index to the work, and the last we are really unable to designate by any appropriate name. The reader who has paid no atten-

tion to the subject, and who never placed himself in the situation of the reviewer, never examined the process by which he got up what he calls a review, can hardly believe that there are any such reviews as we now mention, but nothing is easier than to prove the fact, and when proved, we think it cannot be denied, that such reviews are a public imposition. What avails it to be told, that a certain book contains such and such matter? Few books are without an index, and we there perceive at a glance the contents of the work, without incurring the expense of a review. Besides, what can be more intolerable, than that a mere compiler, who picks up a few facts here and there, which he can quickly do by the help of an index, should arrogate to himself "a critic's noble name," for stringing them together. With regard to his telling us, by way of *finale*, that the work is "extremely interesting and well written," or that it "cannot add very much to our stock of information," or any other general observation of the kind, we reply, that if this be what entitles the reviewer to the "critic's noble name," we cannot perceive a shadow of nobility in it, nor even the shadow of a shade. Every man is a critic, the lettered and the unlettered, if a mere general approbation or disapprobation of a thing be sufficient to constitute him one, for who does not praise or censure every day of his life. To us it appears, that other qualifications are necessary, and we should think so were we even ignorant of them. The writers of articles in all our reviews are known only to their particular friends: the public know nothing about them; and yet the public are called upon to believe, that such and such a work is a good or bad one, because an individual, of whom they know nothing, tells them so, without assigning the reasons from which his judgement is deduced, or the principles on which it is founded. We do not say that this is always the case: the reviewers seem to have no fixed plan. Sometimes they give a kind of outline of what the work contains and dismiss it;—at other times they fill up this outline with extracts from the work, and leave the reader to form his

own opinion. At other times they comment upon the work, if giving it a good or bad character may be called a comment; and sometimes they venture to rest their comments upon philosophic principles; but so unaccustomed are they to reason upon any thing, and so fond are they of dogmatizing, of making their own *ipse dixit* the *jus, et norma loquendi*, that whenever they venture to reason upon their author, and justify their comments, by calling to their aid the immutable principles of truth and reason, they draw conclusions from these principles in one number, which give the lie direct to the conclusions which they deduce from them in the next. Of this we shall give so many instances in our future articles on this subject, that we doubt not of convincing even those who are most unwilling to be convinced. We do not, indeed, expect that in reforming their understandings, and placing truth so clearly before their eyes that they cannot help seeing it, whether they will or will not, that we shall succeed also in reforming their natures: we do not hope that they will have virtue enough to acknowledge themselves in error; but this we do know, that if they do not acknowledge their errors, they will, at least, act wisely in not attempting to support them. In the different periodical works which we shall have occasion to notice, we have little doubt of proving, that each of them is guilty of one or other of the general charges which we have brought against them.

We do not, however, mean to say, that reviews are necessarily hurtful to the interests of literature: we merely deprecate the prejudice entertained against works either spoken unfavorably of by the critics, or not spoken of at all, because we know some works of the greatest merit which have never, so far as we could discover, been spoken of in any review whatever, as we shall hereafter shew; and also because we know that the reviewer may deceive us if he will, let us be ever so capable of examining and judging for ourselves, whereas the author can never impose, except on the ignorant. To what purpose would he persuade us, that his style is ele-

gant and perspicuous, his images delightful, his associations romantic, his imagery luxuriant, his descriptions accurate, his manner perspicuous, his colouring rich and natural, his conceptions sublime, his arguments founded on just premises, his deductions conclusive, his views of nature and her operations clear, of mind, and its affections distinct, and his general manner in perfect harmony with the truth and modesty of nature. Let him claim these and all the varied merits of which genius is capable, and yet no reader is weak enough to allow the claim, unless he perceive clearly that he possesses them; and if he be incapable of determining, he suspects the justice of his claims altogether, as he knows that merit and egotism are seldom combined. The author then can deceive no man, but the critic can, if he will, deceive every man who does not read or judge for himself. There can be no beauty without harmony or adaptation of parts, but we can never know whether any two parts harmonize or not, without knowing their mutual relation to all the other parts. Without this knowledge two parts may appear to harmonize that are totally at variance, and to be at variance when they perfectly agree. The reviewer, consequently, who exhibits to our view only part of a work, may give these parts an appearance of harmony when they are at variance, and an appearance of being at variance when they are in concord; nor can we possibly detect the imposition till we see the other parts, or, in other words, till we read the work and judge for ourselves. Besides, though we give little credit to what an author says of himself, we are apt to believe every thing the reviewer says of him, as we perceive no object he can have in deceiving us, whereas the author has many. The latter then can never deceive us, but the former can always if he will. Reviews, consequently, can be of use only to those who read and judge for themselves, for without doing so they can neither perceive the entire of the parts, nor the harmony, or want of harmony, that exists between them.

Besides, to how many errors is the original writer subject, which

the reviewer may detect, though he is himself as incapable of correcting them as if he never perceived them. Yet he exults over the poor author, and exposes him for being ignorant of that of which he is ignorant himself. It requires less intellectual acumen to detect a thousand errors, than to discover one truth of which mankind have been always ignorant. Error does not always result from false perceptions, for perceptions may be very clear, and the conclusions deduced from them very erroneous. We frequently imagine we perceive the whole of a thing when we see only part; hence, though we should see this part clearly and distinctly, our reasonings regarding it, and the views which we take of it, must evidently be erroneous if we mistake it for the whole. From this species of error, readers are frequently liable to be imposed upon by reviewers, for the reasoning of the critic may be correct and logical, as it regards that part of a work which he is immediately treating, considering it unconnected with any other part, or with all the other parts, and he, who reads only the critique, naturally gives the critic the merit of a just and rational investigation. Reviews, consequently, are useful only to those who read the works commented upon before they read the comments, because they serve to confirm or correct the judgements which they passed upon them already, if ably and impartially written, and if not, they serve to convince them of the danger of trusting to others, in matters of which we are not ourselves in a situation to take cognizance. If readers always observed this caution, reviews would greatly tend to promote the interests of literature, because reviewers would then find themselves addressing readers who were as well prepared to offer an opinion as themselves. This would tend materially, to render them cautious, honest, and impartial, for honesty then would be their best policy. It would also tend to remove the tribe of petty critics, who are merely hacknied in the trade of puffing, or damning every work that comes into their hands. Unable to appreciate all their merits, and to perceive all their defects, they cannot weigh

them in the balance, and see which prevail. Neither can they imagine with Madame de Staël, that one beauty redeems a thousand faults. What would become of Shakspeare if his works were hitherto unknown to the world, and only just discovered, were they submitted to the commentaries of such critics. His beauties are of too fine and ethereal a mould to be analyzed and explained by them, even if they perceived them, while his faults are not only so palpable and easily detected, but also so easily exposed, that the most stupid critic could satisfy every reader who had not perused his works, that Shakspeare was the veriest dolt that ever presumed to appear in print. Woe then be to him who trusts to a reviewer without an opportunity of judging for himself, or, in other words, without reading the works on which the reviewer comments. It is entirely owing to the habit of trusting implicitly to the critics, that reviews are at present so wretchedly conducted. They have a certain cant and speciousness about them which supplies the place of actual knowledge. One of the most characteristic traits of our reviews is, that they address themselves to national prejudices. They wish to convince their readers that they are Englishmen, and have English feelings, and under this guise they put forth the most arrant and palpable absurdities that ever degraded the literary or philosophic page. That this pseudo-patriotic cant is one of the most characteristic traits of our reviews, we shall satisfactorily prove in our future numbers; but, at present, we shall confine ourselves to the utility of reviews in general. The *Edinburgh Review* is decidedly an advocate for them, and the *Westminster* which has just made its appearance is equally hostile to them. The former is evidently the more rational and consistent, for if reviews be necessarily hurtful to the interests of literature, it is obvious that the respectable conductors of the *Westminster* are not only labouring to undermine the interests of literature, but actually profess to do so. For our parts we believe neither of them, and prefer to adopt, here, as we do in most cases, the

salutary maxim, *in medio tutissimus ibis*. We believe that all the good or evil arising from reviews, depends upon circumstances, that under certain circumstances they are hurtful, under others, beneficial to national literature and that those who maintain without any qualification whatever that they are good or that they are bad, equally mistake the truth. "We often hear it asked," says the Edinburgh Review, '*whether periodical criticism is, upon the whole, beneficial to the cause of literature?*' And this question is usually followed up by another, which is thought to settle the first, '*whether Shakspeare could have written as he did, had he lived in the present day.*' "We shall not attempt to answer either of these questions," continues the reviewer "but we will be bold to say, that we have at least one author at present, whose productions spring up free and numberless in the very hot bed of criticism, a large and living refutation of the chilling and blighting effects of such a neighbourhood." These are very fine phrases they are in the true style of the cant of criticism. They have a certain speciousness about them, a certain sleekness and smoothness of face, that lead the unguarded reader to believe they contain the very essence of wisdom. If, however, he stop to examine them for a moment, he will find they are mere trick, and cant, and amount to nothing. The reviewer wishes to prove that periodical criticism is useful to literature, but finding himself unable to prove it, or to meet the question fairly, he slips into a corner and tells us,—what? why that we have a great living writer in the very hot-bed of criticism! From this, he wishes to insinuate, without daring to make the assertion, that periodical criticism is beneficial to the cause of literature, and that Shakspeare could have written as he did, had he lived at the present day. But if so, why has the reviewer declined replying to these questions directly, the moment he proposed them? Why tell us he would *not attempt* to answer them? The reason indeed is easily come at. he found they were questions of a very slippery nature to grapple with, but he hoped his read-

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ers would be charitable enough to believe him capable of grappling with them if he would, and therefore he chooses to tell them a something off hand, which he hopes they will consider just equivalent to answering the questions themselves directly. But does the reviewer really imagine the world stupid enough to believe that because we have at present a great writer, periodical criticism must be beneficial to literature? Does he imagine that genius is the offspring of the periodical press, or that Walter Scott derived all his knowledge from reviews? We shall beg leave, however, to set the critic right by analyzing the question a little, and examining what it amounts to. Walter Scott is said to be a great writer, but was not Homer a great writer many ages before reviews were ever heard of? Nothing therefore can be deduced from this argument, but that reviews if they do not assist, do not at least extinguish the career of genius. This we readily admit, but is there no difference between extinguishing and contracting its dominion? How does the reviewer know that Walter Scott would not be a still greater writer were there no reviews? But why should we ask, how does he know, for a gentleman who can trip over difficulties so easily as he can, knows every thing. He tells us then, forsooth, that Walter Scott has no fear of the periodical press, whence he concludes that it cannot affect his writings; but we say that he has a fear of the periodical *press*, and we think ourselves entitled to as much credit as he when we say so, because our assertion is in accordance with nature, his directly opposed to it. All men love praise, and, therefore, all men fear those who have an opportunity of proving that we are not entitled to that portion of it which the public has conferred upon us. It is then more natural that Walter Scott should fear, than that he should not fear criticism. And therefore, when the reviewer asserts what is directly opposed to nature, he should support his assertion by the most unquestionable authority, for who would believe a man who asserts what has all the appearance of falsehood, unless he give the most unde-

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niable testimonies of its truth. We have many other reasons for refusing to give any credit to this assertion, and if the reviewer could even prove its truth, we would still refuse to give him any credit for making the assertion, because it was an insult to the understanding of his readers to tell them what had every appearance of being untrue from its being unnatural, and expect them to believe in it simply on his authority. This is assuming more credit than any reader has a right to give to any writer, much less to the obscure writer of an article in a review, whose name is only known by rumour, and generally not at all. Among the other reasons we have for refusing to credit the reviewer's assertion, may be mentioned the circumstance that if Walter Scott had really and virtually no fear of periodical criticism, it would still be impossible for the reviewer to know it, unless he be Walter Scott himself. We should indeed think him a very credulous or a very ignorant Scotchman to believe Walter Scott if he told him so, for if he were not both, he would have recollected, that it was natural for Walter Scott to affect a perfect disregard for the reviewers, but very unnatural that he should *feel* it. One of the strongest principles of our nature is to avoid the imputation of cowardice, and this principle makes hairs of thousands, for in proportion as we fear, do we pretend to despise. It is natural then, that Walter Scott should fear the reviewers, but very unnatural that he should acknowledge his fears, and therefore, to believe in him when he affects not to fear, is an argument not of our credulity or ignorance, but actually of both. We say then, the reviewer who tells us that the author of Waverley does not fear the critics, tells us something of which he knows nothing. The question will stand upon the same ground, should the author of Waverley himself be the writer of this article, for if the reviewer had no right to believe in him, neither have

To concede to the reviewer, however, all the latitude that can be conceded to a bad reasoner, when we wish, not to confute him, but, in charity to him, to discover whether he has even the glimmering of a

true conception of his subject, we shall grant that the author of Waverley has no fear of periodical criticism. When we say we grant it, we are, in real truth, very far from granting any thing of the kind, well knowing that, whatever he may say to the contrary, he would rather be spoken well than ill of by the reviewers, and he cannot indulge this feeling for a moment without fearing them. We, therefore, merely mean to say, that if even Walter Scott had no fear of the reviewers, this circumstance proves nothing, so far as regards the advantages or disadvantages of periodical criticism. Here let us make a pause in our argument, and observe, that wherever we shew the superficialness of the arguments advanced by reviewers, we do not *always* mean to prove that what they wish to substantiate, or attempt to prove is wrong, but that the frivolity, the inconsequence, the unacquaintance with human nature, and the operations of the human mind, that characterize their arguments, shew the absurdity of believing in it on their authority, or, in other words, shew the "cant of criticism," and the danger of being guided in our opinion by the judgment of the periodical press; for if it be once certain that they are only right by chance, that even when they are right, they are unable to assign any just reason for the truth of the opinions which they advocate, or that their reasoning would lead to conclusions and principles directly opposed to those which they support, it follows that no reliance is to be placed in critics who merely grope their way through the world of science and literature; sometimes, indeed, stumbling upon the truth, but never arriving at it through any just process of reasoning, through any just views of nature, through any accurate and nice discrimination of the relations and differences that exist between things. In a word, we wish to observe, that it is not always our intention, in our essays on periodical criticism, to shew that the reviewer is always wrong in what he attempts to prove, but that the arguments which he makes use of to prove it are in general mere cant, generally specious enough to assume the garb of common sense, but seldom prepared to be investigated by the eye

of reason and philosophy. We make these observations, because our readers may sometimes find us combating opinions which they believe to be right, and which we ourselves believe to be right also. Our object is not to shew the errors and absurdities of what reviewers want to prove, but the errors and absurdities of the arguments by which they attempt to prove them, and consequently, not only the danger of trusting to them, but the necessity of examining and judging for ourselves; for the reviewer who supports what is true by false arguments, is merely right by chance, and, therefore, whenever we believe in him, our belief should be founded in the result or conclusions deduced from our own investigation of the subject.

To resume then the thread of our argument, we have observed that if Walter Scott had no fear of the reviewers, this circumstance proves nothing, so far as regards the advantages or disadvantages of periodical criticism; for the real question to be determined is very different from that which the reviewer opposes to his own arguments, and affects to resolve. This is one of the tricks in which hacknied critics are peculiarly conversant. They affect to start the strongest and most formidable objections to their own arguments and theory, and then triumphantly refute them. But to the real objections to their theory they are totally blind. They will not suffer them to approach them, or if they obtrusively come forward, they have neither ears to hear, nor eyes to see. Of this we have an instance in point. The real question to be determined by the critic is not whether Walter Scott "has no fear of the periodical press," but whether periodical criticism exercises silently and unconsciously any influence over him; whether he would write exactly as he does write, were periodical criticism unknown in this country; and whether, if it exercise any influence over him, this influence tends to give greater or less perfection to his writings. As our business is not to investigate the truth of the principles and theories maintained by reviewers, but the truth and consistency of the arguments by which they support them, we shall not here stop to enquire

what the character of that influence is which periodical criticism exercises over the mind; but that it does exercise an influence we could easily prove, were we not certain that every reader is prepared to admit it. Now unless the reviewer can shew that this influence is either beneficial to literature, or at least, not opposed to it, it matters little to shew that Walter Scott has no fear of the periodical press; for while his manner of thinking is in the least modified by the influence of periodical criticism, an influence of which it is impossible for any reader to divest himself, his writings will, even in spite of himself, receive a certain tinge and character from this impression. To shew, then, that periodical criticism has no tendency to repress the career of genius, or modify its views and conceptions of things, the reviewer should have shewn, not that Walter Scott had no fear of periodical criticism, but that periodical criticism exercises no influence over his mind, and gives no tinge to the style, manner, and character of his writings.

Granting, however, that the reviewer had done all this, yet he would be far from proving what he labours to prove—far from convincing any man of thought and reflection, that periodical criticism is favorable, or even that it is not hurtful to the march of intellect and the progress of science; for any conclusion deduced from the character of an individual, in whatever regards the mind and its operations, can have no necessary, no unavoidable application to the rest of mankind. So far as regards the physical part of our nature, we are all more or less allied. We are all, in this respect, nearly birds of a feather;—but so far as regards the operations of the mind, men are as different from each other as light is from darkness. What analogy is there between the mind of the dunce, which we may call "the moles dim curtain," and the mind of the man of genius, which may be as properly called, "the lynx's beam;" and what analogy is there between the bright, animated, piercing, restless and inspired eye of genius, and the indescribable gaze of the lunatic? What analogy is there between the glutton who turns his own spit to enjoy the



luxury of contemplating his beef roasting and roasted, and "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." If Walter Scott then should happen (and of this we have very great doubts) to possess a mind so insensible to the influence of periodical criticism, that it produced no change whatever in the character of his writings, should he have written exactly the same, were periodical criticism only known by name; it is still absurd to deduce from this solitary, individual instance, that periodical criticism is not hurtful to the interests of general literature. To prove such a position, it is necessary to prove that whatever produces no change in the mind of Walter Scott, can produce no change in the mind of any other; but it is obvious, not only from the reasons which we have just stated, but for many other reasons which we could adduce, that the influence exercised over any individual mind, by any particular agency, may be completely different from the influence which it exercises over the rest of mankind. How different are "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet;" and how differently are they affected by the same identical agency. It matters then little to prove, even if it could be proved, of which we have very great doubts, that Walter Scott is not affected by the periodical press, for unless it can be shewn that his not being affected by it proves it can affect no other writer, all this argument, and all the fine spun phrases of which it is composed amount to nothing, for periodical criticism may be extremely hurtful to other writers, though it has no influence over him.

Were we to say no more on this article in the Edinburgh Review, we think we have said enough to shew the cant of periodical criticism, and if the Edinburgh deal in cant, what are we to expect from the other reviews, the Quarterly excepted, which seems, at present, to hold as high, if not a higher character than the Edinburgh. The reviewer, after telling us that Walter Scott has no fear of periodical criticism, and asserting that his writings suffer nothing from its influence, tells us very gravely, and in a style from which it is very evident he imagines that no person has a right, or, at

least, that no person will venture to question the truth of his opinion, that he does "not see how, in any circumstances, he could have written better than he does." We shall not say it is singular, but we shall say it is actually surprising (if any thing can be surprising), that any person affecting to be a critic, should be stupid enough to venture such an expression. He does not see how Walter Scott could have written better. We can easily give him credit for the assertion, but we will ask him why does he not see? "Why, truly," he will reply, if he speak the honest truth, "because I cannot write better myself." It is certain, that if the reviewer could see how Walter Scott could write better, he would be himself a greater poet than the titled bard; because he could avoid his errors and remedy his defects. But does the reviewer really mean to say, that nothing can be written better than Walter Scott has written, and that his writings are incapable of being improved? If so, he is above Homer and Virgil, and Shakspeare and Milton, and the poets of all ages and of all nations, for no one of them ever produced a perfect work, and whatever is imperfect admits of being improved, which is saying, in other words, that these imperfect passages could have been written better. Has the Edinburgh Review never found fault with Walter Scott? Has he ever published a work in which it did not point out faults and inaccuracies, and in all these instances could he not have written better? In fact the reviewer well knows with Pope, that

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be,"

and if he does, it is mere cant to say that he does not see how Walter Scott could have written better.

The reviewer goes on to disprove the argument, that "a single exception does not disprove the rule," or in other words, that if Walter Scott's writings were even admitted to possess all that excellence which they would possess, or rather, according to the reviewer, which they *could* possess, were periodical criticism totally unknown, yet it would not follow that all

other writers would be equally unaffected with him? To this he replies. "Is there not Lord Byron? Are there not many more, only that we are too near them to scan the loftiness of their pretensions, or to guess at their unknown duration?" What sweet cant is all this! Indeed the reviewer seems to deal in nothing else,—to be out of his proper element, except while he is heaping absurdity upon absurdity.—If the proximity of writers disqualify us to scan their pretensions, what are reviews intended for? and what presumption is it in the reviewer to tell us that Walter Scott could not write better? If he could not, is not the reviewer acquainted with "the loftiness of his pretensions?" does he not know, that if he be not superior to Homer and to all the men that ever wrote, he is at least equal to the greatest of them, for if he could not write better, in what respect can Homer or any other writer be superior to him? Here then we have a writer as near us as any of those others, whom the reviewer says are too near us "to scan the loftiness of their pretensions," and yet a writer whose merits and whose claims, notwithstanding his equal proximity, the reviewer actually does scan, and pretend to scan, for is it not scanning his pretensions, it is not determining the rank which he is hereafter to hold in the rolls of fame, to assert that he could not write better. In making these observations, we take it for granted, that the reviewer, in saying that Walter Scott could not write better, did not intend this assertion as "a satire in disguise," for the expression is capable of two meanings, namely, that no man could write better than Walter Scott, or that Walter Scott had not talent to write better than he did write, that he wrote as well as he could, and consequently that it could not be expected from him to write better. If the reviewer, however, intended the latter meaning, we have only to say, that the whole of his reasoning is too contemptible to be noticed, not only because no reader would understand him in this sense, but because such a meaning would be at perfect variance with the whole drift of his argument and the principle which he laboured to substantiate.

But what reply would the reviewer

make to us, were we to ask him why living writers are too near "to scan the loftiness of their pretensions?" What prevents us, we would ask, from judging of the merits of living writers as well as of the dead? We really can see no reply he could make to this question but one that would prove, or, at least from which it might be deduced, that the Edinburgh Review itself is a public imposition; for there are no works reviewed in it but the works of living writers, and if, according to the reviewer, living writers be too near us "to scan the loftiness of their pretensions," is it not a public imposition to pretend to do so? What else, we repeat it, does the Edinburgh pretend to, except that of scanning the pretensions of living writers? and if their proximity prevents their merits from being scanned, by what appellation are we to designate the man who is conscious of all this, and still comes forward to scan them, and that too, not with that diffidence which becomes a man who is attempting what he knows himself, or believes himself incapable of effecting, but, with all the dogmatism of science, with all that affectation of critical acumen, that certainty of being always right, that leads every reader who cannot judge for himself, to give him implicit credence. Does not this very writer, this very reviewer, who is modest or impudent as it suits the nature of his argument, after *modestly* saying that living writers are too near us, or we too near them, "to scan the loftiness of their pretensions," does he not, after all this modest ignorance of living merit, undertake in the very article on which we are now commenting, to scan the pretensions and the merits of the St. James's Chronicle, The Morning Chronicle, The Times, The New Times, The Courier, Cobbett's Weekly Journal, The Examiner, The Observer, The Gentleman's Magazine, The New Monthly Magazine, The London, &c. Are not all these works written by living writers, and is not the article before us an examination of their pretensions. Had the reviewer merely expressed his opinion of these works, we could indeed reconcile his review to his assertion, that we are too near living writers to scan their merits; but he is far from doing

any thing of the kind. He offers no opinion: he speaks like a man who asserts nothing but what he knows to be fact. His expressions are not tinged with the slightest shade of modesty, diffidence, or distrust in what he says. When he says of "The Times Newspaper," that "it is not ministerial; it is not patriotic; but it is civic," does he not speak dogmatically and positively. But it matters little what he asserts, for he is too hacknied in the cant of criticism to say any thing that will bear investigation. He thought, for instance, to lower The Times in public estimation, by thus characterizing it, but to every man of reason and common sense it must be obvious, that he could not confer upon it a greater compliment. This was asserting, in other words, that The Times was exactly what it ought to be, that its object was the interests of the nation at large, not that of a party, that it opposed not ministers merely for the sake of opposition, or where it saw that its opposition could only prove the party to which it belonged, without promoting, in the least, the general good. The reviewer affects to take it for granted (we call it affectation, because we are well aware that he knows better), that a professed opposition paper must necessarily be a patriotic paper, and that every professed patriot must be one in reality. But, unhappily, there is cant in patriotism as well as in criticism; and there are not wanting men in all nations who are dying in love with their country, because they know their country will pay them for their disguised hypocrisy. What is a civic paper? So far as we can form any idea of it, we conceive it to be a paper which confines itself solely to the general welfare of the nation, regardless of those feelings by which parties and individuals are influenced and hurried into action when excited by some momentary and passing influence. The fact is, that the conductors of newspapers should have no feeling whatever in their political capacity. It is not the feelings but the interests of the nation they have to consult; for if the public, from any sudden and violent impulse, from any of those accidental and unexpected events to which all nations are occasionally subject, should,

in the moment of frenzy and passion, rush precipitately into measures directly calculated to endanger the welfare and interests of the nation, would it be patriotism, would it be even common honesty in the conductor or conductors of a public paper, to identify itself with this popular frenzy, merely to become popular itself. There is no rational man who can have any difficulty in answering this question. Of The Times paper, we have only to say, that the reviewer himself acknowledges it is not Ministerial: we are glad to find it is not; but we are also glad that it is not so directly opposed to Ministers, so radically radical as the reviewer would have it to be. We admire a paper that opposes every measure, come from what quarter it may, that tends to injure the interests of the nation at large, or any particular portion of it; but we despise the paper that rings to the public and echoes the sentiments of every jack-pudding who neither knows his own interest nor those of his country. We wish it to be understood, however, that we allude to no particular paper, no particular individual, no particular measures: we merely wish to show the absurdity of supposing, that whoever professes to oppose ministers, must necessarily be a patriot. We believe that so far as regards private individuals, at least, those who have most real patriotism are those who say least about it, for it is a virtue which they are seldom called upon to exercise; and to put it into requisition without necessity is mere hypocrisy. We never placed much confidence in a professed ministerialist, or a professed oppositionist, for though we could suppose them, or the latter at least, to be guided by honest feelings, we should be strongly inclined to suspect the soundness of their political sagacity.

We shall take our leave of the reviewer for the present, promising not to forget him in our next number, and to convince our readers, if criticism, as he observes, "never flourished more than at present, nor spread its branches so widely and luxuriantly," that the cant of criticism has kept pace with its progress, and that a very great portion of this "luxuriance" is the mere tinsel of "an airy nothing."

# THE PATIENT MAN — A SKETCH

“ I have the patience to endure it now.” — SHAKESPEARE

“ Ha! Ha! your humble servant Orlando. You must have some famous quizzes it ollege that you have such a *gout* for the spirit yourself. You are cramming like a turkey.”

“ You may laugh, Will, but I am not a whit the more a quiz for that. I am serious, and I repeat it, I never know anger but by name, and I have often wondered that men could be so little of philosophers as to suffer their passions to get the head, and occasion the paroxysms of fury I have seen some men thrown into. It disgraces the dignity of our nature. For myself, I have obtained that mastery over them, that I would venture to say nothing could derange my temper.”

“ Something will put you out yet.”  
“ I will bide the trial, and laugh at it.”

“ Well, if you are serious, all I can say is that you are a pattern for the world, and should be hung up to the moon that every one might see and improve. By the by, I cannot possibly go to Foulm to night. I am sorry for it, as I know you particularly wished an introduction to Miss Eliza.”

“ Never mind another day will do.”

“ But they leave town in three days for — and it will be impossible for me to introduce you before they go.”

“ Well, I may meet them again, perhaps, and let some one else to perform that office. Or if not, why, I can be at with the disappointment.”

“ You are quite a philosopher, I see. Well, at all events I can fulfil my promise of spending a day or two with you next week.”

“ I shall be grateful, said Orlando, and the friends separated.

On the day appointed, William arrived, and was received by his friend with a hearty welcome. Breakfast had scarcely commenced, when the guest happened to return his cup of coffee, whose contents chanced to lodge themselves by way of sauce

on the piece of dried salmon which Orlando was just preparing to place between his organs of mastication. This disaster of his favourite relish, however, the latter bore with exemplary patience, and received the apologies of his friend with perfect good humour. Being both scholars, the conversation soon took a literary turn, and they were speedily involved in the discussion (at that time at its height) of the theory of matter. William supported the doctrine of Materialism, and Orlando sided with the Hylosts. The contest was sustained with vigour on both sides. William supported his argument with Hume and D'Alembert, and Orlando opposed him with Reid, Prince, and Stewart. The arguments on William's side soon became heated. He lost his temper, and his ground in consequence. But Orlando, instead of following his example, seemed to grow the cooler as his antagonist grew more warm, and this gave him an advantage, he improved it, and displayed his syllogisms with such strength and precision that his adversary lost ground very fast. And by the time the meal was concluded, was glad to be a truce, in granting which, Orlando had a fresh opportunity of enlarging on the advantages of a democratic government of the passions, and maintaining the superiority, it had given him in their late debate. William, in admitting this, exchanged a side wink with Miss Lucy, a cousin of Orlando's, who resided in the family, and was believed to be the goddess of our young Job's private invocations. He noticed not this interchange of secret correspondence, and invited William to pass an hour in his study. “ My mother and Lucy know we are both book-worms,” he added with a smile, “ and will excuse us. By the way, Will, you have never seen my study, have you?” the reply was in the negative. “ You will laugh at me when you do, for the most particular fellow in the three kingdoms.

Every thing in such order! not a scrap of paper out of place. But I find my account in it. I have not a book or paper but I can put my hand on in an instant," and he opened the door as he spoke; "look now, does not every thing seem in print?" They entered, and William did laugh as he looked on the scene the open door presented. Every thing was, as the vulgar phrase is, sixes and sevens. A huge heap of books lay in a pile before the door. A large table was overturned in the centre of the room, and books, papers, and instruments lay scattered in wild confusion about the floor, and every thing else was in the same scale of disorder. "What the devil is this," was William's exclamation as he entered, "Why this is order with a witness." Orlando stood speechless, and his friend laughed still louder. "And you know where to find every thing here, do you? On my conscience you are cleverer than I ever gave you credit for. Shoot me if I could find one thing, let alone *all*." "Come, come, Will, a truce to irony," said Orlando after a pause. "I see how it is, the monkey has found its way in, and upset every thing. This is a light evil. Come, leave laughing, and help me set it to rights." "If it were my case, I should wish such light evils at the devil; but blessings on philosophy said William, as he lifted some of the books." "The monkey has thrown the ink over the treatise, I had just finished, I perceive," said Orlando, "there is a long job for us to recopy it. Well, I might be worse employed?" and he proceeded with perfect *sang froid* to re-arrange his books and papers. This took a long time, but being at last finished, he sat down. "You promised to bring Olans Wormius with you for me to read, said Orlando, but I see you have forgot it as usual; I wish you would think of it, for I do not remember any book I so much longed for to read." "Hey, your pardon," replied William, "I had indeed forgot it, but will send my servant for it directly." "It will arrive in a couple of hours." "Thank you, that will do very well, I believe, though, you delight in disappointing me."

The messenger was dispatched and they again sat down. "I have never shewn you my last attempt in chemistry," said Orlando; "we will set about that at once. I have tried many times, but have never yet been able to apportion the ingredients exactly. Let us see what luck now." The composition commenced, and Orlando cried out, "I never managed it so well. Every thing to a grain. Bravo! We shall have it at last. There is only the alcohol to put in;" and taking in his hand a bottle of that liquid, he poured in the requisite quantity; and laying down the bottle, he proceeded to aligate the contents of his crucible. While he was thus employed, and felicitating himself on the expected success of his experiment; William, in reaching over the table for a book, struck the bottle of spirits of wine with his arm, and precipitated its contents, bottle and all, into the crucible. "How came that," he said, "I have done it, I suppose." "You have," replied Orlando; "what an unlucky hand you've got, Will. I may never manage it so cleverly again. However, nothing like practice, we must try. But hold; the clock strikes the dinner hour; and you know I am the most punctual fellow alive. We must go down this moment. I have a favourite dish to day too; and promise myself to enjoy my dinner mightily. Come along." William answers not: but a smile passed over his countenance. On entering the dining parlour, Orlando was struck with observing none of those tokens; (as the cloth apparatus &c.,) which indicate the meal as forthcoming. He enquires the reason, and learnt the cook had unaccountably mistaken the hour; and was near an hour behind her usual time. "Unaccountably indeed!" replied Orlando; "She was never wont to be thus, and knows how I hate irregularity. But since such is the case; there is no remedy. We must e'en sit down and be patient till it please her to be ready. Let her, however, be informed, I shall not expect a repetition of this." He then turned the conversation, which soon became general, and he appeared totally to have forgotten this infringement on his habits of punct-

thality, until more than half the time of probation had elapsed; when his placidity was somewhat disturbed by observing a marked coolness in the address of Miss Lucy towards himself; and, he could not help fancying, as marked a preference in her carriage to William. This had indeed struck him in the morning; but he had indignantly repelled the idea, as unworthy of him, and incompatible with the characters either of his mistress or his friend. However it again began to haunt him, and his eye, in spite of himself, wandered suspiciously from one to the other, as they sat engaged in conversation, till at last he started up, and pulling the bell with some violence, demanded his dinner. In obedience to his mandate, it soon appeared, but no sooner had he begun to taste the favourite dish he had spoken of, than he became sensible it had received no additional flavour from the hurry of the cook to be as soon as possible after her wouted time. It was, in fact, completely spoiled. A cloud passed over his countenance, and looking up, he observed William whisper to Lucy, and her smile in return was a dagger to his heart. He threw down his knife and fork with a vehemence that drew their immediate attention, and began to complain so bitterly of the cook that William exclaimed, "Why Orlando, are you angry?" "Angry! no, sir," he returned; "but it is hard after waiting so long for a thing to have it served up in such a state as this. It is not eatable." "Poo, man, never mind; try something else." "Well, I believe I must. Give me a slice of veal," said Orlando in return; the rather hurried accent he had before spoken in sinking into his usual placed tone. "I must say a few words about this to the cook though;" and he re-commenced his meal.

The cloth being removed, and our friends not possessing that sort of conviviality which banishes the ladies from the society of the other sex, till the latter's powers of entertaining are half stupified by their copious libations, a family circle was formed; and the time whiled pleasantly away, until Orlando began again to feel uneasiness at the familiar intercourse of Lucy and his

friend. I need not here enlarge on the feeling (almost demoniac) which seizes on the heart (especially if a susceptible one), on beholding the object of its preference to all appearance scarcely conscious of its own presence, while she turns with pleasure in her look and accent to the addresses of another. Those who have ever loved have experienced the pang, for in a greater or less degree it pervades every bosom, and those who have not, would not comprehend us; for it is an emotion easier to be felt than told. With this feeling Orlando now endeavoured to combat, and strove to reason himself into serenity. That William would endeavour to undermine the happiness of the man with whom he had been so long united in the firmest bonds of friendship, was a thought from which he recoiled with horror. Nor was he more willing to attribute fickleness and inconstancy to the female whose image was associated with all his dreams of future happiness. Still he could not reconcile the change in her manner with any of the reasons with which he endeavoured to account for it; and in spite of himself, his mind grew more unsettled, his thoughts more tormenting, and his observations shorter and less frequent, till at last they sunk into mere replies to the questions addressed to him. From this state he was aroused by the entrance of a servant, who announced to William that the man he had dispatched for the book was returned. He started up, and his disagreeable reflections vanished in an instant. The book was brought, and he seized it with avidity, but his countenance fell as he opened it. "What a fool you have sent on your errand," he said; "this is a volume of Dion Cassius, instead of Olaus. Surely this day is to be nothing but disappointments;" and he threw down the book. "Stay said William, there must be some mistake. I will speak to my servant," and he left the room. In a few minutes he returned. "The mistake was with your servant, not mine; he brought you up the wrong book. Here is Olaus." "Right at last," said Orlando with a smile; "now for a look at this. A light in my study, John!" and he hastened thither,

followed by William. The light arrived, and he hurried to his seat with the book. "I am all impatience," he said, as he sat down. He had scarce spoke, when the leg of his chair gave way, and he fell to the ground. "Hang that jade who dusts the study," said he as he rose; "she has broken my chair, and fearing to own it, stuck on the leg. I might have broken a limb with the fall. However, all happens to be right, though there seems a spell against my beginning Olaus. Now for another trial," and he again addressed himself to the book. He had just found the place of commencement, when William, reaching out his hand, said, "your candle wick is as long as my arm;" and snuffing it as he spoke, extinguished it, and they were left in total darkness.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Orlando, somewhat ruffled, "that was done on purpose. Am I to be the butt of all your jokes. What mean you by it?" William apologized, but Orlando was in no humour to attend to his excuses, and after calling vehemently for a light, threw himself in his chair in dogged silence. In a few moments he was aroused by the door softly opening. He raised his head, but the darkness prevented his discovering whose was the light step that entered the apartment. In an instant, however, the soft voice of Lucy was heard to say in an under tone, "my dear Mr. William, are you here?" "Ever at your command," was the response, and Orlando heard his companion rise from his seat, and walk across the room. A low whispering succeeded, and in a few moments after, a sound was heard similar to that produced by an impassioned kiss. On the instant Orlando caught at the bell rope, and missing it, sprang from his chair with such violence, as to overturn the table and its contents, which

fell with a loud crash on the floor, and not a little startled the nocturnal whisperers. Flying to the rope, he pulled it with such fury, that it broke in his hand, exclaiming at the same time, "fire and fury! am I never to have light?" "Why, Orlando, you are angry," observed William in a calm tone.

"Angry!" vociferated Orlando; "d—n it, sir, have I not reason to be angry? Is it not enough to make me the butt of your ridicule—to overthrow all my future prospects of happiness—but must you play off your hellish success before my face? I am angry, sir, and I will be angry. And for you, madam."—The loud laugh that resounded from both his hearers interrupted him, and the light at that instant arriving, shewed him the floor strewn with his books, papers, chemical apparatus, &c. "Behold the work of the patient man," said William with affected solemnity, pointing to the confused heap. "Behold him himself," he continued, holding the light before Orlando, who was now literally trembling with rage, "behold him whose temper nothing can derange—him to whom Job sinks into utter insignificance. Admirable philosophy," and he snuk laughing into a chair.

"Poor Orlando!" said Lucy; "you push our little plot too far, Mr. William. This is trying him too far," and she approached him. He looked up as she did so, and the look she gave him explained all. "Your plot, indeed!" he said, embracing her, "and so all these crosses are the result of your confederacy. Well, I must own you have conquered. I was too confident, and your experiments on me to-day, Will, are a salutary lesson—for you have taught me how much easier it is to boast of a complete mastery over the passions, than to acquire that conquest in reality."

F. F.

## TO ARANTHE.

And canst thou love me—can it be—  
Fell that sweet word indeed from thee  
Or did my all too partial ears  
But aid my hopes to mock my fears?  
O in that blush I read my bliss—  
Yet let those honied lips again,  
In whispers soft as maiden's kiss,  
Thrill sweet delight thro' every vein.

Not mine the handsome manly face—  
 Not mine the form of finished grace—  
 The soft address—the winning air,  
 That claims the glances of the fair.  
 Not e'en that cold exterior mine,  
 Whose neu'tral garb ne'er 'servance claimed,  
 Which noteless stands i'th' mortal line,  
 Unmarked by praise, by taunts unflamed—

Deformed in young life's earliest morn—  
 Exposed full oft to gibe and scorn—  
 The mark for every reptile's jeer,  
 For happier rival's taunting sneer.  
 With these *adorments* how could I  
 E'er hope a flame I need not smother—  
 To cause in female breast a sigh,  
 Where taste and love could yield another?

And canst *thou* love me—can it be—  
 Fell that sweet word indeed from thee—  
 Or did my all too partial ears  
 But aid my hopes to mock my fears?  
 O in that blush I read my bliss!  
 Yet let those honied lips again,  
 In whisper's soft as maiden's kiss,  
 Thrill sweet delight thro' every vein.

Yet think not thou that I lament  
 The lot that Heaven's decree has sent  
 For *these*—nor deem but I contemn  
 Alike their senseless jests and them.  
 But (shall I own the weakness?) in  
 Thine eyes would I more perfect be—  
 I wish not others' smiles to win,  
 But oh! I would be worthier thee!

Yet have I at thy feet to lay  
 A heart which yet ne'er learned to stray  
 From virtue's path, from stain as free  
 As offerings at thy shrine should be.  
 Late was the little flutterer filled  
 With faults and errors e'en t' o'erflow,  
 But with thy thought divine it thrilled,  
 And naught unworthy more could know.

Others may richer proffers make,  
 No wealth have I nor power to stake,  
 But none can offer at thy shrine  
 A heart so full of love as mine.  
 Nor (though I vaunt not) is my mind  
 Compriseless, nor unstored with lore;  
 But one that ranges unconfined,  
 That somewhat knows, and pants for more.

That now—but what is this—what all  
 That language in array can call  
 Or man bravade to load the scale?  
 Opposed to *thee*, it all must fail.  
 Vain hope! e'er by desert to gain  
 Thy charms, like Babel's sons we toil.  
 To reach the wished for heaven in vain,  
 And strive but still ourselves to foil!



Then *canst* thou love me—can it be—  
 Fell that sweet word indeed from thee,  
 Or did my all too partial ears,  
 But aid my hopes to mock my fears?  
 O in that smile I read my bliss—  
 Yet let those honied lips again  
 In whispers soft as maiden's kiss  
 Thrill sweet delight thro' every vein!

### MY BIRTH DAY.

What! the 27th of January again arrived! am I twelve month nearer the grave, than I was last winter? Thus time wears away. But why these pensive feelings? There *was* a time, when each succeeding birth day was hailed as the herald of forthcoming happiness; of expectations never to be realized; of those smiling but delusive images that wanton before us, and fill the unreal creations of the mind with those romantic visions of approaching felicity that are never to be enjoyed, unless anticipation itself may be deemed an enjoyment. How long the interval between each succeeding natal day appears, but when it comes, how joyously it passes over—as if to make room for another. It was then to me an appropriate custom of giving those days a joyful welcome, and spending them in harmony: but now I cannot hail them but with gloom, and when the faces of joy are near and invite me to be happy, I cannot but think them ill suited to the solemnity of the moment. I look upon the theft which time has made with a gloomy and repining satisfaction. It should therefore be spent in reflection, and not in joy and revelry.

But when the morning of life passed away like a dream,—when cold reality took the place prepared by anticipation—arrived through the elevated medium of youth and hope—when manhood and disappointment arrived, shewing the world in its true colours, and tearing off the masks that hid the faces of delusion and self-deceit—how cold the clime appeared. Ah! did we but know

when the animation of youthful romance tingles in our veins—how dear is the sensation—how cold and cheerless we become when it leaves us; we should not feel so anxious to be rid of the charm that throws so fine a bloom over our dull existence. Could we but taste beforehand a little of the cares of the world and its corroding influence—did we but know that the finest feelings are to be blended by years—that we must sacrifice all that can delight and amuse at the present—for the sake of attaining future fame—fortune—or even the means of supporting existence during helpless age; we should not be so willing to part with those shackles that confine us within the sphere of youth, hope, and ideal bliss.

Till five and twenty the feelings of man are buoyed up with the excitements of an over-heated imagination:—'tis delusive.—'tis a dream—I admit, but then what a brightness it spreads over his years. Why should he ever be deceived?—Why should cold reality come and scare away the frail but beautiful images of treacherous hope? Why should wisdom and suspicion usurp the dominions of fancy—they improve the head, it is true; but then they search the heart; and tell him of friendships blighted—and of love betrayed—or that the loadstar of his life is but an *ignis fatuus* which has glided over the bright regions of fancy, and led him into doubt and darkness, leaving him without a hope to cheer him, or a solitary ray of sunshine to bless him in his loneliness.

E. J. H.

## SAINT VALENTINE

———"nay blush not silly boy!—  
 When these old limbs were hale I should have sped,  
 As thou dost after hounds, o'er moor and hill  
 To watch the sunrise neath my lady's tower  
 And wake her with my song of valentine.—  
 The lasses loved it Harry, and rude time  
 That plays strange pranks with likings has not worn  
 The fancy from them yet. Try your lady love.—  
 An I were years some twenty younger boy!  
 You should not lack a leader.—" OLD PLAY.

I am by no means a selfish man, and am the farthest remove possible from a vain one, and yet I really begin to think it a great misfortune for those of yesterday, I mean they who lived a hundred or two years ago, that my birth day occurred in the comparatively modern day of 1794; for I have such a liking of old customs, such an affection to antiquated commemorations—(the innocent ones of course), that I should not be surprised had I cut a rather holiday figure among the merry ones of that venerable and respectable æra. I am quite sure I should have danced the morris to admiration; handled the quarter staff with a fashion; made love, as I would have worn my vandyke frill and ruffles, in all the elegance of a *preux chevalier*. Summer would have seen me worshipping the greensward, and the purling brooks; and a dance with pretty Anne Page, and Mistress Ford, and the Faries, round Hornes oak, and a joust at the tournament with the lion hearted, and before the bright faces and glittering banners, and kingly trains, and knightly pageantry: In autumn, merry Sherwood, and the yew-bow, and the cloth yard arrow, and the hound in leash, and the hawk on wrist, would have been my companions; whilst winter, delightful bluff old winter, with his snowy scalp, and his isicle tresses—more philosophical, if man could find it out, than the mustaches of our day, my masters—would have greeted me in the barons hall, among the minstrels, and the damsels, and the tryste caps, and there amidst gambols and pledges, and new year's fancies, and old year's sack, telling many a story, troubling many a roundelay, I should have been a merry, contented, heart-

whole, olden time 'Squire, till,  
 "March winds and April showers  
 Bringing forth May flowers,"  
 again called me forth to take the air, and to greet returning spring with spirits as light and airy as my lady love; and as free from evil designs as the modest snow drop, and the striped crocus, that formed the coronet.

Then the stately but ardent attention, the considerate but chevalier gaiety and gallantry of the days that are not,—how insignificant, and rapid, appear, when placed beside them, the suppliant courtesies, the affected *politesse* and conceited *gaieté de cœur*, of the hours that be. Compliment then was a thing to be proud of, neither lightly paid, nor lightly laid aside; it is a commodity now, coined in the mint of interest, and bearing the impress of flattery, which passes current with the merchandise of fashion, and is as cheap and as common, but nothing so respectable, as were the hooks, the *queues*, and the rapiers of our great grandmother's and grandfather's. There was truly a *decus et tutamen* about the venerable appendages which, except indeed upon our coins, and I never abuse any thing useful, we do not particularly often, in the present century, claim acquaintance with; and I have always fancied, and yet I am not a disappointed politician nor a batchelor, that your cavaliers, in the iron region, stooped for a lady's glove, and whispered pretty nothings, with such an infinitude of meaning, as totally to banish into shade the stiffer attempts and the *pétit* love-lispings of King George's dandies: the very reference to whom brings me back, and I fear I have been running riot sadly, to the head and front of this paper, (that is my offence, if indeed, any

thing so pleasantly meant can offend the good-natured world, of which I am but one of the very humblest particles)—namely, Valentine's-day. I have just said that the dandy and the 14th of February are somewhat analogous; and truly are they so.—Both, but in different degrees, afford their quantum of amusement without comprehending exactly why both waste sweetness upon the desert and unconscious air. Essences and perfumes, and little sayings, and less doings, mark the being, the mere man, whilst precocious poetics, demented love-rhymes, over-done phrases, vile compliments, and ill-spelt protestations, and a thousand other like fooleries and flights, which, but for their antiquity, would be like the 5th of November boys, too importunate to look kindly upon, denote the day. As it is, however, they generally wheedle me out of a laugh, *as does the postman to take in my letters*, and as do these boys aforesaid of my shilling towards the bonfire, although I have often been tempted to wish, glorying at the same time at the overthrow of the “gunpowder treason plot,” that the “stick and the stake,” for which they petitioned, were laid, *volens volens*, across their shoulders. My library is in the next county, for I am on a visit, but I dare say that this was a gloriously merry day with the ancients, a sort of ara in the life of a good many of them. I warrant ye there were thousands who scarcely went to bed o’night lest they should dream of any thing but the morrow, and, *vice versa*, thousands that did go to bed that they might dream of nothing else, and again, a third party, a sort of betwixt and between people (as the West of England folks phrase it), like the duel number in Greece, keeping a sort of happy medium between the restless here and the restless there, who sit up to a late supper, and cheat half the night with flowing flaggons, that they may better keep awake to think of the coming morn the other half. Ah! I warrant cloaks were newly lined, caps newly ribboned, bonnets newly feathered, doublets newly slashed, lyres newly strung, and madrigals newly conned against the burst of day; and then were there not fair hands unbarring cage-

ments and light feet tripping o’er thresholds? and soft and stifled voices passing and repassing from lady’s bowers, and burthening the breezes with perfumed sighs and manly protestations? Then fair hands, like white banners, waved graceful encouragement to knights that deemed it the presage to future victory, whilst soul-lit eyes rivalling the stars, fading away in the morn-beam, darted down acceptance upon them that looked upwards. Then the before despairing diffident youth, gathering in courage from circumstances, and the privileges of custom, sung forth his passion, and of a verity, became a thriving wooer. “Faint heart never won a fair lady,” and those were times for hearts, and love-makings my masters! But now, what a degradation my countrymen; now, there is no spirit, no adventure, no anxiety extant: there is not even virtue in our ambition, nor chivalry in our character. The postman is our only knight-errant now, and the offerings which he bears have but little of the romance of life about them, little of that happy intertwinning of fancy and truth, simplicity and earnestness, which formed the triumphs of an older century.—What are even the Valentines made to my Lady Susannah and to my Lady Dorothea’s eye-brow, but a wire-wove sheet of hot-press, with gilt edges and embossed borders, and sprinkled with lavender, or otto of roses, and inclosing a copy of one of Moore’s Melodies? or what are Laura Matilda’s or Anna Maria’s *billets d’amour* but a plain substantial wire-wove bit of post, decorated with a pair of bleeding hearts, or a blind Cupid and a squinting Venus, and it may be a motto stolen from an Italian opera-book, with the article mis-accented, and the verb in as mad a mood as the plagiarist? and to crown the whole (*finis coronat opus*) part quoted, part stolen, part original, some six or eight lines of once a year *tendresse*. *Ecce signum*: “Ellen, methinks, where’er thou meets’t my view, Angels were painted fair to look like you; Ellen! I feel thine eye a fadeless ray, That sheds o’er deepest darkness happiest day. Ellen, I love thee! deign to shine on me

As doth the Sun, like a Divinity;  
Now is the accepted hour—thou shalt  
be mine;

I mount—I fly to clasp my Valentine."

I believe of the eight lines here quoted there may be eight words original, and yet it is a crack thing in its way; but it will never do, my gentles, why the

"If you loves me, as I loves you,  
No knife shall cut our heart in two,"

of John, the groom, and Molly, the cook-maid, has more earnestness about it, and Miss Sarah, my Lady's attiring woman, and Mr. Charles, my Lord's valet's couplet—

"The rose is red, the violets blue,  
Carnations' sweet, and so are you,"

is a specimen infinitely more prescient, and more definable, because less metaphysical than the above.—They do come pop to one's heart, and they question at once, and don't stand "shilly shally" at the river's brink, lest the plunge should exterminate.

You see, my little masters, and pretty mistresses, that it will never do to send me any of your darts and hearts, and flowers and bowers, and loves and doves, upon this 14th of February. You know me, I dare say, for a cross-grained, cynical, petulant, book-poring gentleman of fifty, one that would as soon take in "potticary's stuff" as a Valentine.

No such thing I can assure you. I love the fun of the thing, but not the folly—the reality, but not the affectation. The mock-modesty and the sidelong sheepishness of Betty, as she brings our chocolate, when I enquire if she has heard from the country, is worth all Timon of Athens' misanthropy; and the assumption of being above such nonsense, and the boldly expressed desire of "I wish people wouldn't be so silly," of dear Cousin Emily, as I slowly draw the three letters, her property (quietly demanding the two and three-pence for them) from my pocket, is better than all *Penrudduck's* world hating, even when John Kemble did enact the character. No! no! I am in love with the good things of days lang syne, but at the same time, chary of those about me. I can laugh with them that laugh, though I shall never see the princely Essex nor the elegant Raleigh—and, perhaps, as was said at the conclusion of an elaborate treatise, tending to prove Richard III. a man more sinned against than sinning, perhaps after all that I have written for the old time, and the little that I have said for the new, this treatise may be but a paradox. Let the prettiest of my female readers write me a Valentine and solve the enigma.

L. F. STUART.

### SONNET ON TIME.

'The waves of Time in sure but silent tide,  
Are flowing onwards in their swift career,  
Bringing Eternity each hour more near,  
And we, with careless glance, behold them glide,  
From us for ever—yea, with thoughts allied  
To mirth, or madness, hail another year!  
Born like its elder brethren to appear,  
Then, dream-like, to oblivion's caverns slide,  
Vain and forgotten, as it ne'er had been!  
Or heeded only in its flight by those  
To whom its joyless course, however brief,  
Is marked by vexing cares and ceaseless woes—  
Unlike the bright perspective youth has seen,  
Which gilded ills with hope, and smiled at grief.

S.

## MY DYING FRIEND.

Yes, we must part — I feel we must —  
 Our hope for thee is past ;  
 The form I love will soon be dust, —  
     So noble to the last !  
 The hand of death is o'er thee now,  
 The chill is on thy pallid brow,  
     Thy life is ebbing fast.  
 I breathe, while yet I gaze on thee,  
 That farewell, till eternity.

Oh ! why my hand so feebly clasp  
     Within a faint embrace ?  
 Nay still, retain it in thy grasp,  
     But turn from me thy face ;  
 Oh ! do not gaze upon me so,  
 As thou would'st read my soul, as tho'  
     Thy rayless eye could trace  
 In me the workings of despair,  
 To know that death is busy there.

For thou wilt die, in death will sleep  
     What worth and honour gave ;  
 While truth and virtue vainly weep,  
     And genius cannot save.  
 A noble mind with thee will die,  
 Lost, lost to all beneath the sky,  
     When thou art in thy grave  
 That form, but clay, cold soon will be  
 All that this world retains of thee

Oh ! let me gaze on thee once more  
     My friend, once 'ere we part ;  
 Thy cares, thy woes, will soon be o'er,  
     And calm that thobbing heart,  
 But, if my feelings follow thee,  
 My thoughts, my joys, my hopes, to be  
     With thee, where'er thou art,  
 I would not break thy tranquil sleep,  
 For those alone who live I weep.

I must not think, I dare not dwell  
     On days, on joys no more ;  
 To me, it would be sweet to tell  
     Of them, though they are o'er ;  
 To me, no cloud can overcast  
 The sunny influence of the past, —  
     'Tis only gloom before —  
 But, ah ! why waken in thy breast  
 Those mortal feelings that must rest.

Why should I shed the selfish tear,  
     Or heave the selfish sigh ?  
 Oh ! would my heart retain thee here ?  
     Thee — from thy kindred sky ?  
 Forgive the earthly bosom's thrill,  
 Mine cleaves to human nature still ;  
     I mourn that thou must die.  
 I feel, I feel that we must part,  
 Alas that feeling rends my heart.      S.

## LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SII PULCHRUM QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON

*Memoir descriptive of Sicily and its Islands.* By Capt. Wm Henry Smyth, R.N. 8to pp. 291. London: Murray, 1824.

THIS work comes before us under the official sanction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; and judging from its general tenour and execution, it certainly appears not unworthy of their patronage. The author informs us in his introduction, that he was employed to make a nautical survey of Sicily and the adjacent Islands, in consequence of various representations which were made to the Admiralty, stating that the charts of the Mediterranean sea were very defective and incorrect. He did not, however, confine himself to this particular duty alone, the plan he proposed being of a more comprehensive character, and while engaged in the details of nautical science, he took occasion to add to the stock of information which he has acquired from a long previous residence in Sicily. This information he has embodied in the volume now presented to the public; and though his statements in many instances are rather too brief and abrupt for the importance of the subject, yet they cannot fail of being perused with interest, from the knowledge and discrimination they evince. In the mind of the antiquarian, the poet, and the philosopher, the name of Sicily is sure to awaken associations of a peculiar nature, while in a political point of view, that Island has always been regarded as by far the most important of any in the Mediterranean. The granary of the south of Europe, it has from time immemorial been equally remarkable, for the fertility of its soil and the abundance of its resources, but its inhabitants have for a series of ages been degenerate and debased, sunk in superstition, and lost in indolence. In proportion as nature has been beautiful, so have

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they become torpid and negligent, nor has any effort been made on the part of the government to rescue them from a state at once degrading and destructive to the national character. On the contrary, the shameful immoralities and slothful indulgencies on which Captain Smyth, in common with various other writers, feels it necessary to comment, are mainly to be attributed to that system of oppression and misrule which the few have so long exercised over the many. But if any more convincing proof were required of this fact, than is furnished by the work now before us, it would be found in the able exposition of the state of Sicily, which Lord William Bentinck gave some two or three years ago in the House of Commons. That distinguished personage had peculiar opportunities of making himself well acquainted with the character of the people, and he has certainly traced their national degeneracy to the true cause. It appears according to Captain Smyth, that the population of the present day bears no proportion whatever to that which existed in ancient times: the number of people on the whole Island not exceeding that which the cities of Syracuse and Agrigentum could boast conjointly, in the days of their splendour. He also states, that "exclusively of the royal family, the arch-bishops, bishops, abbots, priors, and other church dignitaries, there are no less than one hundred and twenty-seven princes, seventy-eight Dukes, one hundred and forty marquises, with counts, barons, and knights almost innumerable." In a country, with a population only of a million and a half, and with so vast a disproportion of privileged individuals, each of whom disdain to follow any industrious pursuit, we may readily conceive what splendid misery must exist among the great, and what abject wretch-

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edness among the lower orders. It is quite obvious that a state of society so anomalous and discordant, must equally tend to diminish the population, and repress all national energy. The traveller who now visits Syracuse, contemplates with pain the mouldering monuments of its former grandeur, while he sees around him a living picture of squalid misery. Judging from its present appearance, and the recreant beings who people its streets, he would not hesitate to admit, that it was a place quite in character with the capricious tyranny of Dionysius, but if history did not record the fact, he could scarcely believe that it could have produced such men as Archimides, Epicharmus, and Theocritus, illustrious names, sufficient to redeem whole ages of gloom and ignorance. Neither could we believe, that Plato, Simonides, Zeno, and Cicero, had once sojourned within its walls, nor that Hicetas had first proclaimed the solar system, in a city where Corax employed his pen in writing on dialectics and rhetoric. These, however, are facts authenticated by the immortal narratives of Thucydides, Plutarch, and Diodorus, and must produce the most melancholy reflections in every enlightened mind, when brought in association with the existing state of a place so renowned in classic history. Captain Smyth says something of every thing in Sicily, but he is never minute or circumstantial upon any topic. In addition to the geology, mineralogy, climate, produce, and resources of the country, together with the domestic habits, literature, amusements, prejudices, and religious customs of the people, he gives us topographical delineations and descriptions in rapid succession, while he concludes his work with an appendix on hydrography and statistics. In fact, his are rather hasty sketches than elaborate drawings, but then they are sketches so animated and correct, that we immediately recognise the justness of the outline, and admit how competent he is to produce a more finished performance. That the character of a nation is materially influenced by the bonds of wedded life, every man will allow, and this being the

case, we can be at no loss to account for many of the odious vices which prevail all over Sicily. In that island as well as on the adjacent continent, conjugal fidelity is a thing altogether unknown, nor can it be expected, so long as parties are united, who have generally no one sentiment in common with each other. Our author, in adverting to this subject, expresses himself in the true spirit of an Englishman. "The prospect," he says,

"Of reciprocal and permanent happiness, founded on mutual attachment, ought to be the basis of the engagement; this, however, though matrimony is one of their sacraments, is far from being the object in the generality of families of rank, among whom love is rather a physical than a moral affection, conjugal attachment but a mere name. The delectable presence of a cisbebe, or cavalier seivente, under the pretence of relationship or platonic attachment, is allowed to offend morality, and estrange a husband and wife, not only from each other, but even from their offspring. The prevalence of this indelicate vice, (an odious memento of the immorality and degradation of the seventeenth century, in which the Sicilian Vespers occurred), may be imputed to the neglect of sentiment in their unions, and to the substitution of the sordid motives that frequently produce a match. In these the female of twelve or fourteen years of age, is often just released from the trammels of a cloister, ill calculated to form a girl for maternal duties, and compelled to accept of a man, with whom she has scarcely had any previous acquaintance, and, in some instances, without having ever seen the object of her parents' choice. Sicilians have been accused of connubial jealousy; but of this their universal practice will fully acquit them, and the defence that has been set forth, by superficial observers, in behalf of their domestic arrangements, only proves, that nothing can exist, however monstrous, absurd, or despicable, but may find its admirers and panegyrists."

From our own experience in various parts of Italy, we can readily admit the correctness of the descriptions which Captain Smyth gives of Sicilian husbands. It certainly but ill accords with British notions of domestic economy. "The

apartments of the gentry," he observes,

"Are commonly large and airy, but comfort is a term ill understood in any rank, and cleanliness a quality not in general requisition. Most of the domestic offices, even to the making of beds, are performed by a set of dirty men-servants, for the proportion of female servants is very small, and all are so miserably paid, that honesty is not even expected from them. The furniture in general is more splendid than useful; paintings, gold cornices, mirrors, and marble tables abound, but to the same rooms there are miserable windows, ill-made doors, and dirty brick floors; and the ascent is by large but filthy public stairs, often crowded with beggars, and offensive to more senses than one."

In a country with a government so jealous and arbitrary as that of Sicily, neither literature nor the arts can be expected to flourish; and indeed it appears, that both have ceased to thrive there for many ages past. The pretenders, however, to literary distinction are exceedingly numerous, and in the vanity of their egotism, seem reckless of exposing their ignorance and bad taste. All political works are of course prohibited; and as to productions of a lighter description, such as are to be found in every circulating library in England, they are almost totally unknown to the Sicilian literati. Captain Smyth very naturally accounts for this by saying, that "perhaps the custom of submitting manuscripts to the inspection of supervisors and censors, has contributed to clog the flights of fancy, and occasioned the suppression of many an elegant treatise." He tells us in another passage that "scarcely any English works except *Young's Night Thoughts*, and *Hervey's Meditations*, are in circulation." The poets of modern Sicily do not deserve the name, being nothing more than the writers of madrigals, or wretched improvisatori, whose sole merit consists in the facility with which they jingle together a succession of unmeaning rhymes. There are at the same time some partial exceptions to this general decay of genius, and the name of *Meli* stands pre-eminent. He has paid his court to the muse,

at the shrine of Nature, and describes in melodious verse, and with exquisite pathos, the fine pastoral scenery of his native land. The following extract from the *Idyls* of the modern Theocritus, with the accompanying literal version by Captain Smyth; may not be unacceptable to our readers. It will be observed, that the Sicilian dialect is more copious and figurative than the Italian spoken on the continent, a circumstance that renders it peculiarly adapted to the composition of poetry.

*Dametu Canta.*

Sti silenzi, sta verdura,  
Sti muntagni, sti vallati,  
L'ha criati la natura  
Pli ri cori inaudrati.

Lu susurru di li frundi  
Di lu sciumi lu lamentu  
L'aria, l'œu chi rispondi,  
Tattu spira sentimentu.

Dda favalla, accens' vaga;  
Lu muggitu di li tori;  
L'innocenza, chi vi appaga;  
Tutti parranu a lu cori.

Sta frischettu insinuanti  
Chiudi un gruppu di piaciri,  
Accarizza l' alma amanti;  
E ci arrobba li sospiri.

Coa l' arinuzza li soi porti  
Apri tutti a lu diletu,  
Sulu è indignu di sta sorti,  
Chi nun chiuq' amuri impettu.

*Damon Sings.*

This silent, this verdure,  
These mountains, these vales,  
Nature has created them  
For hearts that are in love.

The rustling of the leaves,  
The lament of the river,  
The air, and echo who answers,  
All inspire sentiment.

That butterfly, so beautiful;  
The lowing of the cattle;  
Innocence, that is doubtless;  
All speak to the heart.

This insinuating cool zephyr  
Encloses a group of pleasures;  
It fondles a loving soul,  
And steals away our sighs.

Here the soul opens  
All its avenues to delight;  
Only he is unworthy of this fate,  
Who has not love in his bosom.



Our limits will not allow us to say more of this very interesting work; and we have only to add, in conclusion, that from the varied information which it contains, and the purely classical style in which it is written, it deserves a place in the library of every scholar and man of taste.

*Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV., and of the Regency from the German correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent.* 8vo, pp. 472. London: Whittaker, 1824.

THE editor of these memoirs informs us that an edition of the work which has been in circulation for some years, is both incorrect and defective, and that he has endeavoured to render the present one as perfect as possible. Indeed, on perusal, it would appear that the translation now offered to the public from the original German, possesses merit of a peculiar character, and is much more spirited as well as more accurate than the French one which first appeared in the year 1788. The Duchess of Orleans was the daughter of the Elector-Palatine, grandson of James I., and by a perverse union with the brother of Louis XIV., she found herself, at the age of nineteen, brought to a court the most profligate and debauched of any in Europe. Moreover she had succeeded to the bed of an unfortunate princess who had been taken off by poison, while her husband so far from taking vengeance on their heads, still patronized and countenanced the murderers of his first wife. In fact, there is no reason to doubt, that he had himself instigated them to the atrocious deed. Thus circumstanced, the young Duchess of Orleans seemed fully aware of her situation, and disdaining to accommodate herself to the prevailing vices and frivolities of the court, she resolved to depend entirely upon the resources of her own mind, and to seek in the seclusion of her cabinet a peaceful retreat from dissipated excesses. Neither could she in any instance reconcile herself to the manners or customs of the people among whom she was obliged to

live, for she looked with contempt on every thing French, and considered it as the proudest boast to have been born and educated a German. With so violent a prejudice against France, and so strong a pre-possession in favour of her native land, it may easily be supposed that she was but ill calculated to conciliate regard in the former country; yet she had fewer enemies than might be expected, and her determination and masculine understanding enabled her to triumph over their intrigues. In person she had nothing of grace or delicacy to recommend her, and her face according to her own description of it, must have been any thing but handsome. Contemporary writers, however, assert that she was unjust to herself in this respect, and that she was by no means so unsightly a person as she represents. She certainly draws her own portrait in no flattering colours, and few ladies would be equally candid on such a subject. "I am," she says,

"Unquestionably very ugly: I have no features; my eyes are small, my nose is short and thick, my lips long and flat; these do not constitute much of a physiognomy. I have great haughty cheeks and a large face; my stature is short and stout; my body and my thighs too are short, and upon the whole I am truly a very ugly little object. If I had not a good heart, no one could endure me. To know whether my eyes give tokens of my possessing wit, they must be examined with a microscope, or it will be difficult to judge. Hands more ugly than mine are not perhaps to be found on the whole globe."

From this brief sketch some idea may be formed of the mind and person of a princess, whose pen has been more productive than that of any correspondent since the days of Julius Cæsar. She wrote not letters, but whole quires of paper, and the voluminous records of her industry, are to be found in most of the courts of Europe. From morning till night she was to be found at the writing-desk, and judging from the specimen before us, we should think that many of her effusions must have been extremely curious and amusing. She yields nothing to Wroxball in

gossiping and garrulity, while she has infinitely more point, more force, and more sarcastic humour than the notable author of the "Memoirs of my Own Times." Her details of the court of Louis XIV. are interesting, as throwing some light upon the political intrigues of that period, and still more so as exhibiting in their true character the profligate sycophants by whom he was surrounded. Her hatred of Madame Montespan, and of the ruling favourite, Madame de Maintenon, was implacable, and though on the death of Monsieur, a reconciliation took place between them, at the instance of the king, she still continued to regard her with secret aversion, to the very last moment of her life. She could never forgive the indignity which Madame de Maintenon put upon her proud German lineage, in the person of her son, by getting him to marry one of the illegitimate daughters of the king. She moreover abhorred her from the unbounded influence she exercised, and represents her as having done more to sully the character of the monarch, who was infatuated with her, than all his other concubines put together. She thus indignantly expresses herself on the subject.

"All the mistresses the king had, did not tarnish his reputation so much as the old woman he married: from her proceeded all the calamities which have since befallen France. It was she who excited the persecution against the protestants; invented the heavy taxes which raised the price of grain so high, and caused the scarcity. She helped the ministers to rob the king; by means of the constitution she hastened his death; she brought about my son's marriage; she wanted to place bastards upon the throne; in short, she ruined and confused every thing."

Yet though she took no pains to conceal her enmity against this omnipotent mistress, she still managed with so much address, as not only to maintain her ground at court to the very last, but also to ingratiate herself with the king, who, it would appear, respected her understanding, and admired the inflexible qualities of her heart. In her strictures upon several indi-

viduals, she is not only severe, but sometimes coarse and vehement to a degree; as for instance, speaking of a man with whose wife the Duke of Lorraine was too intimate, she says, "Craon is an accursed cuckold, and a treacherous man." This princess, in short, appears to have been a woman of extremely strong feelings, and utterly heedless of discretion in expressing them. As historical documents, her voluminous writings must always be valuable; but they would be still more so if her judgment had not been equally influenced by the partiality of friendship, and the rancour of enmity.

*The Star in the East, with other Poems.* By Josiah Conder. 8vo. pp. 195. London: Taylor and Hessey, 1824.

THE muse of England was never more prolific than at this moment, yet never were there more abortions. Every man who has got the faculty of putting sonorous syllables into blank-verse, or converting commonplace words into "sure expected rhymes," does not hesitate to set himself up as a poet, and attempts the steep ascent of Parnassus with the most sturdy resolution. Mr. Conder is not an exception to this general rule among modern aspirants. From the religious and moral tone that pervades his effusions, we believe him to be a very good sort of man, but as a votary of the Muses, his success has by no means kept pace with his ambition. With nothing of the *meus diviniore*, which constitutes the very essence of poetry, he aims at being sublime, but the failure is more glaring as he becomes turgid and incongruous. He informs us in his prefatory notice, that many of the poems which he has now collected under one cover, at the moderate price of six shillings, were written at distinct leisure intervals, during the last twelve years, but they do not appear to be in the slightest degree the more perfect from having been so long under revision. Akenside wrote his *Pleasures of Imagination*, at the early age of twenty-three, and was endeavouring all his life afterwards to polish and improve that celebrated poem, but without

success; for it was found that excellence might be disfigured but not enhanced. Mr. Conder, however, has not the genius of Akenside, and now in his more mature years he may safely labour at his "Star in the East," and at his "Sacred Poems," nor be at all afraid of exercising too fastidious a judgment on these his juvenile efforts. It appears that at the age of eighteen Mr. Conder was one of a little knot of youthful bards who assembled under the poetic designation of the "Associate Minstrels;" and the "Star in the East" was one of his principal contributions to the joint stock. He tells us that it first came out "under the ill-chosen title of *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*," but we doubt very much whether the alteration either of the title or text will render it more acceptable to the public. Confused images and inflated figures are its principal characteristics, and the same may be said of his "Sacred Poems," which are nothing but a distorted paraphrase of the psalms, evincing neither spirit nor simplicity, but with a strained attempt at both. Mr. Conder thus apostrophizes the comet.

"Mysterious Visitant, whose beauteous light

Among the wondering stars so strangely gleams!

Like a proud banner in the train of Night,

Th' emblazon'd flag of Deity it streams—

Infinity is written on thy beams;

And thought in vain would through the pathless sky

Explore thy secret course. Thy circle seems

Too vast for Time to grasp. Oh, can that Eye

Which numbers hosts like thee, this atom Earth descry?"

In his domestic relations he must be one of the most affectionate of bards, for he has not left one of his immediate kindred or connections unnamed. We have odes and sonnets upon various family occasions, with birth-day verses and tributes of tenderness to the whole of them. In short, we should pronounce him to be an excellent husband, father, and brother, but no poet.

*The Pilgrim's Tale.* By Charles Lockhart.

POETRY is the most delightful department of literature, but it is like a region of roses that tempts us to forsake awhile the path of more necessary study, and leaves us afterwards to repent the time which we have lost in exploring it. And this loss of time is doubly lamented, if we have been disappointed in finding even the unprofitable delight that we sought. Truth obliges the historian to detail the most atrocious cruelties, and pourtray the most abandoned characters; experience teaches the moralist to dwell more upon the vices than the virtues of human nature; and it is when the mind is weary with reflecting on the depravity of man's disposition, and the cruelty of his deeds, that it turns for refreshment to the pages of fiction, where it expects to find him represented, not exactly as he is, but as he ought to be. How devoid of true taste, therefore, must the author be, who, in a work avowedly imagined, whose only object is to amuse, and whose only means of producing pleasure, is by presenting that which is pleasing, selects for his theme every thing that is detestable in man. Such is the author of the *Pilgrim's Tale*. Not satisfied with making his hero a revengeful, deliberate murderer, the objects of his assassination must be his own children; not satisfied with the commission of simple adultery, he introduces a youth to his wedded sister, and dwells on the abandoned fulfilment at once of adultery and incest; then, after loading him with the murders of his love and dearest friend, and closing his existence in perjury and parricide, attempts to make him an object of our commiseration and esteem. On commencing the tale, the first object that presents itself is a Count (who has fled from justice to a tower of desperate outlaws in Mont Serrat) standing in the midst of darkness and storm, and pledging his enemy in a cup of poison; then follows a minute description of the suicide's agonies; not a feature is forgotten; his skull scalped by the rock,—his blood-shot, withered eyes,—the pangs of his breast, "where death

cold hand seems feeling for his heart,"—and the black convulsions of his madness, are enumerated with the most disagreeable exactness. In this state, surrounded by the lightning, accompanied by Sondro, "the child of guilt and ghastliness," and the giant Moor Leranzor, who seems to be the presiding demon of the scene, he commands his son Fernando, on a cross, planted to shew "the spot where some lone murdered traveller fell," to swear vengeance on his dearest friend. This is but the prelude to a series of the most deliberate assassinations, and blood-curdling atrocities related in the Moor's narrative. Leranzor is for ever haunted by the last action of each victim. The first whom he slays, in her last moments, drags her clammy hands over his eyes, and his conscience renders the feeling perpetual. The blood of the second flows across his hand, the shriek of the third echoes in his ears, and the death-strained eyes of the fourth, in the shape of two blue luminous orbs, are constantly swimming before him. Yet, he still perseveres in guilt, and dies, at last, beneath the dagger of his son, in a state of distraction, through these imaginary horrors, and taunted by the exulting laugh of Sondro whose subtlety has surpassed his own. As though this tale was deficient in materials for frightful descriptions, he introduces, by way of episode, some bandits composed of Moors and galley-slaves, their long hair streaming with rain clinging round their veiny throats, clad in sheep-skins, and crowding round the fire (in autumn), who amuse each other by recounting what detestable deeds they have committed "since last they sallied forth at set of sun." To these cruel and sacrilegious episodes, rising above each other in excess of depravity, the author, very improperly, has endeavoured to give a tinge of humour. The following is the worst told, but the least disgusting of them all;—

## FIRST BANDIT.

"Here's something in this streaming cloak of mine,  
Will cheer our chilly blood,—a flask of wine;

The tempest's gift;—for, when the storm began [ran  
To whistle round me, on the watch, I  
For shelter to a neighbouring cavern, where  
A bearded hermit knelt on flints, in pray'r  
Before a crucifix, beside which, lay  
A skull, cross-bones, and books that teach to pray.  
Methought how pious his white head would look,  
Set where the skull was, on some godly book: [cut  
So, for the jest, I stole behind him,—  
His neck through at one stroke,—and, having put  
The skull upon his bleeding trunk, I said,  
'There, my old hermit, pray to your own head!'  
Then, looking curiously about the cell,  
Knowing an holy man must needs live well,  
I found this wine; and, taking down the cross,  
The holy books, and other such like dross,  
Burnt them upon the purgatory stones,  
And roused the fire with one of the cross bones.  
The ghastly head gleam'd in the hal-lowed blaze,  
And, when I drank, 'a health!' it seemed to raise  
Its livid eye-lids, and gasp slowly out,  
'A pledge,' on which, I poured some down his throat.—  
The dreary night flew fast and cheerly so;  
And well it might, I love a laugh ye know."

The mere murder of a helpless old man, was not sufficient without the added impiety of burning the cross on the stones of penance, and rousing the blaze with the emblems of mortality.

The second canto is the reverse of all this. We will not withhold our praise where praise is due. It contains the most beautiful similes, and is told in the language of unaffected tenderness. The descriptions are romantically picturesque, and indeed, throughout, it displays no common genius. There is a serenade, (what Spanish romance can be without one?) and we have space for a song sung in it by Góndemar:

"Oh lady, there's a fairy spell  
In thy mild beauty's azure eye,  
Whose lucid charm beguiles, too well,  
The parting tear and absent sigh!

And there's a magic in thy smile,  
 Enchanting those who most would  
 Its gentle fascination—while [shun  
 It binds the heart thine eyes have won!

I've seen those sylphs of love and light,  
 That o'er the minstrel's vision flee,  
 And all their forms of fancy bright,  
 And blissful beauty, blend in thee!

Oh lady, think not, all I own,  
 Is poesy's imagined theme;  
 Or, falsely deem, my love's alone  
 The fleeting wish of passion's dream!

But oh, believe, 'tis like yon star,  
 That shines for ever, bright above thee;  
 Pure as its beams my feelings are,  
 And lasting as its light I'll love thee!

The poem altogether is the production of a powerful mind; it contains the darkest scenes, but it also contains some of the brightest. The plot and characters are original but overwrought; and the style, unlike most of our minor bards, is not an imitation of our popular poets.

*Hurstwood; a Tale of the Year*  
 1785. In 3 vols. 12mo. Longman  
 and Co.

WHATEVER may be captiously urged to the contrary by disappointed and discontented critics, this may be truly termed the golden age of literature. The selfish passion for contemporary or for posthumous fame, which gave birth to so much pride, jealousy, fretfulness, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, among men of learning and genius of former times, seems to be unanimously renounced by the present race of writers, who pursue their honourable labours under the influence of purer and more disinterested feelings. The critics, to their credit be it spoken, were the first, who, ceasing to pursue the "bubble reputation," began to exercise their functions solely with a view to the public good, unmixed by any personal consideration. Their example has been followed by two classes of writers, who from temperament and habit were most prone to be charmed "by the whistling of a name;"—we mean the poets and novelists of the day. Their most popular productions are all either

anonymous or pseudo-anonymous; and it should seem that they purpose to themselves no other reward than the tranquil satisfaction of leaving the world better than they found it, in bequeathing a store of instruction and delight for the edification of posterity. Among these modest benefactors of the human race, who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," may be ranked the author of the tale now before us, whose merits, in themselves of no mean order, are heightened rather than disparaged by the humility of his pretensions.

The attraction of this novel consists rather in the multitude and rapid succession of striking incidents, than in the development and contrast of characters, or in the dramatic exhibition of manners prevailing in England at the commencement of the last century. It has few scenes of humour, and is rarely relieved by those digressions, which in some favourite productions of this class, seem designed rather to display the versatile genius of the author, than to improve the structure of his narrative. In the introductory chapters there are some vivid sketches of natural scenery; but as the plot gradually unfolds itself, it really seems to demand the rejection of these and all other ornaments. The dialogue itself becomes more terse, plain, and colloquial, assuming as it were an earnestness suited to the urgency of the occasion. Stratagems, pursuits, surprises, escapes, recaptures, and other adventures succeed each other almost without intermission, and they are all of such essential import as links in the chain, that if one of them be overlooked the catastrophe becomes a mere enigma.

The outline of the story may be comprised in few words. Henry Hurstwood returns to his paternal domain in Cardiganshire, as a fugitive from Scotland after the rebellion in 1715. In early life he had accompanied his father to Denmark, and as they had assumed the name of De Ruse, they were both supposed to be dead, and the family estates had been appropriated by a friend of the house, Mr. Pennington, to whom they had been entrusted when the elder Hurstwood was

constrained by embarrassments to leave his country. In the mansion of Hurstwood, resides Miss Rachel Kemys, the niece of Lord Norland, under the tutelage of her maiden aunt, Lady Anna, who has been persuaded to sanction the addresses of the younger Pennington to her niece. As it frequently happens in affairs of this kind, where interest rather than inclination is consulted, the young lady, fixing her affections on the exile, rejects her former suitor, who is now impelled by revenge, as well as ambition, to effect the ruin of his favoured rival. After a long train of vicissitudes, Hurstwood is tried and condemned, but through the exertions of the lady he escapes from prison, obtains a pardon at the instance of his father, frustrates the designs of his enemies, and is rewarded with the hand of his fair deliverer.

The story is related with great spirit and conciseness, though in a style not sufficiently in keeping with the characters, or with the manners of the age in which they are supposed to have lived. At the outset, indeed, we seem to be reading of events that occurred yesterday, and not a century ago; but of this inconsistency we are gradually rendered unconscious by the absorbing interest of the events themselves.

From among the passages which may be most conveniently detached, we select a scene in which Julius Pennington steals an interview with Rachel, while she is contemplating in the gallery of Hurstwood a picture strongly resembling the absent heir.

"By Lady Anna's direction, he had followed Rachel into the park, in hopes of thus forcing an interview which had been denied to his request. Scarcely had she parted with Godfrey, and struck off by another path, ere he arrived at the same spot, and after some time spent in a fruitless search, concluding she was returned to the house, he pursued her thither, and entered the hall unnoticed; such was her exclusive attention to this new discovery. The gloom caused by the large dimensions of the place had further enabled him to approach unnoticed, and his delight in thus accomplishing his object, was heightened

by his being enabled to gaze upon her countenance and form, rendered even more interesting by the pale glare of the single lamp, without their being disturbed by those expressions and movements of disapprobation and aversion which he was quite conscious that he amply deserved.

"But when he saw upon what object her eyes were rivetted, and when he found the cause why her countenance was so animated, and her attention was so abstracted, indignation, jealousy, envy, and disappointment, at once rankled in his breast, and it was not till some moments had elapsed, that he could enough recover his self-possession to address her in terms of moderation and courtesy. He remembered sufficient of his rival to comprehend the nature of Rachel's emotions, and nothing would now have composed him, but the certainty of her being entirely at his own disposal. The more he gazed, the more he gloried in his villainy, and he thought that the attempt was warranted in his case, if it was only to deprive that person of his mistress, who was in a fair way to deprive him of his estate.

"Fearful of alarming her too much by any abrupt address, he made a slight noise, and as Rachel turned with the intention of immediately retracing, he stepped up to her, and taking advantage of her surprize and consternation, seized her hand, and compelled her to resume the chair which she had before occupied. In vain did she attempt to escape. There was more of mortification than of gentleness in his grasp, and at length she was terrified into acquiescence by considering that it might be dangerous farther to provoke one who had already sufficiently shewn the violence of his disposition.

"Miss Kemys must pardon me this intrusion," said he, in an agitated tone, "when I remind her that our former terms of intimacy demanded milder treatment than I have experienced at her hands. Why Rachel—why do you so obstinately refuse even to see me? Is it so great an offence to love? May I not, after a friendship which commenced with our infancy, be allowed the common privilege of at least speaking my feelings? Am I to be denied those friendly assurances, that sympathy which is my due, even though my addresses are themselves denied? Rachel! beware of urging me too far! I have learnt to love you from the first dawn of opening reason to the

present moment. I have learnt to centre in you every thing that is adorable—every thing that is delightful—every thing that is desirable in this world! You must pardon me then, if I feel—if I act more violently than ordinary men;—if I cannot sit content to have feelings which are the growth of years torn rudely from my breast, and replaced by the excruciating pangs of unmerited disappointment!"

"He paused. The lofty roof of the hall was filled with the deep tones of his voice, and he proceeded in a strain lower, but not less energetic.

"I were unworthy of you to feel—to say—to think less than I do. The shipwrecked mariner grasps at any straw in the hour of impending destruction. I too may be urged in the desperation of my feelings to attempt many rash things for the recovery of my shipwrecked hopes;—do not glory then too far in your obstinacy, but let reason have her due portion of influence;—check present, and I trust momentary prejudice, and allow me to converse with you on those terms to which I have been so long accustomed."

"Rachel listened in silence and dismay. The place in which they were, the gloom of surrounding objects, the lateness of the hour, the solitude that now remained unbroken, even the dim lamp which shed its quivering light upon the agitated, yet determined countenance and tall figure of Julius—all these, added to an address so sudden and unwelcome, had almost overwhelmed her. She felt, however, that necessity called upon her for the utmost exertion of her powers. A few hours more, and she would be out of the reach of this ungenerous persecution. It would be dangerous and imprudent to hurry Julius on the immediate execution of his purpose—it would defeat her own. Yet she scorned to act the hypocrite, and procure her present liberation by any concession which her future conduct could not ratify.

"You ask my friendship, Julius," said she, in a low and tremulous voice,—"you ask for a renewal of those feelings which formerly existed between us? Tell me, when did I withhold them? Never, till they were superseded on your part by more arbitrary affections—more unlimited demands than I was at all prepared to expect or willing to allow. As a friend of my aunt's, and as the occasional companion of my own child-

hood, you were always received here, with a welcome of which you have no right to complain. The same reception you would always have insured, but for your own impatience and impetuosity. Though I am young, inexperienced, and perhaps foolish in my prejudices, yet you are too much of a man of the world to suppose that a female has not a right to use her own discretion in a matter of such importance as her future establishment. The claiming of this discretionary power is all of which you or my aunt can accuse me; and surely you will allow that it is no implied duty of friendship to condemn the ears to listen, when the heart is, if not averse, at least quite unprepared. Now what have been the recent evidences of *your* friendly feelings? Not only have you persecuted me with proposals direct and indirect, after promising to waive the subject for a given time, but you have indulged yourself and infected others with jealous alarms, and been the author of calumnies for which I could readily prove there has not been the slightest real foundation. Under these circumstances, Julius, can you expect from me the same proofs of esteem—the same pleasures in your society which formerly existed? No! If such was the case, you might justly despise me for pursuing a course of hypocrisy, which would be equally contemptible in your sight, as degrading to myself. O no!—Do me justice in this particular at least, and if you have any wish to regain the place that you have lost, cease to persecute a friendless orphan. Show that you are really my friend, by consulting my happiness and regarding my feelings—by detracting from, rather than adding to the miseries of my situation—by inspiring me with confidence and gratitude, rather than with terror—by being my generous and disinterested protector, rather than a persecutor and inveterate enemy!"

"Julius was not sufficiently callous to withstand this appeal altogether. He first relaxed, then relinquished his grasp: the fiery expression of his eyes, softened into a gaze of admiration, and feeling the truth of the arguments used; he finally fixed them upon the ground, totally absorbed in listening to the melodious tones of the voice that addressed him. At the conclusion of Rachel's speech, she looked up. At the sight of her beauty, increased by her distress and confusion, a generous impulse seemed for a moment to possess him. She invited

him to be her friend, though she still rejected him as her lover. Was not friendship near akin with love! Perhaps he *had* been too precipitate—time and delicate attention might produce a favourable result—he would shew her how devoted he could be to her wishes—it was not too late to regain her good opinion.

“‘Rachel,’ said he, respectfully taking her hand, but immediately relinquishing it, ‘your eloquence has prevailed. I own my error, and my happiness depends upon your pardon. I know that I have been guilty of unwarrantable presumption. My contrition shall be amply proved by my future conduct. The work of repentance shall begin now. Assure me of your forgiveness, and I will not longer detain you here. Alas! I know too well that you sigh to be liberated.’

“The pardon was granted, but conditionally—‘if you prove yourself my friend,’—and Rachel, delighted with her emancipation, hurried with rapid steps to her own apartment. Arrived there, she sat down to think upon what had passed. It conveyed, however, no new sensations of pleasure or of hope. She well knew the character of Julius Pennington. It was impetuous in right or wrong. Like his talents, it was versatile and showy. Under the circumstances in which he was placed, she felt no dependance upon his sudden professions of repentance;—the next gust of passion—the next call of interest, would upset them all. She felt the dreadful conviction that her situation was just the same as before this interview, and she did not for a moment flatter herself that her eloquence had produced any further effects than the welcome liberation from his addresses which she now enjoyed.”

At the risk of extending this notice beyond its due limits, we must insert the passage detailing the hazardous attempt of the lady for Hurstwood’s liberation, on the night preceding the day fixed for his execution. The jailor has undertaken for a stipulated sum to assist in this enterprise, on condition that without revealing it to any one, she shall consent to be the principal agent. According to a previous arrangement, she repairs alone to the church-yard an hour after midnight.

“Arrived at the little gate which admitted her into the small and grassy

cemetery, she again paused, and looked with anxious eyes towards the round Saxon porch, from which she almost expected to see some dreadful figure emerge. Nothing, however, was visible, and making an effort for the recovery of her resolution, and half ashamed of the many fears to which she had given way, she glided softly towards it, and was about to screen herself from observation within its solemn obscurity, when the deep and under tones of a human voice, arrested her progress, and almost caused her to fly with apprehension.

“‘You’re a brave bird, however, that you are,’ said the voice, ‘and so don’t be frightened now at the sight of a friend. I never thought, if the truth must be told, that you would come out at this time o’night. But there’s no telling what lassies will do for their Jo’s till they’re tried, and so I came here on the risk on’t. Come, miss, don’t be frightened. If I was never honest before, hang me if I could help it now, so pluck up and be hearty.’

“Poor Rachel had, indeed, no little cause for apprehension, when, as emerging from the porch, the moonbeams fell broadly upon the person of her companion. He was unusually tall, broad, and bony, and his countenance exhibited an expression of impudence and ferocity, which made her shudder. Over his dress was a large rough wrapper or cloak, and on his head was a scull cap, with narrow brims, such as were worn a century before. He was, moreover, booted and spurred, and Rachel observed a long pistol stuck in his belt, as the air accidentally blew his cloak aside. In the company of such a personage, no wonder that she felt quite powerless, and as he stood near her, displaying the full proportions of his gigantic frame, she found herself for some time unable to utter a word.

“‘Come, my pigeon,’ said he, at length, with a shocking familiarity, ‘we are well enough to our time, but we must not be after standing here, staring at one another, while there is business to be done. I suppose the fellow told you my terms. Have you brought the money? The wheel will never work without oil, and plenty too, for it’s an awkward business, and I may bring me into trouble, if I don’t put my best leg foremost.’

“Rachel produced her purse with a trembling hand. The gaoler stretched forward, and took it with an eager grasp. After feeling the weight, and examining the contents, he returned it with a grin of satisfaction.



"It will do very well. But mind you, lady, I mean to act honestly and fairly by you, and so here's the money till the job's done and it is fairly earned. The gentleman in the tower, yonder, shall be the witness. Come, we must be budging. They are sharp folks in our town, and there may be some mischance, if we dally about here, and the clock finger is just upon one too. Come along."

"Rachel followed, somewhat reassured by the fellow's apparent honesty of intention. They soon arrived, but without any interchange of conversation, at the old tower near the bridge, through which she had previously passed. Here the gaoler stopped, and as he was disengaging a bunch of keys which were beneath his cloak, Rachel ventured to speak, and suggest, that if the prisoner was confined there, there would be no necessity for her presence, but she could stay below, and merely be an unknown witness of his liberation.

"No—no," said the man, resolutely, "that will never do. If I should happen to be brought up for this, it will never do for them to say that I unlocked the door and struck off the fetters. I must swear that my wife took the keys, and that I knew nothing of the matter. No—no, miss. You must do it all yourself, and depend upon it, it will be best done. Wrap yourself up in your cloak, and keep your face close under your bonnet, and I'll warrant he'll never stop to enquire who you are, when he once finds himself loose. The man's not such a fool as to stand squinting under a woman's bonnet, when he has to run for his life. See—this is the key of the outer door, the inner is fastened with a padlock, so you'll have no trouble there."

"Feeling that she was now too far advanced to retreat from her purpose, Rachel tacitly obeyed, and after receiving the necessary instructions about the fetters, with a trembling hand and beating heart proceeded to unlock the massive outer door. After several ineffectual attempts, however, she was obliged to give it up, and the gaoler, fearing any further delay, at length came forward with a growl of impatience, and with one rapid twist of his hand, shot the bolt, and sent the door reeling back upon its hinges.

"With a kind of desperate courage, Rachel ventured into the gloomy vacuum which now presented itself, and was not sorry to perceive above her the feeble rays of a small lamp, when she had ascended about a dozen steps

of the worn and circular staircase.—Meanwhile the gaoler remained below, to guard against any surprise, and cautioned Rachel, as she begun the ascent, not to lose one moment, by yielding either to her fears, or suffering any foolish palaver with the prisoner.

"She obeyed his injunction in the first instance by seizing the lamp which was rudely fastened to the wall, and proceeding without delay to apply the key to the padlock, and thus disengaging the door from the strong and rusty staple. This was easily accomplished, when, fearful of indulging one moment of thought, she took the lamp from the floor on which she had placed it, and with an unsteady step entered the apartment.

"It was not large—but on her first entrance she saw nothing through the gloom. Indeed she could scarcely bear to cast her eyes forward. The noise of the fetters, however, as the prisoner started upon his feet from the miserable couch on which he had been laid, convinced her that he was indeed there, and with a desperate effort she advanced close to the place where he stood, and suffered the feeble light of the lamp to glare in his face.

"It was indeed her lover! There he stood with a countenance full of surprise, curiosity, and doubt, darting from his eloquent eyes a keen gaze upon the being who thus strangely disturbed the solitude of his prison.

"For a few moments Rachel could attempt no more. She stood silent, keeping the light averted from her face. When at length, with the quick voice of astonishment, the prisoner demanded her name and business, she rallied sufficiently to say, in a low voice, that she came to free him from his bonds, and that he must fly immediately.

"But I demand, and I will know to whom I am indebted for this unexpected interference?" said he, suddenly placing himself between her and the door.

"Rachel saw that there was now but one plan to adopt. She threw back her bonnet, and allowed him a full view of her pale and disordered features. But she could not speak.—Sobs choked her utterance—the tears ran unbidden down her cheeks—and, almost fainting, she leaned against the damp walls of the prison for support."

The astonishment of Hurstwood at a sight so extraordinary burst forth in repeated exclamations. Scarcely could he believe his senses. He stamped,

he rubbed his eyes to convince himself that he was awake; and at length, finding that indeed it was no dream of the night—no phantasma of the imagination, he addressed Rachel in a tone of the most anxious enquiry.

"At first she was too much overcome to answer any thing; but the hoarse voice of the gaoler from below, urging her to make haste, at length roused her into action.

"*'You must indeed ask no questions,'* said she, addressing Hurstwood, *'for I have no time to answer them.—Let me free you from your fetters while I am able. I feel as if my strength was going, and I am anxious to finish that for which I have dared so much. Promise me, when you are gone, that you will forget as long as you live the dreadful events of this night, and I shall be more happy in the reflection of what I have done.'*

"*'As long as I live, I shall live for you, my dearest Rachel, and to execute all your commands,'* said the enamoured Hurstwood, while, forgetful of the yet critical nature of his situation, his bosom was throbbing with a thousand delightful and hitherto unknown sensations.

"*'Come, come, make haste—I hear footsteps coming this way!'* shouted the gaoler from the bottom of the stairs, in a voice of thunder.

"*'Oh, how shall I release you!'*—cried Rachel in bitter agony, as with no apparent success she attempted to unloose the fetters.

"*'Only be cool, my Rachel,'* said Hurstwood, in a calm and soothing voice. *'Here—first disengage this hand, and I can manage the rest myself.'*

"At length, but not without much difficulty, the task was accomplished, and Hurstwood was beginning to pour forth a torrent of acknowledgments, and make an unlimited string of enquiries, when Rachel stopped him, and still trembling with apprehension, entreated him to lead the way out of so disagreeable and ominous a place. *'You said you would obey me,'* uttered she, in a voice of earnest petition, and oh do not let us risk our present good prospects by any unavailing and foolish delay. Did not the gaoler say that some one was approaching?"

"*'I am gone,'* replied he emphatically. *'In obeying your wishes I execute my own, for now life is doubly, doubly dear to me.'*

"In a few moments they had descended the steps, and stood in the gloom of the archway. The gaoler was

still there, waiting impatiently for their appearance. Rachel gave him the purse, and returned her acknowledgments for his kindly offices. *'Hush!'* said he in a low voice and drawing them both to the darkest recess of the archway—*'I fear we are discovered. That young man, a relation of the sheriff's—Mr. Pennington, I believe—passed by just now; and see, there he is at this moment waiting on the other side of the bridge.'*

"*'Oh what shall I do—is there then no way to escape?'* said Rachel, in a tone of the utmost distress. *'How foolish I was to imagine it could be accomplished!'* *'Fly!'* continued she, addressing Hurstwood, *'and I will remain here, and endeavour to detain him.'*

"*'Is Mr. Pennington alone?'* enquired Hurstwood.

"*'He is,'* replied the gaoler; *'and I think if this young lady will walk along the wall there where the shadow falls, she may get quietly back to her lodgings without any body knowing that she has been here at all.'*

"*'But how will you get away yourselves?'* enquired Rachel, anxiously.

"*'Leave that to us, my dear Rachel,'* whispered Hurstwood. *'We two are not likely to be daunted by even Mr. Julius Pennington. If I escape I shall make for Byewood, and this day month, at this very hour, I will be at the bridge of Barle, if you or my friends have any plan to communicate for my future safety. I say you, because I consider you as pledged to be mine. Go, dearest Rachel, and may heaven reward you for your goodness!'*

"*'Are you willing still further to assist this gentleman?'* said Rachel to the gaoler. *'See him safe from this place, and the reward shall be doubled. I cannot go without this assurance.'*

"*'Why, lady,'* replied the man, *'as I am discovered, it matters little now what I do. We had better complete the job, and stop yon gentleman's mouth by throwing him into the river below here, before we part. But he moves this way. Off—off this instant, or you will repent it.'*

"*'Yes, go, my Rachel—go for my sake as well as your own,'* said Hurstwood, conducting her safely along a dark wall, and pointing to the open street, which now lay before her as silent as it was when she first ventured out. *'Your staying longer here would be equally dangerous to yourself and us. If there should be any disturbance, the fewer in number the better.'* Scarcely had they parted, ere the

voice of Julius Pennington reached her ear. She did not pause even for an instant, but gathering strength from her fears, ran towards the inn as quickly as terror could wing her steps; and at length, breathless with haste, and faint from anxiety and emotion, she reached her room and threw herself upon her bed, half dead with terror and fatigue."

This is by no means the only instance of that high and generous spirit which harmonizes with the milder graces of that lady's character; and we may observe generally that in no romance of modern date does the interest appear to be so fairly divided between the hero and the heroine. For this and other reasons, we are disposed to think favourably of the work as a first attempt; and though the author, with an amiable and rather amusing excess of diffidence, limits his expectation to the approval of a single friend; yet we trust that he will in no long time feel himself warranted in once more exercising his pen for the entertainment of the public.

*History of the Political Institutions of the Nations of Europe and America, &c.* From the French of M.M. P. A. Dufau, J. B. Dubergier, and J. Guadet, *Advocates of the Cour Royale*, Paris. By T. E. Evans. London: Black, Young, and Young, 1824.

THE momentous events which have taken place, both in the old and the new world, within the last half century, have suggested to the authors the expediency of this work. The principal object which they profess to have in view is, that it should serve as a connecting link in the history of their country, by "binding the recollections of the past to the hopes of the future, by restoring the chain of past and present times." But the interest of such an undertaking is not confined exclusively to France; there is not a nation in Europe that has not sensibly felt the effects of that memorable Revolution which, while it overturned the monarchy in France, gave altogether a new character to the government and people. This event forms, of course,

a principal feature in the work before us, so far as regards the new political institutions that emanated from it. The authors commence with a short historical retrospect of the government of France, from the first establishment of the monarchy, down to the Revolution of 1789.—After briefly noticing the state of Roman Gaul in the fifth century, when, according to the Abbé Dubos, "there were no longer Gauls in Gaul," the people being so completely Romanized, the work proceeds on to the period when a horde of barbarous Germans invaded and took possession of the country. To this period is referred the establishment of the regal power in France, upon the principle instanced by Tacitus, in speaking of German usages, "*Reges ex nobilitate, duces ex virtute, sumunt.*" Hence it would appear that military prowess alone did not entitle a man to sovereignty among the Franks, but that he must have had the qualification of illustrious birth to support his claim.—But though among all the German tribes the succession to the throne was generally preserved in the family of the person who was first raised to it, still instances occurred in which the people deposed the reigning sovereign, and placed the crown on the head of some enterprising chief, whom they thought more worthy of ruling over them.—It may be inferred from various authorities, that after the Franks had introduced the monarchical system into Gaul, the people always claimed the right of electing their kings, though they limited the exercise of it, by confining their choice to some member of the reigning family. Nothing was more simple than their coronation;—it very ill accords with our idea of that imposing pageant. "The person destined to reign over the Franks, holding a sword in his hand, was elevated on a shield, and the whole army, which was present at the ceremony, performed various evolutions around him." This mode, however, was truly emblematic, as indicating the warlike character of the people. But on the accession of Clovis, royalty assumed more pomp, and acquired more stability; and Christianity afterwards gave the stamp of

religion to the contract between the monarch and his people. A short section of the work is devoted to the Salic Laws, by which females are for ever rendered incapable of succeeding to the throne. It then goes on to notice the feudal institutions introduced by the first invaders, and the various modifications of the political system under succeeding monarchs, down to the time of the Hugonots, when France was convulsed and distracted from one end to the other. At that period, the talents and virtues of Henry IV. rescued his country from ruin; but the violent encroachments of arbitrary power on the freedom of the subject, and the gross abuses that prevailed in every department during subsequent reigns, became at last intolerable, and the unfortunate Louis XVI. was made to expiate on a scaffold the crimes and vices of his predecessors, while the events that led to the catastrophe deluged not only France but Europe with blood. Adverting to this subject, the authors conclude their historical summary with these just and forcible observations:—

“The bold and sanguinary genius of Richelieu, the brilliant despotism and victories of Louis XIV., alike contributed to banish even the recollection of the ancient influence of the great.—Nothing more was wanting than to corrupt them, and this Louis XV. effected. In the reign of this prince, every thing was polluted and fell to decay. But while the first orders of the state were sinking into dependence and corruption, the third, through the progress of the sciences, arts, and a daring philosophy, were gradually rising into importance. A revolution was inevitable, and the virtues of Louis XVI. did not retard this event. It was at last found necessary to return to those principles of government which had so long laid neglected. The nation was convoked, and then commenced a revolution which covered our country with massacres, and shook all Europe to its foundations. Half a century before, and all this, perhaps, had been but a useful and tranquil reform!”

The authors now proceed to the practical part of the work, and exhibit, in consecutive detail, an account of the different constitutions that have existed in France from the

earliest period, after the first consolidation of the regal power, down to the time when the monarchy was restored in the person of the present king. Each succeeding change is introduced with an appropriate commentary on the circumstances that led to it, and the arrangement is methodical and perspicuous throughout. Mr. Evans is translating the work in detached parts; and the two volumes he has already published, are impressed with those characters of style and elegance, with that chastened eloquence of expression, and happy adaptation of the language in which he writes to the idiomatic phraseology and genius of the original, that leave no doubt of his competency to the task he has undertaken.

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*Rogvald, an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books.* By J. F. Pennie, pp. 368, 8vo. London: Whittaker's, 1823.

To write a poem deserving the title of epic, is a task which, since the days of Milton, no man has been able to accomplish, though many have attempted it, and flattered themselves on their imagined success. Among recent aspirants, Voltaire, in his *Henriad*, has made the nearest approach; but, as compared with the author of *Paradise Lost*, he has no pretensions whatever to the same common association in rank. He is, however, *proximus sed longo intervallo*. The epic, as it is the highest species of poetical composition, so it is, also, the most arduous to be attempted; requiring in the poet a genius at once sublime, vast, and comprehensive. A celebrated critic tells us that its chief object is, “to form the manners by such instructions as are disguised under the allegories of some one important action.” But it is not merely sufficient that the action, or fable shall be in itself important; it must, also, be probable and interesting, and the grand Epopee in which its several parts are combined, must preserve a complete unity and regular simplicity throughout.—Moreover, the subject matter must

be such as to correspond with the dignity and loftiness of epic poetry. That man is most egregiously deceived who thinks that every legend, gleaned from remote antiquity, may be turned into an epic poem, provided it be fraught with marvellous incidents. Nothing is farther from the fact; and hence, as well as from the arduous character of the design itself, the cause why so many have failed in the highest effort of which the muse is capable. It is true, that as the chief emotion which the epic poem aims at exciting in our minds is admiration, nothing is so conducive to it as the marvellous; but then the physical or moral agency to which the marvellous events are ascribed, must be such as never to offend the understanding. In other words, the machinery which the poet employs must be perfect in all its details. In this respect the ancients had a decided advantage; for the numerous deities in the calendar of pagan mythology, afforded Homer and Virgil ample means of preternatural interposition whenever they found it necessary. Milton, it is true, had the angels to resort to; but he could never make half so free with them as his great archetypes could with their invisible agents.—We make these few observations in reference to the epic poem generally, that Mr. Pennie may not feel surprised at our denying *Rogvald* a claim to the title of epic: what we cannot grant to the *Henriad*, we cannot lightly concede to any modern production. He has written a very interesting poetical legend, but not an epic poem. An obscure event, supposed to have occurred at the period of the Saxon Heptarchy, when England was in a state of feudal barbarism, is of all others the most unfortunate subject that the votary of the epic muse could select, the famous story of king Arthur not excepted. Mr. Pennie has, however, worked this up into what he calls an epic poem, of twelve books; thus equalling Virgil in quantity if not in quality. As the materials he has selected are wholly unfit for the purpose, our readers will not expect that we should analyse the fable; suffice it to say, that it comprises a number

of incidents, which sometimes border on the improbable. But in thus commenting on the infelicity of the subject, as well as on its component parts, we would not be understood as withholding our approbation from the poem itself, abstractedly considered. On the contrary, we think, as a poem, it possesses very great merit, and is highly creditable to the genius of the author. There are many detached passages in it which are truly beautiful. The following soliloquy, for instance, in which *Offida*, one of the principal characters, deploras her hard fate, is conceived in the finest spirit of poetry. The author, when he wrote it, had evidently before him Milton's pathetic lines on the loss of his sight:—

“ No more vain Hope, with thy last feeble beam,  
Seek to dispel the gloom of black despair;  
For O, my heart, so long to grief a prey,  
Can only in the tomb a refuge find!—  
Ah, me! the thoughts of youthful pleasures past,  
Love's transient moments of delight that fled,  
Like shooting star-beams o'er a stormy sky,  
Yet yielding recompense for years of woe,  
Do haunt my memory still, like troubled ghosts  
Unwilling to forsake the mouldering dust  
They once inhabited, and for awhile  
My soul of thy sharp pangs, O misery, cheat!—  
Twilight's grey eye at length is closed,  
and now  
The breezes usher in the star-crowned night:  
But not for me the evening zephyrs load  
Their balmy wings with fragrance:  
not for me  
The valley and the grove impurled wear  
Their summer blossomings and rainbow hues;  
Nor love-note of the dove, nor stream's wild song,  
Nor vesper-hymn of birds are breathed for me!  
No sounds hear I but the wild seamew's scream,  
As on the gale's fleet wing, it soars aloft,

And skims the airy void, save when  
his voice  
The ocean lifts on high to chide the  
storm,  
That rocks my prison-tower, and round  
me roar  
The cloud-peal mingled with the raven  
blast !—  
O death, friend of the wretched, when  
shall I  
Leave this dull clay, this dreary dun-  
geon quit,  
And, like yon ocean-eagle, cleave the  
skies?  
See! how she mounts, and her broad  
pinion flings,  
Cloud-like, upon the air.—Ah, royal  
bird,  
Thou hasten'st homeward to thy wonted  
perch  
Upon the craggy summit of yon cliff,  
While I sit hopeless in my prison-cage,  
And cannot break its bars.—But O, the  
time  
Will come, when I shall soar like yon-  
der moon,  
That casts her slanting ray athwart the  
deep,  
As to her rising orb the billows bow  
Their hoary heads in homage, far be-  
yond  
Thy proudest flight, and find at last my  
home  
In the bright mansions of eternal  
bliss."

We could make many other ex-  
tracts with equal advantage to the  
author, but our limits will not allow  
us to go farther. Before we con-  
clude, however, we would advise  
Mr. Pennie to cultivate any other  
species of poetry rather than the  
epic. In any other he may suc-  
ceed, and even distinguish himself;  
but the more he plumes his waxen  
wing for the epic, the more cer-  
tain is he to meet with the fate of  
Icarus.

*Numerical Games in Arithmetic, for  
the Amusement and Improvement  
of Youth.* By THOS. HALLIDAY.

IN modern times, the success of  
any new production, either in litera-  
ture, science or the arts, has too  
frequently depended less upon its  
intrinsic merits, than upon the skill  
of the author in *calling aloud* with  
a view to rouse and attract the pub-  
lic attention. This remark must  
have been often made by other ob-  
servers, as well as ourselves, but  
was suggested on the present occa-  
sion by our having accidentally  
met with the "Arithmetical Games."  
From an examination of their con-  
tents, we can confidently assert that  
they possess the quality so much  
desired by writers on education,—  
that of infusing knowledge into the  
youthful mind, by connecting pleas-  
ing associations with useful occu-  
pation. They have this farther ad-  
vantage:—while they have a ten-  
dency to produce a habit of atten-  
tion, with the agreeable exercise of  
the rational powers, they discourage  
the spirit of gaming, and excite a  
laudable emulation in young and  
ardent minds. Even those persons  
whose religious opinions prevent  
them from allowing their children  
the use of the common cards,  
would find their objections obviated  
by this contrivance, for it combines,  
in a high degree, utility with en-  
tertainment. We can, therefore, re-  
commend it to the attention of the  
delicately scrupulous, as a rational,  
ingenious, and innocent amusement  
for children, and calculated to en-  
able them to convert many of their  
leisure hours to improvement in an  
important branch of knowledge, in-  
stead of idling them away in indo-  
lence and *ennui*.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## THE BRITISH GALLERY.

At a time when peace and all her mild and sportive train smile upon our land, when plenty empties from her horn of plenty her choicest gifts, we are permitted to turn our attention to what may lead to promote our domestic happiness, soften the asperity of the feelings engendered by war, and restore us to that state of feeling which is most congenial to our nature, and national character. The history of nations that have slept long ages away in ruined grandeur, as well as the more modern records of surrounding nations, point out to us the policy to be adopted.

Greece and Rome did not establish their characters more by the battles they had won, or the code of laws by which they were governed, than by their unwearied cultivation of literature and the arts. If it be argued that greatness of national character depend upon military prowess, then would the brave and classic Romans be less worthy of our admiration than their savage conquerors, the Goths, who knew not how to make the same use of conquest that the Romans did on former occasions. By her conquests has our Empire ensured to herself the sovereignty of the seas; in mechanics and commerce she has no equal; she is not less renowned for her literature; and in arts, she is fast approaching to the highest perfection of which art is capable. With delight do we behold, in each succeeding exhibition, the many proofs of native talent, some of which, let critics (who, for the most part, are but traffickers in art, and depressors of rising talent) say what they will, are far above their crude, unskilful, and obscure "originals," as they are pleased to term them. We ardently hope to find these old impositions of picture-cleaners and dealers put behind the fire, to make place for the productions of taste and genius. The Artists of Great Britain have never had so bright

a prospect of their works being duly appreciated. To our late revered Monarch—to the artists themselves—and to a few spirited gentlemen, is the nation indebted for the preservation and cultivation of the Arts during our struggles in the late wars. Other artists have proved the truth of Barry's defence of them, and our country generally, against the attacks of the President Montesquieu and Abbé Winckelmann; and, we have no doubt, whilst there is talent on one side, and patronage on the other, that surrounding nations will be obliged to acknowledge the preeminence of British Artists. From the number of pictures purchased at the annual exhibition of the British Institution much good must result—first, as it remunerates the artist for his labours—and secondly, as it tends to shew the merit of modern art, compared with the works of the old masters. We hail, with anticipations of the best results, the opening of other Schools of Art. We cannot agree with some of the periodical publications, that they will injure the Royal Academy and British Institution. British Artists must still cling to the Royal Academy where they were educated, and to the British Institution, where their first dawns and maturity of talent met succour and support, the members of which, in unison with artists themselves, stemmed the torrent of prejudice against native genius, and by their patronage and example brought things to that happy climax from which the highest approach to perfection may be expected. Having premised thus much, we shall now proceed to a review of the works, comprising the Exhibition of this season:—

"No more ought to be exacted from any work of art than that which is proper to it, or that which, consistent with this propriety, would be advantageous to it."—*Barry on the Orleans Gallery.*

*Comus, with the Lady in the Enchanted Chair.*—W. HILTON, R.A.

—“One sip of this.

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise,  
and taste.”

*Milton's Comus.*

This picture is poetically conceived, finely drawn, and well coloured. Nothing in its kind can be more happy than the expression of the Lady in the Enchanted Chair. She seems lost in the rapidity and wonderment of thought. Half in hope, half in distrust, she knows not yet what choice to make. The scene to her is new; but the elegant and easy figure of Comus, and his promise of delight, has some claim to confidence. Whether we consider the turn and expression of the head, the disposition of the hands, perfectly in unison, or, the whole figure as it sits, we cannot think that the story could be more happily told. There is much grace and ease in the figure of Comus.—The colouring is, as it should be, a delicate union of warm and cold, blending into each other, producing roundness and relief. The principle light is well managed, and its breath well kept up. There is much display of anatomical knowledge in the Fauns: and their colouring and character forms a fine contrast to the other figures, and, in point of expression and drawing, may vie with any thing in that way from the pencil of Rubens. Mr. Hilton seems to have paid much attention to this great master, but he does not employ the same means to obtain the same end. The Fauns of Rubens, though necessarily of the grosser human form, are, nevertheless, light and sportive; the colouring, though copper-toned, is yet clear, harmonious, and rich, with clear, deep shadows—whilst, on the other hand, Mr. Hilton's has an almost unaccountable heaviness about them, which not even their gamboling figures and merry faces can remove. His colouring, indeed, is in harmony; but there is no brilliancy in his lights, nor depth in his shadows. If we add to this deficiency of brilliancy and depth in these particular figures, and their direct op-

position to the tender and beautiful colouring of the Lady and Comus, where the principal light falls, their apparent heaviness to the eye may, perhaps, be accounted for. On the whole, it is a splendid effort of art, and such only as could come from a man of elevated mind and superior talent.

*Iris and her Train.*—HENRY HOWARD, R.A.

This picture is in Mr. Howard's usual style of elegance. The group of figures seem indeed the

“Gay creatures of the element,  
That in colours of the rainbow live,  
And play in the plighted clouds.”

There is throughout a tenderness and delicacy of execution, befitting the subject. The whole group seem to float in air. Every thing is harmony, grace, and elegance. The extremities of the group above, and particularly at the bottom of the picture, being subdued in the “plighted clouds,” give great relief to the whole. There is a quietness and repose in this picture which is seldom to be met with in compositions of this kind. There is but one thing strikes us as faulty (though it will scarcely warrant our using so strong a term), that is, that the head of Iris, beautiful and well drawn as it is, still wants dignity of expression to shew her superiority over the rest of this æthereal group.

*Colonel Blood's attempt to Steal the Regalia from the Tower of London.*—H. P. BRIGES.

This picture is the production of a strong mind, and much professional acquirements. There is plain dealing about it, and little, if any, subterfuge of art. It is well and firmly painted with a bold pencil. Every tint and shade is disposed to advantage, and the story well told. The head of the keeper, its expression, and indeed the entire figure, is well made out. He sees his danger—he feels he is overpowered—he is conscious of his duty—but finds he must yield to preserve his life. The artist has not been less successful in the delineation of Colonel Blood—firm and determined, he carries his daring project into execution. Having beaten down the keeper, and secured him from



rising, by placing his right foot on his chest, his more immediate attention is directed to the accomplishment of his object, Mr. Briggs has been particularly happy in this figure: it is correctly drawn, and well managed. The drapery is properly and naturally disposed of, and the whole action of this principal actor, and his expression of determination and anxiety, is very ably portrayed. The other figures in the picture sufficiently sustain their characters: the receiving part of the Regalia from one, at the other side of the grating, is artfully designed, and the kneeling extremity well foreshortened. We could wish, for the sake of the artist, and the further preservation of so able a work of art, that this picture was painted by a process less liable to be effected by time.

*Christ Healing the Impotent Man at the Pool of Bethesda.*—J. and G. Foggio.

The artist who has made the human figure the peculiar object of his study, it must be acknowledged, has given the preference to the most sublime and interesting department, but he should bear in mind that in proportion to its greatness and superiority above other pictorial representations, so also is its difficulty of execution increased. There are more requisites necessary to form a historical painter than many imagine. He must have acquired a great extent of historical knowledge, be intimately acquainted with national characteristics, and a nice observer of the diversities occasioned by time or circumstance, age and sex; superadded to such, a knowledge of anatomy, linear and ærial perspective, with all the mechanism of art before he can with propriety employ his talent on any subject likely to do him credit. Many men who might have had sufficient mind and strength of genius for the ordinary occupations of life, have either themselves miserably and unfortunately mistaken their powers, or, led by the advice of their friends, been induced to take to that line of life to which their mental or acquired abilities, or indeed both

together, are totally inadequate. If the world is to judge of the pretensions of the Messrs. Foggio's to the rank of historical painters by this picture, we would, and we do say, that it is much to be regretted that they have so miscalculated their abilities and so wasted their time. We know full well the time, and mental ransackings, that such an intended display must have required; and any one acquainted with art will say, that their time might have been better disposed of in something else. Every figure seems as though they were but just dug from a mud-pond. With the most unmeaning expression, every feature is distorted, without conveying to the mind of the spectator any thing expressive of their situation, or exciting one particle of sympathy. The only figure in the picture at all approaching to consistency of character is that of the Redeemer. Yet this is severe, hard, and crude; nothing of the superhuman, which should be the object, aimed at—nay, it is even utterly destitute of that sweetness of expression which many a character of human mould would demand.—Indeed the general tone of the picture is so muddled and cloudy, with so little of any thing like nature about it, that to account for it, one should suppose that the Messrs. Foggio spent most of their time at an anatomical theatre; and, contrary to what may be expected, mistook mere disease for the total suspension of every organ of vigorous existence. The extremities seem completely disjointed—there is scarcely a hand in the whole picture in which every joint does not seem unconnected with each other. Some parts are well done, which clearly proves the fallacy of a certain great painter's reasonings—"That to draw a good and correct outline, and fill it up with any thing, it could not be bad." We should have passed by this picture as entirely unworthy our notice, did not the honour of the class to which it aspires compel us to do so. Many others of minor pretensions, and much talent in their "small way," present themselves to our notice.

## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE Dramatic entertainments were suspended at this Theatre on the 30th of January. Mr. Bochsa, however, got up a selection of music sacred and profane, which attracted a full and nearly overflowing house. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Paton, Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Bellamy were the chief performers. After the national air of *God save the King*, which was sung with pleasing effect, a selection from Handel's Oratorio of *The Messiah* was performed. The paternal tenderness and expressive simplicity of Braham's "Comfort ye my people," must have made a lasting impression on every sensitive mind; for every note breathed the fond solicitude of the affectionate parent. "Rejoice greatly" was by the sweet voice and exquisite taste of Mrs. Salmon rendered more pleasing and gratifying than usual; while the piety and fervency with which Miss Stephens executed the air of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was highly calculated to subdue the most sceptical and impious soul, and inspire it with sentiments of the most sincere devotion, the most hallowed piety. The grand chorus of "Hallelujah" was well received and encored with merited applause. Miss Paton did every justice to *Di tanti palpiti*, from the Opera of *Il Tancredi* by Rossini. The applause she received for her inimitable execution of this air must be as grateful to her feelings as the execution was to the audience.

The Oratorio of *The day of Judgment* composed for the King of Prussia, by Frederick Schneider, Chapel Master to His Majesty, formed the second part of the performance for this night. It was the first time it was attempted in this country, but it fell far short of giving that exquisite rapture or sacred joy which the first part conveyed. This production of Schneider has been very much celebrated on the Continent, but we believe it will never be countenanced in this country. Indeed, the audience on that night

seemed to suffer it to pass on more for the respect they had for the performers than for the performance itself. This awful momentous theme is too much for the genius of Schneider to do it justice; and it is doubtful if even Handel himself could render it a pleasing oratoriotic performance. To raise from the grave, the dead of the past ages,—to give the just that voice and song expressive of their hopes and happiness in their anticipations of future bliss; and to the unjust, the wicked and condemned, appropriate language and mode of expression, is not within the powers of Schneider; for his demons chaunted as sweet melody as his angels, they only differed in words. Those who are acquainted with the chorusses of Handel can never tolerate those of Schneider. Noise is substituted for elevation of feeling, and the unmeaning abruptness with which they break off painfully reminds one of those of Handel, while by

"—degrees remote and small  
The strains decay  
And melt away  
In a dying, dying fall."

The third part, which was miscellaneous, was well received; but we believe the second part will never again be attempted in this country; especially before a discriminate audience.

Mr. Oxberry made his appearance here in *Mawworm* in *The Hypocrite*, which was again performed for that purpose. He was warmly and cordially received, and he looked his character so well that a general laugh was excited at his sanctified aspect,—his dry long look, and long wry face. Oxberry was very successful in this character, and we believe no theatre in England can boast of possessing two able performers of equal merit in the character of *Mawworm*, as this theatre can in Liston and Oxberry.

For a novelty, as it is called, the uninteresting Romance of *Lodoiska*

has been revived. It has very little merit either in scenery or character, and for its continuation is chiefly indebted to the exertions of Harley and Wallack, otherwise it is very likely it would not survive the first nights representation. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* was brought out at this theatre with operatical additions, after the manner of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the *Comedy of Errors*. Innovations like these should be very cautiously made in the plays of Shakspeare, if indeed made, or suffered to be made at all.

If a great fund of humour, a masterly delineation of the failings, the whims, the oddities, eccentricities and venal vices of humanity be the chief requisites of comedy, what comedies possess these requisites in so eminent a degree as those of Shakspeare? Why then endeavour to render them more entertaining by the introduction of operative performance? nothing but the novelty of the thing, and nothing saves them from censure but the original and genuine merit of the piece.

#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*Romeo and Juliet* was performed this month. Mr. C. Kemble, and Miss F. H. Kelly, were the hero and heroine. We never saw both characters more ably sustained, and we never saw an audience more satisfied with a performance, or more enthusiastic in their applause. Indeed, we never were so confirmed in our opinion, or so gratified at the confirmation, that public feeling can never be shaken by the "cant of criticism." When we last noticed Miss Kelly's appearance, in "*The Vespers of Palermo*," we found it our duty to combat certain critics, who, while they admitted the want of dramatic interest in this play, wished, we must say ungenerously and unmanly, to ascribe its failure to Miss Kelly. We then maintained that the public felt differently from the critics, and it now appears not only that we were justified in the observation, but that the public felt as indignant at the unmerited treatment which she received, as we did ourselves. On her appearance the last night, she was received with an applause, which, from its long continuance, must be as much ascribed to a consciousness of her having been unjustly treated, as to a sense of her merit. One of the critics on whom we then commented, and whose absurdity and self-contradictions we exposed, threatened, we understand, to commence an attack upon us. How he could attempt to vindicate himself, in first condemning the play, and then ascribing its failure to

Miss Kelly, we are really unable to divine, but though we are informed he wrote a long article against us, we are glad to find he had sense enough to suppress it; and, if we may be allowed to speak in that style of egotism, which characterizes most of our periodical works, we shall add, that it is still more gratifying to us, to find that the opinions which we advanced, and the judgment which we formed of the *Vespers of Palermo*, and of the cause of its failure, has been confirmed by the *Revue Encyclopédique* of Paris. The learned editor, after noticing the appearance of this tragedy at Covent Garden, observes, that its failure has been ascribed to some of the performers, a judgment which he condemns, and ascribes the real cause of its failure to those very defects in the performance itself, which we pointed out in our critique upon it.\* If we have been zealous in Miss Kelly's defence, we have been so from a pure sense of public duty. Perhaps we have been mistaken in our estimation of her powers, but until the public decide against us, we shall not be convinced by the cant of criticism. The following notice of this play appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*.

"*Romeo and Juliet* was performed last night. Mr. C. Kemble and Miss F. H. Kelly, were, as usual, the hero and heroine, and both sustained their parts with admirable talent. Miss Kelly is, in fact, the only *Juliet* at present on the stage. If we had never

\* See *Revue Encyclopédique*—Janvier, 1824. p.p. 217, 218.

seen her before the effort of last night, we feel ourselves justified in speaking with every confidence in favour of her general powers as a tragic actress. The only instance that could be quoted against this opinion (we allude to the failure in the new Tragedy) has been ascribed to the apprehension excited in her mind, by the belief that a party was formed against her on the occasion. But, the powers which could grasp one of the leading characters of Shakespeare, which could exhibit such acting in the balcony scene, the garden scene, and the other more impassioned ones, as Miss Kelly did last night, must be capable of giving full effect to the conceptions of inferior dramatists. She was warmly applauded by the audience on her entrance, and at the close of the play; and the whole went off with an *eclat* which will probably insure it a quick repetition.

Mr. Kemble certainly performed his part better than we ever saw him perform it before. We cannot too much praise the abstraction of mind that marks the expression of his countenance, while Mercutio is describing Queen Mab. He seems to stare Mercutio in the face without knowing what he says. In general, however, he is too cold or too ardent a lover: he rages with passion, or he appears cold and indifferent. True passion seldom runs into these extremes, and when it does there is much reason to doubt its sincerity. We know not why lovers on the stage, so frequently stand at a distance from, and speak to each other with averted look. True love unconsciously gazes upon the object of its affections, and is not all good acting—an imitation of nature? If this be a fault, it is one that characterizes Mr. Kemble's style of acting—we have never observed it in Miss Kelly. Her eyes beam with all the rapture of passion, and seem eternally fixed on those of *Romeo*. This is perhaps what certain critics would call too much *nécessité*, which is saying, in other words, that it is unnatural to be natural. These are, we suppose, the admirers of what is styled classical acting; but we suspect the audience and the critics are here at variance. What was ever more natural than Miss Kelly's exclamation,

"Oh, what a wretch was I to chide him so."

And the universal and instant burst of applause that followed, proves, sufficiently, how much more powerful nature is than the studied precision and unimpassioned formality of the classical school. If any tragedy may be said to possess a classical character, it must certainly be that of Addison's *Cato*, and if any performer endeavours to impress the same character, on his style and manner, it must be Mr. Young. It was performed last month, as we observed in our last number; but, though the performance itself, and the principal performer possessed all the advantages that could be derived from classical propriety, how different was its reception from that of *Romeo and Juliet*. In fact, *Cato* admitted no display of passion, and if it did, Mr. Young was not the proper character to display it. Mr. Kean is the great master of the passions,—the great mover of the soul in *the male*; Miss Kelly, in the female character. *Cato*, however, is a tragedy peculiarly suited to the classical taste of Mr. Young, and, though neither he nor any other performer can ever succeed in giving it popular interest, it is still certain that it associates more with the style and character of his acting, than with that of any other performer of the day. *Cato* is the production of mind, not of feeling; and though we should be far from insinuating that Mr. Young is incapable of imparting to his characters a considerable portion of soul and feeling, his manner is still impressed with that character of mind, and that severity of judgment, which Addison has exercised in all his writings. Addison did not want feeling, but it was a feeling subdued by reflection, enervated by timidity, and restrained by an apprehension of out-stepping the modesty of nature, and violating the principles which govern the productions of taste and judgment. This nervous delicacy, however, but ill assorts with the deeper pathos of tragedy, with those strong and violent emotions, without which tragedy is only a mockery of nature. Whoever is placed in a deep

and afflicting situation, expresses his feelings and emotions exactly as they are felt, regardless of the opinions which may be formed of them by cool and unimpassioned men, who study what nature would direct them to say, not what passion, and feeling, and sympathy dictate. Addison addressed himself to men of understanding, but he who possesses the genuine spirit of tragic writing, addresses himself to men who feel, and whose feelings are not governed by the cold and calculating deliberations of reason. We know not whether Mr. Kean has ever appeared in this character; in fact, we must acknowledge, and perhaps we should blush to avow it, that we are but little acquainted with the history of the English stage; but we think we are sufficiently acquainted with the philosophy of tragedy to assert, that Mr. Kean could never excel in this character. Mr. Kean has feeling, and where his feelings are not called upon, where he is not placed in a situation to arouse the slumbering faculties of the soul, and give inspiration to his passions, where the dictates of wisdom, not the sudden, ungovernable burst of violent emotion, are put into his mouth, we apprehend Mr. Kean's acting would be the mere declamation of a school-boy. He is the disciple of feeling, not of reason; of passion, not of deliberation; of nature, not of education; of instinct, not of judgment. He acts as he feels, and he feels what the situation in which he is placed is calculated to excite.—Of this ardour and impetuous energy of feeling Mr. Young is destitute. He is a correct, classical performer, in whose manner it is difficult to point out a fault, but which we can look upon without emotion, and approve without admiration.—He never leads us beyond the pale of reason and judgment; he never hurries us into the world of feeling and passion; never awakens that fire which excites our indignation, never excites that sympathy which melts us into tears, and identifies us with the immolated victim of love or adversity. Mr. Young, therefore, wants that "soul of soul," that incommunicable flame, or rather that flame which nature only can com-

municate, without which no performer shall ever attain the summit of dramatic art—never awaken all the latent energies of the soul, all those nameless emotions of which we cannot even form an idea until they are felt, and which we can never feel unless acted upon by an agency calculated to excite them.—We must do Mr. Young, however, the justice to say, that whatever his powers may be, Addison's *Cato* is a tragedy in which he could not, and in which no actor ever can, excite the emotions of which we have spoken.

A new opera was brought out at this house, which has experienced a very different reception from the *Vespers of Palermo*. It is entitled, *Native Land; or, The Return from Slavery*. Though we have not heard the name of the author, we cannot help saying that it appears impressed with a foreign character. It matters little, however, in our opinion, whether it be a translation or a genuine original production, so far as regards the audience, for we cannot believe that Englishmen are so differently constituted from the rest of mankind as to be incapable of relishing and appreciating merit whether it be of domestic or foreign growth. The original music is by Mr. Bishop; the selections from Rossini.

Mr. Sinclair represents *Aurelio di Montallo*; Mr. W. Farren, *Gueseppe*; Mr. Cooper, *Tancredi*; Mr. Duruset, *Marcello*; Mr. Fawcett, *Peregrino*; Mr. Barnes, *Jacombe*; Miss Paton, *Clymante*; Miss M. Tree, *Biandina*; Miss Beaumont, *Lavinia*; Miss Love, *Zanina*.

We shall give a simple outline of the story.—

*Aurelio di Montallo*, a Genoese Nobleman, betrothed to *Clymante*, and a prisoner in Barbary, fails to make his condition known to his relatives in consequence of the treachery of his guardian, *Gueseppe*, who intercepted all his letters, hoping thereby, as his heir at law, to possess himself of the immense property of *Aurelio*. In the meantime *Clymante*, in consequence of her father's death, becomes possessed of all his vast property, but on condition that she should marry within a given period; other-

wise all his possessions should become the patrimony of the church; hoping, however, that *Aurelio* still lived, and might yet probably return, and wishing, at the same time, to preserve, not only herself but her fortune to bestow upon him if ever he should, she concerted with her cousin, *Biondina*, for the purpose of evading that clause in her father's will. *Biondina* assumes the disguise of a cavalier, and under the fictitious name of *Celio* is received as the intended bridegroom of *Clymante*—*Aurelio* is, however, at length released, with all the christian captives, by *Captain Tancredi*, who is prevailed upon by *Aurelio* to keep the circumstance of his release a secret. With the return of the captives the piece opens, but, to the eager enquiries of their friends, no account could be obtained of *Aurelio*, who, in his disguise of an Abyssinian, had taken up his residence with his friend, *Captain Tancredi*. An invitation which *Tancredi* received from *Celio* to be present at his nuptials with *Clymante*, fills the mind of *Aurelio* with a conviction of the infidelity of his lover, and he determines to be present also for the purpose of upbraiding her with inconstancy. Previous to the marriage, however, the treachery of *Gueseppe* was discovered by *Peregrino*, *Aurelio's* confidential servant, who, wishing to prove the affection and fidelity of his wife, *Zanina*, in imitation of his master, disguises himself also. *Tancredi* endeavours to prevail on *Aurelio* to avow himself, but he is inflexibly determined to await the marriage ceremony.—*Celio* accidentally overhears what is going forward, and persuades *Clymante* to retort the charge of infidelity on *Aurelio*. The cause of *Celio's* disguise, being accounted for, and *Gueseppe's* treachery exposed, the opera concludes with the union of *Aurelio* and *Clymante*, and also *Marcello* and *Lavinia*, a young lady to whom *Gueseppe* was paying his addresses, and to whom *Zanina*, the wife of *Peregrino*, was attendant.

This opera has had a very popular run for the last month, and it is likely to continue a favourite with the lovers of operatic representations. Neither is it deficient of dramatic merit, arising from the

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laughable and lively *equivoque* of the dialogue, of which *Peregrino* is chiefly the subject, arising from his appearing before his wife pretending to have lost a leg, an arm, and an eye. Mr. Pawcett supported this character with his usual ability; and Miss Love succeeded in portraying the feelings of the disconsolate wife with all that arch and powerful humour which, on all occasions, distinguish the performances of this lady. The character of *Celio* was judiciously given to Miss Tree. Her vivacity and archness were never more fully displayed than in the character of this darling and handsome young wooer. The pleasure her presence on the stage excited in the audience was visibly apparent throughout the whole performance. The comic humour of Mr. Farren was also called forth in the character of *Gueseppe*. Miss Paton did every justice to the dramatic merit of the part she sustained; and in *Tancredi* Mr. Cooper had little opportunity to distinguish himself. Of Mr. Sinclair's part we have nothing to say with regard to acting, as he had little or nothing to act, having more to sing than to say, as was the case with some others of the *dramatis personæ*; but he sung many beautiful airs in a most highly-finished style, and was often encored with enthusiastic applause. Perhaps Miss Paton never appeared to more advantage, and high as she stood in the estimation of the public for her vocal prowess, it is evident that she is still very much improving; and although in various instances she displayed exquisite taste and extraordinary powers in this opera, in no part did she give more brilliant proofs of her vocal abilities than in her *bravura* in the third act. Miss Tree was no less happy in sustaining the character of the dashing wooer, than in her execution of several songs, and in her part of the duets. The songs are of a superior order to those we generally meet with in opera's, and the last, an Irish air, Miss Tree sung with all that simplicity and sweetness which her refined taste and feelings were calculated to display. The scenery and views are very striking, particularly a garden-scene by moon-light; and the whole

highly calculated to ensure it a steady and popular career.

We believe few of our readers are already unacquainted with Mr. Colman's rejection of the tragedy of *Alasco*; which we understand, was in rehearsal at this theatre. We believe also that few are acquainted with Mr. Shree's moral and poetical character, who will not regret this rejection. Indeed if such a wanton act of authority did not convince us, that a theatrical censor is a public grievance, other reasons would convince us of the truth. The late censor, it is true, did not arbitrarily avail himself of the power placed in his hand, but he might have done so: had he chosen: he might have admitted the worst, and rejected the best theatrical production of the age. Besides, a theatrical censor is a disgrace to the nation, for it is maintaining that there is not sufficient public virtue in the country to condemn a play when it violates nature and moral feelings: it is maintaining that it is safer to trust to the honesty and judgment of an individual than to that of the public. If so, how absurd is it to say, that the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*. If it be an absurdity, however, it is one of which we could never convince ourselves, for though we might grant that two heads are not always better than one; we certainly can admit that one head is better or wiser than ten million, or ten thousand, or even one thousand; and therefore we can never be persuaded, that it is safer to trust the success of a play to the

judgment of an individual than to that of the public.

Perhaps it may be said that we are premature in our judgment, and that it is time enough to offer an opinion on the propriety or impropriety of rejecting this play after we have read it. To this we reply that even if the poem possessed that licentious or universal character which would justify any man in condemning it, the power of preventing its appearance should not be granted to any individual, because he may possibly abuse this power, whereas, the public never can. An individual may have a thousand motives for injuring another individual, whereas, the public can have none. It is then a law founded in legislative ignorance to grant the office of censor to any individual, because this as supposing him not only more honest, but also wiser than the public, neither of which he can possibly be.

But we shall speak more at large on this subject in our next number, as we hope *Alasco* will make its appearance ere then. In the meantime we have no hesitation to state, from an acquaintance with Mr. Shree's productions that *Alasco* does not breathe a sentiment, from beginning to end, at which the most delicate and sensitive modesty can take offence, or to which ministers, and that sycophantic tribe of place men and expectants, who are glad of an opportunity to do wrong if it can tend to manifest their ultra-royalty can offer any reasonable objection.

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### VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Shortly after our last number went to press, the Session of Parliament commenced, and apparently under the most favourable auspices. This is always an event of great national interest, and fixes the public mind with earnest attention. The first assembly in the realm—an assembly that sways the destinies of the Empire, must of course attract anxious observation in a peculiar degree, but the circumstances of the country will always divide the mea-

sure in which the public feeling is excited—judging them by this infallible criterion, the ministers had nothing whatever to apprehend in meeting the representatives of the people. On the contrary, they had every thing on their side that would inspire them with confidence, for never did any ministry come forward with stronger claims to popular support, as exemplified in the speech from the throne,—a speech to which their opponents could

scarcely take a solitary exception, because the subject-matter was verified by incontrovertible facts. The address consequent upon it was of course carried without an amendment, nor indeed were there the slightest grounds for moving one. We disclaim any thing like political propositiveness in favour of any party, but we cannot, in common justice, withhold our approbation from the course pursued by the administration, since the period of Mr. Canning's accession to the important office he now holds. Indeed the good effects of that course are too sensibly felt among all classes of the community, to render its policy questionable. On the opening of the parliamentary campaign for the season, the propriety of the measures adopted by ministers, was fully established by the tacit acquiescence of the opposition in all that related to our domestic affairs. It could not be disputed, that trade and commerce were rapidly improving, that manufacturers were actually employed in every town throughout the kingdom, that agriculture was reviving very fast from the extreme depression it had so long experienced;—in short, that the country from one end to the other presented altogether a new aspect, and exhibited a scene of internal prosperity which so late as two years ago, no man, however sanguine, could have ventured to anticipate. Then with respect to our own foreign policy, it cannot be denied that the conduct of the administration is equally accordant with the British interests, and equally calculated to promote them. Certain politicians, who are much more chivalrous than prudent, have been loud in their censures against ministers for not taking a more decisive part in the contest between France and Spain, but the result has proved the wisdom of their forbearance. They would have betrayed the trust reposed in them had they plunged the country in war merely for the sake of supporting a constitution which was at variance with the genius and feelings of the great majority of the Spanish people, and which the visionary enthusiasts who framed it knew not how to defend. But, in the meantime, they did not

shew themselves indifferent to what was passing in the Peninsula, with the view to ulterior objects. The moment they discovered that France, in concert with Russia, anticipated the design of reducing the Spanish colonies under the subjection of the mother country, they sent off consuls to the new governments of South America, thus virtually recognizing their independence, and anticipating the meditated attack, by an act which must pledge Great Britain to oppose it. The consequence is, that the crusade against South American independence seems to be abandoned, and the king of Spain makes a merit of granting voluntarily what he has not the power to withhold.—By a recent decree he has given his royal permission to the ships of all nations to trade with the colonies; but this document is conceived in the very spirit of mock authority.—The South American States are now independent *de facto*, and will never more acknowledge the *de jure* pretensions which Ferdinand advances. As well, therefore, might his most Catholic Majesty issue a decree for opening the ports of China or Japan, to the ships of all nations, as for opening those of Colombia and Mexico. One clear inference to be drawn from this notable decree is, the fear which the continental powers entertain of coming to a rupture with Great Britain. They know what she can achieve on her own element, the ocean, and therefore durst not venture to provoke her. Hence the sham liberality of the decree, and the affected generosity of France in obtaining it.

As from the general aspect of affairs, it cannot be apprehended that any hostile interference with South America will take place on the part of the allies of Ferdinand, Parliament may be expected to be engaged during the session upon subject of purely British policy. There are, however, but two principal questions which are likely to engage the attention of the legislature—namely, the state of Ireland and that of our West India colonies. The first is a question fraught with difficulties, and the more it has hitherto been approached, the more arduous and impracticable it has always been



found. The reason is, because the evils which afflict Ireland have hitherto been investigated, not in their primary, but in their secondary causes. But as of late years those evils have increased to such a degree as to disorganize the whole frame of society in the country, while they have brutalized the great mass of the population, the British government has at length deemed it expedient to enquire more profoundly into their origin, with the view of ascertaining how far they are susceptible of a radical remedy. Some salutary measures were adopted in the last session of parliament, which have already produced a good effect, wherever they have been acted upon in Ireland; and these, it is understood, will, in the present session, be rendered still more complete by further amendments. But no advantages that arise from mere legislation can equal those practical benefits that spring from the active industry of a country; and we are, therefore, glad to see that a grand undertaking is now in progress, which, by giving full employment to the labouring population of Ireland, will be the best means of rescuing them from that state of turbulent barbarism, which has so long rendered them a hideous exception to the social character, as well as a disgrace to the British empire.—Several British capitalists have recently formed the design of working the numerous rich mines with which Ireland abounds, and considerable sums have already been invested for that purpose. It appears, by the last accounts from Dublin, that shares in this mining concern are bought up with the greatest avidity, and the parties appear confident of success. At all events the poor must derive an incalculable advantage from the speculation; nor is there any reason to doubt that it will be attended with complete success.

For several years past, a great deal has been said, and very little done with respect to our West India Colonies. Session after session, we have had long speeches from the abettors and the opponents of the Slave Trade, without anything conclusive being determined upon. It appears, however, that before the

present session expires, some decisive step is to be taken, which shall for ever set at rest the question now pending between the parties. That question, as we presume our readers are aware, relates to the indemnity claimed by the planters, for losses sustained in consequence of the abolition of the slave trade; their slaves being considered by them as absolute property, marketable at pleasure. Now, every cool and dispassionate man, however he may deprecate the practice of trading in human flesh, will still admit, that as the Government had so long permitted it to exist, those who, before the abolition, expended large sums in the purchase and transport of slaves, and still larger sums—nay, perhaps, their whole capital in the purchase of plantations to be cultivated by those slaves, should receive some reasonable indemnity after the trade was put down by the strong hand of the law. There are, however, in this country, some public characters, who may very properly be called pseudo-philanthropists; men who can feel for every thing African but for nothing else—men, whose sympathies are excited by no other object nearer than the coast of Guinea—these worthies, at the head of whom stands that redoubted champion of the abolitionists, the goodly Mr. Wilberforce, think that the planters are entitled to no compensation whatever, and stoutly deny their claims in every instance—how preposterous! how unjust! But Mr. Wilberforce is influenced by certain peculiar principles, and he deems it a moral crime of the blackest nature for any planter, not to forego claims which are founded on a traffick in Negroes. Amiable philanthropist! would that the warmth of his benevolence were not confined to the region of the torrid zone! We regret, however, that this cold climate is not genial enough for it, as its kindly influence has never yet been felt in any circle within our island. We would ask Mr. Wilberforce if the condition of his own tenantry is not susceptible of some improvement? We would ask him what abatements he made in their rents at a period when so many landed proprietors struck off a liberal percentage? We would ask him what

promise he has realized, of all that he has made to those who derive under him? We would ask him, and upon good authority, if his tenants are not at this moment in as bad a state as those of the most unphilanthropic man in England? In his overweening ambition for popularity he may go on embarrassing the Government with his interference between the planters and the slaves; he may minister to the morbid feelings of men not half so artful, but much more sincere than himself, but till he first improves the condition of his own whites, no reflecting mind will give him credit for his zeal in favour of the blacks.

A notification appeared in the *Gazette* of the 21st Feb. stating that hostilities have commenced against the Regency of Algiers, in consequence of the Dey having refused to make reparation for an insult offered to the British Consular flag, and from having expressed his determination to recede from the terms of a treaty by which he had bound himself not to retain any Christian captives of any nation in a state of slavery.

This intelligence has been communicated to Lloyd's, with an intimation that the Admiralty will provide due convoy for the protection of merchantships in the Mediterranean.

The news was brought by the *Cameleon*, Captain Burton, which arrived at Falmouth. It appears that the *Naiad*, Captain Spencer, and the *Cameleon* were dispatched to Algiers, to demand explanations, which being refused, they ran in under the batteries, and commenced firing on an Algerine corvette, on board of which were some Spanish captives, about to be carried into slavery. This was an infraction of the treaty between Algiers and this country, by which Christian slavery was abolished. This corvette was captured, together with the captain, crew, and the seventeen Spanish prisoners, who were on board.

*Expenditure of the United Kingdom.*—A paper has been printed by order of the house of the commons, presenting an abstract of the net public income and expenditure of the united kingdom for the last year, according to the new form of the public accounts, and in the manner of a balance sheet. The income paid into the Exchequer, it appears from this balance sheet, in the year ending January the 5th, 1824, was 57,672,999*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*; the net expenditure issuing out of the Exchequer was 50,962,014*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.*, leaving a surplus of income paid into the Exchequer over expenditure thereof of 6,710,980*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, WITH CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

### AMERICA.

America has lately begun to put forth her claims to literary distinction, nor, it must be confessed, are her claims of very minor pretensions. She has produced several authors to whom, however vain we may be of our national literature, it would be idle to deny merit of a very superior order. It is usual with English critics to mock the want of purity and classic elegance that marks the style of transatlantic English writers; but surely the style of Washington Irving must be allowed to possess an elegance which, if it does not equal, must at least be allowed to vie with any

English prose writer of the age.—There are other names that vie with and, perhaps, in the opinion of many, may be supposed to surpass Mr. Irving himself. Mr. Irving, however, must be allowed the merit, if merit it be, of being the first to create a taste for the wild and romantic. Many of his countrymen have followed, but in this species of writing, we believe, few have equalled him. Last year, "*Königsmarke, the Long Finne*," from the pen of Mr. Cooper, was published at New York. His style of writing approaches to, and indeed is sometimes an evident imitation of Walter Scott. This may be particularly

observed in his *Spy* and the *Pioneers*. America, it is true, is barren of ancient traditions, and that infinitude of pleasing, romantic, and poetic associations that mingle in their train; but then it presents to the "poet's eye," to the contemplative and philosophic admirer of nature, scenes impressed with all the characters of grandeur and sublimity. It possesses another source of fertility or richness of invention, namely, that which results from a mixture of original English manners, which are still retained, with original American customs. Mr. Cooper has, therefore, greater advantages as a writer than we may be inclined to suppose, and even if he had not, it would be absurd to determine the character of his work, or prejudice its merits, from a supposition that America possesses not within itself those sources of knowledge, and those *stimuli* of genius in which our own country is so prolific. Whence did Shakspeare derive his knowledge: what were the traditionary or historic reports that gave inspiration to his muse? The fact seems to be, that some men can never produce any thing great, any thing that leads to immortality, unless they have some difficulties to struggle with, some opposing barriers to check or oppose the natural tendency of their intellectual career. In an early state of society, every thing wears the appearance of novelty, and the mind assumes that originality of thinking which novel scenes and novel situations naturally excite. It is impossible for a man to be placed in a situation in which he never found himself before, without feeling and thinking and reasoning differently from what he ever did before. If American literature, therefore, does not possess more classic elegance of expression, or logical accuracy of thought, it possesses, or at least ought to possess, more originality of conception in its views of nature.

There is in Mr. Cooper's *Königs-marke* little of plot or intricacy, but he adheres throughout closely to nature, and never outsteps the modesty which she imposes, or which Shakspeare imposes for her on all authors who would write as they ought to write.

## ASIA.

A work has been published at Serampoor, entitled *Clavis Sinica; or, Elements of Chinese Grammar*, preceded by a preliminary dissertation and an appendix, containing the *Tu-hyeh* of Confucius, with a translation, by J. Marsham. He has also published an edition of the works of Confucius, containing the original text, with a translation, and dissertation on the Chinese language and Chinese characters. "*A new Theory on the Persian Verbs*," has been published at Calcutta, with their Hindoostan synonyms in Persian and English; by Doctor Gilchrist.

## EUROPE.

J. J. Virey, M.D., has published a treatise on woman, in Paris, in which he views her in her physical, moral, and literary relations. M. Virey is well known as the author of different works on pharmacy, physiology, and natural history. — His literary pursuits, however, have not been confined to mere works of science, for he has amused himself with subjects which have detained him many an hour from pursuits that would have been more worthy of his labours. The present appears to be one of them. Perhaps if he had not written a series of articles on this subject in the Dictionary of Medical Sciences, he would never have entertained the idea of composing a work *ex-professo* on woman. He seems, however, to be most unhappy in his choice; for it is difficult to say for whom the work is intended. It cannot be intended for the learned, for instruction cannot be the object of a work replete with eternal eulogiums on the fair sex. To insist upon their charms, is surely only to insist on what all men, not excepting even the savage part of our species, are not only willing, but proud to acknowledge. It cannot be intended for men of the world, for they can feel no interest in his physical and medical descriptions of woman, not only because they cannot understand them, but because they are subjects foreign to their pursuits and habits of thinking. Except to physicians alone, these descriptions may prove dangerous. The work, however, like all

the productions of M. Virey, is fraught with great erudition, a warm, glowing, and animated style; in a word, with a profoundness of research into the natural history of woman which is not to be found in any other production, ancient or modern.

A new Atlas of France has been lately published, containing charts of 81 departments, preceded by charts of ancient and modern France by MM. Aupuk and Perrot, engraven by MM. Malo, brothers, with 81 historical and statistical engravings. A modern Encyclopedia has also been brought out at Paris, or rather, an abridged dictionary of letters, sciences, and art, with an account of works in which the different sciences are developed and critically examined. It is the production of M. Courtin and a society of literary gentlemen. This volume contains many articles got up with great talent and metaphysical discrimination, among which may be particularly mentioned those on the words *amende*, *amnestie*, *anacreontique*, *anarchie*, *animaux*, *anatomie*, *appel*, *aqueduc*. It contains many important matters learnedly and scientifically treated. The articles are written with care, elegance, spirit, and erudition; but there is occasionally a want of exactitude and consecutiveness of reasoning. An important work, by Perault le Brun, has been published at Paris. The history of this country has been long a subject of historical investigation; and many eminent authors have made it the subject of philosophical investigation. Lumondy has conferred upon it a great portion of his literary and philosophical labours; as also M. de Segar, who embraces in his extensive view of universal history a curious and instructive abridgement of the history of France.—Several other writers of distinction have laboured in this field; but it is peculiarly gratifying to find a writer

so well acquainted with the human heart, and the complicated interests of society, devoting his talents to the same end. He has adopted for his motto, *La verite, rein que la verite et toute la verite*. This motto is peculiarly characteristic of all his works.

We find that the *Revue Encyclopedique* has noticed the *European Magazine* in his last number. The editor observes that Martin Archer Shee makes a figure in our number for December, and comments on the view which we have taken of his poetic genius. He acknowledges Mr. Shee's great powers, but cannot agree with us that Mr. Shee is equal to Lord Byron. Two of our correspondents make the same observation, and even Mr. Shee himself has expressed his regret that we should bring him in competition with the noble bard;—we must say, however, that so far as regards original talent, we never placed Lord Byron either above or below him. We drew no comparison between their poetical merits, but merely alluded to the principle or propensity by which they were governed, and which impressed its own character on their productions. It is the purity of the principle by which Mr. Shee was actuated, the zeal which inspired him whenever literature and the arts, whenever the dignity of human nature became the subject of his theme, that we placed him above Lord Byron. Whether he or Lord Byron is the greater poet, is a question to which we did not even allude, much less pretend to determine. Indeed, their poetry is so completely of a different character, that it would be difficult to institute a comparison between them. However, as we have at all associated their names, we shall, in one of our future essays on the genius of the British poets, express our opinion clearly and unequivocally on the subject.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A complete *System of Plants*, by Wm. Jackson Hooker. F. R. A. and L. S. Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, Member of the Wern. Soc. of Edinb., of the Imp. Acad. Naturæ Carolinum, of the Royal Botanical Soc. of Ratisbon, of the Helvetic Soc. of Nat. Hist. &c. is Preparing for Publication.

*Museum Vaticanum*: a Series of correct Outlines of the most celebrated Pictures of the early Masters, which are preserved in the Vatican and other Palaces at Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Milan, and other Capitals of the Continent Drawn from the Originals, and engraved in outline by the first Artists is preparing for the Press. To be published in Parts. Quarto and Imperial octavo. A similar Work, engraved from the finest Pictures in English Collections, is also in preparation.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly Will shortly Publish, a Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont in the Year 1823. and Researches among the Vaudois, with Illustrations of the very interesting History of these Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps, with an Appendix containing important Documents from ancient MSS. In one Volume Quarto, with Maps and other Engravings.

Mr. Solomon Bennet has just issued the Prospectus of a Work to be entitled *The Temple of Ezekiel*, or an illustration of the 40, 41, 42, &c. chapters of Ezekiel, to be published in a Quarto Volume, illustrated with a ground plan, and a birds-eye view of the Temple.

We are informed that a Grammar of the German language will be published by Mr. Heilmner, which lays claim to originality and is the result of many years study and experience in teaching that language.

A new Oriental Poem entitled *Abdallah* will shortly appear, descriptive of Arabian Character, Manners and Scenery, about the time of Mahommed, with numerous Notes and Authorities.

Mr. Benecke, of Lloyd's, has in the press a Treatise on the Principles of Indemnity in Marine Insurances, Bottomry, and Respondentia, containing practical rules for affecting Insurances and for the adjustment of all kinds of losses and averages; according to the Law and practice of England, and other maritime countries of Europe For the use of Underwriters, Merchants, and Insurers.

In a few days will be published *The New London Dispensatory*, containing a translation of the *Pharmacopœia Londinensis* of 1824, with a concise history of the articles in the *Materia Medica*, their class and order. National order of the Plants &c,—the rational of the different chemical processes—together with other necessary information interesting to the Student and medical Practitioner, by Thomas Cox M. D.

## IN THE PRESS.

*British Galleries of Art*, now first arranged in One Volume. By Charles Westmacott, Author of the "Annual Critical Catalogue to the Royal Academy."

The Work will contain a Critical and Descriptive Catalogue to each Collection, with a history of the Choicest Treasures of the Fine Arts, Ancient and Modern, in the possession of his Majesty and other noble and distinguished Persons; including the Dulwich Gallery and British Museum. Illustrated with Interior Views of the principal Galleries, drawn and engraved by Cattermole, Fintay, and Le Keux; with Eight elegant engraved Portraits of Illustrious and Noble Patrons and Academicians, by Wageman, Hawksworth, and Philips.

Narrative of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the Year 1821-2—including a Description of the Rhine Voyage in the middle of Autumn, and the stupendous Scenery of the Alps in the depth of Winter, by Charles Tennant, Esq.

Also containing, in an Appendix, fac-simile Copies, with a fair Transcript in French, and a Translation in English, of eight Letters, in the handwriting of Napoleon Bonaparte, to his wife Josephine, the originals which are in the possession of the Author of this Journal Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

*The Old Arm Chair; or Reflections of a Bachelor: a Tale*, by Sexagenarius.

A Familiar and Explanatory Address to the young, Uninformed, and Scrupulous Christians, on the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper; with Directions for profitably reading the Scriptures; a Dissertation on Faith and Works; a Discourse upon Prayer, and an Explanation of Terms used in Doctrines.

## WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

*Architecture.*

Catalogue of Works upon Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture. Price 2s. 6d.

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A highly-finished and accredited Likeness of Mrs. Hannah More; engraved by Worthington, from a painting, by H. W. Pickersgill, A.R.A.

Portraits to the Novels and Tales of the author of "Waverley," complete in 1 vol. 33 plates, and letter-pressed. 12mo. 3l. 3s. 8vo. 4l.

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A Companion to the Musical Assistant, by Mr. Coggins, with an Appendix, containing Exercises for Pupils Copying Music, &c., and which may be studied in conjunction with any elementary book already in the hands of the pupil.

Rivington's Annual Register, or a view of the History, Politics, and Literature of the year 1822. 8vo. 18s.

Original Memorials; or, Brief Sketches of real Characters. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. Second edition, 12mo. Price 4s. 6d.

*Novels and Tales.*

George Cruikshank's Points of Humour, containing select passages from celebrated comic writers, illustrated. *Eur. Mer.* Feb. 1824.

by Original Designs.—Part II. 22 plates, royal 8vo. 8s.; coloured, 12s. 6d.; proofs on India paper, 12s. 6d.

The Sister's Friend; or, Christmas Holidays spent at Home. By the author of "Emma and her Nurse," "The two Lambs," &c. With a Frontispiece. 18mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

*Theology.*

Publishing, in six handsome volumes, 8vo. price 3l. 12s.; uniform with the editions of Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Owen, and Lightfoot. The Complete Works of the Rev. Phillip Skelton, of Trinity College, Dublin, with Memoirs of his Life, by the Rev. Samuel Burdy, A.B. Edited by the Rev. Robert Lynam, A.M. Assistant Chaplain to the Magdalen Hospital.

The Book of Psalms, in an English metrical version, founded on the basis of the authorised Bible translation, and compared with the original Hebrew, with notes, critical and illustrative.—By the Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. M. R. I.A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, 8vo. 12s.

The Protestant's Companion, or a seasonable Preservation against the Errors, Corruptions, and Unfounded Claims of a Superstitious, and Idolatrous Church, by the Rev. C. Daubeny, L.L.D., Archdeacon of Sarum. 8vo. 9s.

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A Plain Discourse on the Nature, Evidences, and Means of Edification. By the Rev. Charles Davy, A.B. Curate of Hampstead Norris, and Author of "Cottage Sermons," &c. 2s. 6d. boards.

A New Edition of Medical Hints: designed for the use of the Clergy and others, in places where professional advice cannot easily be obtained.—By H. Bickersteth, Esq. 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

## LIST OF PATENTS.

To Thomas Greenwood, of Gildersoun, near Leeds, machine-maker, and Joseph Thackrah, surgical mechanist, of Leeds, both in the county of York, for their improvements on, or substitutes for pattens and clogs.—Dated 27th of December, 1823.—Two months allowed to enrol specification.

To John Vallance, of Brighton, Sussex, Esq., for his improved method or methods of freezing water.—1st of January, 1824.—Six months.

To Francis Devereux, of Cheapside, London, merchant, for certain improvements on the mill or machine for grinding wheat and other articles, commonly known by the name of the French military mill.—8th of January.—Six months.

To Joseph Foot, of Charles Street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, silk manufacture, for his improved umbrella.—15th of January.—Six months.

To John White, of the New Road, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone, architect, for his floating break-water.—15th January.—Six months.

To John Finlayson, of Muerkerk, Ayrshire, farmer, for certain improvements on ploughs and harrows.—15th of January.—Six months.

To Jean le Grand, of Lemon Street, Goodman's Fields, Middlesex, vinegar manufacturer, who, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, and discoveries by himself, in possession of certain

improvements in fermented liquors, and the various products to be obtained therefrom, and that the same are now in this kingdom.—15th January.—Six months.

To William Gutheridge, of Dean Street, St. Fin Barrs, in the county of Cork, musician and land surveyor, for certain improvements in the clarionet.—19th of January.—Six months.

To George Pollard, of Rupert Street, in the Parish of St. James's, Middlesex, brass-founder, for certain improvements in machines or machinery, for levigating or grinding colours, used in the various branches of painting, which machinery may be worked by any suitable power, and is applicable to any other useful purposes.—19th January.—Two months.

To James Russell, of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, gas tube manufacture, for his improvement in the manufacture of tubes for gas, and other purposes.—19th of January.—Two Months.

To Simeon Broadmeadow, of Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, civil engineer, for his improved method of manufacturing and purifying inflammable gasses by the admission and admixture of atmospheric air.—19th January.—Four months.

To Howard Fletcher, of Walsall, Staffordshire, saddlers' ironmonger, for certain improvements in tanning hides and other skins.—19th of January.—Two Months.

## LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS.

FROM TUESDAY, JAN. 24, 1823, TO TUESDAY, FEB. 17, 1824, INCLUSIVE

*Extracted from the London Gazette.*

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street* unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Harris, of Sutton-Valence, Kent, victualler.  
R. Munday, of Rochester, plumber and glazier.  
R. Reeves, of Stockport, shopkeeper.

W. Vince, of Lucas-street, Commercial-road dealer and chapman.

## BANKRUPTS.

Alexander, Israel, Chiswell-street, Finsbury-sq. stable-keeper. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street.

Berry, T. Bond-court, Walbrook, wine & porter merchant. (Van Sandau, Dowgate-hill.

Bates, S. late of Tipton, Staffordshire, corn and provision merchant. (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Willis, Token-house-yard.

Brocklehurst, J. Phoside-hamlet, Derby-hire, cotton cord-manufacturer. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Bowen, W. Winnington, Shropshire, shopkeeper. (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Bridges, J., and J. Drew, Bristol, brewers. (carrying on trade under the name of Ames's Brewery Company) (Hicks & Brakenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.

Broadbent, W. Huddersfield, wool-stapler. (Medcalf, Chancery-lane.

Browne, T. Duke street, Grosvenor-square, plumber. (Chewter, Staple-inn.

Bird, G. Holly-bush-place, Bethnal green, calico dyer. (Watson and Broughton, Falcon-street, Falcon-square.

Bryson, G. Lad-lane, Manchester warehousman. (J. J. Tanner, 38, Fore-st, Finsbury-square.

Causton, W. Molyneux-street, Portman-sq., grocer and cheesemonger. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle street.

Crowther, W. Sans-buildings, Islington, apothecary. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.

Crauzaz, J. late of Sloane-street, Chelsea, merchant. (Turner, 27, Percy-street, Bedford-sq. Chillingworth, Elitz, and T. Cooper, Redditch, Worcestershire, needle-manufacturers. (H. D. Lowndes, Red Lion-square.

Cresswell, J. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, wool-stapler and agent. (Drew and Sons, Bermondsey.

Coe, W. Billingsgate, victualler. (Arundel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Cook, J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier. (James Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Crowther, J. jun., Wakefield, corn-factor and malster. (T. Lake, 9, Cateaton-street.

Cross, R. of Harley-Tower, Shropshire, malster and Miller. (Slaney and Compton, Gray's-inn place.

Crosland, W. Holbeck, Leeds, drysalter. (R. Batty, Chancery-lane.

Davenport, J. Altrincham Cheshire, shopkeeper. (Shaw, Bly-place, Holborn.

Dew, W. Prael-street, Paddington, stone-mason. (J. Johnson, 89, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place.

Davis, T. Kennington - Oval, brass-founder. (Harten, New North-street, Red Lion-sq.

Drew, R. T. now or late of the Orchards, Houghbury, Herefordshire, malster, timber-merchant and bricklayer. (Beverley, Middle Temple.

Davenport, Jane, and Ann Dunlap, Great Portland-street, Mary-le-bone, milliners. (Bennett, Tokenhouse-yard.

Dowse, C. Chancery-lane, stationer. (Saunders and Bailey, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. Dodd, W. Liverpool, paper-hanging-manufacturer. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.

Eames, W. late of Dorset-mews, West, Portman square, horse-dealer. (Reynolds, Carmarthen street, Fitzroy-square.

Edie, R. Broad-street, merchant. (Smith and Lawford, Drapers'-hall, Throgmorton-street. Freethy, T. Acton, carpenter. (Pinnis, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.

Gatenby, A. Manchester, wholesale grocer. (Hurd and Johnson, King's-bench-walk, Temple.

Green, W., Green, J., Sampson, H., and R. A. Smith, Sheffield, manufacturers of metal wares. (Blakelock, Serjeants'-inn.

Gomersall, J. and B. Leeds, merchants. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.

Holden, J. Broker's-row, Moorfields, ironmonger. (Coleman, Tysoe-street, Welington-sq.

Houghton, A. Huddersfield, grocer. (Jaques and Batty, New-inn.

Hobley, S. James-street, Covent-garden, boot and shoe-maker. (Perkins and Frampton, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.

Hall, J. late of Stockport, grocer. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Honeysett, W. Dalston, Hackney, carpenter and builder. (Nicholls, Great Winchester-street.

Hargreaves, W. White-ash, within Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Serjeants'-inn, Fleet street.

Howard, J., Howard, T., & Howard, N. Houghton, Lancashire, hat manufacturers. (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Willis, Token-house-yard.

Hughes, J. Wood-street, Cheap-side, tavern-keeper. (Ware and Young; Blackman-street, Southwark.

Jereny, J. Great Surrey-street, Black-friars-road, and of Whitechapel, linen-draper. (Miller, New-inn.

Jones, C. Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, draper. (Ellis, Sons, Walmesley, and Gorton, Chancery lane.

Jones, E. and Norris, J. Budge-row, stationers Brough, Shoreditch.

Kealey, H. Pall-mall, milliner and laceman. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.

Kerelake, W. Saint Mary Arches, Exeter, tinplate worker and brazier. (Walker, New-inn.

Kinnear, J. Brighton, banker, and of Norfolk-street, Strand, merchant. (Cranch, Unicorn-court, Broad-street.

Lamb, S. Chisapside, hatter. (Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies-inn, Holborn.

Leak, T. Helypringham, Lincolnshire, victualler. (Lambert, Gray's-inn.

Loader, E. jun. Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, upholsterer. (Twalties, Vite's-place, South Lambeth.

Lloyd, D. Bankside, Southwark, timber merchant. (Wright, Cloak-lane.

Lamb, J. Newman-street, Oxford-road, clock-maker. (Duff, Castle-street, Holborn.

Miller, R. Paternoster-row, bookseller, (Allen,



Meer, J. Myton, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Wilson, Watson, Flower, and Willis, Tokenhouse-yard.)  
 Matthews, M. and J. Hopkins, Rochester and Stroud, Kent, coal-merchants. (Loxley, Cheapside.)  
 Montgomery T. John-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. (Webster and Son, Queen-street, Cheapside.)  
 Newhouse, G. W. Little Brook-street, Manover square. (Tanner, Fore-street, Cripplegate.)  
 Nuttal, J. now or late of Wood-road-mill, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Ellis, Son, Walmsley and Gorton, Chancery-lane.)  
 Nokes, E. Norwich, merchant. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.)  
 Nicholson, R. Northfields, master-mariner. (Francis, White Lion-court, Cornhill.)  
 Nash, T. Garden-row, Southwark, merchant. (Dickins, Bow-lane, Cheapside.)  
 Nicols, G. Bristol, victualler. (Dennett, Compton-street, Brunswick-square.)  
 Purdy, F. Mark-lane, broker. (Robinson, Mark-lane.)  
 Penney, S. now or late of Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, grocer. (Hurdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.)  
 Price, T. Muckleton, Northamptonshire, baker. (Yeates, Clement's inn.)  
 Pursant, M. W. St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell, table-cloth-manufacturer. (Jackson, Garden-court, Temple.)  
 Pierce, J. B. Tottenham Court-road, grocer (Wigley, Clement's-inn.)  
 Plink, J. Chichester, linen-draper. (Carter, Lord Mayor's Court office, Royal Exchange.)  
 Pearson, T. now or late of Berrington, Yorkshire, miller. (Wriglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn.)  
 Perkins, J. Upper Thames-street, stationer. (Tilson and Preston, 29, Coleman-street.)  
 Packer, R. Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, broker. (Gatty, Hadden, Gatty and Hadden, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.)  
 Pim, T. B. Exwick, Devonshire, paper-maker. (Bryton, Old Broad-street.)

Penny, T. O. Bighthelmstone, linen-draper. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.)  
 Ray, S. of the Skin-market, Stone's-end, Southwark, builder (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.)  
 Rat, C. late of Birch-in-lane, but now of Lombard-street, auctioneer. (Wilks and Griffith, New Broad-street.)  
 Rowe, J. Torpoint, Cornwall, merchant. (Buckton, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctor's Commons.)  
 Richards, T. Birch-hills, Staffordshire, miller. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.)  
 Ronaldson, J. J. Broad-street-place, merchant. (Allatou and Hundleby, Freeman's-court, Cornhill.)  
 Solomon, A. Clare-court, Drury-lane, tailor and clothes-salesman. (Lake, 9, Cataton-street.)  
 Smeade, W. Whitechurch, Shropshire, timber-merchant. (Blackstock and Buncer, Temple.)  
 Smalley, R. Pontifract, mercer. (Blacklock, Seigant's-inn, Fleet-street.)  
 Scattergood, T. Nottingham, victualler. (Long and Austen, Grays inn.)  
 Sayers, J. South-Town, Suffolk, wine-merchant (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.)  
 Shaw, Wakefield, land-surveyor. (Battye, Chanery-lane.)  
 Tarling, T. S. Leyton, Essex, tailor. (Bousfield Chatham-place, Blackfriars.)  
 Trotman, T. Dursley, Gloucestershire, mealman (Bousfield, Chatham-place.)  
 Tutherville, J. Canon-Pon, Herefordshire, timber-dealer. (Bodenham, New-inn.)  
 Vale, T. Leg-ally, Long-acre, coach-joiner. (Richardson and Pike Golden-square.)  
 Wharton, T. Finsbury-place, South, tailor (C. Arnot, King's Arms yard, Coleman-st.)  
 Whincup, W. late of the City of York, spirit-merchant (Capes, Holborn-court, Gray's inn.)  
 Worsley, H. Plymouth, dealer. (Alexander, Caley-street, Lincoln's-inn.)

## DIVIDENDS.

Arnold, J. Princes-st. Lothbury, partner with J. Storis of New York, merchant, Feb. 24.  
 Abbey, R. Alney, Yorkshire, miller, Feb. 23.  
 Anderson, A. Salter's Hall-court, Cannon-st. Feb. 17.  
 Abbott, W. Windham-pl., merchant, Feb. 23.  
 Brown, W. A. College-hill, merchant, Feb. 21.  
 Bury, J. and Sons, Pandle-hill, Lancashire, and Bucklersbury, London, Feb. 24.  
 Birks, S. W. late of Rotherham, now of Thoini, Yorkshire, Feb. 23.  
 Blakey, E. New Bond-st., dress-maker, Mar. 23.  
 Bentley, T. and E. A. Whytt, Fenchurch-st., Mar. 16.  
 Brennand, T. Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman, Feb. 23.  
 Barker, T. and F. Hudson, Stratford, brewers, Mar. 2.  
 Barton, J. Freckenham, Suffolk, ion-keeper, Mar. 11.  
 Chubb, W. F. Aligate, Chemist, Feb. 14.  
 Canning, Henry, Broad-st., merchant, Feb. 7.  
 Carter, J. jun., Liverpool, merchant, Feb. 18.  
 Clark, R. H. St. Mary-at-hill, Feb. 21.  
 Collins, R. Regent-street, Oxford-st., carpet-dealer, Feb. 24.  
 Children, G. Tonbridge, Kent, baker, Feb. 23.  
 Carter, M. Forton Mill, near Gosport, Mar. 9.  
 Cook, W. & G. Canterbury, wine-merch., Mar. 9.  
 Chalk, J. Blackfriars-road, Mar. 20.  
 Chittenden, E. Ashford, Kent, Mar. 10.  
 Dawson, J. Penith, Cumberland, Feb. 23.  
 Davies, W. Sudbury, Suffolk, Feb. 13.  
 Dighton, Rochester, draper, Feb. 21.  
 Dale, J. Manchester, warehouseman, Feb. 23.  
 Day, J. Fenchurch-street-buildings, merchant, Feb. 23.  
 Dye, R. Peckham, wheelwright, Mar. 9.  
 Pearman, W. New Bond-st, bookseller, Feb. 14.

Fearnley, C. Crutched Friars, wine-merchant, Feb. 7.  
 Fairclough, T. Liverpool, slate and plasterer, Feb. 24.  
 Greenhow, W. Manchester, merch., Feb. 16.  
 Gayter, T. Buryward, Suffolk, Feb. 23.  
 Green, W. jun., Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, Feb. 23.  
 George, J. Park-st, Manover-sq. Feb. 23.  
 Goddard, E. Cornhill, map and chart seller, Feb. 23.  
 Geaz, J. Nottingham, fishmonger, Mar. 2.  
 Guy, T. Liverpool, grocer, Mar. 13.  
 Goodchilds, Jacksons, and Co. Bishop Weaver mouth, bankers, Mar. 11.  
 Hilbers, H. G., R. James, and C. Busch, New London-street Feb. 11.  
 Holland, S. P. Worcester, hop and seed merch., Mar. 1.  
 Hulkes, T. E. St. Margarets, Rochester, Feb. 21.  
 Holland, S. and T. S. Williams, Liverpool, merchants, Mar. 17.  
 Hay, J. and J. Hill, Borough-high-st. Surrey, Mar. 6.  
 Haulk, F. Little-st. Leicester-sq. Feb. 23.  
 Hebden, W. Leeds, A. O. Hebden, Parliament-street, Middlesex, and J. Brown, sen., Leeds, Mar. 4.  
 Hyde, W. late of Aglian, in the Island of Sardinia, and now of Bail-st., Blackfriars-road, Mar. 2.  
 James, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, Feb. 23.  
 Jones, H. P. Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, Mar. 11.  
 Krause, J. Manchester, merchant, Feb. 24.  
 Longster, G. Highbury-terrace, Feb. 14.  
 Lewa, W. Fields Royton, Lancashire, Feb. 23.  
 May, J. Birmingham, late partner with J. Fagser, of Alexandria Virginia, America, Feb. 23.

Miller, J. Burlington Arcade, Feb. 24.  
 Moss, C. Cheltenham, Ashmonger, Mar. 1.  
 Newnan, J. M. Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, Feb. 23.  
 Neale, J. Liverpool, merchant, &c. Mar. 3.  
 Oliver, J. Broad-street, Golden-square, Mar. 6.  
 Purchas, R. W. and R. Tredeven, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, Feb. 25.  
 Pethurst, J. Cranbrook, Kent, Feb. 25.  
 Parker, G. Colechester, merchant, Mar. 17.  
 Ritchie, R. and J. Bigsby, Deptford, brewers, Feb. 23.  
 Ryecroft, J. Idle, Yorkshire, Mar. 1.  
 Stickland, I. and J. Newgate-market, cheesemongers, Feb. 24.  
 Sutcliffe, B. Cheapside, warehouseman, Feb. 23.  
 Sarris, A. Moane-street, Chelsea, upholsterer, Feb. 14.  
 Symes, W. Crewkerne, Somersetshire, Mar. 10.

Smith, J. Jun., Ramsgate, carpenter, Feb. 23.  
 Smith, M. H. Burslem, Staffordshire, draper, Mar. 5.  
 Troughton, I. and J. F. Lea, Wood-street, and Overton, Hants, silkmen, Feb. 23.  
 Tucker, J. H. Jermyn-st., St. James's, Feb. 24.  
 Thomas, W. Blewett's-buildings, Fetter-lane, Mar. 6.  
 Thurtell, J. Broadwell, Suffolk, merch., Mar. 8.  
 Trudgett, W. Bury St. Edmunds, Mar. 11.  
 Vivian, S. Tywardreath, Cornwall, Feb. 23.  
 Younge, J. and J. Deakin, Sheffield, button manufacturers, Feb. 27.  
 Wagstaff, S. and T. Baylis, Kidderminster, Feb. 21.  
 Waters, R. Union-court, Broad-st., Mar. 6.  
 Wright, J. sen., Hart-st., Bloomsbury, Mar. 6.  
 Watson, T. Lonsight, Manchester, Mar. 9.

## BIRTHS.

Feb. 1.—At Ipswich, the lady of Major Dears, 8th Hussars, of a daughter.  
 3. At Hastings, the lady of the Rev. Jos. Gould, of a daughter.  
 6. At Aston House, Herts, Mrs. Darby of a daughter.  
 7. In New Park-street, Bankside, Mrs. T. Saunders, of a daughter.  
 —At Wallington, Surrey, the lady of T. F. Reynolds, esq., of a daughter.  
 —In Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars, Mrs. S. Page, of a daughter.  
 10. In Stratton-street, the lady of George Carr Glyn, esq., of a son.  
 —At his seat in Carnarvonshire, the lady of Sir Joseph Huddart, of a son.  
 11. At Ketton-hall, Rutland, the lady of Stephen Eaton, esq., of a son.  
 13. At Kensington, the lady of Harrison Gordon Codd, esq., of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

Feb. 3.—At Mary-le-bone Church, the Rev. W. Hobbs, to Elvira Raineir, second daughter of John Underwood, esq., of Gloucester-pl.  
 5. John Moore, jun. esq., Parade, Birmingham, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Henry Parker, esq., Hagley-row, Edgbaston.  
 7. At Carshalton, by the Rev. W. Rose, M. A., Mr. Harrington, of Carshalton, to Clarissa, eldest daughter of Mr. Taylor, Mitcham, Surrey.  
 —Samuel Page, esq., of Dulwich, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of D. C. R. Harrison, esq., Brooke House, Herts.  
 —At St. James' Church, J. G. T. Hamilton, esq., of Gower-street, Bedford-square, solicitor, to Maria, third daughter of W. Mason, esq., of Brixton Surrey.  
 10. Mr. James Winstanley, of Chatham-place, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Samuel Rhodes, esq., of Islington.  
 —At St. Georges Hanover-sq., by the Dean of Carlisle, Thos. Hoskins, esq., of North Perrot, Somersetshire, to Charlotte Mary Adams, only daughter of the late James Adams, esq., Berkeley-square.  
 11. At St. Pancras new Church, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, W. Duguid, esq., to Sarah, daughter of Robert Keeling, esq., of Gibraltar.  
 12. By the Rev. G. Matthews, Joseph Robertson, esq., of Whitby, Yorkshire, to Ann, youngest daughter of George Brown, esq., of Crooms-hill.  
 14. At St. Pancras, new Church, Mr. George Vallance, of Brighton, solicitor, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late T. Elam, esq.  
 19. At Wilmington, Kent, John Walter Hulme, esq., of the Middle Temple, to Eliza, eldest daughter, and Wm. Parr Isaacson, esq., of Newmarket, to Sarah, second daughter of Joseph Chitty, esq., Barrister-at-law.

## DEATHS.

Feb. 1.—At his house in Upper Charlotte-st., Fitzroy-square, John Hicks, esq.  
 —At Dalston, in the parish of Hackney, John Bailey, jun. aged 31, late in the Hon. East-India Company's naval service.  
 3. At his house in Air-street, Piccadilly, Mr. J. Times, bookseller.  
 4. At Mr. T. Williamson's house, Chalton-st., Somer Town, Margaret, daughter of the late Joseph Robertson, esq., aged 72.  
 5. Margaret Christiana, wife of J. Bell, esq., of Hatton Garden.  
 6. James Gay, esq., of Champaign-hill, Camberwell, and Grimsingham, in the county of Norfolk.  
 —At his apartments in Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-sq., after a few days illness, Captain Robert Giles, R. N. in his 49th year.  
 —John Henderson, esq., of Belgrave-place, Pimlico, in the 92 year of his age.  
 7. At the Rectory-house, Ware, Herts, Mr. W. Flack, in the 70th year of his age.  
 —Sophia, the second daughter of the late Mr. T. Evans, of Hatton Garden, in the 10th year of her age.  
 —In the 36th year of his age, W. H. Majendie, esq., the eldest son of the Bishop of Bangor.  
 8. At Stockwell, Mrs. Ann Mackay, relict of the late Hector Mackay, esq., of Streatham, Surrey, aged 86.  
 —In Bennett-street, Blackfriars-road, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late W. Buck, esq., Coventry, and wife of Mr. Joseph Cattell, in the 45th year of her age.  
 9. In Great George-st., Westminster, in the 74th year of his age, John Fane, esq., of Warnesley, in Oxfordshire, M. P. for that county.  
 —In Bridge-street, Southwark, in the 68th year of his age, Robert Pott, esq.  
 —At Cheshunt, aged 91, Mary, widow of Herbert Mayo, D.D. late rector of St. Georges-East, Middlesex.  
 —At her house, Tottenham Green, aged 75, Amelia, widow of the late W. Cook, esq., of Kendal, Westmorland.  
 —W. Comyns, esq., of Pratt-pl., Camden Town.  
 10. Of an apoplectic attack while attending the West-India Meeting at the city of London Tavern, Edward Bullock, esq., of Bedford-pl., aged 52.  
 11. At his house, Queen-square, aged 70, R. Cleslyu Cretawell, esq., proctor, Doctors-commons, and one of the Deputy Registrars of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.  
 14. In the Regent's-park, Jane, widow of the late T. Greenough, esq., of Bedford square.  
 —At Gloucester, Caroline, wife of Alexander Matland, esq.  
 15. Charles Eustace third son of Colonel Eustace, Grenadier Guards.  
 16. In Abingdon-st., Westminster, Matilda, wife of E. G. Walmsley, esq., Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

February 23.

**COTTON.**—A steady demand for Cotton has been experienced during the week, and the business done in India descriptions alone will exceed 2,000 bales; several of the export houses are buyers, and speculators have again been in the market:  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. has been paid on Surats of the last sale, and many holders will not sell at that advance—200 Bowedas have also been disposed of at  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. middling fair.

**SUGAR.**—There is very little business doing in Muscovades, and generally the market may be stated heavy at the previous currency; the pan Sugars still continue scarce.

The holders of Refined goods do not evince the late firmness, yet no reduction can be stated at present; the stocks are light, and the decreasing in the manufacture, it is probable, will occasion a scarcity of goods; the Molasses are lower, 27s. 6d. a 28s.

The inquiry after Foreign Sugars continue, but no contracts of any extent are reported.

**COFFEE.**—There were three public sales of Coffee brought forward on Tuesday last, consisting of British St. Domingo, Jamaica, and Demerara Coffee; damaged St. Domingo sold 67s. and 68s.; good ordinary pale Brazil extensively 65s. a 69s.; coloury 70s. a 72s.; Jamaica was taken in at rather higher prices than the currency of the market; the Demerara sold at previous rates.—Since these sales the market has remained heavy, and the purchasers by private contract are quite inconsiderable.

There were no public sales to-day of West India, &c. descriptions, the attention of the buyers being directed to the East India sale; no purchasers by private contract are reported.

**TALLOW.**—The Tallow market has been in a very depressed state; the extensive speculators have been selling old parcels at very reduced rates, which has occasioned a great heaviness in the new; the prices of yellow candle Tallow have declined to 34s, but to-day there is again some revival in the trade, and 34s. 6d. is the nearest price.

**SPICES.**—There has been no alteration in Spices since the India-House sale; some parcels of Pepper have been sold at a small premium.

**RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.**—The Rum market has been rather

heavy, and purchases might be made at lower prices: the holders continue sanguine that on Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer will announce a reduction of duty—they in consequence remain quiet.—There have been considerable speculation in Brandy, and the prices have advanced  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per gallon.—In Geneva there is little alteration.

## CORN EXCHANGE.

There was rather a good supply of Wheat and Flour last week, and the trade was exceedingly dull, except for very fine parcels of New, which were very scarce, and fully supported their value; to-day the arrivals were good, principally from Kent, the finest samples (of which there were but few) met a ready sale at rather better terms.—Inferior sorts were lower, with a very dull sale.

Flour remains the same, with but little doing.

This morning, the supply of Barley was not very large; the finest Malting parcels were only in demand at the terms of this day se'nnight.

The Oat trade continues very dull, and may be quoted rather lower than on Monday last.

Grey Peas are 1s. per quarter lower.

Beans do not command a very ready sale, and barely support the prices of last week.—In other articles there is not any alteration.

## Prices per Quarter:

Wheat (red) .....	54s to 66s
New ditto .....	53s to 63s
Ditto (white) .....	66s to 76s
New ditto .....	58s to 72s
Ditto .....	54s to 59s
Ditto .....	—s to —s
Ditto, North Country .....	56s to 59s
Fine .....	59s to 64s
Barley, Norfolk and Suffolk .....	36s to 38s
Fine ditto .....	38s to 40s
Fine Kent and Essex .....	38s to 42s
Brank .....	30s to 32s
Malt .....	55s to 60s
New ditto .....	60s to 63s
Rye .....	42s to 45s
Ditto for Seed .....	—s to —s
Oats, Feed .....	23s to 25s
Fine .....	25s to 28s
Poland .....	26s to 28s
Fine .....	28s to 32s
Potatoe .....	29s to 31s
Fine .....	30s to 35s

Oats, Irish Feed .....	23s to 25s	Ditto (new) .....	44s to 48s
———— Potatoes .....	25s to 29s	White Pease .....	36s to 40s
In Bond .....	14s to 16s	Breakers .....	40s to 42s
Tick Beans, naw .....	36s to 40s	Very fine .....	42s to 44s
Ditto (old) .....	44s to 48s	Grey ditto .....	36s to 37s
Small Beans (old) .....	46s to 52s	Maple' .....	37s to 38s

## FOREIGN STOCKS.

London, Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1824,

Austrian Scrip 5 pr. Ct. 10 Gu pr. £ St.	9½a½apm ½
Ditto for the Account, March 15....	9½ pm 10
Ditto paid in full .....	
Chilian Bonds, 6. per Ct.....	80 - ½
Ditto, for the Account, March 15 ..	
Columbian Bonds 6 pr. Ct. ....	66a5½a67
Ditto for the Account, March 15....	66½a5½a6½6a7½
Danish Bonds, 5 per Ct. ....	89½a½a9
Do. Marks Banco 5 per Ct. ....	
Greek Scrip .....	2½a1½a2½a2 pm 1½ 3 2 ½
Mexican Bonds.....	
Ditto Scrip.....	6½a6 pm ½
Ditto for Account March 15 .....	6 pm 7
Neapolitan Bonds, 5 per Ct. ....	86½
Ditto. for the Account 15.....	86½
Ex. per due. 4f. 40c. per £ St. 25f. 65c.	
Peruvian Scrip. ....	77a½
Portugues Bonds .....	
Ditto Scrip, £20. pd. ....	2½
Prussian Bonds 5 per Ct. ....	95½ ½
Ditto for Account, March 15 .....	
Ditto Bonds 1822, 5 per Ct. ....	93½a½ ½
Ditto. for the Account, March 15 ..	
Russian Bonds, 1822, 5 per Ct. in £ Ster.	94½a4 ½
Ditto. for the Account, March 15..	94½a½
Spanish 5 per Ct. Consols. ....	24½a½a½
Ditto for the Account, March 15 ..	
Ditto 170 & 255 Bonds .....	
Do. 85.. Do.....	
Spanish 5 per Cent. Consols 1823..	19½a½19½
Ditto for the Account, March 15 ..	49½a½a½
Anglo Mexican Mines £5 pd.....	6½mp
United Mexican Mines .....	1½mp ½
The dividends on the above are payable in London.	
Austrian Bonds 5 per Ct. Ex. .. ½	
10 Gu .4 Kr. ....	
Dutch Bonds 4½ per Ct. ....	
Exchange .....	
French Rents 5 per Ct. ....	99f 50c.
Ditto Scrip. ....	11½
Ditto for the Account March 15....	11½ ½
Ditto Bank Shares .....	
Exchange .....	26f.50c.
Russian Inscription 6 per Ct .....	82
Exchange per rube .....	12
Ditto Metallic Stock, 5 per Ct. ½	87½
Barings, .....	
Exchange, per. rube, 3s. 1d .....	
Spanish Bonds 1820, 5 per Cu. Ex. 4. 4d.	
The dividends on the above are not payable in London.	

Prices of 3 per Cent. Consols at 1 o'Clock, for Mouey 91½a½ for  
Account Feb. 91a½a½,

## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 26th Jan. to 25th Feb. 1824.

Days.	Bank Stock.	Pr. C. Rel.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N4Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	3 Pr. C. L. bds.	2 Pr. C. E. bds.	Consols for acct.
26	239 1/2	40 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	272	85p	51 58p	91 1/2
27	239 1/2	40 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	272	87 84	58 53p	90 1/2
28	240 1/2	39 1/2	91 1/2	101 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	273	83 85p	53 56p	91 1/2
29	239 1/2	40 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 105 1/2	82 9-16 7-16	—	81 85p	55 53p	91 1/2
30	239 1/2	40 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	—	—	53 55p	91 1/2
31	239 1/2	40 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	275	85 83p	53 56p	91 1/2
1	239 1/2	40 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	274 1/2	83p	55 53p	91 1/2
2	239 1/2	40 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	274 1/2	83 81p	53 56p	90 1/2
3	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	274 1/2	83 81p	53 56p	90 1/2
4	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	274 1/2	83 81p	53 56p	90 1/2
5	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	272 1/2	82 83p	57 53p	90 1/2
6	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	274 1/2	83 80p	55 53p	90 1/2
7	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	275 1/2	82 84p	54 57p	91 1/2
8	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	276 1/2	81 83p	54 47p	91 1/2
9	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	276 1/2	81 83p	54 47p	91 1/2
10	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	276 1/2	81 83p	54 47p	91 1/2
11	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	276 1/2	81 83p	54 47p	91 1/2
12	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16 7-16	777	76 77p	45 33p	91 1/2
13	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16 7-16	—	75 72p	40 31p	91 1/2
14	236 1/2	44 1/2	92 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	—	75 72p	32 25p	91 1/2
15	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 107 1/2	82 9-16	277	70 72p	26 24p	91 1/2
16	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 107 1/2	82 9-16	277	71 70p	33 10p	91 1/2
17	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 107 1/2	82 9-16	277	70 71p	32 39p	91 1/2
18	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	—	71p	38 14p	91 1/2
19	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	—	79 75p	41 50p	91 1/2
20	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	—	79 81p	51 42p	91 1/2
21	237 1/2	43 1/2	91 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	—	78 80p	43 47p	91 1/2
22	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16 11-16	277 1/2	78 80p	43 47p	91 1/2
23	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	276 1/2	78 80p	43 47p	91 1/2
24	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	276 1/2	78 80p	43 47p	91 1/2
25	238 1/2	42 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	102 1/2	2 106 1/2	82 9-16	276 1/2	78 80p	43 47p	91 1/2

Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1822, have been advertised to be paid off.

JAMES WATSON, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From the 20th January, to 19th February 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co., Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn

January	Moon.	Rain Gauge.			Therm.		Barom.		De Luc's Hygr.		Winds.		Atmo. Variations.		
		9 A.M.	Max.	Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	10 P.M.
20		40 42	38	30	00	29 88	90	90	90	90	WSW	Foggy	Foggy	Overc.	
21		40 42	39	29	55	29 40	90	92	92	SW	WSW	Foggy	Rain	Rain	
22		42 43	40	29	26	28 83	87	92	92	SWS	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine	
23		43 43	40	29	70	20 94	85	93	93	W	SW	Fine	Fine	Rain	
24		42 43	40	29	67	29 74	83	87	87	WNW	WSW	Fine	Fine	Fine	
25		50 32	41	29	88	29 95	82	84	84	W	WSW	—	—	—	
26		51 52	48	30	00	29 97	86	87	87	SW	SW	—	—	—	
27		50 52	39	29	70	29 70	86	88	88	W	W	—	—	Rain	
28		40 42	37	29	50	23 46	87	80	80	SW	NW	Clo.	Show.	—	
29		39 40	30	29	60	29 86	70	76	76	SW	NW	Fair	Fair	—	
30		32 37	35	29	08	29 07	75	80	80	WNW	SW	Foggy	Fine	Fine	
31		32 37	29	29	90	29 86	80	80	80	SSW	S	Fine	Fine	—	
1		32 39	30	29	72	29 85	77	80	80	S	S	—	—	—	
2		32 38	35	29	94	30 02	78	81	81	ESE	S	Foggy	Fair	Foggy	
3		34 40	40	29	87	29 83	81	85	85	S	SSW	—	—	Fair	
4		34 44	38	29	60	29 63	89	89	89	WSW	SW	Fair	Fine	—	
5		40 43	36	29	71	29 80	82	85	85	W	SSW	Fine	—	—	
6		35 44	35	29	92	30 00	81	85	85	W	SW	Fair	—	—	
7		45 50	48	30	02	30 08	87	94	94	SW	SW	Rain	Rain	Rain	
8		51 51	49	30	15	30 25	90	92	92	SW	WSW	Over.	Clo.	—	
9		47 52	45	30	25	30 40	94	94	94	WSW	N	Rain	Rain	Clo.	
10		41 52	40	30	25	30 10	90	90	90	S	W	—	Fair	—	
11		41 46	36	30	20	30 15	67	72	72	WNW	W	Fine	Fine	Show.	
12		41 47	38	29	00	29 46	93	95	95	SW	WSW	Rain	Clo.	Rain	
13		40 45	37	29	18	28 85	80	97	97	SW	E	Fine	Rain	Fine	
14		37 41	10	28	80	29 10	00	05	05	S	N	Rain	Fair	—	
15		36 42	31	29	35	29 50	77	80	80	NE	N	Fine	Fine	—	
16		32 40	32	29	47	29 40	81	80	80	NNE	SE	Fair	—	—	
17		35 40	32	29	30	29 25	78	82	82	ESE	E	Foggy	Fair	Fair	
18		37 45	35	29	17	29 30	89	86	86	E	SE	Rain	Chan.	Rain	
19		36 48	38	29	27	29 30	80	80	80	E	E	Fair	Fine	—	

We are unable to give the quantity of rain fallen this month, owing to a leak in the rain gauge.

[W 1, Printer, Red Lion Passage.]





*It was brown*

THE  
**EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,**  
 MARCH, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.,

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L O N D O N :

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[TWO SHILLINGS.]



## EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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IN our Number for November last appeared a DREAM, the production of our correspondent, H. AD. In the ensuing month appeared another DREAM, from the pen of B., the author of ALI. H. AD. has since complained that the idea of B.'s Dream was borrowed from his, and that it was only justice to acknowledge the source whence it was derived. In our last address to correspondents, we promised to notice H. AD.'s claims, in consequence of which we received the letter, and accompanying communication, in page 251 of the present number. We have since carefully perused both, and both we admire; but we must confess, we are not sharp-sighted enough to perceive the slightest trace of imitation in the production of B. Both are Dreams, it is true, and both highly poetic, but they seem to have no relation whatever to each other, either in design or execution. If H. AD., however, thinks that B. is an imitator, he will be pleased to point out wherein the imitation consists. We must observe at the same time, that even if B. took the original idea of his Dream from H. AD., we should still deem it as original as if he had never seen the latter; for it is not the original idea of a poem that constitutes its merit, but the beauty and harmony of all the different ideas, images, and associations that enter into the composition; the beauty of style, manner, and execution; in a word, the *tout ensemble*.

*'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,  
But the joint force, and full result of all.*

It is easy to suggest an original idea, but it is only a master hand that can clothe this idea in all the beauty which it may derive from poetic associations, harmony of sentiment, richness of conception, and felicity of execution. We therefore beg leave to say, that we do not consider B. an imitator of H. AD.; and we shall add, that if we were even certain of his taking the original idea from the November Dream, we should still entertain the same opinion of his poetical genius and original powers that we do at present; for how could the original idea supply the many beautiful ideas and images that compose the delightful vision of B. Surely there is nothing in H. AD.'s Dream that could suggest the following beautiful simile:

*E'en the gems of praise that Love  
Had taught his sister Poesy to link  
Together in a radiant chain of song,  
Were still disowned by her; for she was like  
Some bashful flower that spends its little life  
In hiding from the day-god's kindling glance;  
As if unworthy of so proud a beam,—  
Dyes whose divinest light is in themselves.*

It matters, therefore, little from what source a poet takes his original idea: whether it be the offspring of chance, or the result of reflection,

it is equally the same; for the beauty of his productions will always depend, not on this original idea, but on that grandeur of conception, fertility of imagination, delicacy of judgment, and refinement of feeling which nature and the cultivation of intellect can alone impart.

But while we thus wish to secure to B. all the credit of originality to which we think him so justly entitled, we must not withhold from H. Ad. the merit that is due to him. With the translation that he has sent us of Camoen's *Island of Love* we are well pleased. That it is a more faithful version than Mickle's, we are certain:—that it is more poetic we hardly dare venture to assert. We have always admired Mickle as a poet, though not as a translator; and, if we mistake not, H. Ad. himself is less successful in translation than in his original attempts. His *Dream* appears to us far more poetic than his translation from Camoen's. We do not like the last line in the first stanza.

Their streams co-mingle and united flow.

Nor the last line of the ninth stanza.

Birds sing in air, and beasts o'erspread the ground.

But we cannot sufficiently admire several passages in his *Dream*, particularly the following:

On the proud summit of a lofty rock  
I sat and gazed upon the pale, round moon,  
As she rolled smiling through the angry clouds  
That spread their gloomy mantle o'er the sky,  
And shrouded all the stars of heaven, save one,  
Which shone awhile in solitary state,  
Then sunk among the clouds as tho' to seek  
For shelter in their wide and darkening pall,  
From the rude winds that revelled in the air.  
The wild waves roared beneath me, and the foam  
Dashed on the steep rock's adamant side,  
And mingled with the hurricane that swept  
O'er Ocean's bosom. On my right hand grew  
A forest, where each lofty tree bent down,  
In adoration of the ruthless blast,  
And not a leaf within its wide domain  
Was still, but all made music to the winds.

This passage appears to us eminently beautiful; and, in quoting it, H. Ad. must feel convinced, that we would not deprive him of any original claims to which we could think him entitled. We regret it should fall to our lot to draw a comparison between two poets, to both of whom we feel so highly indebted; but we must confess that when H. Ad. enters into the lists of competition with B., it is our opinion that he competes with one of the first poets of the age. When we say first, we do not mean in celebrity, for we suspect he is little known in the poetic world. We mean, therefore, one of the first in real, original merit, whether his merits should ever chance to be recognized or not. That it will we doubt not, but that it may not is possible: we live in a dim, uncertain world.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

The extract which we have made from H. Ad.'s *Dream*, is at once poetic and sublime; but there is a charm, a tenderness, a delicacy in B.'s poetry which, to say the least of it, can only be the offspring of an original mind. We can never, therefore, suffer him to belong to the

*Editor's Notice.*

*servum pecus* of imitators: indeed we cannot suffer him even to approach them, unless it be to address them in the language of Horace:

*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

The extraordinary rejection of Mr. Shee's *Alasco* by the Lord Chamberlain, and particularly the character of the sentiments to which he, or rather to which the Licensor, Colman, takes objection (for it appears the Chamberlain never read it), induced us to review it in our present number. This, however, we could only do, by postponing the continuation of our *Essay on Homer* till next month, which, though composed, happened not to be struck off when "*Alasco*" came into our hands.

"*Lines on Friendship's Offering,*" and "*Lines to Miss ———,*" will appear in our next.

"*Sunset,*" "*Hampstead Heath,*" and the "*Inscription for a Column at Scio,*" in our next.

"*Lines written about the Midnight of 1823 and 1824,*" are unavoidably postponed till next month. The author is requested to send for a letter which is left for him at our Publishers'.

Articles returned, and replies to Correspondents, will be left at our Publishers' on the 5th instant as usual.

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

MARCH, 1824.

## MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

IN our memoir of Mr. Shee, we found the peaceful tenor of his life marked by such few striking incidents or events, and his merits as an artist and a poet of so high an order, that we deemed the history of his life of less importance to our readers and to the literary world than an enquiry into the character of that genius that gives grace and expression to his pencil, and inspiration to his muse. Accordingly, we did not confine ourselves to what properly belongs to a memoir, and if we were justified in doing so then, we apprehend our right in doing so now will not be contested, as Moore's\* celebrity as a poet renders an essay upon his genius, or an enquiry into the character of his writings a subject of importance to the literary world. Like Mr. Shee, there are few striking features in the history of his life. The man who revels in the world of feeling and imagination is not he who hurries into the bustle and tumult of real life, and justling aside less daring, and less presuming spirits, makes himself a necessary instrument to heal the disorders which he has himself created. He who courts every charm, and runs after every pleasure to which the impulse of his feelings, prompt, or the allurement of imagination invite him, instinctively shrinks from the cold and stubborn realities of life. Such is the poet who is the subject of the present

memoir. He may be said to live, not in this world, but in a paradise of his own creation, for the abode of the mind is, properly speaking, the abode of the individual. The material part of our nature cannot be properly called ourselves; it is every moment changing even in this life. The body we possessed in our youth is God knows where. The youth who went to America at the age of ten, and returns at forty, leaves the body he brought with him from England in America, and brings home an American body, the growth of American soil. If, then, the corporeal parts of our nature be eternally changing, there is no one moment of our life in which any of us can say, this body belongs to us; for that of which we can keep no possession, is not properly ours; and at the moment of death, we separate from body altogether. If, then, it be the mind that constitute our property identity, or that makes us what we are, and what we always continue to be, it is evident that our proper abode is the whole of the mind: where it exists we exist, for all that is properly ours is the mind, or spiritual part of our nature. All the rest is earth, composing and decomposing itself, as it does in all other material substances. If this earth forms a part of our original essence, what are we but an organized clay, kept in action for a moment like a clock or a watch, but

\* To writers whose literary or poetic fame is once established, the honorary prefix Mr. is never applied: we never say Mr. Shakespeare, or Mr. Milton to them instead of being an honour, it would be an insult. We, therefore, say Mr. Shee, instead of Shée, and Moore, instead of Mr. Moore. Fully convinced, at the same time, that if Mr. Shee's merits were appreciated as they ought, the term Mr. would never be prefixed to his name, and we doubt not, if he continue to cultivate the Muses, that this prefix will be soon abandoned.

slumbering in eternal silence the moment the internal springs have lost their action. Whatever, then, is not mind, is no part of us: it is something united to us for a moment, something which we animate and render subservient to our desires, but which forms no part of our identity. If, then, the mind of Moore be eternally straying through a paradise of his own creation, he may be properly said to live in this region of delights. He sometimes, it is true, revisits the earth, and communes with his fellow man, but he communes only with his mind and affections, sensations, and sympathies, contemplating with coolness and indifference whatever has no alliance with the pleasures of feeling and imagination. In nothing can he take an interest which is not deeply impregnated with mind and its affections, feeling and its emotions. He must not, therefore, be classed with those who not only creep along the dull planet to which nature, or a higher cause, has consigned us, but who never lift their mind beyond its dim and niggard confines, and become mere creatures of the soil in which they are produced.

That Moore's life should, therefore, be marked by few of those striking incidents which result from mixing in the bustle of the world is not surprising; or, we should rather say, it would be matter of surprise if he, who still clinging to the transports and rapt emotions of his infant years,—still wantoning in the luxury, and sporting in the enjoyments of youthful delights,—still holding fast the memory of those early impressions—those brighter raptures which nature only can excite, and to which youthful sensibility can alone respond, still spurning the cold rules of art, and adhering closely to the impulse of his own feelings;—it would be matter of surprise, we say, if thus delicately and finely organized, he should distinguish himself in scenes in which only the absence of all the softer and milder sensibilities of the heart are formed to excel. The history of his life is, accordingly, brief. He is the son of a respectable tradesman in Dublin, where he was born on the 28th of May, 1780. He was first educated at a private school in

Dublin, and completed his education in its University. We believe few men of real genius have ever acquired a more complete knowledge, a more intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics than Moore. We know that the learned pedant, who is acquainted with all the ore and all the rubbish of antiquity, is seldom a man to whom nature imparts that *acumen* of mind and exquisite sensibility of feeling which constitutes genius, which nature only can impart, and to which the precepts of art, and the slow deductions of reason can never attain. The man of genius generally slumbers over that which he cannot conceive at a glance, and therefore he derives little pleasure from studying the Meonian or Mantuan bard, while he is labouring to trace the structure of sentences and meaning of words. In such a study there is, accordingly, nothing to inspire him, nothing to awaken in his breast the enthusiasm of Homer, or the tenderness of Virgil. While he labours to unfold the sense he loses the spirit, and where there is no spirit to animate, no impulse to inspire, the man of genius naturally impressed with an indifference for every thing that is not impressed with the characters of life and light, slumbers over his studies, departs from them with pleasure, and returns to them with disgust.—It is only when he has toiled and struggled into a tolerable acquaintance with them, that he begins to perceive and relish their beauties.—Their attractions, however, are not sufficient to prompt him to form that intimate acquaintance with the language in which they wrote, to which plodding and laborious dullness so frequently attains by perseverance and toil. He perceives, however, what the latter cannot perceive with all his assiduity—he perceives their beauties and defects, and this is all he wants. He looks less to the niceties of their language, than to the beauty and sublimity of their conceptions, the harmony of their images, and the fidelity of their descriptions; but to the laborious and heavy intellect the niceties of language is every thing, and therefore he knows the language better, and its beauties less than the man of genius. The latter perceives that,

the beauty of foreign idioms can seldom be transferred to his native tongue, and therefore he seeks for beauties of a different kind. There is, however, no rule without an exception, and Moore seems to be one, in the present instance. His mind appears to be too active to slumber over, and too retentive to forget any thing; and, therefore, it is not surprising that he should acquire a perfect knowledge of Greek and Roman literature.

The political animosities that distracted Ireland when Moore was at College, extended its influence to the University, and he had either too little philosophy, or too much patriotism to remain a silent spectator of the passing scene; but though he was one of the most ardent advocates for the civil rights and liberties of his countrymen, he left college, not only beloved by all his acquaintances, but admired even by those to whose political creed, and ultra-loyalty, he stood opposed. He seems, indeed, to have strongly imbibed the spirit of the ancient Irish bards, namely, a romantic attachment to his country. He wants, it is true, their chivalric heroism, whenever the fair sex becomes the theme of his muse, but in deviating from them, and impressing a different character on his amatory poetry, he has strictly followed nature. The chivalric spirit that animated the ancient bards, were natural in the feudal times, when female virtue was so frequently exposed to lawless might; but the laws being now a sufficient protection for them, such a spirit would be mere Quixotism. In fact, the Quixotic spirit was a proper spirit when it existed: it was that spirit which feudal despotism was calculated to excite in those noble and generous minds who, sympathizing with female weakness in distress, risked their lives in its defence. It is, therefore, a mistake to laugh at it, for in doing so we only laugh at ourselves, as the same spirit would exist among us at the present moment, if the feudal system still continued to prevail. Man is the creature of circumstances, and if the causes that induced the chivalric spirit once more returned, the spirit would return along with it in all its pristine force. Moore's poetry, then, while it breathes all

the fire of patriotic virtue, where his country and the memory of its ancient grievances gives inspiration to his muse, has not a particle of that chivalric heroism which arms itself in defence of unprotected innocence and female weakness. On the contrary, he seems to envy the fair sex more than to pity them. He seems to think the scale is completely turned, and that the male, not the female is it present the true object of commiseration. He knows that "the art of tormenting" is one of the arts in which the latter particularly prides herself, and, as if determined to dispute her power, he torments her at the very moment that he doats upon her. This is particularly the character of the poems which he wrote under the title of *Thomas Little*. These poems are considered extremely licentious by those who affect more purity than they possess, more virtue than they ever intend to practise. It is true he describes those feelings and thrilling sympathies, which, whether he described or not can never cease to be felt during the young season of love and desire. If it be improper to describe these feelings, it is equally improper that we should feel them, for if it be not criminal in us to indulge feelings which nature has so powerfully implanted in us, it cannot be criminal in him to describe what is not criminal in us to indulge. In a word, if love be a crime, he who describes it is not more criminal than he who feels it; and as there are few young people who have not felt this passion and indulged in it, we only blame him for a crime in which we all participate. If, indeed, it could be shewn that love and all its thrilling sensibilities are criminal, and if it could be shewn, at the same time, that they would never have been felt, were it not for the poetical descriptions of the poets, we might then, justly censure the poems of *Thomas Little*; but as it is certain that this passion will be indulged whether poets make it the subject of their muse or not, as it is certain that it equally mocks the reasonings of the moralist, and the denunciations of the priest, how absurd is it to censure the poet for describing those feelings which we cannot cease to feel, whether he describe them or not. He merely holds

the mirror up to nature: he describes man as he is;—he describes the laws which govern the noblest work of nature, at a certain period of its existence. If it be improper to describe these laws, the laws themselves must be improper; for if they be proper, there can be no impropriety in describing them. But it will be argued, that warm descriptions of love inflame the passion to its greatest height, and render us more attached to the fair sex than nature intended us, and that it avails not, therefore, to shew, that nature would of its own accord, without any aid from poetical excitement have created this passion, as it would, only create it in a moderate degree. This reasoning appears to us only the reasoning of those who never felt the passion in a high degree, of those who were never extremely fond of the sex; and in whom neither the poems of Thomas Little nor any other poems can ever excite a particle of that sensation which we call love; and if so, they have nothing to fear from the licentiousness of his poems; for it is certain that if they were capable of this passion, the fair sex would exercise their wonted power over them, and make them feel its influence without the aid of poetry. Children are in love before they know what poetry means. "Who has not frequently been amused" says St. Pierre, "with the plays of infant lovers, with their promises of eternal constancy, of their addressing each other by the endearing terms, husband and wife, of their jealousies, and all the emotions incident to this restless passion, by so much the more natural as it is not regulated by the prejudices of society. They form sometimes, such a violent attachment for each other, that they die of jealousy." What stronger passion then can the poems of Thomas Little inspire than nature inspires of its own accord. But what evils can the moralist apprehend from this mutual attachment? We can perceive none, for it is certain that the stronger is our attachment, the greater is our virtue, the more exalted our sentiments, the more chaste and refined our feelings, and the more fearful do we become of committing any act that can in the least tend to render them unhappy. It is the

savage brute who has no regard for them, who is incapable of love and all its refined and tender emotions, that indulges his bestial desire and renders the sex unhappy. A woman is never so safe as in the hands of him who loves her to distraction. Such a man would perish sooner than injure her, sooner than even indulge for a moment the thought of doing so. Love refines all the faculties of the soul; it is only lust that degrades it, and approximates us to the brute. Lust, however, is a natural passion: it is the passion of savages, and requires no aid from poetry to excite it, and therefore it is pure cant to maintain, that the passion which nature excites of its own accord, is purer than that which the poet inspires. If Moore awakened for a moment that unhallowed flame which gratifies itself at the expence of the fair, which renders her at once unhappy and disgraced for ever, we should then indeed, join with his accusers, and reprobate that prostitute genius which exercised its energies in degrading the sex, by making them mere instruments of animal gratification; but we do not fear to say, that the honor and the happiness of the sex is as dear to him as to the most sanctified of his accusers. Which of them could feel so ardently as he does, and be able to say with him, at the same time,

By Heaven! I would rather for ever  
forswear  
The Elysium that dwells on a beautiful  
breast,  
Than alarm, for a moment, the peace  
that is there,  
Or banish the *dove* from so hallowed a  
nest.

Yet these are the sentiments which he expresses in those very poems which are deemed so licentious. If, then, he describe passion warmly, he reprobates the man who indulges it at the expence of female virtue. What can the moralist do more? More he cannot do, but he may do less; he may have so little of the feelings of human nature, so little of the man in him, and so much of the stoic, so much of the religionist, that he may be led to treat woman, we shall not say, not as the fondest pledge of human felicity, but even not as a companion.

But what is that man to whom the fair sex can impart no happiness? We reply, he is not a man but a monster. He is, it is true, what his proper nature intended him to be, but not what universal nature intended man to be in her original design. Without an attachment to the sex, man would be a barbarian: it is to the sex he owes whatever of feeling, of refinement, or of sentiment he possesses. It is true that nature has formed some men of so delicate and finely organized a mould that they possess inherently all the natural delicacy, modesty, and refinement of the sex, but it is equally true, that these are few in number, as all savage countries sufficiently testify, where the female still retains her natural modesty and tendency to refinement whenever education comes to her aid—whereas, education can never refine or humanize the man who does not delight in female society. He still remains a savage, no matter how powerful he may be in reasoning, how expert in argument, how profound in observation, or how accurate in deduction. Of this we could quote instances without number: perhaps it may be sufficient to quote Locke, a name which we have quoted before whenever we wished to shew that all the finer feelings and softer raptures of the soul may be dormant in the heart, while learning, and erudition, and logical acuteness, and metaphysical subtlety have fixed their empire in the head. Locke was all intellect, but he had not a particle of soul, a particle of feeling, a particle of refinement. It is different with the female: she cannot become learned without becoming more delicate and refined, whether she court the society of man or not. Hence it is, that while education can never refine the man who seeks not the society of the fair sex, it perfects all the original charms of the female, polishes and renders her more tender, more elegant, more sentimental, more graceful, more lovely, more divine, even though she never courts the society of man. Nature formed man to court, not to be courted—woman to be courted, not to court. It formed man naturally fond of woman—woman naturally fond, but, at the same time, naturally fearful of man. Hence the man who does not court

the society of woman is a savage, but the woman may retain all her natural refinement without ever seeking the society of man until she is first sought after. The poet, therefore, who, like Moore, renders us more attached to woman, is the only poet who softens and refines our nature, the only poet who raises us in the scale of humanity, removes us to a greater and a greater distance from the original ferocity of the savage state, that state which is the natural state of man, and which would continue if the refinements of science and the charms of the sex had not improved our condition, made us more exalted beings, and approximated us closer to angelic nature than mere nature itself could have ever effected.

But it will be said that the poems of Thomas Little have too much levity in them, and frequently breathe other sentiments than love. We admit many of them are written in a gay and playful mood; but is there not “a time to laugh” as well as “a time to cry?” Are we to judge of poetry by the same rules that we judge of prose, and suppose that every thing is written in downright earnest? Is the virtue and innocence of the demure young lady who never opens her mouth but when there is occasion for it, and never says but what she thinks she ought to say, more to be relied upon than that of the gay young lassie who never heeds what she says, but gives expression to the first sentiment that presents itself. We, for our own parts, should tremble more for the former than for the latter. The innocent maid never pauses for an expression: the idea of evil never approaches her, and therefore she generally passes the jest around without knowing or waiting to examine its import—but as there are none more guarded in their expression than those who are most conscious of crime, as they know and feel that “a wise head keeps a close mouth,” mere silence, caution, or reserve in speech, is at least no argument of greater purity, though it may arise from constitutional temper, and consequently be found connected with the highest virtue. This reasoning can be easily illustrated in common life. The Scotch and Irish lasses cannot, we believe,



he excelled in chastity by any other in the world; but to judge of them by the freedom of their speech and manners, they would seem to be completely at the service of every man who chose to address them — The fact is, that their freedom of speech, which, by the bye, beats Tom Little's licentiousness hollow, arises entirely from thoughtless innocence. They talk, like our poet, of kissing, and courting, without a blush, and yet it is certain, that she who cannot talk of a kiss without blushing, is fonder of being kissed than she on whose cheek it does not excite the slightest suffusion; and it is equally certain, that the fonder she is of being kissed, the more guarded and reserved she is in talking on amatory subjects.

We must not, therefore, be too critical in circumscribing the muse when she wishes to be playful. She seeks not to vitiate the pure heart, and it is only those who are vitiated already that cry out against her, in order to affect a virtue which they are conscious of not feeling. But if these poems be really as licentious as they are represented, is it not hypocritical in us, at least, to call them so, evincing as we do, every day of our lives, that we are ourselves as licentious as their author. Do we not visit comedies where scenes, and amours, and intrigues, and plots, and counterplots are placed openly before us, not in description, but in actual representation. If Tom Little be licentious in talking of kisses, are we not more so in not only witnessing but applauding those who kiss each other in our presence. Surely if there be any thing of crime in the matter, the description of a kiss cannot be as criminal as the kiss itself;\* and yet those very critics who cry up these comedies, and stuff their magazines with long critiques upon their merits; those very critics who cry up the opera, and the half-naked dancers, cry down at the same time Tom Little for daring even to speak of a kiss.

After leaving the University, Mr. Moore proceeded to London, and entered himself of the Middle Tem-

ple. Why he should fancy the law as a profession, it is difficult to say; for it is, perhaps, of all other pursuits, the most widely removed from all the sources of enthusiasm, and poetic ardor. Mr. Moore, however, soon discovered it was not to his taste and relinquished it.

In 1800 he published his translation of Anacreon. It is a poetic, not a literal version of the Teian bard, and is therefore like Pope's Homer, a subject on which the verbal critic can display his pedant lore. Cowper's version is more literal than Pope's, but who reads it? The fact is that a literal version can never be poetic, because that form and turn of expression, which is poetic in one language, becomes plain prose when rendered into another; and, accordingly, we find no instance of a literal version succeeding with the public. The Quarterly Review informs us that Cowper's, "translation of Homer retains much of the old poets simplicity, without enough of his fire. Cowper has removed the gilded cloud which Pope had cast over him, and his version, though very imperfect, is the more faithful portrait of the two."

This appears to us, what almost all the criticism of the age appears to us, pure cant. We have shewn in our two former essays on the Meonian bard, that it is to the glowing fire and enthusiasm of his muse, he owes his poetic pre-eminence over all other poets; and yet the feeble version of Cowper, is deemed by the Quarterly a "more faithful portrait" of him than Pope's, who retains all the fire and enthusiasm of the original. What the reviewer calls Pope's "gilded cloud," we know not, for it is difficult to reconcile his fire with clouds and tinsel. As to Cowper's retaining the simplicity of Homer, we beg leave to call the reviewers attention to the following passage in his review of Bland's Greek Anthology. "The virtue of simplicity has never been sufficiently studied by the poets of our own country, and those of our own day, whose pretensions to it are most ostentatious, have given us an imi-

\* The Lord Chamberlain has proved this in his rejection of "Atasco;" he would not let it be represented, though he knew he could not prevent it from being published.

tation, which differs as much from the original, as Cowper's *languid version* from the majesty and spirit of Homer." So much for Cowper's simplicity, and the simplicity of all the poets of our country;—and so much also for that *languid version* which is a more faithful portrait of Homer than Pope's, though instinct with all the fire and enthusiasm of the original.

These observations apply peculiarly to Mr. Moore's version of the Ode's of Anacreon. The public feel their worth, and if public approbation be the truest test of merit, it matters little what critics may say about them.

The poems of Thomas Little, appeared soon after the "Ode's of Anacreon." Of these we have already given our opinion. We shall here only add, that if all his poetry were of the same character, we neither could, nor would excuse so easily, the levity and playfulness of his muse; but as they are evidently the mere *jeux d'esprits* of his gayer moments, and approach not in levity to the scenes, which are not merely described, but represented at the theatre, scenes which we not only witness but applaud,—scenes which we not only applaud but *encore*; we think it mere hypocritical sanctity to find fault with them.

In 1803 he was appointed registrar of the Admiralty in the Isle of Bermuda; but the duties of the situation not according with his turn of mind, and the emolument, at the same time, being trifling, he employed an agent in the island, to whom he allowed half his salary for attending to the duties of his office, himself remaining, as before, responsible to government for their faithful discharge. He visited New York, after leaving Bermuda, and gives some account of the American republics, in the odes and epistles which he published on his return. He is no admirer of the republican form of government, and, so far as regards manners, it cannot be doubted that an equalization of classes tends to engender rudeness and ferocious independence. The pride of wealth is the only pride which can be felt in a state where all men are more or less equal, and where a man can exercise authority over

another; and perhaps John Bull's rudeness is, in no small degree, owing to these very causes.

Moore did not long continue to profit by his office in Bermuda.—His agent became indebted, and he was himself, accordingly, obliged to leave England, and visit Bermuda once more, where he happily succeeded in arranging his affairs to his perfect satisfaction. He is now in possession of all the enjoyments that perhaps can be enjoyed in this life. He is, in the first place, independant; in the second, he possesses a mind naturally disposed to be happy; and in the third, he enjoys all the happiness that can arise from conjugal bliss in the society of a female who unites beauty of form to all that is engaging in manners, and amiable in disposition. These appear to us the three greatest sources of human felicity. Without independance, the philosopher himself, with all his pride, and the stoic, with all his insensibility, can enjoy no happiness. Without a mind disposed to be happy, independance only serves to render life more miserable; for how many have led a miserable life in affluence that became comparatively happy after they were reduced to indigence. Neither independance, however, nor a mind naturally disposed to be happy, can attain the highest degree of felicity of which man is capable. The society that exists between men is a mere commerce of thought. They seem to meet and associate for no other purpose than that of communicating to each other their ideas of men and things; but the society that exists between man and woman is a commerce, not of thought, but of feeling; it is the heart, not the head, the soul, not the intellect, that communicate with each other. Sensation and reflection are the two grand powers of the soul. To sensation belongs sensibility, sympathy, and all the softer virtues and affections of our nature: to reflection belong intellect, perception, understanding, reason, observation, discrimination, &c. The latter are the powers that belong to the male; the former those which characterize the female; or, in other words, man is all reflection and deliberation, wo-

man all feeling and sensibility.—Hence it is, that the society which exists between man and woman is a commerce of the intellectual and sensitive parts of our nature; it is the commerce of the head with the heart, of reason with sensibility; but as reason serves only to moderate and chill, and sometimes to extinguish all the sources of our pleasure, while sensibility is always seeking to promote them, it is very obvious, that the society that exists between male and female must be a greater source of happiness than that which exists between man and

man. Hence it is, that without female society, man cannot attain the highest degree of human felicity, however independent he may be, or however his mind may be formed by nature for happiness and enjoyment. Leaving, then, the elegant and refined subject of our memoir in possession of this three-fold happiness, and wishing he may long enjoy it, we shall, in our next Number, proceed to a more minute investigation of his poetical genius, and the character which he has impressed upon his works.

## ALI.

*(Continued from page 124.)*

### CANTO II.

Hark! to the notes of the lute and the timbrel,  
And fairy footfall of Almas dancing,  
Where late was the clang of the trumpet and cymbal,  
And thundering tramp of the war-steed prancing!

Red flow the goblets in Ali's hall,  
And the lamps hanging over are wondrous bright,  
But, oh! far redder and brighter than all  
Are the lips that they moisten,—the eyes that they light!  
For won in the battle where thousands died,—  
Like gems upthrown by the stormy tide,  
With cheeks that youth and passion dyed  
Deep as the hue of the recent slaughters,  
Saved for the victor's love or pride,  
Each blooming as the Bulbul's bride,  
Like ivory note-keys side by side,  
Were ranged the fairest of Asia's daughters.  
The splendid scene had awhile removed  
The grief of many for those they loved,—  
For kindred slain, and fortune lost,—  
For blighted hopes, and wishes crost.  
The crystal fountains were sparkling around,  
And leapt to the roof with exulting bound,—  
As if eager to hark in the silvery light  
Which broke from the latticed window's height  
On the spice-lamp's luminous, fragrant, breath,—  
Then murmuring sank to their prisons beneath,  
Where in basins of marble they darkening lie,  
Still charming with coolness, though veil'd from the eye.  
The board with richest fruits was spread  
That glow beneath an eastern sky,—  
The sweet pomegranate's living red,  
And golden grapes whose hue may vie (1)  
With that bright orb which gave their dye.

It seem'd as if each ripening ray  
 Of summer light which on them fell,  
 Had loved the resting-place too well.  
 To wing again its heaven-ward way,  
 But there, in rebel brightness stood,  
 To emulate its parent-god.  
 But glistens no eye with a tearful beam,  
 Like the tremulous rays on the midnight wave?—  
 Which, awaken'd from pleasure's unreal dream,  
 Would willingly close in the sleep of the grave?  
 Oh! Zella, though now thy beauteous face  
 Beams out amidst the admiring throng,  
 Though now with that unearthly grace  
 Among the crowd thou mov'st along  
 The fairest in that festal place,  
 Thy heart, alas! is far away;  
 And when the thoughts are bent to stray,  
 However drear and sad their way,  
 Not all the charms of wine and song  
 Can lure the wanderers back again,  
 Such fascination is in pain:  
 Or if, perchance, the tearful eye  
 Light on some object passing by,  
 Whate'er it be, it makes but food  
 To nourish on that joyless mood;  
 For Melancholy throws o'er all,  
 Alike her black funereal pall,  
 Bidding the darken'd soul despond  
 'Mid scenes as bright as eye e'er saw:  
 And as the bees of Trebizond  
 From purest flowers can venom draw, (2)  
 So from the sparkling ore of joy  
 Can grief extract a dark alloy.  
 And thus it proved, when from behind  
 The sacred Harem's curtain'd shades,  
 A blooming group was seen to wind,  
 Of Iran's and of Yemen's maids, (3)  
 Footing it on the marble floor  
 With step so delicately light,  
 As would not crush the tenderest flower  
 That fears to ope its leaves till night.  
 There was a likeness in that sight  
 To scenes she oft had view'd before,  
 When in her own dear native land  
 Among the comrades of her youth  
 Through the gay vallies hand in hand,  
 At eve she led the laughing band  
 Over the green sward cool and smooth;  
 And o'er her cheek that raptidness,  
 Midst all the mirth and revel here,  
 Dash'd the salt spray of many a tear,—  
 Could it from any eyelid less,  
 That oped not on an object dear?—  
 On one the heart could wish to bless,—  
 On one it loved with soul sincere?  
 For Zella breathed a warmer sigh  
 Than that for childhood's hour gone by.  
 "Oh! Selim, Selim! where art thou?"  
 She inly cried,— "I'd rather gaze  
 A moment on the dark eye now  
 That flashes from under thy manly brow,  
 Than all these bright things' dazzling blaze;—

" I'd rather hear one angel tone  
 " Of thy loved voice in desert lone,  
 " Than all the notes now gaily ringing  
 " Through this high and princely hall,  
 " Where pleasure seems to shine on all,  
 " From yonder virgin-minstrel singing."

And yet it was a thrilling strain  
 That Zella deem'd so lowly of,  
 And might have lighten'd any pain  
 But from the rankling wound of love,  
 Which, like the flower-fed insect, brings  
 At once life's sweetness and its stings.  
 And lovely was the maid who swept  
 With magic touch the silver strings,  
 Whilst all such deep attention kept  
 As when the Soul of Music sings  
 Where none but angels whose eyes are glistening  
 Like their own high towers of gems are listening  
 From her own Yemen's happy vales  
 The girl was borne by hostile sails.  
 Wild as the goats that clamber o'er  
 Her native crags so steep and hoar,  
 Yet graceful as the antelope  
 That springs along the mountain slope,  
 And here her dulcet minstrelsy,  
 Which o'er her fellows raised her high  
 Oft soothed her long captivity.  
 She paused a moment,—till the tone  
 Of that preluding strain had died  
 Away, while rising murmurs own  
 The tuneful power on every side,—  
 Then playfully off the mask she drew  
 With which Arabian maids are shaded, (4)  
 And blushing disclosed to view  
 A face where not a rose had faded;  
 And with a voice, whose every note  
 Was heavenly as the sounds that float  
 On the charm'd lake of Chindara, (5)  
 She warbled forth this joyous lay.

" Ye children of pleasure, come hasten away,—  
 Yet how shall we roam o'er an Eden like ours,  
 Where a charm at each footstep invites us to stay,  
 And each moment is fraught with the pleasures of hours."

Here all sunny hearts one emotion pervades,  
 It heaves the smooth bosom, and lights the dark eye,  
 While the whisper'd consent of the bashfullest maid,  
 Like the airy lute's music, is won by a sigh.

Then let spirit and senses one rapture employ,  
 And melt in delight ere its ardour be cold,  
 Till our souls are o'erwhelm'd by the fullness of joy,  
 As the camel bends under his burden of gold."

Applauding clamours rose around,  
 And broke the tenor of her song;  
 The tapers trembled at the sound  
 That swept the vaulted roof along;  
 And e'en the lovely minstrel maid  
 Was at the tumult half dismay'd,  
 And round the group her large eye strays,  
 In doubt whereon to fix its gaze.

And seek a refuge from the fire,  
 She saw her magic strains inspire  
 In every face she look'd upon  
 Too boldly bent upon her own.  
 She had not learnt the fearless look  
 That beams on all as none were by,  
 Nor could she yet unblushing brook  
 The stare of wild impurity ;  
 But turn'd an instant to the sky  
 Which through the casement still was bright,  
 Then seem'd to mete the chamber's height,  
 Now, restless, on the floor she bent,—  
 With pictured forms and gold besprent,—  
 That hurried glance, half-pleased, half-frighted,  
 Which now on Zellas wan cheek lighted.  
 Her soul was pure as new-sprung fountain,  
 And like the calm wave at the base  
 Of frowning rock on flowery mountain,  
 Whose colours tint the watery glass,  
 Her floating eye would instant catch  
 Whate'er expression lit another,  
 And all its own emotion smother,  
 So kindly would she ever watch,  
 And many a smile she oft repress,  
 In fear to mock the aching breast,  
 By mirth in hour unmeet express.  
 And thus it was when, 'midst the gladness  
 The time, her youth, and praise, inspired,  
 She look'd upon a sister's sadness,  
 For each ecstatic thought retired ;  
 And when she struck the lyre again,  
 'Twas not in that exulting measure,  
 But the sad softness of the strain  
 Flow'd rather like the balm of pain,  
 Than the rich maddening draught of pleasure ;  
 Yet still it had the fading glow,  
 Like the last hue of Autumn-leaves,  
 Ere ice-drops gem the sparkling eaves,  
 In climes that wear the veil of snow.

(To be Continued.)

# ALASCO: A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS,

BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R.A.

*Excluded from the Stage by the authority of the Lord Chamberlain.*

IN our recent memoir of Mr. Shee, we entered into a critical enquiry into the character of his poetical genius; and we did so more at large, because we were of opinion that his merits were not so well known, and consequently not so much appreciated as they deserved. For this, perhaps, it is not difficult to assign a reason. The poet who make the original passions of human nature the subject of his muse, takes up a theme on the merits of which every individual is qualified to offer an opinion; for as the emotions and passions excited, in us, when placed in any particular situation, are generally the same in all men, when led into it by the same train of causes and events, so also is every one qualified to judge, whether the feelings which the poet ascribes to his characters be in harmony with the situation in which they are placed, or with the peculiarity of character which he ascribes to them; for, to exercise this judgment, it is only necessary to ascertain, whether they be in harmony with the feelings which we should ourselves experience, were we placed in a similar situation, and led into it by the same train of events; for two men brought into the same situation by different circumstances will act as differently as if they were placed in situations directly opposed to each other. Now, as it is obvious that every man prefers talking about that with which he is best acquainted, and cautiously avoids those slippery subjects where his ignorance is continually in danger of being exposed, it is not surprising, or rather, it would be surprising if it were otherwise, that Mr. Shee's poetical works should be less the theme of conversation, and, consequently, less known than those of Lord Byron, Moore, and almost all the poets of the day, as they are almost all confined to subjects grafted on the original passions of man. It is true that the subjects taken up by Lord Byron and Moore are truly poetical subjects; but it is equally true, that the subject of Mr.

Shee's "Elements and Rhymes upon Art" are poetical also, though founded not on the original, but on the acquired passions of man. By original passions we mean those which require no intellectual discrimination, no peculiar delicacy, or nicety of perception to awaken them, those which start suddenly and instinctively into existence when excited by causes that affect all men nearly the same: by acquired passions we mean those which arise from a union of the intellectual and sensitive powers; or, in other words, we mean not only the original passions, corrected, refined, and subdued by the purer light, and chastening influence of the reflective or discriminating powers, but particularly those passions which are excited by qualities in nature which the bulk of mankind never perceive, and with regard to whom they have no existence. The latter are passions as well as the former; but they are excited only by an agency that exercises no influence over the common observer. The generality of mankind are affected only by striking and palpable causes, because they perceive only the grosser qualities of things; but the watchful and observant mind perceives a thousand qualities in things by which he is affected, because they affect every person who perceives them, unless he possess a large portion of natural insensibility. Not perceiving them, however, a poetical description of them is not so well adapted to the generality of readers as those that have the original passions of human nature for their subject; because they are frequently as well qualified to judge as the poet himself, and always better qualified than the learned pedant, who is affected neither by the original nor acquired passions of our nature, and views every thing through the abstract medium of the understanding alone.

Mr. Shee's poetry, then, is not adapted to the great mass of readers, because, though his subject is poetical,

ly poetic, being founded in human passion, yet it is a passion arising from the perception of qualities in nature which affect all men who perceive them, but which all men have not eyes to perceive. No passion was ever felt without a cause to excite it, and no external cause or quality in things can affect the imagination, or excite the passions, until it is first perceived. It affects only those who perceive it: on all others its influence is lost; not because their sensibilities are cast in a different mould, but because no emotion can be excited by a cause that is not perceived. We may have physical sensations produced by physical causes of which we know nothing; but emotions and passions being always impressed with a mental character, can only be excited by causes that are perceived. Hence it is, that objects which do not affect us in the least, will instantly affect us if certain qualities in these objects be once pointed out to us; and their not affecting us before must, therefore, have evidently arisen from our not perceiving these qualities.

Such are the qualities that have hitherto excited the poetic enthusiasm of Mr. Shee. The subject of his former poems were confined to those qualities in external nature that please us when transferred to the canvass, and separated from the grosser appearances with which nature had originally associated them. They please us on the canvass because there, there is nothing to conceal them from our view; and they would please us in nature if we could only perceive them; but, like native modesty, they are of too fine and delicate a mould to be perceived, except by gifted eyes, amid the rubbish that keeps them in the back ground. We are aware that we are frequently pleased with paintings that represent the most deformed objects, but this pleasure arises from a different source: it is not the beauty of the objects presented on the canvass that we admire, but the fidelity and truth with which they are executed; or, in other words, their close imitation of the original. On this subject, however, we could say much more than our limits will permit us at present: we shall, therefore, conclude by ob-

serving, that Mr. Shee's poetry is, like Lord Byron's and Moore's, founded, not in these abstract subjects which belong to the philosopher and metaphysician, but in subjects fitted to awaken real passion. The only difference is, that it is a passion excited by an agency which, without a peculiar appropriation of the discriminative, or perceptive powers, can affect only beings of a higher order than man—that is of beings who can perceive at a glance what we can only perceive by a certain exercise of the mental powers; while Lord Byron's and Moore's poetry must instantly affect all men who have hearts to feel, or whose feelings are not blunted by mental or physical influences.

Admitting, then, Mr. Shee's former works were equal in merit to any other poet of the age; admitting they were even superior, it is evident, from the reasons which we have just assigned, that they could not be so popular, or so much the theme of general conversation; and consequently, that their merits could not be duly appreciated; but how much is it to be regretted that when he came forward on the same ground with these highly gifted poets, that when he made the original passions of human nature, and the situations by which they are excited, the subject of his muse, his efforts should be cramped by an ignorant Chamberlain, and a sycophant licenser, a *Græculus cæuriens*, who, no doubt, would go to hell instead of attempting the heavens, if the mighty and puissant Lord Chamberlain ordered him. We shall not say, that this Chamberlain is a tyrant, nor the prostrate licenser who worships before his shrine; as we shall not say they would enslave the country, if the country would permit them;—we shall not say, that if all the citizens of London had but one neck, they would, like Nero, cut it off at a stroke; but this we say, that from the opinion which we have formed of them, from their rejection of Alasco, we should consider our lives in danger were it placed at their disposal. Our fears might be groundless, it is true, but he who fears cannot help fearing, and no man can fear without a cause. We should not be impressed with those



fears from the simple act of rejecting the play itself, but from the sentiments to which they take objection. Whenever the name of *tyrant* is mentioned, the name is expunged: at least, we have read the play carefully, and we do not recollect any instance in which the licenser's red ink is not applied to it. Now we take it for granted, that whatever the licenser condemns, the Lord Chamberlain condemns; for if this were not the case, why condemn Alasco without perusing it because the licenser condemns it. Besides, we have further reasons for thinking that their judgments, feelings, and principles go hand in hand; for the Chamberlain tells Mr. Snee that he thinks "Mr. Colman a very sufficient judge of his duty," and as his duty is to fulfil that part of the Chamberlain's duty which regards the licensing of plays, and as Mr. Colman thinks it is duty to condemn every man who finds fault with tyrants, it is clear that the Chamberlain is equally hostile to any man who inveighs against tyranny;—which is saying, in other words, that they are both advocates for tyranny; for if not, why censure the writer who inveighs against it. If, then, this jack in office, and the officer whom he serves, be both advocates for tyranny, they must virtually and, in fact, be tyrants in their hearts; for who would censure the man who finds fault with tyrants, but a tyrant himself? It is only the galled jade that winces. — If, then, the licenser and his master be advocates for tyranny, and if it be just to conclude that all advocates for tyranny would be tyrants if they dare, we think we would be justified in considering our lives in danger were they placed at their uncontrolled disposal.

The scene of this tragedy is laid in Poland, and the only English character in it is Walsingham, whose characteristic virtue is loyalty to his sovereign, a virtue to which he sacrifices all the ties of kindred and of friendship. Now had the author of Alasco turned this virtue into ridicule, had he represented Walsingham in an unfavourable light, and made us look upon him as we now do upon Mr. Colman, a reptile votary at the shrine of power, had he

divested him of those amiable qualities which humanize the man, and exalt the hero, had he expressed a single sentiment that would lead us to conclude he was himself no admirer of Walsingham, the Lord Chamberlain and his deputy, might then have some colour of excuse for rejecting Alasco; but from beginning to end, it is difficult to conceive, whether the hero of the piece, or Walsingham, be the author's greatest favourite: Alasco and Walsingham rival each other in generosity and wrecklessness of existence; and though they pursue different measures, their hearts are equally good, and their intentions equally pure.— They differ not in their feelings, but in their perceptions or views of things. Alasco considers that to be tyranny, which Walsingham deems only a just and salutary exercise of power. That the young Alasco and the aged Walsingham should thus differ in their views of things is natural; for youth, impatient of restraint, deems every exercise of power and controul an act of tyranny, particularly where his own intentions are honest; for whoever possesses this honesty, cannot in the ardour and thoughtlessness of youth, perceive why his actions should be subject to controul, feeling as he does, that if the destinies of mankind were at his disposal, he would not commit an act that an angel would blush to acknowledge. Those whose intentions are not so pure, are always more willing to yield to authority, from a secret conviction that if no restraint were imposed upon them, they would out-step the line which reason or moral instinct prescribes to all men, and beyond which no man proceeds without infringing on the peace and happiness of others. But even the youth whose feelings and intentions are pure as angels, and who is therefore rendered more impatient of controul, discovers, when he advances to the age of Walsingham, that without a certain restraint, youth, in general, becomes licentious, and society at large, a confused mass of anarchy and misrule. Alasco and Walsingham, therefore, differ only in those views of things which result from experience and inexperience. Restore Walsingham to his youthful years, and give Alasco the experience and

the age of Walsingham, and no doubt Alasco would become Walsingham, and Walsingham Alasco. As it is, however, Alasco, in seeking to recover the lost liberties of his country aims only at establishing a rational order of things by the

most honourable means; and the moment he discovers that some of his associates had entered into a secret plot of proscribing Walsingham and other virtuous characters, he exclaims

And have you all combined in this foul compact,  
And signed and sealed this instrument of blood?  
Are we met here in dark conspiracy  
To club our mite of malice and revenge—  
To club our mite of malice and revenge—  
For each with cunning cowardice to graft  
His private wrongs upon the public stock,  
And make the state his champion.

ACT III. SCENE II.

On Rienski remonstrating with him, he continues,

Away, you'll crouch like slaves or kill like cowards,  
What! you have swords! by heaven you dare not use them.  
A sword's the brave man's weapon—you mistake  
Your instruments—knives—daggers best become you!  
Heavens! am I leagued with cut throats and assassins!  
With wretches, who at midnight lurk in caves  
To mark their prey, and meditate their murders?  
Well then, to your office! if you must stab,  
Begin with me;—here—here, plant all your daggers!  
Much rather would I as your victim die  
Than live as your accomplice.

Rienski who became a convert to the noble reasoning of Alasco, endeavours to soften his indignation, and thus addresses him—

Spare us, my lord,  
Nor press this past endurance, your reproof  
Has sunk into our hearts, and shamed away  
All passions but for freedom and our country.

But Alasco, still incapable of being appeased, replies in the same strain,

Your countrys freedom! say your own discharge  
From wholesome rule and honest industry!  
You mean immunity for blood and spoil;  
The privilege of wild riot and revenge;—  
The liberty of lawless depredation.  
O! my unhappy country, what shall cure  
Thy sicklied state, when e'en thy remedies,  
Thus threatening worse disease, and deeper injury,  
Unnerve th'administering hand, that shakes with fear,  
To make thy case more desperate!

These are the sentiments of Alasco, the hero of this piece, and we doubt whether the most servile votary of power can perceive a sentiment in them that leans to the subversion of the principles that uphold the British Constitution, and on which it is founded. If Alasco, then, aimed only to rescue his country from tyrannical despotism, has

he done aught that is inconsistent with the British Constitution? or is our Constitution founded on principles of despotism and tyranny. If so, why teach us to believe ourselves a free people? Why tell us that the slave is a free-man the moment he sets his foot upon British soil, if even a free British subject must breathe only the sentiments

of a slave, and write as if he lived under a despotic government. If we be in reality a free people, why may we not speak in the language of freemen? Why are we not permitted to appreciate the blessings we enjoy, by pointing out the evils that exist, the penalties inflicted, and the privations endured under a despotic and arbitrary sway? In a word, if we be a free people, or if the Chamberlain deemed us to be such, would he not consider the spirit that breathes throughout the tragedy of *Alasco*, in perfect harmony with this freedom: would he not have occasion to boast that such a spirit was the happy result of the laws and constitution by which we are governed, and would he not, instead of making himself the advocate of tyranny, prove, by his immediate license of *Alasco*, that we were virtually, and indeed what we esteem ourselves to be, a free people, and that the laws and constitution by which we are governed are also what we deem them to be, a system of government calculated to secure us in the possession of this freedom? The fact, however, is, if we judge aright, that Mr. Colman and the Chamberlain have proved, by their rejection of this play, that they consider our freedom to be "all my eye;" for if we be not permitted to speak of tyrants except with respect and reverence, those who prevent us must certainly consider themselves tyrants, and imagine that whenever we talk of tyrants our allusion is to them.

We should ask Mr. Colman which of the characters in this tragedy acts in opposition to the principles of the British Constitution? He will reply, Malinski. But does not the author of *Alasco* make him a reprobate? Does he not make this very Malinski the only character of un-mixed evil in the piece? If, then, he has put sentiments into his mouth unbecoming an Englishman, Mr. Colman should not forget that they became Malinski; and if Mr. Shee should make him speak only what suited Mr. Colman's palate, not what the dark and designing villain would have actually spoken, had he been permitted to express what his disposition would prompt him to express, it follows, that consistency

of character and individuality form no necessary part of a good play, or that if it even does, it must henceforth give way to the prejudices and *political taste* of our new licenser. The fact, however, is, that if no sentiment must be expressed but what suits Mr. Colman's palate, there can henceforth be no diversity of character whatever, because all the characters must take "their form and pressure" from the form and pressure of Mr. Colman. He must be the prototype of which all the characters are mere copies; so that they must be all not only like Mr. Colman, but like each other; for if things equal to the same thing be equal to each other, so also must things nearly equal to the same thing be nearly equal to each other,

— *Facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse  
sororum.*

What a delicious tribe of characters, then, is the tragic muse destined to supply us with henceforth. They must all be of Mr. Colman's family, hue, and complexion, and a-kin to himself or the Lord Chamberlain. They must not speak against tyrants; they must offer incense at the shrine of power, and acknowledge that Mr. Colman and the Lord Chamberlain—that Duke of Montrose, who damned a play without reading it, are the only judges of dramatic effect, the only men who possess that exquisite sensibility of feeling which recognizes instantly and intuitively without the trouble of investigation or enquiry, what is suited to the heart and its affections, emotions, and sympathies. In fact, dramatic writers must henceforth look upon the cringing Colman, and "THE GREAT MAN" before whom he "bows, and bows and bows again," as Moliere did upon his old woman, Laforet, creatures who judge by a sort of instinct, not granted to rational beings. The "dog in office," like the dog in the chase, baffles every attempt to approach him in the delicacy and sensitiveness of his olfactory nerves. It is remarked by philosophers that the senses are more acute in the irrational than in the rational species of being; and therefore it is not to be wondered

that he in whom prejudice extinguishes the light of reason, or to whom nature has never imparted its sacred effulgence, should still, like the brute, possess, in spite of reason and nature, a sort of tact or instinct that feels its way, and gropes blindly to the attainment of its object; and he, indeed, must be a blind politician who cannot smell, at least, if he cannot understand, the will of his master.

Nothing, however, appears more singular, than that when Mr. Shee remonstrated against Mr. Colman's rejection of his *Alasco*, the Lord Chamberlain would not take the trouble of perusing it himself. Mr. Colman may be deemed sufficient for the office which he holds, while no author disputes the correctness of his judgment; but when an appeal is made to him who is virtually the person to whom the power is given "to judge whether certain plays should be acted at all, or not acted at particular times;" and when this person refuses to read the work of which he constitutes himself judge, and which he actually does judge, and condemn, we must say, woe be to the wisdom of that policy which entrusted the licensing of plays to the judgment of a chamberlain who will not read them, either from indolence, or a consciousness that he is no judge of their merits,

Of all the plays which we have ever perused, none breathes a purer, a chaster, a more virtuous feeling than *Alasco*. Its principal characters are not, as in most Tragedies, a compound of virtue and vice, of strength and weakness, of determination and irresolution. They are virtuous to the core. It is indeed difficult to say whether *Alasco*, *Walsingham*, or *Conrad*, be the greater, the more generous, the more virtuous character. The principal action, it is true, turns on the fortunes of *Alasco*, and, therefore, renders him the hero of the piece; but that greatness which arises from circumstance and situation, abstracted from the original disposition and character of the individual, is mere nominal or adventitious greatness; and, therefore we would pause before we ventured, to assert, that *Conrad* was not great a character as *Alasco*, though greater we think he could not be.

*E. M. March 1824.*

When we say as great a character, we do not mean that he appears as great in this Tragedy: what we mean to say is that from the manner in which he has conducted himself in the situation in which he is placed, we could not feel ourselves justified in concluding, that he would not act as nobly as *Alasco* himself, were he to change situations with him. He wants, it is true, the refined sensibility of *Alasco*, and so far he is his inferior; but on great occasions, there can be no doubt that both would act alike: both would

—Dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none.

It appears to us that all truly great men are equally great, of which we have a remarkable instance in the Tragedy before us. *Alasco* refuses to lay down his arms to *Walsingham*, though his party was defeated. "They rush towards each other as if with hostile intentions; when each, at the same moment, presents his breast to the sword of the other: they pause for an instant—drop their swords, and rush into each other's arms." Who then was the greater of the two? We reply neither. When the heart is strongly imbued with principles of honor and virtue, all men act nearly the same in similar situations, from which the best of us may learn one lesson at least: it is, that however conscious we may be of our own worth, we should recollect, that there are natures as pure, sentiments as refined, affections as constant, attachments as devoted, and sympathies as sacred, as hallowed, as our own. From a forgetfulness of this truth many have become misanthropists whom nature had formed in her finest mould, and to whom she had imparted the purest and most expanded benevolence; but who happening always to mix with men of dissocial feelings, principles, and habits, become insensibly disgusted with their own species, and converts to the opinion that corruption and delinquency are the natural inheritance of man. Had their philosophy kept pace with the natural benevolence of their disposition, they would have perceived, that, according to their own theory they must be corrupt and delinquent themselves—and the very consciousness that

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they are not so, should have redeemed man from the degraded station to which they consign him.

The purity and virtue, however, which the principal characters in this Tragedy display, are, by no means, whatever, its principal merit: for the intention of a writer may be chaste and virtuous, while his production is dull and uninteresting.—It is, therefore, no merit in a work to say that it offends no principle of moral or religious virtue, if, at the same time, it want that merit which it can only derive from the pencil of genius. What avails it, that a man's intentions are good if he be not qualified to execute the task in which he engages. He only makes a good cause appear a bad one, and stamps upon virtue a suspicious character. This is not the case in *Alasco*: it is not only the production of a man of genius, but the production of a writer who enquired into the source of the pleasures derived from tragic representations, before he attempted to produce them. In the progress of this enquiry, he very justly perceived, that the language of strong passion never clothes itself in the lighter ornaments of poetic diction; that it speaks all that passion suggests, but neither adds nor diminishes. The language of passion is, like passion itself: all men can understand it. The child unconsciously perceives it; it does not escape the instinct, if we may not say the perception, of the brute itself. As, then, the expression of passion in the human countenance, is thus easily recognised, so also is the language in which it expresses itself; and when there is the slightest obscurity in the expression, the slightest colouring but the colouring of passion, there is great reason to suspect, or, we should rather say, there can be no doubt, that instead of being the language of passion, it is only the mock language in which the affectation, or imitation of passion is apt to express itself. He who does not feel may mimic, it is true, but can never talk the language of feeling; and he who affects to be in a passion can only talk or write what this affectation suggests; but the language of a

feetation is so easily distinguished from the genuine burst of passion, that the worst judge in the upper gallery has no difficulty in distinguishing it.

If it be asked, in what language does the affectation of passion speak, we reply, in that poetical language, which results from imagination, not from the immediate impulse of feeling. He who has not a particle of natural sensibility, may invent as many characters, and place them in as great, or if we mistake not, in a greater diversity of situations than he who is altogether the creature of instinct and feeling. Invention is no test of genius, though generally esteemed so, as Lord Byron evinces in the drunken Irishman. In this observation, we must say, that the noble bard is a better philosopher than Pope, who ascribes Homer's genius altogether to his invention.—It is not what we invent, but the consistency of what we invent, that distinguishes genius; and the man of feeling invents only that which is in harmony with his subject, because he feels, instinctively, that when he invents anything else there is a want of harmony. This, however, can never be perceived by the man who invents entirely from imagination: we may imagine any thing, but without feeling we can never know whether the offspring of our imagination be right or wrong. We may, for instance, place one of our characters in a certain situation, and put certain sentiments into his mouth;—but how can we tell whether these sentiments be just unless we can place ourselves in his situation, unless we can feel the feelings, if we may so express ourselves, which such a situation is calculated to excite; and how can we feel those feelings without original sensibility. Imagination can never supply feeling, though feeling gives energy and fertility to imagination.

If these observations be true, we are justified in concluding, that the general failure of our modern Tragedies have arisen solely from their being the pure offspring of imagination, without the slightest tinge, or colouring of passion. They produce none of those strong sensations that rouse the soul from the slumber

of indolence, and awaken it into life and being. They place before us a few faint images of real life, that sport in the distance, and prove by their "shadowy shapes" they are the pure offspring of imagination alone. With imagination, however, we cannot sympathize: it may produce something to be admired, but nothing that can be loved, nothing in which we can take a real and serious interest.

It is then the poetry of undisguised feeling and passion, not the poetry of imagination that suits the dignity and character of the tragic muse, and it is to a naked and undisguised, unornamented expression of feeling that the Tragedy of *Alasco* owes its great merit. Each of the *Dramatis Personæ* expresses what the impulse and situation of the moment is fitted to excite in the character which the author confers upon him. He seeks not to embellish his language by images drawn from the store-house of imagination, but expresses simply what the impulse of the moment, the situation in which he is placed, and the influence which this situation naturally exercises over him, are fitted to excite.

In the opening of the speech, it is true, the author indulges a little in poetic associations, but here, if at all, he was justified in doing so, because, in the first place, the speakers are of the higher order, and therefore may be supposed capable of speaking in a higher strain than the peasants who are first introduced to us in the "Vespers of Palermo;" and secondly, because they are not yet placed in any deep situation, and consequently uninfluenced by any deep passion that could suppress the natural buoyancy of imagination in cultivated minds. We must confess, however, though we know the authority of all ages, and the practice of all dramatic writers are against us, that even in the opening of the poem, we should, for our own parts, avoid the slightest approach to the language of imagination, for in the first place the language of dramatic characters, so far as it appears to us, should be the language of real characters, of real life, for their language is natural only so far as they copy nature. Not as real charac-

ters, engaged in any serious concern, or, indeed, in any concern, seldom speak and address each other in a poetic strain, by what rule or license can we defend their representatives on the stage in speaking a language which they would not speak themselves. We have seen a translation of *Faust*, in which a maniac is made to speak not only in poetry, but in actual rhyme, as if it were possible for a maniac to bring words into measure, or rather as if she would even think of doing so. Surely those who tolerate such licenses as these need not be very particular about the unities of time and place. But it generally happens that while critics are very particular in some respects, they will give you all the latitude you please in others. Our next reason for differing with Mr. Shee in putting the language of poetic associations into the mouth of Conrad, the first character who is introduced to us, is, that he must be aware of the important design on which he was entering, and the important consequences that must result from it, whether his party proved successful or not. At so awful a moment, we seldom love to riot in the ideal world, though the awful scene that approaches may lead us into it unconsciously. But in this case, we are philosophizing, not poetizing. In making these observations, however, we know that Mr. Shee is supported by the authority of all ages and nations; but for our parts, we are made of such stubborn stuff that we would not listen, or, if we did listen, at least we would not be convinced, by all the ages that ever came, or ever will come, unless we found their decision in harmony with the voice of nature.

That Mr. Shee himself seemed to entertain the same opinion that we do, appears evident from his rejecting the language of imagination altogether from the moment he brought his *dramatis personæ* into action.—It is true that if the language of imagination, or, what we generally call, poetic associations, be at all justifiable, it is antecedent to this moment, and from this moment Mr. Shee drops it altogether. The interest is, accordingly, continually

increasing, because all is henceforth the action and language of real passion, neither veiled nor disguised by the light drapery of the imaginative muse.

The principal characters are placed in those deep and awful situations which must arouse all the energies of sympathetic minds, and interest them in their fate. Amantha, the daughter of Walsingham, is betrothed to Alasco. Walsingham is an Englishman in the Prussian service, who deems loyalty to his sovereign the first of virtues. Alasco is a young Polish nobleman, who, indignant at the slavery to which his country was reduced, is determined to recover her liberty or perish in the attempt. Walsingham, though devoted to Alasco, still acting in obedience to that spirit of loyalty which he so highly prized, naturally opposes his designs. Baron Hohen-dahl, the governor of a Polish province, by deceiving Walsingham, got Amantha into his possession, and laid a plot for her father's life, but Walsingham escapes, and Alasco succeeds in recovering Amantha from the deceitful Baron, of whose perfidy Walsingham is now convinced. His loyalty to his sovereign, however, will not suffer him to league with Alasco, who attacks the Baron, kills him in combat, and seizes on his castle, but Walsingham, true to his principles, leads his forces against Alasco at the very moment of victory, and puts his troops to flight before Alasco was aware of his approach. It was at this moment they rushed upon each other, when each bared his bosom for the point of his adversaries sword. Walsingham, however, sacrificing his feelings to his duty, made Alasco his prisoner, not doubting that his influence would obtain his pardon. Alasco, however, is sentenced to death, and Walsingham permits Amantha to visit him in his dungeon, while he himself applies to his sovereign for his pardon and release, in which he succeeds; but before the pardon arrives, Alasco is dragged from Amantha and led out to execution. Walsingham, however, arrives in time with the king's pardon, and the shout of joyful exultation that ensues releases Amantha in the dungeon, who mistook it for a signal of Alasco's execution.

She seizes Malinski's dagger, whom Conrad killed, in the dungeon as he was in the act of stabbing Alasco, whose pardon he anticipated, and with the fatal instrument puts a period to her existence, at the very moment that her father and Alasco enters the dungeon with the glad tidings of the king's pardon. Alasco, unable to survive the fond object of his long and devoted attachment, seizes the same dagger, and closes the awful scene by imitating her example.

We are aware, that our readers can form only a very faint conception of the merits of Alasco from this brief outline of the plot, for plot alone is not sufficient, nor action either. It matters little, how happy the poet may be in the design of his piece, if he be not equally so in executing it: it matters little, that he "suits the action to the word," unless he "suits the word to the action:" both must go hand in hand. It is true, that happiness and propriety of expression can avail but little, unless the poet place his characters in deep and awful situations, but unless the sentiments which they express in these situations be suited to their character, and the influence which the situation is calculated to exercise over them, the beauty of the situation and its dramatic effect are both lost at the same moment. We cannot sympathize with a man who is not placed in a situation fitted to elicit our sympathies; but even place him there, and we still refuse him our sympathies, if his feelings and sentiments be at variance with the situation in which he is placed. So far as regards situation, the *dramatis personæ* of many tragedies are placed in as deep and affecting situations as those of Alasco; but we know of no tragedy where propriety and suitableness of expression to the situation of the character is more carefully observed. In Alasco we have no idle rant, no cold declamation, no petty refinement, no play upon words, no studied elegance of expression unsuited to the time and place. To this observation, if there be any exception, it is at the opening of the play, where the characters, as yet placed in no situation that can excite passion. Here the brave and honest Conrad

appears half inclined to be witty, but from the moment the progress of circumstances renders him serious and collected, he is, both in word and action, the blunt, rough soldier, and speaks the honest, untrimmed, unembellished language of nature and unaffected passion. Alasco is like one of those paintings that cannot be approached too near without losing their effect: it is fitted not for the closet, but for the stage. In the closet the mind is naturally tranquil and contemplative, and consequently not prepared for those violent mental commotions, which are the very life-spring of the tragic muse. In the closet we look for the delicate, the tender, and the softly affecting, not the rough, the hoistorous, and the overpowering. We are not prepared to travel with the tragic poet into those fearful and terrific scenes that lead to the paths of death and desolation. We seek for the light and the refreshing, and therefore we wish the poet to strew our path with roses. Hence that poetic imagery, which pleases so much in the closet, loses all its effect upon the stage, because in the closet the imagination is the chief faculty that is brought into action, but at the theatre, the intellectual give way to the sensitive faculties. We are there governed by a sort of blind instinct over which reason can exercise no controul. If we contemplate, or if the passing scene leads us into the meditative world, it is secretly and unconsciously. All our reasoning, at the moment, is the unobserved reasoning of feeling and passion. But in the closet we arrest the progress of the poet, stop to examine and weigh the force of his sentiments, the propriety of his situations, and the correctness of his descriptions. While reason, therefore, resumes her sway, passion subsides, and we travel coolly and cautiously along, fearful of being influenced by false sentiments or false taste. But at the theatre, we never stop to examine at all, if the poet has only the art of keeping our passions not only always on the alert, but always rising from one state of tenacity to another. Hence we cannot endure sentiments that are veiled in the intricacies of expression, or concealed in the imagery of poetic

imagery. We like no concealment whatever: it looks like art, and passion cannot endure it. We like fair play, and plain dealing on the stage. It is idle to suppose that we are, at the theatre, those refined and fastidious beings which we are in the closet, where we can only endure what is chaste, elegant, and purely classical, unless, forsooth, we belong to the Lake or Romantic Schools. In the closet we judge: at the theatre we feel. There we are our original selves, as we came from the hand of nature: we are the children of feeling, not of reason; of instinct, not of judgment. In the closet, we are what education and society has made us; at the theatre, what we were antecedent to the influence of either. These distinctions seem to have been carefully attended to by Mr. Shée; and therefore he avoids the softer graces, and fastidious refinements of the lettered muse—those graces and refinements which require a certain exercise of the intellectual faculties, not only to relish, but even to perceive them. At the theatre, unless we perceive the force of the sentiment, all its effect is lost, because hurried on as we are from scene to scene, we have not a moment to examine wherein the beauty consists, and therefore, unless it be so ordered that “he who runs may read;” the tragic poet has bestowed his labour to little purpose. There are many species of beauty; perhaps they are infinite; but in this infinitude, abstract beauty can have no existence; that is, nothing can be beautiful in itself, independently of the percipient. What is therefore beautiful to one species of being, may be deformed to another. He who asserts that an object may be beautiful in itself, whether its beauty be perceived or not, only confounds all our ideas of beauty; for as beauty depends upon the character of the impression made upon us by the object which we call beautiful, and as there can be no impression where there is no percipient, it is obvious that both a *percipient* and an *impression* are as necessary to the existence of beauty, as the qualities that make us confer on the object to which they belong, the epithet beautiful. If these qualities made a different impression upon us, we should never apply the



term beautiful to the object, so that beauty depends as much on the impression as on the qualities themselves. Hence it happens, that what is beautiful in the closet, has no beauty on the stage; for in the closet, we read only just as fast as we understand. He whose perceptions are quick seldom reads slowly, because he can understand as fast as he can read; and *vice versa*. Hence in reading, we perceive all the beauties of an author, because we stop to examine what we cannot instantly understand; but at the theatre, we perceive no beauties but those that strike us instantly, because the performers pay no attention to the slowness or quickness of our perceptions. Hence all those intricacies and inversions of style, which obscure the sense until they are unravelled, but which, when unravelled, are found to be elegant and beautiful, have neither beauty, nor charm, nor grace, nor elegance, on the stage; for as there can be no beauty without a percipient, and as we cannot, in the hurry of the moment, perceive the dependence and government of a complicated sentence, nor consequently perceive its beauty, it is evident that all beauties of this description, however beautiful they may be in the closet, have not a particle of beauty on the stage, not only because we do not perceive them, but because perception is necessary to the existence of beauty. Nothing, then, can be so absurd as for a poet to write for the stage and the closet in the very same manner, that which is beautiful in the closet not having a particle of beauty on the stage, from its not being perceived. It is, then, absolutely necessary that the tragic writer should, above all things, study clearness and simplicity of expression, and reject all those ornaments that tend to obscure, more or less, the sentiments of the performers. The ambition of ornament, however, is peculiarly characteristic of the dramatists of the day; and Mr. Shee seems to have been perfectly aware of its evil effect. *Alasco* is, accordingly, from beginning to end, the real, unstudied language of a natural and unaffected passion. The delicate touches and lighter tint of imagination Mr. Shee justly deems beneath the dignity of the

tragic muse; and accordingly it is only on the stage we can fully appreciate the merits of *Alasco*, because in the closet the sportive muse of imagination gives that buoyancy to the mind which it rejects when strongly moved by deep and awful situations. Of this not one of our modern tragedists appear to have been aware; and accordingly our best poets have had generally least success in their dramatic attempts, because they clothed, and consequently obscured their sentiments with the same luxury of imagination, and pomp of imagery with which they were wont to embellish their poetic works. This embellishment, it is true, renders their productions more agreeable to the closet reader, and the want of it, perhaps, takes from the effect of *Alasco*, but *Alasco* was not intended for the closet, and therefore it appears to us, of all modern productions, best suited to the stage, though Mr. Colman has been pleased to think otherwise. It is certain, that all other critics will think so too who estimate the merits of a play by the beauty of its poetry—whereas, the more highly executed it is in the poetical department, the more uninteresting it is in the tragic. Mr. Campbell, in his lectures, very justly observes, that “the idea of happiness is still the sovereign feeling of poetry,” and if the idea of tragedy be the very reverse of the idea of happiness, it is clear that the more poetic the language of tragedy happens to be, the less tragic it is. The editor of *The New Times*, which has been just this moment put into our hands, seems to think otherwise.—“Mr. Shee,” he says, “has given *Alasco* to the world, and, in doing so, has taken the most effectual means to be revenged on Mr. Colman.” So far we agree with him—but, adds he, “we admire Mr. Shee much more as a painter than as a poet, and therefore shall say but little of the poetical merits for the merits of *Alasco*.” The writer then is evidently of opinion, that the merits of a tragedy depends on its poetical merits: we think and we feel certain that the more poetic the less tragic it is. *The Times* has taken a very different view of *Alasco*, and of the privilege exercised by the dramatic licenter. We quote the

following passage from it: the sentiments which it expresses are, we doubt not, in perfect harmony with the sentiments of every man who has the cause of literature, of genius, and of freedom of sentiment at heart. "It is not very long, little more than half a century, since that precious exotic, a licenser of plays, was engrafted on the British Constitution. The office has been tolerated by the people of England, because of the mildness with which its powers were habitually exercised; but it was never better in itself than an odious and humiliating office. It embraced a class of prerogatives, which ought to be abolished here, if it were only because they are upheld and cherished in countries, the whole efforts of whose legislation are given to the fencing round of despotism by every aid, no matter how circuitous and unnatural. The functions, we again affirm, of a dramatic licenser in England, are at open variance with the cause of letters, of genius, and of freedom. They are capable of the most insidious and oppressive perversion. They have a tendency, by one instance of abuse, to cramp the hope and labours of a thousand poets; to stifle in its birth the noblest offspring

of the mind, and to rob the national glory of England of what might prove its brightest and most enduring monuments."\*

From the distinction which we have already made between poetic beauty and tragic interest, it is very evident that, in quoting passages from *Alasco*, we would not be doing justice either to our own reasoning, or to *Alasco* itself, if, instead of quoting passages that are highly tragic, we selected only those that are highly poetic. We shall, therefore, in accordance with our view of the subject, make the following extract from the first and second scenes of the second Act. Hohendahl employs two assassins to destroy Walsingham, for whom he professes the warmest friendship, intending at the same time to secure his daughter Amantha, who is betrothed to *Alasco*, in his castle. While *Alasco* and *Conrad* are conversing, in the retired part of a forest on the scheme which they had laid for the recovery of the lost liberties of their country, they hear "a noise of fighting at a distance," and are startled by "a voice behind the scenes" that cries "assassins, murderers."

*Alasco.* This way, *Conrad*! this way the cry approaches.

(*ALASCO and CONRAD draw their swords and run out.*)

*COL. WALSHINGHAM enters at the back scene fighting with two ruffians, masked, who nearly overpower him.*

*ALASCO and CONRAD re-enter to his assistance.*

*ALASCO kills one of the assassins, and the other takes to flight.*

*Walsingham.* Sir, you have nobly rescued me, and saved  
A worn-out soldier.

*Alas.* Heavens! Colonel Walsingham!

*Wal.* *Alasco*!

*Alas.* Alone, and in this trackless wood,  
Assailed by ruffians—you are wounded, Sir.

*Wal.* A scratch, skin-deep—the wretch who gave it, would  
Have seized my sword—I foiled him, and his life  
Has answered it.

*Alas.* What strange occurrence can  
Have led to this?

*Wal.* I have scarcely breath to tell you.  
Proceeding to the castle, as we reached  
The outskirts of the forest, a loud cry  
Of one in desperate peril, called for help;  
We, on the instant, plunged into the wood,  
And by the sound compassed, followed far,  
Still baffled; and the object of our search

\* See "Times" for Monday, March 29th.

Receding from us; till at length, perplexed,  
And doubtful of our course, we stood at fault;  
When sudden, from the ambush where they lay,  
Three ruffians, masked and muffled, rushed upon us:  
Dismayed, my dastardly attendant fled,  
And left me to the fate, which your good swords  
So timely have prevented.

*Alas.* O! most fortunate!

Thank heaven! Amantha shared not your alarm.

*Wal.* She, with her escort had passed on before,  
Ere this, I trust, she's safe within the castle.

*Alas.* Amantha at the castle, did you say?  
Amantha safe beneath the roof of Hoendahl!  
With wolves and tygers—fiends and devils safe—  
But not with Hohendahl!—the thought is frenzy!  
By Heaven you have compelled her to this course;  
Not e'en a father's prayers should have prevailed  
To such perdition. No!—

*Wal.* Alasco, hear me!

For all that life is worth to age, and care,  
I am your debtor, and would spare reproaches.  
But, if I've sought the safety of my child,  
Beneath the Baron's roof, you are yourself  
The cause. Peruse this paper.

[Gives him a letter.

*Alas.* (reading.) If you regard the safety of your daughter,  
Remove her from your house without delay;  
The Count Alasco has devised a plan,  
To seize this night, possession of her person;  
He has a force prepared to effect his purpose,  
You may elude, but will in vain resist him.  
In giving you this warning, I conceive  
I act the friend to both, and without scruple  
Therefore, sign it—Conrad.

*Conrad.* Conrad!

*Alas.* Confusion!

By Heaven there's treachery here of blackest dye!  
My soul is all alarm—the monster Hohendahl,  
Has hatched some horrid mischief 'gainst Amantha,  
And this device has placed her in his power.

*Con.* Must I disclaim this baseness, and protest—

*Alas.* Your hand, my friend! you are above suspicion.  
But let us view this miscreant's face more nearly.

[They examine the assassin.

*Con.* I have seen these features,—'tis the ruffian brow  
Of Rudolph—better named, the Baron's blood-hound.

*Alas.* As I suspected! a most foul intent,  
Combining fraud, and blood, and violation.  
Unhappy father! you have placed your child,  
E'en in the tyger's grasp—but let me rush  
To my Amantha's rescue—on moments now,  
Hang horrors that may blast my hopes for ever.  
Conduct the Colonel safely through the forest,  
Then follow to the castle, with what force  
Your zeal may muster, to assist me there.  
I fly to save, or perish to avenge her.

[Exit ALASCO.

*Wal.* A sudden light has opened on my soul,  
In gleams of horror—Hohendahl's villain:  
A thousand damning proofs now flash around me!  
He first suggested danger to Amantha,  
And urged me to remove her; nay, the wretch  
Who fled, and left me to the assassin's daggers,  
He sent me as an escort. Powers of mercy!

Have I betrayed my daughter to a ruffian !  
*Con.* 'Twere prudent, Sir, to seek the nearest succour,  
 Your wound still bleeds.  
*Wal.* The body's hurt is slight,  
 And soon repaired—but I have a deeper wound,  
 That's planted here—a wound that bleeds to death—  
 Struck to the very vitals of my peace;  
 Yet shall the traitor find, that some warm drops  
 Are left in this old heart; and they shall flow—  
 Flow till the very fount of life is dry,  
 Or else I will have vengeance for this wrong

[Exit

## SCENE II

AN ANTIQUATED APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE

*Enter AMANTHA and BERTHA.*

*Amantha* Not yet arrived ! good Heaven protect my father !  
 I fear some sad mischance—

*Bertha* My dear young lady  
 Do not thus lightly yield to causeless terrors,  
 Some unforeseen occurrence has delayed him

*Aman* Bertha, a thousand horrid thoughts arise  
 That threaten to distract me. Why am I here,  
 Beneath this hated roof—the roof Hohendahl ?  
 At such a moment, suddenly removed,  
 So unprepared, and even unapprized,  
 Or why, or whither then, that letter too ;  
 Which seemed so strangely to disturb my father's  
 Whence came that letter, Bertha ?

*Ber* One, whose garb  
 Of forestier seemed rather a disguise,  
 Desired its quick delivery to your father,  
 I then hastily retired

*Aman* There is in this,  
 A mystery that confounds me. Heavenly powers !  
 What must Alasco think ?—how will he rave,  
 To find me thus delivered as it were,  
 To his worst enemy ;—but no—it cannot be,—  
 My father never would betray his child  
 Hark ! hark ! did I not hear the tramp of horsemen ?  
 Fly, Bertha, to the gate—in pity fly,  
 And bless me with some tidings of my father [Exit BERTHA.  
 A terror sure, beyond the occasion thrills  
 Through all my frame I feel as one imprisoned—  
 As hope and safety were shut out these walls.  
 How still again !—no stir of life relieves  
 The dreary sense of loneliness that sinks me !  
 Would Bertha were come back ! silence sleeps here,  
 As 'twere the death of sound, appalling more  
 Than uproar. Hark !—'twas my own motion startled me.  
 There is a gloom in grandeur, which, methinks,  
 O'erclothes the cheerful spirit—frolic mirth,  
 The homely happiness of humbler life,  
 Retreats abashed before the solemn brow,  
 Of courtly pomp and grave-air'd ceremony.  
 In these apartments, since her death, disused  
 The Baron's lady—Evelyn Striga,  
 From some mysterious cause, was long immured  
 A woman of all excellence 'tis said,  
 And as the story goes, most foully dealt by.  
 Here hangs her picture, and it speaks her fair ;

*E. M. March*

A sweetness sad, submissive, and resigned,  
Beaming serenely forth, thro' grace and symmetry  
How my heart sinks in horror of the wretch,  
Whose cruelty betrayed her!

Enter HOHENDAHL.

Heavens! he's here!

*Hohendahl.* The fair Amantha honors much my roof;  
Her presence in this heart makes holiday,  
And thus I pay my thanks.

*Aman.* (withdrawing it.) Your thanks, my Lord. [Stooping to kiss her hand]

If thanks, indeed, be due, are misapplied;  
My father may receive, but I disclaim them.  
I am here but in obedience to his will,  
Against my own.

*Hohen.* Unkindly said! in what,  
Has my presumption called for this reproof:  
To find Amantha here, a willing guest,  
Were sure the last delusion, dying hope  
Could frame for Hohendahl.

*Aman.* I pray you, pardon me:—  
My thoughts are ill attuned to compliment.  
Some fears disturb me for my father's safety,  
You can, perhaps, remove them, and account  
For his delay.

*Hohen.* I look'd to have found him here;  
But though the time grows wanton, and of late,  
To outrage prone, I entertain no thought  
Of danger to my friend. The precious charge,  
Confided to my care, he knows is safe,  
And at his leisure, follows, to reclaim it.  
Why will Amantha thus with scorn repel,  
The homage of a heart, which, at her shrine,

*Aman.* Sir, this theme  
Was never grateful to me—you are aware  
Of that which now would make it culpable,  
For you to urge it more, or me to listen to it.

*Hohen.* By Heavens! I know not what should bar my way  
To fair Amantha's favour, nor whose claim,  
Shall thus unquestioned cross me. Baron Hohendahl,  
Yields no precedence, lady, in a cause,  
Where love, or honour is the prize; and he  
Might hope a patient hearing to his suit,  
E'en though unprivileged by a father's sanction.

*Aman.* My father, Sir, can never sanction crime,  
And would not suffer insult.

*Hohen.* Insult!

*Aman.* Yes.

Insult, my Lord! what 'twere a crime to grant.  
'Tis insult to solicit—a lover's vows  
Profane the wedded ear; and from her soul,  
The wife of Count Alasco scorns a suit,  
Which, but to hear, must taint her plighted honor.

*Hohen.* The wife of Count Alasco! ha! beware!  
Nor rashly tempt too far an outraged spirit.  
As you would shun perdition and despair,  
Plead not to me that title.

*Aman.* Not to thee.  
It is my pride—my boast—my sole possession!  
'Tis my best hope of happiness in life.

And death alone can now deprive me of it.

*Hohen.* Do you not fear to rouse a tempest here?

To wake wild passion in a breast like mine?  
 Where love is lashed to madness by disdain,  
 And jealousy and vengeance rage by turns?  
 By Heaven! could I believe the crafty tale,  
 Devised to work upon a father's weakness,  
 'Twould but the more inflame my burning blood,  
 And give to love the relish of revenge.

*Aman.* What you call love, I well believe, may prompt  
 A bad man's passions to a wicked purpose;  
 Nor can I doubt, the privilege of your roof  
 (That hallowed claim, which to a sanctuary turns  
 The savage hut, even for a deadly foe)  
 Were urged in vain, to such a heart as yours,  
 Yet think not I can fear your love or hate;  
 My father's honour guards me, and I feel,  
 Even here, secure beneath the shield of Walsingham.

*Hohen.* Your father, madam, or I much mistake,  
 Would use that shield against another foe;  
 A different danger pressed him, when he found  
 His only daughter plotting 'gainst his peace,  
 And sought the refuge of my roof to guard  
 Her person, and her honour from a traitor.

*Aman.* A traitor.

*Hohen.* Yes,—a most notorious traitor!  
 Who holds his life on sufferance of the law,  
 Till mellowed in rebellion, he becomes  
 Avowed in villainy, and ripe for vengeance.

*Aman.* Good angels guard the life of my Alasco!  
 But shall I credit this unmanly railer!  
 No, 'tis slander—'tis slander, on my life!  
 The wanton malice of a coward's tongue,  
 To terrify a woman.

*Hohen.* Ha! your zeal  
 Is ardent, madam, and defies all hazards.  
 Perhaps a calmer bearing were discretion.  
 I may resent these insults—yes, by Heaven!  
 What hinders now, but on those scornful lips,  
 That pout their high displeasure thus against me,  
 I print the vengeance due to love disdained,  
 And triumphed o'er your minion!

*Aman.* Heaven defend me!  
 A dreadful thought—a dart of fire has pierced me!  
 Where is my father?—tell me where's my father?  
 This wanton outrage wakes me to a fear,  
 My nature shinks at. Oh! you have not murdered him?  
 But say he's safe—say you've not shed his blood!  
 And I will on my knees, for blessings on you.  
 But did you think he breathed upon this earth,  
 You had not dared this insult to his child.

*Hohen.* Living or dead, a thousand fathers now  
 Should not prevail, to turn me from my prey;  
 No!—you have trampled on a heart that yet,  
 Was never safely scorned—you are in the toils,  
 And by hell's powers! a miracle alone,  
 Can now redeem you from them.

*Aman.* Angels guard me!

*Hohen.* I meant a gentler prelude to my purpose;  
 But your proud taunts have fallen upon my soul,  
 Like fiery drops, and blistered me to frenzy.

*Aman.* Monster! what mean your horrid threats and gestures?  
 You would not kill me?

*Hohen.* No! at least not yet—

Till I have closed the account of love and vengeance,  
Have paid myself with interest for my wrongs,  
And triumphed in thy aims.

*Aman.* Lost—lost for ever!

*Hohen.* Perhaps, when you grow tarnished in my sight,  
And other beauties tempt me, I may then,  
From this bad world in pity set you free,  
Or cast you with disdain, to your Alasco.

*Aman.* Merciless villain!—betrayed to shame and ruin!

*Hohen.* Come, let me stop this railing, and instruct  
Those lips in gentler duties.

*Aman.* Ruffian, unbind me!

My cries shall raise the castle, and proclaim  
To heaven, this perfidy.

*A voice seeming to proceed from an Alcove in the back scene.*  
"Forbear, forbear!"

HOHENDAHL (*Starting*)

Am I betrayed! or, was that dreadful voice,  
A warning from the grave!—

*Voice again.*

Forbear!

*Hohen.* Again!

By heaven! the sound unbraces every nerve,  
And chills the heart within me—who goes there

[*Looking eagerly round, till he fixes on the picture of his wife.*  
Can walls and things inanimate find tongues,  
To startle our intents!—What! do I shake  
In superstition's palsy, like a slave!  
A fanatic, that's scared at his own shadow!  
No!—if the devil and all hisimps stood guard,  
I'll rush upon my prey.

*Aman.* Help, help! Oh, help!

*Friar JEROME enters suddenly from a private door of the Alcove in the back scene, and at the same instant, ALASCO bursts in violently at the side door, with his sword drawn.*

*Hohen.* Hell and vengeance!—thus to be betrayed and baffled!

*ALASCO (runs to Amantha.)*

Fear not, my Amantha! your Alasco's here.

*Hohen.* What! you would beard the lion in his den?  
Even within my castle's walls assault me!  
Die, fool! in thy presumption

[*Draws a pistol from his breast, and fires at ALASCO.*

*Aman.* Oh! my Alasco!

[*Sinks fainting into a chair, supported by JEROME.*

*Alas.* Wretch! I am resolved, to punish guilt like thine  
Draw and defend yourself

[*They fight, and the Baron is disarmed.*

Take up your sword.

I scorn to press on a defenceless foe

*Hohen.* Strike! 'tis the mercy you had found from me;  
Disarmed, I dare still grapple with a traitor.

*Alas.* Villain, defend yourself!

*Hohen.* (*taking up his sword.*)—To your heart, then.

[*They fight,—the Baron's servants, alarmed by the sound of the pistol, rush in, seize and disarm Alasco.*

*Aman.* (*reviving.*)—Where am I!—Alasco!—Heavens! do  
revive,

To see you thus! save him—Oh save my husband.

[*Runs to ALASCO, who catches her in his arms.*

*Hohen.* Tear them asunder, tho' you rend their joints.  
And to the lowest dungeon drag that traitor!

*Alas.* Off! off, ye ruffians!

[*Breaks from them, and rushes to AMANTHA, but is again overpowered.*]

*Hohen.* Slaves, drag him hence!  
And rid my presence of that reverend spy,  
Who lurks in holes and secret passages,  
To steal upon my privacy, and betray me.

*Jer.* Rash man! restrain thy rage—thou knowest I dare  
Defy the frothy menace of thy power,  
And will fulfil my duty.

*Hohen.* Duty, priest!

*Jer.* Proud Baron, yes!—to save a *second* victim.—  
Priest are the guards of innocence and virtue,  
And in that office, still, the church protects  
Her Ministers. Nay, chafe not idly thus;  
I have a privilege here, thou darest not question:—  
Beneath this roof, till thy base usurpation,  
The seat and shrine of my long honoured race,  
Not one of those who tremble at thy frown,  
Would at thy bidding harm this hoary head."

*Hohen.* Audacious meddler! [*Noise of tumult without.*]

*Enter a Servant hastily.*

Slave, what portends the ague of thy face?  
Speak, or I will strike you to the earth.

*Servant.* My Lord,  
The guard has been surprised. The outer gate,  
Forced by the furious onset of a crowd,  
Who cry, to fire the castle, and demand  
The Count Alasco.

*Hohen.* Ha! Treason so near!  
Summon my servants—guard the postern gate,  
And, on your lives! let none pass out, or enter!  
When we have dash'd these miscreants from our walls,  
We'll deal with Count Alasco—follow me.

[*Draws his sword, and exit with his servants.*]

*Aman.* Oh, Heavens! Alasco, what a fate is ours!  
My father too!

*Alas.* Is safe, my best Amantha.  
Calm all your fears; there's succour in those shouts;  
They speak the approach of friends, and promise rescue.  
Good Jerome, to your safeguard for awhile—  
This arm, though weaponless, may be of use.

[*Exit ALASCO.*]

*Aman.* Alasco! Oh! Alasco! do not leave me.  
Oh! God! he has rush'd unarm'd amidst the foe!

*Jer.* Courage, my child! his virtues are his shield:  
Heaven will not let th' unjust prevail against him.  
But let us seize the means that Providence  
Now offers for thy safety—through this door,  
A passage lies, unthought of and unguarded.  
Trust boldly to my care, and follow me.

I have a friend within the castle's walls,  
Will aid us for concealment or escape.  
Nay, shrink not thus—I'll answer for thy safety.

*Aman.* What! fly, uncertain of Alasco's fate?  
Leave him, perhaps to torture and to death!  
Oh! never—never—I am his wife, good father,  
And will not now desert him.

*Jer.* Hark, my child!

The tumult draws this way—a moment more

'Twill be too late. E'en for Alasco's sake

Consult thy safety.

*E. M., March, 1824.*



Aman. Urge me not in vain;  
Nor think I slight thy zeal; but I'm resolved,  
And will abide the storm.

[The tumult approaches.

Jer. Alas! they're here!

Enter ALASCO, CONRAD, and a party of armed Peasants,  
with the Baron HOHENDAUH and his servants,  
disarmed, and prisoners.

Alasco (running to Amantha.)

Heaven, my Amantha, still extends its shield  
O'er innocence and virtue. Thou art safe,  
Thanks to the timely succour of my friend,  
And these our brave deliverers.

Aman. Oh! my Alasco,  
Let us fly this roof:—lead, lead me to my father.

CONRAD *half aside to ALASCO.*

Say, shall we fire the castle, and unhouse  
This hedgehog?

Alasco. Conrad, no!—as you regard  
My honor and your own, no further violence!  
For this bad man, the burning rage and shame  
Of baffled guilt confound him; and we need  
No heavier vengeance, than the hell within him.  
Release him, friends, and give him back the sword,  
His prowess, in a nobler cause, had grace'd.  
But boldness, seconding an evil purpose,  
Shews like a ruffian's daring, and at best,  
Is but the coward's courage—desperation.

[They return the Baron his sword, which appears broken.

Hohen. Curse on the treacherous steel that fail'd this arm!  
Else had not traitors triumph'd.

Alasco. When next we meet,  
A double retribution waits thee. Now,  
Our private injuries yield to public wrong,  
The avenging sword;—we strike but for our country!

[Exit ALASCO, AMANTHA, and party, at one door, the  
Baron and servants at the other.

One of the principal merits in Alasco is, that each character is himself and no other. After we once become acquainted with them, we know what each will say, and what each will do, if we only know the situation in which he is placed. Accordingly, whoever has read

twenty pages of the play, will have no difficulty in ascribing to its proper character any passage that may be quoted to him from the subsequent part of it. If the following address to a departed parent were quoted to him, he would have no hesitation in ascribing it to Alasco.

Shade of my father hear! Am I so far  
Degenerate from thy virtues—fallen below  
The standard of thy worth, that I should thus,  
Reproached and rated stand, a mark for scorn!  
Have I in ought, beyond our nature's frailty,  
Disturbed thy hallowed spirit in its bliss,  
Or stained the name thou gav'st me with dishonour.

We shall conclude by placing before our readers a few passages erased by the licenser, and which have induced him to reject the

tragedy of Alasco. On perusing them who can avoid exclaiming, *oh tempora! oh mores!*

What little skill the patriot sword requires,  
Our zeal may boast, in midnight vigils schooled.

Those deeper tactics, well contrived to work  
 The mere machine of mercenary war,  
 We shall not need, whose hearts are in the fray,—  
 Who for ourselves, our homes, our country, fight,  
 And feel in every blow, we strike for freedom

Who would forge for us,  
 The shackles his brave countrymen have scorned

Or question the high privilege of oppression.

Tyrant, proud Lord, are never safe, nor should be;  
 The ground is mined beneath them as they tread,  
 Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,  
 Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,  
 Surrounded by their guards and garrisons

But shall I reverence pride, and lust, and rapine?  
 No. When oppression stains the robe of state,  
 And power's a whip of scorpions in the hands  
 Of heartless knaves, to lash the o'erburthen'd back  
 Of honest industry, the loyal blood  
 Will turn to bitterest gall, and th' o'ercharged heart  
 Explode in execration

But must we shake his chains,  
 And make them rattle in his recumbent ears,  
 The slave is roused in vain.

To brook dishonour from a knave in place

No, no, whate'er the colour of his creed,  
 The man of honor's orthodox.

Our country's wrongs unite us

Will ripen to resistance—long oppression  
 Will prompt the dullest actor in his part.

When Roman crimes prevail, methinks 'twere well,  
 Should Roman virtue still be found to punish them.  
 May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,  
 And every tyrant feel one!

Before what bar,  
 Shall hapless wretches cite the power that grinds  
 And crushes them to earth? O! no, no, no!  
 When tyrants trample on all rights and duties,  
 And law becomes the accomplice of oppression,  
 There is but one appeal—

What! is't because I live and breathe at large—  
 Can eat, drink, sleep, and move unmanacled,

That I should calmly view my country's wrongs!  
For what are we styled noble, and endowed  
With pomp and privilege!

For what, thus raised above our fellow creatures,  
And fed like gods on incense, but to shew  
Superior worth—pre-eminence of virtue!  
To guard with holy zeal the people's rights,  
And stand firm bulwarks 'gainst the tide of power,  
When rushing to o'erwhelm them.  
'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression;  
'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,  
And self-defence to strike at an usurper.

Had fear, or feeling sway'd against redress  
Of public wrong, man never had been free;  
The thrones of tyrants had been fix'd as fate,  
And slavery seal'd the universal doom.

### BRITTLE POETICS.

"———It is no marvel, Polydore——  
Why all our hopes, like fancies trac'd on sand,  
Or thoughts and wishes cypher'd upon glass:  
Win but a transient glory; yet ere comes  
The waters wild, or accident (like foe,)  
Will bring some cheering minutes—here are some.

#### Old Play

Smile as you will, Charles, there  
are still less profitable, less amusing  
occupations, for a couple of young  
hungry travellers, like ourselves,  
than decyphering the impressions  
which earlier way-farers have left  
upon the windows, and their appur-  
tenances, of our antiquated hostells.  
For mine own part, albeit that I  
have danced at Almacks, and dined  
at the Clarendon, and sported a cap  
at Cambridge, and spurs at New-  
market, I have the unfashionable ef-  
frontery to confess, that I hold the  
tantalizing, awful half hour, em-  
ployed in the preparation of our  
meal, which indeed is a perfect *Alex-  
andrine* of times. poetry, robbed of  
an infinitude of its searching in-  
veteracy and power by such employ-  
ment, and to a much greater extent  
than other arts could ever accom-  
plish. The mere modern ones, such  
as quizzing a rustic waiter out of  
his five senses, till he mistakes chalk  
for cheese, and lights you a fire in  
the dog days, or suffusing the cheeks  
of an unsophisticated chamber-maid  
with perpetual blushing and confu-  
sion till she brings the warming pan,

instead of warm water, or teaching  
the Ostler and the Post-boy the flash  
of the Fives Court, or the slang of  
the Westminster pit, till Bill har-  
nesses my Lords Arabians instead of  
his own cattle for the "next turn,"  
and John mistaking the economy of  
his stalls, claps the saddle upon the  
wrong horse. These I say, which I  
believe are very requisite things in  
their way, would be lost in the com-  
parison with my less presuming, but  
more sensible method of pressing  
time to its discomfiture. Indeed are  
not these memoranda of pilgrimage,  
—these notes, saying, "here have I  
been a not inactive guest, a not un-  
thinking sojourner," legacies which  
fun and fancy, and wit and folly,  
bequeath for the benefit or imitation  
of all that seek a welcome at an Inn;  
and is not he of more value than a  
cynical tri-quartered Diogenes, who  
shall act as executor to the bequeath-  
ment, and scatter abroad, not the am-  
biguous, but the most sweet, or silly  
voices, of the speaking walls, or the  
reciting glass pane—the valuable  
portion for our patronage, the con-  
trary parcel for our avoidance.

And then how thankful ought we to be, when some venturous, and kind spirit, prophecy'ing of the forlorn fate of some future weather-beaten traveller, acts, for our relaxation, the foe to despondency and tilts at that bane of Englishman, *ennui*, with a diamond ring, or a black leaded pencil. What does it signify to such a philanthropist whether the view from the inn window is upon beauty or deformity, upon a lake hang with wooded beauty, or upon a body swinging on a gibbet, and hung in chains. Whether the winds howl, or the summer breeze plays with the roses; whether a cloak of cloud envelopes the sky, or the sun looks, in his unshrouded beauty, upon the things of earth?—He can gather food from circumstance, and situation, and, out of that which would depress or intoxicate, ordinary men, with an amiability, and contentedness quite delightful to think of, and quite exquisite to read of, to copy, and to rival.

“—He will a nostrum mix,  
To heal the grossness of distorted views,  
Or bring those forward which are  
sweeter sights.”

How often have I, when the demands of appetite were keener, and the alacrity of mine host of the garter tardier than usual—when the fidgettiness of hope deferred vented itself in rapid stridings, and tattooing performances, when time seemed to move crab-like, and watches to stand still, and bell-clappers to have lost their virtue, and every body their patience. Then how often have I blessed some fanciful, vain, mortal, as my guardian angel, for exhibiting in one of my less intemperate pacings, before me a fanciful stanza, a vile joke, or an halting epigram. The very absurdity of these things has not unfrequently beaten me out of ill humour, and into a laugh, and like the cardinal, who, at the very crisis of his disorder, was saved by a broad grin, I have been awakened to life, and have welcomed the “king” looked for come at last” smoked and halter-tough beef-steak with some kind of complacency and good nature, and have even ordered a bottle instead of a plate on the strength of the recipe that cured

me, and to toast the physician that prescribed it. I deprecate the indiscriminate application of the proverb, but in this case I don't think I am to be charged with imprudence for “praising the bridge that carried me safe over.”

I believe my friend Charles Willoughby soon became of my own mind, for I not only soothed his constitutional impatience during the pause of purpose before dinner, but with some really good wine as my auxiliary, rendered him quite passive and cheerily for three hours after it. But as I have before told you, my readers, that I am nothing except I can enlarge the sphere of my content, I will assume to myself the authority of giving pleasure, and open the packet of culled curiosities which amused me and my old school-fellow, at the “Hunters' Inn” on our journey from London to Gloucester, for your participation in the banquet. My specimens shall comprise Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce; but, as somebody somewhere says in the play, do not too critically heed the method of their march. That which is formed, by and indented on, perishable, and brittle materials, should not be judged of, as one would criticise a Pope, or illustrate a Homer.

I have seen something like the following before, where, I really know not, but my moralist the glass cutter has paraphrased it prettily. The specimen was extant the last time I visited Exeter, for I would have it understood that I do not restrict myself in my selections to the actual route, or the venerable inn that Willoughby and I so recently enjoyed together.

Ay! We do see our friends fall fast  
away,  
Nor feel their merits till they're lock'd  
in clay;  
And then, with sad regret impress'd,  
we sigh  
That so much worth and rectitude  
should die.  
Untimely knowledge! learned at our  
cost,  
We feel true virtue only when 'tis lost.

Whatever opinion we might entertain of the point, we can concede no praise for gallantry to the next; yet impartially craves its insertion; and at the time I laboured through

it (the saucy author wrote a vile scrawl) in the Traveller's Room, at the Angel Inn, Chippenham, in Wiltshire: I could'nt help applauding the scribbler's fun, though I was tempted to smash the evidence of his ingenuity, by thrusting my arm through the window-pane that contained it. At that time, my friends, I was at odds with her I loved, but we have made it up since, and she has changed her name.

"Angels were painted fair to look like you,"  
So ran the rhyme of woman—"Tis not true.

I've read their histories full oft I vow,  
And always thought them vain—I know so now.

There's Jane, she wears a smile from morn to night,  
Because she's dimples, and her teeth are white;

Eliza sports her hundreds at the ball,  
But starves her household in the servant's hall—

Whilst Ann in public at deceit will faint,

Yet hide her face in ringlets and in paint.

Kitty will feast abroad, to fast at home,  
And go to Bath and swear she hates to roam;

Whilst Ellen, quite a blue—with Lady D.,

Exalts some flashy author to the sky.  
The confab ended, lo! his pages fair  
Lights Ellen's lamp, or curls my lady's hair.

Clarissa swears she never can sing more—

She took three lemons just two hours before,

And sent a note to her dear friend,  
Miss Long,

To say she'd bring and try the last new song.

Mary affirms—

But just at this point of the libelous creature's poetics, his diamond must have failed him, killing mere characters, and by that happy defalcation he was spared the atrocity of further murders, and I the detection of greater Vandelianism. I opine that already I am condemned as an accessory after the fact; and that if bright eyes could frown, fair lips pass sentence, and ladies' hearts become hard, I should be banished to some "distant shore" as a companion for "savage monsters." Even if I escaped, the fate of this Timon, who

certainly deserves decapitation by the hands of the Furies. But list my defence, ye that are the ministering angels here below to entranced man, ye that have prayers for the meek, and tears for the contrite; ye that do make us giants in your defence, but infants to your wills, against whom the arm should be powerless, safe to protect, and the voice silent, save to honour, for whom age should direct its prayers, and youth its good nature.—ye that are the "discreetest, virtuoshest, best," hear my defence, and then condemn me, if ye can.

I know it well, and all our pride,  
A moment's breath might blast,  
A wintry wind, a stormy tide,  
Flies over, and 'tis past

The Peasant's hut, the Prince's tower  
Thatched roof, or painted hall,  
The forest tree, the lowly flower  
Shall flourish, but to fall.

Yet whilst we are, there is a spell  
That binds us to each lot,  
A boon from heav'n, on man it fell,  
And will, when we are not.

'Tis women's love—that holy flame,  
Pure as the mighty sun,  
That gladdens as with torch of fame  
The heart it shines upon

It faints not in the blast of woe,  
Nor in misfortune's hour,  
At open hate, a covert blow,  
For pride, for pomp, for power.

It conquers time, it mocketh pain,  
And deathless is its will,  
And when all earthly hopes are vain  
It feeds on memory still.

Yes!—as this brittle record stands  
A footing frail we find,  
A sigh shall shake our house of sands,  
And leave no wreck behind.

But woman's love shall fall the last,  
And like clos'd flowers at night,  
It shall but sleep 'till that is past,  
Then burst to deathless light.

But I fancy I hear the apprentices in the Pit, and the Gods in the Gallery, (for I dare say in this enlightened age you have, Mr. Editor, all sorts of subscribers) eat calling and thumping the benches for the entertainment. Well, as I think the first piece has really expended far enough, and that I have given the whole-price people enough for their money, I will e'en indulge the one and two shilling patrons, for I suppose the three and sixpenny gentlemen, the Corinthians of the Theatre, will hardly conde-

end to give a look in upon my broad  
 & rins; besides, I dare say they have  
 plenty of entertainment in the lobby,  
 I will commence But, whilst Mi  
 Liston, and Mr Munden, and my  
 friend Pitt Hukly, are dressing for  
 their characters and painting their  
 faces, I will enact a blank-verse in-  
 terlude for the amusement of those,  
 who like always to keep moving,  
 and who would rather see the stage  
 occupied, than hear the fiddlers. The  
 original of the following is on a  
 punted bit of window in my study,  
 the removal of which, though all the  
 other squares of the window are like  
 other people's squares, I have reso-  
 lutely opposed. It has hitherto with-  
 stood and escaped the open attack of  
 the elements, the heedless one of my  
 neighbours, and the covert ones of  
 my housekeeper, who bring of the  
 new school, wonders I should have  
 a veneration for any thing so outre  
 and gothic. Should there be any  
 who doubt this to be an outie time  
 tale, let them visit me, and be satis-  
 fied. I will challenge them for their  
 credulity in bumpers of old port, and  
 our hair triggers shall be our sweet-  
 heart's eyebrow.

Why do ye rage, ye fiery elements,  
 And send this noisy pother from the  
 sky

I pon th' unconscious glass that heeds  
 you not?

All your loud thunders, like to cannons  
 breath,

All your foik'd fires, more livid than  
 the flash,

Do but enhance the rich solemnity  
 Its shadow throws around Its holy  
 hue

Stands clear and, shivers not with all  
 your coil:

But let man place a finger on its face  
 And strait it shall be shattered—brittle  
 pane!

Thou art the parallel of Dudley's fate!  
 I've seen him stand the fiery bolts of  
 war,

The fret of tempests, and the tearing  
 toils

Which found'ring mariners are put up-  
 on —

I've known him scale the mountain  
 when each step

(His truck was over snows) seem'd dan-  
 gerous,

As in a drunken sailors in the shrouds;  
 And I have seen him lead his soldiers  
 on

O'er fields unshelter'd when th' oppo-  
 nent storm

Did hail cold ice upon them—yet con-  
 temn

The shelter of a cloak,—I've welcom'd  
 him

To home and country, and have seen  
 him thrice,

After enduring a whole world of storms  
 As might have shook a forest from its

roots,

I see him now, and he's a changed  
 man!

The form is wasted, and the dark eye  
 dim,

And furrows, not of age, are on his  
 brow,

And gentle gusts, and any, tiny sounds,  
 Such as would once been deem'd an in-  
 sect's breath,

Do put an ague on him Oh! I mat-  
 vel not,

For that which elime and tempest fail-  
 ed to do

Man did—aye, man, that should have  
 been his friend

One who did welcome him with smiles  
 Under which vipers nestled—creep'd  
 into his bower

And stole the fairest plant that blos-  
 som'd there

It broke the heart that never quail'd  
 before—

Such faithless conduct bowed it —

Brevity, they say, is the soul of wit,  
 and for mine own part, I would prefer,  
 at any time, that an afterpiece should  
 have more of fun than mystery in  
 it; and hence do I hold a brisk farce  
 to be infinitely preferable to a fash-  
 ionable melo-drama. The examples  
 that follow will, therefore, at all  
 events, steel-clear of the crime of  
 prolixity. Here is one that can  
 never, in its original state, be copied  
 again, for I enacted literally dia-  
 mond cut diamond, by applying one  
 of the glazier's tools, so called, up-  
 on a window that was in the style of  
 the olden time so constructed—that  
 is, of squares leaded, and putty'd in,  
 diamond fashion, it without a bull I  
 may so explain my meaning. The  
 house was being modernized at the  
 time, so I committed a mere petty  
 larceny in the abduction. *Sed ubi-  
 mus—ecce signum.*

Reader, though brittle, these are wealthy  
 lines,

For diamonds form'd thus dug from  
 Eastern mines;

And surely all that love the toast to pass,

Will own I've honestly fill'd up my glass :—  
 But should some dainty wight, more nice than wise,  
 Deem it a bumper pane-ful to his eyes,  
 Let him demolish it with desperate pother—  
 He'll cut his fingers, and must buy another.

Here is another, I know not where got or by whom collected, but I find it among my papers, and have been induced to give it more from fellow-feeling than because I have any very high opinion of its metrical popularity. The thought is, nevertheless, not so bad, and the horror of an imprisonment at an inn from a coach accident is a completely Tantallean punishment.

"Tis *expedition* gives most folks the sway,  
 So my old uncle told me yesterday;  
 And faith to-day, and not on bed of clover,  
 The "Expedition, four-horse," *swayed* me over;  
 And here I'm laid up, beaten black and blue—  
 (Scribbling on windows I would fain jump through)—  
 The precepts *opposite*, yet *victim* too.

I can give but one more, though I have a hundred asking for preference; at another opportunity, should it be the wish that "this entertainment be repeated," they shall be at my readers' service, but our *magnums* are drank out, Charles has called the bill, and ordered the horses, and we must be at Gloucester to night—for *these* we hold a solemn supper, sirs. Well, we will leave a good word for the ancient hostell and the good hostess, that afforded us, and I will hope all you that read me, some entertainment. Truly Mistress Shaw and the "Hun-

ters' Inn" deserve an eulogium.—The original is in her neat right-handed parlour, and at the back of her best tea-tray, the following is as near as I can recollect the copy, but I never keep one of my own flights.

Old board! thou shalt my tablet be  
 On which to pun a legacy,  
 For them that face the winds, like we.  
 The Hunter's Inn! I swear in verse,  
 They may go farther and fare worse—  
 And, ten to one, will lose in pence,  
 Where'er they gain in consequence;  
 For though our hostess scorns to boast  
 Much above simple boiled, and roast,  
 And gives to pilgrims wild, or sober,  
 Nothing but old Port, and October.  
 If fare so moderate pleaseth you,  
 Rejoice! the charge is moderate too,  
 And well may add a charm and graco  
 To Magg's old parlor, and old face—  
 But if ye're dainty, feeding ninnies,  
 Ride farther on, and squauder guineas.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have only to add that I hope we have all of us kept pleasant company together, and that we part good friends. And if there be still any who are cruel enough to deem the personages and the incidents of my comedy mere inventions, they may rest assured I shall, secure in integrity, take no extraordinary trouble to allay their scepticism, or tickle down their obstinacy; for as "Wisdom, true Wisdom is a plump jolly dame, who sits in her arm chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life, and takes the world as it goes," I feel perfectly shielded against the missiles of unbelief, for will it not be allowed that I have at least endeavoured to raise a laugh, and might, therefore, hope to propitiate the favours of the Goddess?  
 March, 1824.

T. STUART.

## THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

## No. II.

In our last Number we observed that "a certain cant and speciousness which supplies the place of actual knowledge," is a peculiar feature in our modern reviews. The reviewer appears lost amid the treasures of his own learning, and the profundity of his observations. The associations and images, the theories and hypotheses, the syllogisms and aphorisms, the entities and quiddities, in a word, the whole body of ancient and modern learning seem to lie scattered around him. He appears to know all that has ever been known and taught; but if we come to examine this intellectual creation we find it a chaos of jumbled fragments of knowledge, which, instead of illumining, serves only to confound him. There is no mind so confused as that which knows a little of every thing, and nothing well — nor is there any acquirement so dangerous in a writer, as it enables him to give his productions the appearance of learning, without a particle of its essence. He may, for instance, make such an allusion to Arabian literature, as leads his readers to believe that he is intimately acquainted with it — whereas, all that he knows of it is gleaned from some allusions to it which he has met with in other writers. — Nothing, then, is easier than to put on the appearance of knowledge without possessing it in reality, and he who does so not only imposes on the inexperienced part of his readers, but not unfrequently on himself, for he sometimes strings a parcel of sentences together that appears "pregnant with deep thought," both to himself and his readers; whereas, to any person who distinguishes appearances from realities — shadows from things — they are not only unconnected, unsatisfactory, and inconclusive, but sometimes actually unintelligible. Of this we shall have to give our readers many instances, but to begin with the beginning," we shall give the first

E. M. March 1824.

from the article before us. After observing, that we are too near living writers "to scan the loftiness of their pretensions," the reviewer proceeds in the following strain — a strain which has all that appearance of learning and intellectual depth about it, which we have been just commenting upon, but, a strain which, when examined, is the purest species of cant of that unintelligible jargon, that pompous inanity, which can only be understood by those who understand nothing, while they imagine they understand every thing.

"Waving, however, any answer to these ingenious questions, we will content ourselves with announcing a truism on the subject, which, like many other truisms, is pregnant with deep thought, viz. — *that periodical criticism is favourable to periodical criticism.* It contributes to its own improvement, and its cultivation proves not only that it suits the spirit of the times, but advances it. It certainly never flourished more than at present. It never struck its roots so deep, nor spread its branches so widely and luxuriantly. Is not the proposal of this very question a proof of its progressive refinement? And what, it may be asked, can be desired more than to have the perfection of one thing at any one time?" If literature, in our day, has taken this decided turn, into a critical channel, is it not a presumptive proof that it ought to do so? Most things find their own level, and so does the mind of man. If there is a preponderance of criticism at any one period, this can only be because there are subjects, and because it is the time for it. — We complain that this is a critical age, and that no great works of genius appear because so much is said and written about them, while we ought to reverse the argument, and say that it is because so many works of genius have appeared, that they have left us little or nothing to do but to think and talk about them — that if we did not do that,



we should do nothing so good, and if we do this well, we cannot be said to do amiss."

Many, no doubt, will think all this very fine, and, like the truisms of the reviewer, "pregnant with deep thought;" but we doubt whether any of our readers will continue to think so after perusing the remainder of this article; from which we may learn the danger of taking every thing for granted that comes from high literary authority, and not only the necessity of thinking for ourselves, but the delusion to which we are so frequently exposed of imagining we understand a writer, when he actually does not understand himself.

The position the reviewer labours to prove in this passage is—"that *periodical criticism* is favourable—to *periodical criticism*;" that "it contributes to its own improvement." This he takes to be a truism, but we doubt it much, and we can prove that the reviewer himself doubts it also. Granting, however, for a moment, that it is what he terms it, a plain truism, is it not also a truism, that the critic who could write so much to prove it, can have no pretensions to rank with critics or literary men; for it is justly looked upon as the lowest kind of pedantry to attempt proving what is already self-evident: in a word, it is deemed, and it ought to be deemed, pedantry to attempt to prove the *truth of a truism*. The reviewer, however, need not apprehend the charge of pedantry, for he himself labours with all his might to prove it no truism in the subsequent part of this article, and also to prove, not ostensibly it is true, but virtually and in fact, that every sentence in this passage is erroneous. The entire of the passage, as the reader must have already observed, goes to prove that "*periodical literature*" improves itself and tends to its own "*progressive refinement*;" but in the concluding part of this article, the reviewer, forgetting his truisms, forgetting all the positions which he assumed, and all the principles he had laid down, maintains, not only that "*over refinement* cannot be charged as the failing of most of our periodical publications," but seeks to convince us that a total

absence of refinement is their most prominent and characteristic feature. The reviewer shall speak for himself.

Over refinement, however, cannot be charged as the failing of our periodical publications. Some are full of polemical orthodoxy—some of methodistical delirium—some inculcate servility, and others preach up sedition. Some creep along in a series of dull truisms, and stale moralities, while others, more "lively, audible, and full of vent," subsist on the great staple of falsehood and personality, and enjoy all the advantages that result from an entire contempt for the restraints of decency, consistency, and candour. There is no pretence, indeed, or concealment of the principles on which such works are conducted—and the reader feels almost as if he were admitted to look in on a club of thorough going, hack authors in their moments of freedom and exaltation. There is plenty of *slang wit* going, and some shrewd remark. The pipes and tobacco are laid on the table, with a set out of oysters and whiskey, and bludgeons, and sword-sticks, in the corner!—A profane parody is recited, or a libel on an absent member—and songs are sung in mockery of their former friends and employers. From foul words they get to blows and broken heads, till drunk with jibaldy, and stunned with noise, they proceed to throw open the windows and abuse the passengers in the street for their want of religion, morals, and decorum. This is a modern and enormous abuse, and requires to be corrected."

If this be really the general character of our periodical works, what becomes of that "*refinement*" which according to the reviewer, characterizes the literature of the age.—Will he maintain that refinement consists in "*servility*," "*dull truisms*," "*stale moralities*," "*an entire contempt for the restraints of decency, consistency, or candour*?" If this be refinement, restore us, O nature, to that original state of simplicity and ignorance in which thou hadst first placed us, and from which we have emerged into light and life only to bastinadoe each other with "*bludgeons and sword-sticks*."—The fact is, that the reviewer is

here describing, not the character of our periodical works—those works which are at one time so refined, and at another so barbarous—but the character of his own literary associates. He appears to have been in a drunken mood when he wrote this article. He began to think of his old companions—those “thorough-going hack-authors” of whom he was a member, and who naturally entered into all the associations of the intoxicated moment. If this were not the case, how could he associate “pipes and tobacco, and oysters and whiskey,” with the character of the literature of the day—that literature which at the commencement of his article is so refined, and at the conclusion, of so base and degenerate a mould.—Surely, however much the literature of the day may be fraught with “dull truisms” and “stale moralities,” there is nothing in this dullness and staleness that can remind us of “pipes and tobacco, and oysters and whiskey.” “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” says the inspired penman, and so it is with the reviewer. It is not the literature of the day—it is not our “dull truisms” and “stale moralities” that smell of “tobacco and whiskey,” but this rhapsody of the reviewer. It is, in fact, a jumble of contradictions, maintaining and denying, proving and disproving, the very same principles and positions—at one time swelling into the sublime in praise of our refinement, at another bursting with indignation at our grossness, barbarity, and Bacchanalian disposition. It is to us, however, really surprising, that he should be stupid enough to commence this article with a defence of the “refinement” and “improvement” of our periodical literature, and end it with a total denial of both. Our limits will not permit us to quote all he has written to prove its want of “refinement,” but his concluding observation will prove that a great portion of the article has been devoted to that purpose. “We have put ourselves,” he says, “out of breath with this long lecture on the great *opprobrium* of our periodical literature.” It is really to be regretted that public taste and

public opinion should, in a great degree, be formed and fashioned by a Review that can produce such palpable absurdities and contradictions,—that labours to prove in one page what it labours to disprove in the next; but the great wonder is, that with all our pretensions to be a thinking and reflecting people, we can overlook such absurdities, that we can maintain and deny, believe and disbelieve, the very same positions, principles, and reasonings, because the reviewer maintains and denies them. The effect which the influence of such Reviews must exercise over the public mind is, that it tends to unhinge all fixed principles of reasoning; that it sends public opinion adrift on the great ocean of doubt and uncertainty; that we have one opinion to-day and another to-morrow; that from this fluctuation of opinion, reason becomes useless to us, and a disposition induces itself, and steals insensibly on the mind, of considering it a matter of no import whether our opinion of things be right or wrong. From the habit of reading publications which not only contradict each other, but contradict themselves, a certain anarchy takes place in our ideas, of which, it is true, we are not always conscious, but which, nevertheless, is not the less true, because it is not perceived; for he who denies to-day what he maintained yesterday is not the less in error, because he forgets that he has ever maintained it. This anarchy, however, would never take place, if we examined the reviewer as closely as he examines his author, for we should then perceive all his inconsistencies and contradictions. The consequence of not doing so is, that we believe in him when he asserts and denies the very same positions in the very same page. Who that reflects for a moment would give the present reviewer any credit, when he maintains that periodical literature is now more refined than ever it was, and instantly after commences a long tirade against the “dullness” and “servility of the periodical press.” But listen to the arguments by which he labours to prove this dullness and servility. The “cultivation” of periodical literature, he says, “proves not

only that it suits the spirit of the times, but advances it." We have already observed that the reviewer not only contradicts himself frequently, but is sometimes absolutely unintelligible: here is an instance. Who can divine what he means by "advancing the spirit of the times?" and yet so careless are we in reading, that almost every one imagines he understands it perfectly. But which of these understanding readers can explain it. Does he mean the literary spirit of the age, or its poetic spirit, or its philosophic spirit, or its patriotic spirit? Does he allude to the spirit of the romantic school of poetry, or that of the Lake school, or that of the classical school? or does the spirit of the age consist in radicalism, or in whiggism, or in toryism? But what matter which of these spirits is what he calls the spirit of the age, as there is no one of them embraces all the rest, or rather, as there are no two of them alike. There is therefore no one distinct spirit that can be called the spirit of the age, and therefore to talk of such a spirit is mere cant. If he had told us that periodical literature advances the poetic spirit, or the philosophic spirit, or any other particular spirit, we should understand him; but when he talks of the spirit of the age, without any qualification, or particular designation whatever, we really find ourselves in the clouds, and acknowledge our incapability of comprehending what he means. Even granting he had said that periodical literature advances some particular spirit, we will suppose the political spirit of the times, yet the mere act of advancing it, or of advancing any spirit whatever, is no argument in favor of its advantages, for advance what spirit you will, and in its progress it becomes vicious. The extreme of virtue is vice; the extreme of fortitude, stoicism; the extreme of religious feelings, fanaticism; the extreme of every thing, the opposite to its beginning. Let periodical literature then, advance what spirit it will, the extreme of its career must terminate in evil. Let the spirit which is advanced be, as we have just supposed, the political spirit of the times. What, we shall beg leave to ask, is

the political spirit of the times? Is there only one political spirit? If so we would all go hand in hand: there would be no radicals, no whigs, no term to distinguish political parties from each other. The radicals would cease to exist if the political spirit that opposed them ceased to exist; and this opposing spirit should cease to exist if there were but one political spirit. Supposing, however, the reviewer to mean by the spirit of the age—the predominant spirit, or that spirit which extends to the greatest number of individuals, what would he gained by advancing it, no matter whether it be radicalism, or whiggism, or toryism. For our parts, we are strongly of opinion that it can advance neither without doing serious injury, and the reviewer instead of boasting, would perhaps have reason to regret this advancing quality of periodical criticism. To advance the spirit of radicalism, would lead to republicanism. To advance the spirit of whiggism, would lead to we know not what, until we are told whether it is to advance against the tories or the radicals. The fact, however, is that it can advance against neither, for by doing so it would cease to exist, as it should necessarily terminate into radicalism or toryism. It could have no alternative but that of ending in one or other extreme. But would this be a desirable transformation?—Would the country be better governed if there were only radicals and tories? We doubt it much; or rather, we have no doubt at all on the subject; for we are firmly of opinion that it would lead to endless broils, civil dissensions, and all the evils that ever afflicted, a divided, and distracted country. So far then as regards whiggism and radicalism, there can be nothing gained from advancing either. So that it remains, for the advancement of toryism to produce the great advantages arising from the advancement of the spirit of the age. But here, as in the other cases, we cannot perceive even a shadow of advantage. The natural tendency of toryism, is to oppose both whigs and radicals, to confer upon government and ministers all the power it can, to encrease taxes, to multiply sinecures.

&c. But would it really serve the country, to give ministers more power, to diminish the influence of the whigs and to encrease taxes? We believe the reviewer will hardly venture to answer in the affirmative. The fact is, that the welfare of the country depends on the existence of the three parties. If there were no radicals, the whigs would relax in their duty, and the tories become more formidable;—if there were no whigs, the radicals and tories would set the country in a flame, because neither of them could make concessions to the other, without abandoning their proper or characteristic principles, and becoming whigs, so far as these concessions went. If there were no tories, either the whigs would become radicals and the radicals republicans, or otherwise the whigs from perceiving the danger of suffering the radicals to advance progressively in the attainment of unqualified and unrestrained freedom, from perceiving that the extreme of liberty leads to licentiousness, licentiousness to anarchy, and anarchy to despotism, would become tories, and as we have already observed, set the country in a flame by their contentions with the radicals. The fact is that radicalism, and whiggism, and toryism exist by necessity, nor can they cease to exist under a government constituted like ours. There must consequently be more than one spirit influencing society, and therefore to talk of the spirit of the age, is to talk of a spirit that none but a spirit can understand.

As to periodical literature *suiting the spirit of the age*, we have only to observe that this argues neither for nor against it, unless it can be shewn that *whatever suits* the spirit of the age is necessarily good, and to prove this, it is necessary to prove that the spirit of the age itself is necessarily good, for if not, that which suits it may be bad. Now nothing can be easier than to shew that the spirit of the age may be a bad spirit, as well as a good one, and if so, what "suits" it may be good or bad also. If the spirit of the age be necessarily good, the spirit that preceded the present rage for periodical criticism, must have been necessarily good, simply because it was the spirit of the then

times. But what was the spirit that preceded this rage for periodical criticism? Evidently a comparative indifference for it, and a greater thirst for original writing; for if this were not the case, a rage for periodical criticism could not be the *distinctive* character of the literature of the present day. If then a comparative indifference for periodical criticism, was then the spirit of the age, and if the spirit of the age be necessarily good, an indifference for periodical criticism must necessarily be good; but an indifference for periodical criticism and a rage for it, cannot both be good, for if they were, no man could possess a right spirit but he who was fond of periodical criticism, and indifferent about it at the same moment; but as no man can be indifferent about a thing of which he is fond, it follows that no man can possess a good spirit, but he who possesses a spirit which he cannot possess, or which cannot be possessed. Hence it follows that if the present rage for criticism be good, that indifference for it which preceded this rage could not be good, though it was the spirit of the then age, and consequently the spirit of the age may be a bad spirit, and if so, that which suits it may be equally bad. It is therefore mere cant to say, that whatever *suits the spirit of the age* must be good—we mean universal, not partial good, for we are well aware, that so far as regards the reviewer, no spirit can be better than a rage for periodical criticism, and it is unquestionably their interest to promote it.

But to proceed with the remainder of this passage—"periodical criticism," says the reviewer, "never struck its roots so deep, nor spread its branches so widely and luxuriantly." We would thank any of our correspondents to inform us what the "roots" of criticism mean, for to us it is as unintelligible as "the spirit of the times." In fact so far as we have hitherto proceeded in this article, we have been able to discover nothing but what is either absurd or unintelligible,—all is cant, all is bombast—all an affectation of profound knowledge without a particle of its reality. We must say, however, that it is all of a piece, for the entire of the

article is of the very same stamp and character.—Take the next sentence, for a sample.

"Is not the proposal of this question," says the reviewer. "a proof of its progressive refinement." The reader will recollect the question to which he alludes, namely, "whether periodical criticism is upon the whole, beneficial to the cause of literature?" Now, why the mere proposal of the question should be a proof of its refinement, is certainly placed beyond our comprehension. If the reviewer were asked whether two right lines can possibly inclose a space, would he think the question answered by saying that the very proposal of the question proves that two right lines can inclose a space? Besides, if this "refinement," does really exist, why does the reviewer labour to prove that, it does not exist throughout the greater part of this article? The New Monthly is the only periodical publication to which he allows the claim of refinement; and, strange to say, the only fault he finds with it is its refinement. "The Editor," he says, "pets it too much, and it is accordingly, more remarkable for delicacy than robustness of constitution, and by being faultless, loses some of its effect." Refinement then is a fault, it is a fault to be *faultless*, which is saying in other words, that perfection is a fault; and yet the great advantages resulting from periodical criticism is, that it produces refinement, while refinement according to the critic himself is a fault, and "diminishes" the effect. Poor reviewer, we should say, poor scribbler, if politeness would permit us, and yet we should be only calling things by their proper names, poor reviewer, then, if thou hast any merit, it is in possessing the art of making your readers believe that you are the very quintessence of wisdom and learning, and profundity: of great and deep, and mystical knowledge which we cannot understand, simply because we cannot dive into thy depths, and grasp the immensity of thy views, it is in making us believe all this and more than all this, whilst thou art writing the most arrant nonsense, and making "confusion worse confounded." Here, for instance, thou labourest to prove that refinement is a fault,

that it is a fault to be faultless, and yet the great beauty of periodical criticism, according to thee, consists in its producing refinement,—that very refinement which is a fault, and diminishes the effect which writing would otherwise produce. We address *thee* in the formal style simply because we think it better suited to thy "solemn quackery," that quackery which thou canst not endure in others, but in which thou thyself delightest to sport, or, we should rather say, to shroud thyself, for it is difficult to associate the idea of sport and playfulness with thy "solemn quackery." But we must return to our readers, and address thee in the third person, for we really feel, that if we indulged much longer in this formal style, we should become as stupidly profound, and as profoundly absurd as thyself; there is something narcotic, something of a lethargic, mystifying nature in the solemnity and gravity, and pomposity of the feelings that crowd upon us, in spite of ourselves, the moment we put on the appearance of wisdom, look solemnly grave, and clothe our writings with an affectation of knowledge which we do not possess,—the moment we affect a virtue which we do not feel. Farewell, then, we want to get out of the clouds, and to revisit our readers.

The present reviewer is not the only one who declaims against refinement, who sometimes praises, and sometimes condemns it, as it suits his purpose. In the latter case they call it "over-refinement," as if any literary production could be over-refined. The fact is, that by over-refinement, these over-refined gentlemen mean the affectation of refinement. But of refinement, we shall have to speak more at large hereafter. At present we shall only say that no work can be too refined, for every degree of refinement is only a nearer approach to perfection, and if perfection be a fault, there can be no attainment of excellence. In fact, we cannot even conceive what excellence or beauty means. But the reviewer is at the same moment an enemy to, and an advocate for perfection. In the last sentence we quoted from him, he insisted on the present "refinement" of our periodical literature,

and in the next he says, "and what, it may be asked, can be desired more than to have the *perfection* of one thing at any one time? Here then he is an advocate for perfection, and yet he tells us that the *New Monthly Magazine*, "by being faultless loses some of its effect." But is not every thing perfect, faultless, and if it be a fault to be faultless, how can that perfection which is always faultless be so desirable as the reviewer pretends, or rather, why should he assert that it is the only thing desirable? So far then as we have travelled with the reviewer, we have not met a single sentence that contains a particle of common sense. Let us try the next.

"If literature, in our day, has taken this decided turn into a critical channel, is it not a presumptive proof that it ought to do so? Most things find their own level, and so does the mind of man." Is it necessary to shew the reader the cant and "solemn quackery" of this sentence? We should think not, but as we do not wish to do our business by halves—as we do not wish to leave him a loop-hole to creep out of—as we wish to shew that every sentence which we have quoted from the reviewer is either perfectly unintelligible, or perfectly absurd, we shall analyze this sentence, or these two sentences as we have the former. Perhaps he may reply, that if he analyzed us as closely as we have analyzed him, he would prove us as absurd as himself. We really should feel obliged if he would take the trouble to do so, but we apprehend at the same time, he will think the trouble too much, and that he has enough of Scotch caution not to deal with troublesome customers. The Scotch have for many years claimed to themselves an indisputable superiority over the English and Irish in critical acumen and superior judgment, and yet their real superiority consists in the mere "cant of criticism," not in those original views of nature which distinguishes the true critic, and places him by the side of the original writer. The Scotch critics can never say—

Let such teach others who themselves excel

And censure freely who have written well.

But to our last quotation. The circumstance of literature taking "a decided turn into a critical channel" is according to the reviewer, a "proof that it ought to do so." This is a complete sophism, and would be greatly admired in the dark ages when school-men, instead of examining things, puzzled each other by a dextrous use of words. It is certain that whatever happens ought to happen, because nothing can happen without a cause, and no cause can operate without producing an effect. Hence it is certain, that as literature has taken a decided turn into a critical channel it *ought* to do so, for it could not take this "turn" were there no cause to produce it, and as there was a cause, the effect *ought* to follow, simply because it could not avoid following. But what has this *ought* to do with the subject of which the reviewer treats? The question surely is not what ought to take place, or what has taken place, but whether what has taken place be an advantage or disadvantage to literature, or, in other words, whether the turn which literature has taken be an advantage or disadvantage to the world of letters. According to the reviewer it must be an advantage, simply because it has happened, which is equivalent to saying, that when a man tells a lie, he ought to tell it, because he has told it. It is saying in other words, that "whatever is right;" and we admit that every thing is right in Pope's sense of the expression, which which we believe to be a sense very generally misunderstood. It is right, for instance, that a man should continue to tell lies while he indulges a disposition for doing so, for it is impossible to indulge such a disposition without telling lies. The disposition is here a natural cause, and lies the natural effect proceeding from it. As the effect then cannot avoid happening while the cause is suffered to exist, it is right that lies should be told by such a man, for if not, it is not right that a natural cause should produce a natural effect. This is the *right* that Pope means, but if he were asked, was it lawful to tell lies, would he reply in

the affirmative? We are certain he would not. His reply would be, that though "whatever is right;" and though it is, therefore, right, because unavoidable, that a man of a lying disposition should tell lies, yet it is not right that this man should entertain this disposition while he had power of controuling it, and that moral sense which convinced him of its enormity. It is, then, a mere sophism to say that because literature has taken "a turn into a critical channel," this turn must be an advantage to letters. If our reasoning, however, will not convince the reviewer, we shall state facts which he cannot deny, and which will prove it in spite of all the sophistry to which he can have recourse. After the Augustan age, classical literature insensibly declined, and false sentiment, false style, false imagery, and catachrestical associations became the prevailing taste of the time. Now it is universally allowed, and we know the reviewer himself will not hesitate to acknowledge, that this change was hurtful to the cause of literature and science; and yet, according to his reasoning, it must be an advantage, as he argues, that the circumstance of its taking a turn into a particular channel, proves it *ought* to take it, by which *ought*, he means that the turn is an advantage to literature, for if he does not mean this, he means nothing, or rather, if he means anything else, it can have no application to his subject.—But what does he mean by saying "most things find their own level, and so does the mind of man." Is this "solemn quackery," or what is it? The mind of man finds its own level! Admirable profundity!!!—How "pregnant" is this sentence "with deep thought." To what a train of reflections does it lead the mind; and yet, like the mountain in labour, we must end all our reflections on the subject by acknowledging that we know nothing about the level of the mind. The reviewer cannot mean by it the "highest height" to which it can soar, for what is it then level with? Not surely with God; and if it be level with any particular order of spirits, it is more than the reviewer can tell, as he is equally unacquainted with

all orders of immaterial being.—It cannot mean the "lowest depth" to which the mind can sink; for if it be then level with any thing, it must be with the brute, and this cannot be the reviewer's meaning, as he brings in this level of the mind as one of the advantages arising from periodical criticism. Neither can he mean by level, that ordinary degree of capacity which is given to the bulk of mankind; for if this be the level that has resulted from periodical criticism, where is its superior advantage? and yet we are satisfied that this is the level which he means, not that the expression in itself has any meaning, but that we collect this to be his meaning by what he says afterwards, when talking of the poets and prose writers of the age of Elizabeth. We shall quote the passage:—

"Instead of imitating the poets or prose-writers of the age of Elizabeth, let us admire them at a distance. Let us remember that there is a great gulf between them and us—the gulf of ever-rolling years. Let them be something sacred and venerable to the imagination; but let us be contented to serve as priests at the shrine of ancient genius, and and not attempt to mount the pedestal ourselves, or disturb the sanctuary with our unwarranted pretensions."

Who could ever think to meet with such a rhapsody from such a writer—a writer who used so much "solemn quackery" to prove that periodical criticism is an advantage to the cause of literature; that it does not diminish the original productions of genius; on the contrary, that "it is because so many works of genius have appeared, they have left us little or nothing to do but to think and talk about them,—a writer, we say, who asserts all this, and who asserts also that Walter Scott could not write better—by which he means, not that Walter Scott wrote as well as he could, but that his writings were so good that they could not be improved, in which case he must equal at least, if not surpass, all his predecessors;—and yet, with all these original works of genius—with all our Scott's and Byron's, than whose productions nothing can be better, it is an

"unwarranted pretension" in us, even to attempt to cope with the writers of Elizabeth's time.

It is evident from the last quotation, and from what precedes and follows it, to which, as it is too long for our purpose, we refer the reader, that in this part of the article, the reviewer labours to shew that original genius is now become extinct, that, to use his own words, "there is a change in the world; and we must conform to it;" that we are only fit "to serve as priests at the shrine of ancient genius," and unfit "to mount the pedestal ourselves;" and yet, at the commencement of this article, the old writers were mere barbarians in comparison to us. In a word, we were so refined by "periodical criticism," that all wit and genius was exclusively our own. We were then a new race, cleansed and purified from the pedantry and rust of antiquity. But can the reader guess why we were so highly favoured, so highly illumined, so highly intellectual, so highly refined, so highly critical a generation. If not, we can tell him. The reviewer's professed object, at the commencement of this article, was to convince us of the advantages arising to the cause of literature from *periodical criticism*, and if it be natural for every man to study his own interest, it was, no doubt, natural for him as a critic to cry up periodical criticism. The critic, however, who yields to the influence of this self-interested feeling, has, unfortunately, two objects in view, and consequently two impressions to make on the public mind, which are so completely opposed to, and inconsistent with, each other, that it requires more genius than any critic or writer of the age possesses to succeed in making them, for he who could make them would prove black to be white. The two objects to which we allude, are to increase the circulation of the work which he conducts himself, and to diminish that of all others; but to do so he must first convince us of the advantages of criticism—and secondly, convince us that if we would be enlightened by criticism, we must apply to him only for instruction, which is, in other words, convincing us that all the other critics, of the

*E. M. M.* 1824.

day are dangerous guides—that he alone is the light and life and genuine source, from which we must derive all our principles of judging and reasoning. The present reviewer, influenced by these two motives, sets out with a pompous and strutting panegyric on the genius and literature of the age, and the refinement which has arisen from periodical criticism. And having, as he imagined, accomplished this first object, that is, having convinced his readers that if they would be truly enlightened and refined, they must be "nothing if not critical," and that consequently they must consult *The Edinburgh Review* to form their judgment; he then proceeds to the accomplishment of the second—namely, to bring all the periodical publications of the day into comparative contempt, which he knew was an effectual though indirect way of bringing his own into comparative estimation. But so blinded was he by the wish of accomplishing both objects, that he did not perceive the impossibility of proving the latter without abandoning the former position—that is, he did not perceive that in proving the literature of the day to be, as he calls it, "a gay coquette, flattering, false, vain," that "renounces eternal fame for a newspaper puff, glitters, flutters, buzzes, spawns, dies, and is forgotten;" he proved, at the same time, that all he wrote at the commencement of the article about our refinement, about our fruitfulness in original genius and original writers, so many in number, that we are left "little or nothing to do but to think and talk about them," was mere cant from beginning to end—that he was only throwing dust into the eyes of his readers—that he was virtually saying to them—"Gentlemen, I expect you will believe me, when I tell you that nothing can equal the refinement of modern literature, and of periodical criticism, while nothing can equal the great approbrium of our periodical literature, and, consequently, of our periodical critics; that is, Gentlemen, in two words, nothing can be so refined and so barbarous as modern literature." This is indeed proving black white with a vengeance.

But what can exceed the cant and



hypocrisy of the reviewer, when he says, "instead of imitating the poets and prose-writers of Elizabeth, let us admire them at a distance." Has any revolution taken place in the human mind since Elizabeth's time? Do we now view objects through a different medium? Have the faculties by which we perceive relations and differences received a new conformation? Do they represent qualities and things to us as they exist in nature; and as they appeared to our ancestors? If so, what is to prevent us from attaining the same heights which our ancestors did, but that false indolence—that mental apathy—that torpor and lethargy in which our friend, the reviewer, wishes us to repose? No doubt he was so conscious of his own inability to cope with those "master spirits" of which he is so humble and prostrate a votary, that he wished to deter others from the attempt, and keep them on a level with himself. No doubt he looked with jealousy on that—

Emulation, whose keen eye,  
Forward still, and forward strains,  
Nothing ever deeming high  
While a higher hope remains.

But if the faculties by which we perceive relations and differences, things and qualities, be different from those of our ancestors, it is evident we must view every thing differently from them, in which case we should differ from them in all our perceptions, judgments, opinions, conclusions, comparisons, associations, sensations, feelings, affections, and sympathies. We should consequently think them always wrong, and ourselves always right, for we can reason only from what we know, and all our knowledge is the result of sensation and reflection alone, unless we make consciousness

a distinct source of knowledge; but in this case, even our consciousness would differ from those of our ancestors, for if that appeared brown to us which to them appeared yellow, our consciousness would be, that it was brown and not yellow. If then we should think them always wrong, and ourselves always right, instead of admiring them as we do, and as the reviewer does, both he and we should look upon them as madmen, for we could perceive neither reality in their descriptions, nor truth in their reasonings. As we admire them, therefore, it proves that we possess the very same faculties of perception, and the same means of attaining to all that intellectual eminence which is placed within the range of these faculties when not suffered to slumber in indolence, when not terrified by that "great gulf" in which the reviewer threatens to plunge us if we attempt "to revive the spirit of Old English literature," if we attempt to "imitate the writers of the age of Elizabeth;" if, in a word, we attempt "to mount the pedestal ourselves, and disturb the sanctuary with our unwarranted pretensions."

Now, gentle reader, having, we imagine, convinced you, that every word in this article on "*The Periodical Press*," so far as we have examined it, is "cant," that the "great gulf" is cant, the "shrine" at which we are "to serve as priests" cant, the "pedestal" cant, we shall take our leave of you for the present, and proceed, in our next Number, to shew that the entire of this article is cant—that it is all cant, and nothing but cant from beginning to end—and we are prepared to maintain what we say against the reviewer and the most ardent of his literary admirers.

EDITOR.

## LETTERS FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

## No. V.

I called in at the club before I came home from the opera, having refused my cousin's invitation to introduce me to a new circle of fashion, which she told me met every opera night at, or after twelve, and where there was an union of taste and of talent, a house open to foreigners, and only frequented by people of quality, of *virtu*, and such as had visited foreign courts—"no John Bulls," said she—"none of your young men, who only know how to ride and drive, and can only talk upon a horse-race or a hunt, the breed of a hound or pointer, the four-horse club, or the betting-room at Tattersall's; none of your half-informed youths, who prefer the Fives-court to the court of the Thuilleries, and who, having been once or twice at Paris, affect to call it a bore, and to have seen nothing worthy detaining them there, except the *salon*, or some celebrated graceless of a French courtesan.

"Then I suppose," replied I, "we should have a *belle assemblée* of cavaliers, and ladies bright, who would transport you to Florence or Naples—to Rome or Venice—who would make you believe that you were masking it, and revelling it at the last place, or gliding in gondola's to the sound of soft music—or that you stood wrapped in thought, admiring the stupendous Vatican at Rome, or were enjoying the enervating delights of Naples—the assignations at the theatre—the flirtations of the public walk—the fan twinklings and dumb show of the enchantresses of *Principeassus*, and other noble bewitching dames. We should have sighs wafted to these delightful haunts, and odium cast on our stone climate, and half-dissipated metropolis; where custom (growing daily more decayed) still imposes some restraint; we might hope to have a dissertation of an hour long on the *cadenza* of a favourite singer, —or hear an exquisite swear that the last dying vibration of a fine-drawn note of Catalani's made him shudder, from the sensitive indescribable feeling which usurped his whole

frame,—or have to hang upon the words of some important just arrived from rich and royal Italy, who would be listened to by a glittering circle with as much attention as the sages and philosophers of old were when harranguing from their portico's, and after being in an agony of expectation should have to learn that a fresh *debutante* had just appeared at Naples, or at Florence, and that we might live in expectation of beholding her on the boards of the opera-house, or that a grand opera was just composed, so extatic in its music, that it was almost too much to venture at hearing it, it drew out to such a refined degree every fibre of sensibility, or,—perhaps, some newly-imported oracle of taste might just arrive that night, the air of Paris in every fold of his garment, and it's *gaieté* in every look, and he might convey the important intelligence to the ravished ears of the party, that Mademoiselle Julie Sauten l'air, and the young Victor Fleurialune, were dancers of great promise; that the person of the former was adorable, and the execution of the other in the *pas forts et difficiles* was divine."

"You have just described the place," said she, bursting into a well moderated laugh. "Then need I not go," observed I. "Oh! yes you must, for you will see a certain Lord's flame, and tell me what you think of her; she has been all her life abroad, and is certainly *bien maniere*, but she has not a regular feature in her face—there is, however, an *ensemble*, a *je ne sais quoi*, which you men think irresistible! Oh! do go, you will meet young Bellamant, who is just arrived from Greece—he is the very cream and essence of romance—his ideas are sublimity out-tapped—his soul is an eagle, ever soaring after something above all modern pleasure—his expressions are like words of flame—he is an enthusiast in every thing, in tone, in music, in poetry, and in painting—the champion of freedom from the Equator to the Pole—the knight of enterprise in

every woman's cause."—(Oh! ho! thought I, a warm description: how hyperromantic some of these females are!)—"Then again," added she, "you will have a dissertation on the whole operatical performance this evening by Lord Levantine, who will give you the private anecdotes of many of the performers, from the *prima donna* to each individual of the *coryphæe*!—perhaps too, the delectable Rossini, or the captivating *Noble* may snake in upon us, for all is liberty, ease, and enjoyment in this house."

Nevertheless, I did not go; at the club I lost my money—at this circle I might have lost my wits; for, although music warms, soothes, and delights me, and the arts all claim a high degree of my admiration, I have not yet come to so happy a stage of existence as to feel heats and chills, shiverings and trances, nor to be on tiptoed expectation of discovering an indescribable dimple in a new face, or an unutterable something which constitutes the enchantress's controul over hearts. In the language of Young—  
From short, as usual, and disturbed  
repose I wake.

But, as *my young* night thoughts were not of the complexion of this greatly gloomy author, I did not add the rest of the line in the same optative mood, or, to resort to old college style, if I had dared to *vote* at all, I should have voted for a continuation of life's session.

The opera and the fair novice ran in my head all the morning, when I could not help making the following reflections:—

"To what does the inordinate love of pleasure lead?—what influence have these foreign excellencies on the national mind?—what bent do these enjoyments, the voluptuous importations of these foreign arts, and foreign airs, give to the mind of youth? Do they invigorate or relax it?—do they excite it to virtue and patriotism, or alienate and estrange it from both?—Will not soft music's inspirations steal over our affections, and awaken our sympathies into an unguarded state?—and are the *living attituded* statuary of the dance, the foldings and pliabilitys of limbs, joints, and muscles, the excessive display of animated anatomy, the breathing marble

of a Venus, half-drapiered and half-exposed, sculptured by fair nature's hand, and the tip-toe posture of a flying Mercury, begirt with athletic life, objects for delicate contemplation? Can the female eye of immaculacy dwell with complacency on such models? Is a Cupid of five feet ten entwined round a Psyche, or other amatory representation, and floating through the air, with (as it were) her heaving bosom, and rosy-tinted shoulders palpitating from her inimitable endeavours in her art, a picture for the glance of freedom to fall upon, much less for the heated imagination to rest upon, or the perverse examining ideas to convey to the recesses of the mind? Will an early, indiscreet impression, made on vestal wax, not sink into it and mingle with its soft substance? Will the pulse not vary with the *folâtrage*, tempting, inviting, dallying, and (if I may use the expression) the caressing part of the ballet, where the heathen divinity, spirit shepherd, or captivated swain, woos his fair one in dance, kneels to her, flies after her, and, at last, bears her off, with all the figurative allusions of darts, rose-buds, flowering wreaths, &c. which female ingenuity, however young, cannot fail to discover, to decypher, and, perchance, to apply to a more extensive subject? I leave the answer to an ingenuous reader—I shall comment no further on these realities, but I cannot help thinking that delicacy is in jeopardy, and virtue in thralldom from these mighty exhibitions, and that the frequent wanderings from domestic duty, in high life, which fill the columns of our daily prints, these continual *égaremens du cœur et de l'Esprit*, derive their origin from these sources: I shall take my leave of the opera-house, by allowing that when the subject of the drama is chaste, demi-historical, or harmless, the incomparable music is a treat indeed, but those subjects, copied or translated from the warm and wanton stage of France, sin not, from the concord of sweet sounds, but from the subject and purpose to which they are applied, the dance, take it how you will, has more than a *doubtful* tendency; the rapturous, overpowered, and overpowering applause bestowed on the stage, the dyings away, play of

features and gesticulation of our *supermâture* fashionables, are not of genuine growth, they are not British plants, and their increase is no matter of admiration to the temperate dignity and decorum of the people of rank of the old school. Here, farewell King's Theatre, devices, Collonade, and *Restauration*, I am off for the English play-houses, and will compare their perfections with thine.

Two nights running to the play, but disappointed at each house, the shades of Garrick and Barry—of Abbingdon—of Cibber—of Woodward—of Foote—of Weston—of Siddons and of Kemble, are said still to wander in these haunts, but they are seen no more; not that we lack eminent and delightful performers of both sexes, in their different lines, but that their representations are often supplied by a new, spurious, unnatural bill of fare, suited only to the vacant mind, broad eye, infantine imagination, or vulgar taste of—an audience, I was going to say, but to a set of starers or looker's on, would be a term nearer the mark.

We have Kean, who is the master of the passions, whose tyrant, whose villain, whose jealous or revengeful man, whose stern warrior, or sarcastic declaimer are admirable, yet who is not what Garrick or Kemble *were*, nor what Talma *now* is upon another stage—the lover and the warm-hearted hero, are not his best characters.

We have Young, who is every where the scholar and the gentleman, always the judgmatic, sensible and discerning performer, who treads life's stage and the theatrical boards with ease and dignity, and who plays all his parts well, and some of them superiorly.

We have many broad-comedy actors of infinite merit, and in the female line, our eyes and our ears may still be feasted, whenever we behold the envied and enviable Miss Kelly, the child of nature, a pearl in her profession, with ability enough to stand the test of criticism, yet, with nature and interesting modesty enough to disarm malice, and to command protection whenever unbiassed reason and manly hearts are to be met with; and whenever we

listen to the warblings of Miss Stephens who starts upon our feelings and affections—

—“Like a western breeze,  
“Breathing upon a bed of violets.”

We have all these, and we have a store of plays, as effective, as inexhaustible; the works of Shakspeare, Otway, Rowe, Sheridan, and a host of other authors, in whose writings all that is noble, just, magnanimous, heroic, witty, or exemplary, may be found, the exalted passions raised to the proper pitch of nature, and the base criminal ones faithfully depicted and held up for horror and aversion, and generally bearing the moral of their punishment or failure.

We have also our approved musical pieces, together with what is difficult to represent and rare in its kind,—genteel and sentimental comedy, which alas! is declining daily, and whose place is filled up by *double entendre* dialogue, light subjects and allusions, intriguing plots, and translations from the immoral Paris dramatic nursery, or by too broad mirth, and trite ten times worn out jokes, puns and incidents; but I was not even half treated, half teased by these, I had not to wait an hour to pick out one sterling good thing, or original conception, I was dazzled, blinded, stunned, and astounded by waterworks, at one house, and horsemanship at the other. Never was I more convinced of the degeneracy of the public taste, else why should the managers of these theatres have got up, at an enormous expense, two pieces only fitted for Astley's and for Sadler's Wells, it is touching on the province and privileges of these houses, without furnishing any thing to warrant the attempt; the children, in the school vacations, may be pleased with the *Cataract of the Ganges*, *Timour the Tartar*, or with any slender plotted piece, formed merely to turn out the united stud, of Mr. Franconi's stable, upon the boards of our first national theatres; but how a man of sense, of judgment, or of elegant habits, can pay seven shillings and pass four hours to witness hydraulics, hydrostatics, horse tilts and pigmy tournaments, a show of scenery and stage effect only, merely because it is *real* water and

real horses, I cannot imagine; these exposures of our weakness may fill the pockets of Mr. Moncrief, and Monsieur Franconi, who will tell them in France, that the English cannot do without the excellencies of the Parisian amusements, just as the operatical tribe assure their correspondents that the English nobility and people of *bon goût*, would be lost and die with *ennui* if it were not for them; if we go on this way by introducing horses, dogs, elephants, camels and monkeys, upon what *was* our refined stage, with the novel improvements of fire and water, cataracts, cascades, fire-works and explosions, we may not stop, until we bring a bull-dog fight, a bear, or badger baiting, a real bull for our head actor, and the learned pig for the comic parts, and turn Covent Garden and Old Drury into a *menagerie* and bear-garden, after having already reduced it to the fare of a minor theatre; nor can the public be sure, that the next degradation may not be, to have a *manly set to*, between the acts, or Billy the rat-catcher to divert the upper gallery in the form of an interlude! How monstrously out of place is all this! and what an insult to every one but the children and the very lowest order of the spectators, Dusty Boh, and African Sall, Jack paid off at Portsmouth, and purple faced Megg of Wapping!

Why is it that the third and fourth rate play-houses exhibit farce, pantomime, tumbling, horsemanship, water-works, sparring, and other scenic anomalies? amongst which

the robberies and murders of the times!!! because the higher classes do not frequent them, from their local situation, distance from court, and from the materials which compose their dramatic performances, which are so confined as not to interfere with the high dominion of the sock and buskin—you may occasionally see some of the aristocracy present at these *inactings*, but it must be either to take their children, or under some unaccountable circumstances of idleness, an empty town, a wish to be in the *County of Surrey*, or some mysterious reason.

If one wants to see water-works, old father Thames is the noblest model in the metropolis, and for cavalry manœuvres, a field day would be most to my taste, yet Astley's may gratify curiosity once in the year, and Sadler's Wells aquatics once in a whole life; that all orders should find amusements fitted for their purses and capacities, is doubtless desirable, yet certainly it is not necessary that this object should be attained, by the sacrifice of delicacy and good sense, at least, so thinks the nation's constant well-wisher.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

P.S. It is much to be wished that the bulls, bears and lame ducks, may be confined to the Alley and Stock Exchange, the horsemanship to Astleys, the other animals to Exeter Change, and the *piece of water* to Sadler's Wells or the New River.

## SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

### No. 4.

"ADIEU my good fellow! adieu! remember me kindly at home," said an engaging youth, as he stepped carelessly into the packet's boat that was waiting to receive him. The foreman shoved off, the oars splashed into the water, and in a few minutes after, having cleared the stairs, the sail was up, and their little bark bounded gaily from the

shore. His friend stood upon the pier watching the young adventurer, as he waved his handkerchief in token of farewell; till the little boat bore away before the wind, and was lost to his view behind the angle of the projecting point of that unworn rock, on which stand the lofty battlements of Pendennis castle.

Edward (for this was our hero's

name) unwilling to betray the feelings of regret which he experienced, seated himself in a careless posture in the stern sheets, and strove to appear unconcerned; he attempted to whistle, then hummed a lively air, asked at intervals an indifferent question,—but it was all useless—he was no philosopher,—he had not as yet learned to check the current of generous feeling, or to silence the powerful voice of nature by the cold and calculating sophistry of art; and long ere the boat had hauled alongside the packet that lay-to in the offing; he was lost in a wild reverie of melancholy and gloomy images,—the anxious thought of happy and peaceful home,—of a home he was quitting for the first time to embrace the busy and hazardous profession of a soldier,—the recollection of the many happy hours he had spent in the neighbourhood where all his dearest hopes had originated, while it bound the scenery of nature with which his eyes were conversant from early infancy, with magic sweetness to his heart;—the remembrance of the friends that endeared it to him,—of the parental care and kindness,—of the tender affection of his only and well-beloved sister;—all crowded upon his imagination like bright shadows in the distance. Still he strove against them, and as he mounted the side of the vessel that was to convey him to a new sphere of action, he resolved to endeavour to forget the past in dreaming of the future. They were quickly under full sail, and the wind being from the south-east, they stretched to the westward, and rapidly swept along the shores of Penzance and Lands End. As the shades of evening gathered their grey mantle round them, the passengers slowly; and one by one retired from the deck, till young Edward alone was leaning over the weather quarter, straining his eyes to catch a last glimpse of his beloved native land, ere it became mingled with the clouds of the horizon by darkness and distance. He continued to gaze although the object was gone, and when at length he turned from looking o'er the desert wave, to pace the narrow limits of the quarter-deck, he found himself unable

to abstract his thoughts from the home of his childhood,—that sunny spot, where hope had ever shone, where peace had ever smiled—though gloom o'er-shadowed all the world beside; with it were associated thoughts and feelings the warm heart loves to cherish; then bloomed the bower of bliss that forms a shade and shelter from the sunshine and the storm of active life.

It was not till after the middle, or midnight watch was set, that he retired below; the officious and self-important steward had opened the passengers cabin door, and he was on the point of stepping in, as a form, so light and lovely, it seemed more of heaven than of earth, was stepping out. He retired hesitatingly—she advanced—he made one of those conciliatory bows which we generally give to those with whom we are likely to become better acquainted—she returned it with a smile of acknowledgement and a slight inclination of her slender form, then softly passed him, and he found himself alone in the passengers cabin of a Lisbon packet. After a few hurried thoughts on what had just occurred, he began seriously to ruminate on the world of war which he was about to enter. Now it happened unfortunately for Edward, that amidst many high claims to future preferment, he wanted one essential qualification to make a hero,—not from a deficiency of true courage,—for his intrepidity bordered on rashness—neither that he wanted mental capacity—for his powers of mind were beyond his years—prudent he was and punctual, nor was he deficient in perseverance—he would not have shrunk from the endurance of famine, fatigue, and misery, in their most complicated and aggravated forms; and even had it been required, he could have boldly rushed into the jaws of certain death for his country's welfare;—but he could not bear the idea of inflicting those horrors and that death upon others. His heart bled even in contemplating the little picture of warfare his imagination had delineated, and it was no wonder with these views and feelings, that when he concluded his citations, he sincerely regretted.

the step he had thoughtlessly taken. He was now abstracted from the world, from all that was likely to give his mind an improper bias, and he could now reason on these matters with less of prejudice than he had been able to do before—the halo which mankind too generally throws around the deeds of the warrior had vanished before the impartial survey of cool deliberation, and he now saw glory in all its deformity.

“What,” said he, rising into animated sentiment, “shall I plunge my sword into the heart of an only son, his widowed mother’s joy; shall I snatch from the arms of a fond and faithful mistress some true and tender lover; shall I make a chasm in the peaceful domestic circle, by cutting off the husband and the father; shall I make a disconsolate David comfortless, by destroying his affectionate Jonathan, and not feel the gnawings of remorse, but call it by the empty name of glory. Alas! the shouts of glory will not drown the remembrance of the orphan’s tear; the applause of thousands will not quench the weeping widow’s sighs, the affectionate sister’s sorrow, the anguished mother’s tears. Ah no! these will steal on me in the solitude of my chamber, and, like the cherished scorpion, sting me with poisonous thoughts, and embitter every moment of my after-life.”—“Farewell then to the paths of honour,” was the corollary which he drew from his reflections. It being now late, he retired to his cot, but the “downy god of soft repose” refused to strew his opiates on his pillow, and morning broke to witness him still restless and waking. Languid and desponding, with a slight inclination to sickness, he arose and sauntered to the cabin, where, for the first time, he beheld collected together the group of his fellow-passengers, with whom he was destined to spend some fortnight or three weeks of his life. They were such as are generally to be found on board a Lisbon packet, with some slight variations. Two Portuguese Jews, whose prominent noses, dark deceitful eyes, large, black whiskers, and dingy brown features, bespoke at once

their crest and character;—a decrepit elderly gentleman, whose accumulated infirmities threatened to sink him to the grave, ere he reached the land of promise, for such the healthgiving and invigorating air of Lisbon is considered by the sickly and diseased;—two young ladies and a toothless duenna, who, in spite of her august-like appearance and office, could not restrain the libertine glances of her charge’s beautiful black eyes, as they occasionally stole a sly and amorous look at young Edward;—a short ruby-faced gentleman who sat in one corner uttering, at intervals, an audible groan, as the acute twinges of an approaching fit of the gout shot through his swollen fingers;—a very prim looking gentleman, and his still more prim looking wife, who, by the bye, were rather qualmish with the heaving of the vessel, formed the *tout ensemble* of that motley corps yept cabin passengers. The young adventurer could not but wonder what was become of the interesting female who had attracted his notice the preceding night. Was she the wife of the captain? Or did she belong to any of the company before him? Conjecture was unsatisfied. He endeavoured to recal her features but he could not, there was a serious and soft expression of countenance, as of one who had seen brighter days, but bears the darksome change without repining; this was all which memory could supply him of a face that certainly made some impression on his mind. His eye turned involuntarily toward the door, as the steward or cabin-boy entered on their customary avocations—still she came not—his patience, at length, became exhausted, and he mounted to the quarter-deck, when, to his agreeable surprise, he beheld her leaning, in a pensive posture, over the gunwale, apparently musing on the dark blue billows as they rippled by. She gazed intently, but thought seemed to have wandered far away. Tears trembled in her eyes, and, at length, rolled in pearly brightness down her pale but lovely cheek, like dew-drops on the lilies pensile stem. Edward had approached her unperceived, when suddenly averting her face suffused with blushes, she was about to

retire; but, with the gentle familiarity of an old acquaintance, he apologized for the interruption, and begged he might not be the cause of disturbing her reflection and driving her from the deck. The sun was rapidly mounting the eastern sky, as he cast his eye around over the dark waste of waters and of sky; no vestige of his native land darkened the distant horizon, isolated and shut out, as it were, from the world, he was able warmly to sympathize with his fair companion. It is a singular phenomenon in the economy of mind as yet unaccounted for, that in assisting to bear the burdens of others we lighten our own. This was the case with the young soldier,—the sense of her afflictions, and the desire of alleviating them had banished the remembrance of his own. Some slight introductory conversation having taken place, he ventured to enquire whether she designed remaining at Lisbon. "Alas," cried she, "I know not, and" (with a deep sigh) "it matters not."

"Talk not so despondingly" replied he, "the sun oft shines unexpectedly brightest through the darkest cloud—if the hand of a stranger might be allowed to dry a single tear from your cheek."

"'T would rob me of my only source of joy,  
How sweet a consolation 'tis to weep."

At this moment a little rosy boy, about five years of age, who had been sporting with a young kitten, unobserved before, ran and took hold of her hand, and with a smile of happy innocence, asked to take a walk to see the lambs play. She took him up in her arms, kissed both his blooming cheeks, burst into tears, and hastily retired. Again was he puzzled to conjecture who and what she was—he felt more solicitude about her than as yet he cared to acknowledge to himself. The child, too, whose was it? She was evidently a stranger on board. Was the child her own? Her sigh and apparent indifference to her future destiny, what could they imply? Can it be? said he to himself. So young, so beautiful, so early lost? But he banished the

*E. M. March, 1824.*

thought almost as soon as conceived:—her air—her deportment—the particularly chaste tenour of her conversation and conduct falsified the suspicion; and having, for a moment, reproached himself even for the idea, he gave his soul up to the pleasing thought, that there might arrive a period when he should soothe the sorrows, and bind up the wounds of her afflicted heart, and become the guardian and friend of her future life.

Day after day rolled away, and they were more and more gratified with each other's society: there seemed to be a harmony of sentiment and feeling that peculiarly fitted them for each other. It became evident she had a partiality for him, although nothing more than sincere friendship ever entered her mind. Thus growing in each other's esteem they first made sight of land, and then it was she began to awake as if from a melancholy pleasing dream. The saffron-skinned and mud-booted pilot came on board, an object of general curiosity; the passengers, eager to behold the shore of Portugal, crowded upon deck, even the gouty and testy old gentleman of sixty crawled to the capstan to enjoy a view of the new and romantic scenery.

Edward retired into the cabin to meditate, for a few moments, before he entered into the active engagements of his profession, and there it was that he first assumed the character of a lover. Emma, ever anxious to brood over her mind's woes in solitude, had seized the opportunity, when others were on deck, to steal below and enjoy the mournful pleasure of weeping alone and unseen.

He seated himself by her side, and, after a few minutes silence, gently laying his hand on hers, which rested on the table, he said, "and must we part?" Her lip quivered with excessive feeling, and the whispered monosyllable, "yes," died on her lips. With fervent tone and in an affectionate manner he pressed her hand to his lips, sank on one knee and implored a kind return to the pure affection she had enkindled in his bosom. "Oh spare," she replied, "I beseech you spare my wounded spirit; already do I feel



overwhelmed with bitter sorrows, my burdened heart will break beneath their load." "Nay, say not so my love, the same kind providence that 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' will not be un-mindful of you." "Could I," he added, "could I but alleviate your griefs, I should feel a warmer glow, or deem it a prouder honour, than to wear the blood stained wreath of victory: permit me then to hope." With an air of heroic firmness and unaffected solemnity, she interrupted him, saying, "never, never." He conjured her to revoke the stern decree, but the same ominous answer still reiterated in his ears. The hurrying down of the passengers, each to prepare their luggage ready to go on shore, for the present broke off their interview. Edward's was already prepared—he tendered his services to the idol of his heart—the little boy who had become quite familiar with him during the voyage, attentively said, "Oh yes! you take care of Emma, I will take care of the boxes." He assisted her to the boat—they were the only passengers that went on shore in the jolly boat—in silence, they were rowed till just before they landed, when he ventured to enquire where she would wish to go, and whether he could afford any assistance. "Where?" cried she, starting as if from a trance, "oh bear me to him; that I may tend his bed of sickness, and wipe the tear of anguish from his eye, and tell him all"—her voice failed—but Edward had heard sufficient to destroy the faint hopes that still glimmered in his bosom. In silent sorrow they landed, and for the present went to Le Tonrs.—There they learnt that the sick of the army were at Santarem: next morning she resolved to set out, the the cabriolet was already at the door, the Portuguese coachman was arranging her luggage—"I will not call you cruel," said Edward seizing almost convulsively her hand, "but it is hard to meet with such cold disdain, where I had fondly hoped a kind return." "Cesse I beseech you," she exclaimed, "cease thus to torture my poor careworn bosom, alas! did you but know my heart—but you do know it—speak—those—those burning tears—those

wild convulsive throbs of my poor heart—this bitter agony of soul, but there is a hand unseen that severs us, not mine." He could bear no more, the dizzy room swam before his sight, his legs tottered, and with difficulty he reached a seat and sank on it exhausted. She chafed his throbbing temples, wetting them with her tears, and in a few moments he opened his eyes; observing with gratitude her kind attention, he seized her hand and wept over it for a moment, then putting it gently away, exclaimed, "but it is not mine, no, it's all another's. I may not listen to the music of thy voice, I may not gaze upon those lovely features, I may not press that fair and beauteous form, nor call thee mine, no! that were a boon angels might envy me—oh I am wretched." Then suppressing a sigh, he continued, "I would have requested a token, a something I might have looked upon and loved when thou wert far away, but now I may not; will you not sometimes think of and pray for one whose latest breath shall be a blessing on you," "yes, yes," she faintly muttered, "your memory will be dear, alas too dear to my heart." Encouraged by her ardent partiality, the thought for a moment crossed his mind, should he seize the favorable opportunity, and endeavour to persuade her to remain at Lisbon, one glance of her innocent and unsuspecting eye, banished the thought for ever from his mind, as he thought with the poet,

By heavens I'd rather for ever for-  
swear  
The elysium that dwells on a beautiful  
breast,  
Than alarm for a moment the peace  
that is there,  
Or banish the dove from so hallowed a  
nest.

The time of parting was arrived, they clasped each others hand convulsively, his lips drew near to hers, they met—light was the touch, but it thrilled to the soul; he led her to the cabriolet, where the little boy was inside waiting, he handed her in—the driver cracked his whip—the horses started, and before he had time to whisper another, farewell she was gone; he caught a transient glimpse of her as they

turned the angle of the street, she was weeping; and as the last arch of the wheel vanished from his sight, his heart sank with despondency, for his fears too surely told him, they were parted for ever.

It was late in the afternoon when the cabriolet drove through the gates of Santarem, and the curiosity of two or three convalescent young officers was excited as they caught a glimpse of the fair Emma, driven towards head-quarters. On the centinel asking what was wanted, she enquired for Captain G—, they directed her to the principal church, which had been appropriated to an hospital. Here she alighted; was ushered into the venerable building, and by a Portuguese nurse directed to the spot where lay in the very trance of death the wounded officer. On a glance of her features he recognized her, attempted to raise himself to embrace her, but could not, and feebly stretched his warm hand to clasp her's, whilst his lips faintly whispered, "my dear, dear Emma," "my William too." She fell breathless on his couch, and pressing her quivering lips to his bloodless cheek, exclaimed, "oh my poor father!" the child seemed deeply affected, and kissed first his Emma, and then his father, till the tears filled his youthful eyes and he cried aloud. He dared not ask for his wife—she dared not speak of her mother—it was an awful moment—

he read in her dress and her countenance what her lips refused to utter, and lifting his eyes to heaven said, "spirit of my Emma, a few hours and we shall meet again, and we shall meet—oh blissful thought, to part no more;" then addressing himself to his daughter, he said, "I knew your poor dear mother was dead, though I had no letter, for in my dreams by night I have seen her oft—and seen as though my two dear orphans were alone on earth, and she an angel pure and bright, watched o'er their every step, and when I'm gone, you'll have two guardian spirits—and a better and an abler—a kind God." Soon after, he became insensible, and about midnight his spirit took its flight to a land where the "weary are for ever at rest." She had not quitted his bedside, she was leaning over him when he died, and drank the last breath from his cold lips.

The French were on the advance, and it was necessary the sick should be speedily removed to Lisbon, all was confusion, and dismay. Emma had been attacked by a malignant fever, and swelled the number of the sick—she was generally deranged, but at times had lucid intervals, in one of them they were removing her to a waggon to be conveyed to Lisbon, when on placing her therein, they found her pure and youthful spirit had taken wing for ever. J. P. W.

#### LINES IN MEMORY OF ———.

While thoughtless thousands careless tread,  
Where loved Louisa sleeps;  
One living breast laments the dead,  
And o'er her ashes weeps.  
One bosom heaves the mournful sigh  
O'er scenes of past delight;  
One soul is sad, to know that eye,  
So loved, is shut in night.  
Oh! who that plucks the morning flower  
That cheered the silent grove,  
And sees it wither in an hour,  
Its fragrance soar above;—  
But feels one bright redeeming ray  
From virtues' tomb arise,  
To think, though what we loved is clay  
The spirit mounts the skies.  
"Thou art not dead" thy spirit lives  
From sin and sorrow free,  
And haply from those regions gives  
One pitying look on me.

J. P. W.

## LETTERS FROM FLIRTILLA TO PRUDENTIA.

## LETTER, III.

## Paris.

POSITIVELY I have no patience with you, my dear Prudentia, for making those unsuccessful parallels, with a view to reconcile me to my own country. You may draw as many lines of comparison as you please, but you will never establish a competition, in my mind, much less that superiority, which you wish to claim, for the cold inhabitants of your ungenial clime: you talk of sincerity; hang-sincerity, what has it to do with the pleasurable, polished intercourse with the world.—I know, I will allow it, that a number of women of quality, nay, even what you would expect to be artless girls, of my own age, who never enter, or quit a room without kissing me on each side of my face, and who call me *mon cœur*, *mon ange*, and *mon chou*, “my heart, my angel” (the other, *nom de tendresse*, is beyond translation\*); I know well that these persons are not thus tenderly attached to me, but that on the contrary, they envy and dislike me, because I draw off a proportion of admiration from them, although some of them are handsomer than myself, *eh! bien*, what is that to me? one must have some female companions, and all these sweet words and sweet caresses amaze, and at the same time, give one an air of consideration, and of being beloved in society; besides, if they act with duplicity, on their part, I have also left off my hopespun, fatiguing truth, and, whilst I tease them to death by ingrossing their *beaux*, I pretend to think them all candour and simplicity, and to feel a reciprocity of regard, evinced by bestowing on them the same *outward* demonstrations of affection: one of them was *piqué au vif* (piqued to the quick,) the other day by my lancer’s neglect, and he heard her whisper her companion, she is more *maligne* than you think; yes, dearest Prudentia, I am more *maligne* than they think, quite altered from what I was, I have not been school-

ed in this metropolis for nothing, a woman’s reign is but short, her empire depends, in a great measure, on caprice, a little tyranny is all fair, so I laughed immoderately at my friend’s discomfiture, and flirted ten times more than usual with my *aimable volage*. Apropos the gay deceivers in France, consider that every English woman is *un Roman ambulant* (a walking romance or novel), and that they are sure of their conquest, by playing the romantic, sentimental, and impassioned, what these naughty rakes call “*filer l’amour tout pur*,” and, indeed, our poor, simple, sheepish girls, are often taken that way; but a girl of talent and high spirit will soon see through these schemes, and will lead her *adorateurs* a fine dance in spite of themselves, I am become quite an adept at this.

The countess I believe to be really sincere, because her flirt is attached to no one else, and it favours her plans to select me for her *confidante*. Besides, it gives her a kind of a *ton* to have me always of her parties, and it diverts her, in turn, to attend ours, for, you must know, that, after a number of quarrels on the subject, I have drilled mamma into having regular evening parties, and into excluding all the English, except, occasionally, a girl or two, mere novices and less attractive than myself, and who serve as foils to me, and odious Ballantyne, whom I detest, and who has not yet left Paris, as I was in hopes he would long ago. Now, my dear Prudentia, do not think me depraved, vitiated, and denaturalized, when I confess that I hold my countrywomen cheap, and that it amuses me to play them off a little. My affection for you is unimpaired, save only my wish to combat your stale, old-fashioned notions; there is another reason why I cannot suspect the countess, namely, that she can have no interest in being my rival, and, since she is disposed of, she may

\* We beg the young lady’s pardon, *chou* is cabbage; but why tenderness should pitch upon this vegetable in preference to carrot or potato, we know not.

safely wish me a few admirers and a good match, poor dear love, she is not over and above happy in a partner I fear, for, the other day, on my enquiring how she passed her time in the country, and what kind of man the count was, she put her finger to her lip, with an enchanting half smile, which means regret, and, gently shaking her head, informed me that they were not made for each other. That is enough for me, I shall never hint at the subject again, and I am rejoiced to think that her fortune enables her to pass most of her time in Paris, and to amuse herself, "*comme une petite Reine*." I have found her uniformly my friend, whereas La Marquise de Cervolant and the Demoiselles de Grandcour have played me some malicious tricks, the first only recommended me to her dress-maker, milliner, perfumer, plumassier, jeweller, and hair-dresser, in order to get the more time for paying her own account, and, indeed, she so encouraged me to run up an enormous bill, that mamma and I had high words about it, the two others always misled me in the choice of what I bought with a view to disfigure me. Emilie, in a *tirade* against the English, the other night, said that our unmarried women exposed their necks in a shameful manner, and that we had *trop de liberté*, and her sister, Josephine, told my *inamorato* that I used *rouge*; but I have had my revenge since, by giving twice the price which one of them agreed for a hat and feathers for a balk, and so disappointing her of it, and by taking away the favorite cavalier of the other, although *entre nous*, I do not care a straw for him; I am now too *rusee* for them all three, and I have detected the marquise in making me pay double what I ought to have given for a variety of articles. The tradespeople here almost always overcharge an English person, they consider them fair game, and think it is *autant de pris sur l'ennemi*, but then, as my dear countess says, it is shameful for a lady of rank to wink at such transactions, and worse again, when personal interest takes part in them, but the marquise is a complete *intriguante*, and there we will leave her.

Would you believe it, my dear girl, that monster Ballantyne has taken upon him to be the admirer of mamma—and of myself? I always hated him, because he is so ugly, and has such *mauvaise grace*; now I abhor him, advice, at best, is a sickening drug from him,—it is still worse; it is revolting,—a pretty judge indeed of France and of high life! one who speaks French *comme une vache espagnole* (like a Spanish cow), and who has been all his life engaged in a commercial concern. I would sooner die than marry the richest merchant in the world, no, give me a soldier, a title, and a bit of red ribbon, or some other decoration; but to return to Ballantyne, he has done all in his power to persuade mamma to quit Paris, and to go and mope in some *hum drum* provincial town, and to quit France entirely next year. If she does I vow that I will run away. He has dared to insinuate that my lancer's views are not honourable, and roundly declares that all the attention paid by the French cavaliers to myself and to my countrywomen proceed from interested, low mercenary motives, or from the vice and variety of artful seducers. He has presumed to maintain, that if a young Englishwoman is elegantly dressed, suitably lodged, and if her parents keep a carriage, French fortune hunters consider her as a rich match, and are on the alert to get such a prize; but if they discover that there is no money, they then endeavour to poison her mind, and to make the young creature a victim to their pride and criminal passion. What a—, I must not say, *lie*—what a bounce! the preaching wretch concluded by giving examples of his penetration. "Lady Marrowfat is," he said, "the laughing stock of all the young macaronies in Paris, who find her dinners exquisite, and the money which she loses at *coarte*, most convenient to their pockets, and who make her carriage their own, and turn her into ridicule in the most merciless manner, over a frugal repast of their own; Mrs. Fitzedmond is eaten up by poor and hungry *gardes du corps*; proud, concealed, and necessitous. Lady Longdale lends money to her favourite, and the Misses

Glenowen have got their characters completely whispered and gossiped away, from their weak mother opening her house to foreigners." A pretty account indeed! but don't believe it; he had the imprudence, last week, to snatch up the *nouvelle Heloise*, and to take it away to the library, swearing that it was not fit to be read by a female, and threatening to tell mamma that my lancer procured it for me. If he does, I will get him into a duel, if he'll fight that would be fine sport! *en attendant*, I have never spoken to him since, and never will again. He pretends, likewise, that the *Chaperon Rouge*, the *Bouton de rose*, and half the French plays are an insult to delicacy, poor stupid, prosing fool! I must now lay down my pen, only adding a few lines on the delights of Paris and on fashion. Behold my list of engagements!!! 1. To dine at a duke's, and to accept of a seat in his box at the opera. 2. A grand ball to be given on the marquise's *fete*. I will go, although I begin to hate her. 3. To accompany the countess to *Feydeau*, an ambigu afterwards, 4. La Baronne de Blazé's *sotree*, and a private concert the same night. Four private circles, with music and dancing, and two parties made for the country, to which I am to go on horseback with my swain, unless

Ballantyne's pernicious counsel set mamma against them, in which event, however, I must set the countess to work and carry poor Ma, by *surprise*, or by *storm*—see how military I am in my expressions.

I send you, herewith, the drawing of a divine robe, and the pattern of a most bewitching bonnet, with the monthly fashions. I hope never more to see you in clumsy shoes, or hats of English manufacture, as I shall take all possible opportunities of smuggling over to you those articles. I advise you to embroider your own pocket handkerchiefs, as that will be a considerable saving, but depend upon my furnishing you with patterns, an *elegante* cannot be seen with a pocket handkerchief that costs less than a guinea; I have got some *delights*. I have already sent you some French cambric, and a purse embroidered in beads. Would that I could fill it, but my *modiste* ruins me, and I mamma is one of the race of A—grip—a—. Fare-thee-well, four carriages are just driving up to the door, two coaches and two cabriolets, the first full of *belles*, the two last loaded with the very *quintessence* of fashion in the other sex.

Your most affectionate mad-cap Friend,  
FLIRTILLA.

## OH! WHEREFORE LIES THE HARP UNSTRUNG.

### AN IRISH MELODY.

Oh! wherefore lies the Harp unstrung,  
When deeds of noblest worth are done;  
That Harp whose strings so often sung  
In praise of Rodrick's mighty son.  
Here let the aged minstrel come  
And break its slumber, for 'tis fit  
It's voice should be no longer dumb;  
Go! bid the bard awaken it.

But no! it cannot as of yore  
Gladden the race of Erin's kings;  
It's notes of Triumph now are o'er  
Oppression o'er it sadness sings;  
Then let the Harp in darkness lie,  
Since Erin's sons no more are free,  
Though glorious in the field they die,  
'Tis not for Erin's Liberty.

S. R. J.

MR. EDITOR,

I shall look forward with pleasure to the appearance of your next number, in which you promise to notice my claim to the original idea of the "Dream."

In the mean time, allow me to send you a translation of one of the most beautiful passages in the admirable "Lusiadas" of Camoens—which (if worthy) you can insert in the EUROPEAN; or it may perhaps be of some service to you in the Essay, which you doubtless intend writing upon the Genius of the Portuguese Poet. Should this translation meet with your approbation, and be of service to you in any way, I shall be happy to follow it up with some further versions of the best passages in the same work. Of Fanshaw and Mickle, I can say nothing, except that the latter's translation of the description of the ISLAND, gives no idea whatever of the original one.

Your obedient servant,

March, 1824.

H. AD.

### THE ISLAND.

*Translated from the 9th Book of the Lusiad of Camoens.*

In the fair Isle three beauteous hills are seen,  
 Their graceful sides with golden grain o'erspread,  
 And from their tops, bedeck'd with richest green,  
 Clear, limpid rills their murmuring waters shed,  
 Pouring adown the hills their wave serene  
 Twixt the white pebbles of their glittering bed,  
 Till in a lovely vale that smiles below  
 Their streams co-mingle and united flow.

There the glad waters form a spreading lake,  
 Bright as imagination o'er may deem;  
 O'er it low bending trees their verdure shake,  
 As if they sought within the lucid stream  
 To find a mirror, and therein to make  
 Their leafy honor more decorous seem;  
 Whilst the resplendent crystal which they grace  
 Paints all their beauties in its sparkling face.

A thousand trees exalt their tops on high,  
 Loaded with odorous fruit:—the orange there  
 In its delicious burthen shows the die  
 That Daphne boasted in her flowing hair;  
 Whilst here the citron on the ground doth lie,  
 Bent by the yellow weight its branches bear:  
 Rich-scented lemons glow among the rest  
 And strive to imitate the virgin's breast.

The rustic trees which deck the hills above  
 With leafy coronets of various hue,  
 Are poplars, sacred to the son of Jove,  
 And laurels, into which fair Daphne grew;  
 Young myrtles cherish'd by the Queen of Love,  
 Besides the pine, to Cybele untrue.

Uplift their verdure, and the cypress rears  
Its tapering branches towards the starry spheres.\*

Pomona all her riches here displays,  
Loading with perfumes the deep scented air;  
Her choicest fruits uncultur'd she doth raise,  
Which without culture, but become more rare:  
The purple-painted cherry meets the gaze;  
The grateful mulberry shews its ripeness there;  
And apples, brought from distant Persia's strand,  
Appear more luscious in a foreign land.

The large pomegranate its red hues supplies,  
Which e'en thy colors, ruby! far outshine;  
Loaded with fruit of ripe and unripe dies,  
Twines round the branching elm, the pleasant vine:  
And you, ye pears! which in your structure rise  
Like tapering pyramids, if ye incline  
To rest upon your verdant branches still,  
Must yield your sweetness to the sparrow's bill.

The fine and glowing tapestry, which o'er  
The rural earth a varied covering spreads,  
Makes that of Persia be esteemed no more,  
But fresh enchantment on the valley sheds:  
Self-slain Narcissus' flowers upon the shore  
Of the translucent lake incline their heads,  
And sad Adonis blossoms on the plain,  
For whom thou, Paphian Goddess! sigh'st in vain.

The self-same hues shine forth in heaven and earth,  
And all so beauteous, that 'twere hard to trace  
Whether the colors of the flowers took birth  
From young Aurora's bright, ethereal face,  
Or they to her had lent them in their mirth:  
Zephyr and Flora in their sparkling vase  
Had dyed the violets with the hues of love,  
And the red lily blush'd within the grove.

Queen of the flowers, appears the opening rose,  
Whose image dwells upon the maiden's cheek;  
The virgin lily its white bosom shows,  
Which the bland tears of early morning streak;  
Besides the marjorum, Hyacinthus blows,  
Whose flowers, by Phoebus lov'd, of sorrow speak:  
Gay Chloris with Pomona strives around;—  
Birds sing in air, and beasts o'erspread the ground.

\* The passage in the original runs thus:—

“Está apontando o agudo, Cypariso

“Para orde he posto o ethereo Paraiso.”

Ovid says, in describing the metamorphosis of Cyparissus, that he began

“Siderium gracill spectare cacumine corlum.”

from which passage the lines of Camoens would appear to be derived.

H. AD.

† “Et ai, ai,

“Flos habet inscriptum.”

Oy. Met. 10 bk. 216 l.

H. AD.

The white swan sings upon the waters clear;  
 Sweet Philomela answers from the wood;  
 Acteon, undismayed, beholds appear  
 His branching horns within the crystal flood;  
 The swiftly-footed hare and timorous deer,\*  
 Spring from their leafy seats in fearful mood;—  
 And little birds to their lov'd nests repair,  
 With loaded bill, to feed their offspring there.

Such was the Isle, whose beauty now delayed  
 The second Argonauts: they left their fleet,  
 And sought the forest where the young nymphs strayed,  
 And seem'd as wandering with incautious feet:  
 Some touch'd the lyre, upon the cithern played,  
 Or made the flute breath music soft and sweet;  
 Whilst other's feign to chase the fleeing brute,  
 And, with their golden bows, affect pursuit.

Unto the Nymphs Dione counsel-lent,  
 That they should wander thro' the fields apart,  
 Seeming as if to shun the heroes bent,  
 And by opposing, lure each noble heart:  
 Some, trusting in their native beauty, blent  
 By nature's hand, paid no regard to art,—  
 But each rich ornament had lain aside,  
 And sported naked in the crystal tide.

H. AD.

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### SONNET TO CATHERINE.

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Take these few slips of fancy—take them Kate!  
 'Tis all I have, not all I wish to give—  
 For I am bankrupt save in love and prayers!  
 But these for gift and keepsakes, though stern fate  
 Envies me all the pride of former state,  
 Shall in my heart, and fancy, cherish'd live,  
 And be the antidotes to wilder cares.  
 And I would hope (all hope!) that these tho' sprung  
 Like green spots in a desert, from a heart  
 Where all but these and love, are dark and drear,  
 May win thy favor—tho' but slightly sung,  
 For friendship smiles on ardor, and will wear  
 Kind looks on humble offerings, and my art  
 Seeks no reward more blessed, than—bonny Kate! thy cheer.

S. F.

Feb. 1824.

Poland Street.

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\* Gazelle in the original.

H. AD.



## LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

*The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.* By Lady Morgan. 2 vol. 8vo. London: Colburn, 1824.

There is, perhaps, no living writer who is better known to the reading world than Lady Morgan, and no writer has been treated with more unmeasured severity by certain dogmatists in literature. She commenced her literary career as a novelist in that wild and romantic style which characterises the unregulated genius of her native land; and from that period down to the present day, the most vindictive criticism has been exercised in a particular quarter on every thing she has written. The conductors of a periodical work, which is known to have a powerful influence on the public taste, were among the first who attacked her; and it must be told to their shame and reproach, that in the furious violence of political prejudice they have forgotten the duty of cool, impartial critics.—As for ourselves, we disclaim any wish of being included in the list of those on the other side, who are always ready to support whatever extravagant opinions Lady Morgan thinks proper to advance. With her principles and opinions we have nothing to do, further than to examine them by the standard of reason and unbiassed judgment. That much of what she has written, is not only exceptionable but absurd, we must in fairness to her opponents admit; but that her works deserve the merciless, indiscriminate censure which they pronounce upon them we can never for a moment allow. It is not because Lady Morgan has adopted the new, light philosophy of the French school, and appears before us as a professed votary at the shrine of Rousseau and Voltaire, that she may not be capable of producing a work, which the good taste, as well as the good sense of an enlightened public, would not fail to approve.—It would seem, however, according to the Gentlemen of "The Quarterly Review," that Lady Morgan's phi-

losophy and politics are the very negative of literary power, while they vulgarize and vitiate every thing she attempts. This test of our author's merit is not more preposterous than unjust. Had Gibbon, for instance, been tried by it, his celebrated history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," would not have obtained a place in the library of any Tory in the realm; but where is the library, whether of Whig or Tory, in which it is not to be found? But it may be said, that Lady Morgan can no more write English like Gibbon than she can Greek like Thucydides. The principle, however, still remains the same; so far as regards the criterion adopted by "The Quarterly Review;" for we contend that Lady Morgan may write a work of merit even in spite of her philosophy and politics.—Nothing can be more ungenerous, nothing more reprehensible than gratuitous severity in commenting on the literary labours of another; and it is well observed by Dr. Johnson, that critics would be much more sparing of their censure were they aware of the difficulty of writing any work, however indifferent. It is far beyond the province of criticism to give the character of hideous vice to the ultra liberalism of certain speculative opinions, and to exhibit the ardent effusions of an enthusiastic mind in the light of daring immorality. "The Quarterly Review" has, however, done this in the instance of Lady Morgan, and proved to the world that it tries the calibre of authors, not by their literary merit, but by their political creed.—The strictures on her "France" were conceived in the most rancorous spirit of party feeling, and the spleen of the writer may be discovered in every line of the foul invective. It would appear that he had taken up his pen for no one purpose, but that of vituperative satirism, and contemplated no other design than to render the object of it equally odious and ridiculous. It

must be avowed, that he has acquitted himself with great *colat* in evincing the malignancy of *nate*, nor do we deny that the work in question furnished some materials on which he might labour with effect, but how far he has succeeded in realizing his grand design may be best inferred from the readiness with which Mr. Colburn, of Conduit-street (a shrewd biblioplist by the way) is still disposed to treat with the deistical, jacobinical, ultra-liberal Lady Morgan.

Certain it is that the "Quarterly," has neither silenced her ladyship, nor made her moderate in the slightest degree the red hot fire of her philosophy and politicks. The volcanic character of both is as strong as ever, and the eruptive matter shews that the crater is still glowing with unabated intensity. In fact, principles, when deeply rooted in the mind, are stubborn things to deal with, and their quantum of error generally determines the quantum of obstinacy with which they are maintained. But though they may be erroneous, or even to a certain extent vicious, they are not on that account to be confuted in gross and abusive terms, for nothing can justify the use of such terms in criticism. Neither should the particular principles of any writer be confounded with his statement of facts, unless they are introduced in opposition to truth, or with the view of giving to falsehood the semblance of reality. In laying down this rule with respect to literary works in general, we may apply it more particularly to those of such writers as Lady Morgan, for they require the more forbearance on the part of the critic, as it is often found difficult to dissociate their principles from their narratives of events and circumstances. The principles of Lady Morgan on religion, morality, and politicks, are such as we can by no means approve; they appear to us always lax, and sometimes even licentious, but so long as she does not gratuitously obtrude them on us, we shall decline the disagreeable task of enquiring into their merits. Considered abstractedly from her

peculiar opinions on those subjects, she seems a pleasing spirited writer, who has something to say of every body, and every thing, and, like all exuberant writers, frequently says more than she understands. Indeed it is obvious that her greatest faults arise from the extravagant estimate she has formed of her powers; an estimate that has led her to give to one work a title co-extensive with the country to which it refers, and to another a designation not less comprehensive or general. We have had "France" by Lady Morgan, and "Italy" by Lady Morgan, and it is not improbable but we may one day or other have "Europe" by Lady Morgan\*

"The daring genius who shall dare confine."

However our business is not now with "France," "Italy" or "Europe" but with the "Life and Times of Salvator Rosa." This is certainly an amusing production, and quite in Lady Morgan's characteristic style, but there appears no good reason why it should have been ushered into the world with the title it bears. Salvator Rosa, though the greatest painter, was by no means the greatest man of the seventeenth century, nor is there any thing in his name that could render it a *point d'appui* for the events of his times, as indicated in the title page of a book. But he was a man of certain sympathies and predilections which Lady Morgan is known to admire, and hence she has volunteered herself as his biographer. That he was also a man of extraordinary genius, and an ornament not only to the country of his birth, but to the age in which he lived, it were absurd to deny; but then his celebrity does not go beyond the precincts of the art which he adorned, and he is to be regarded in no other light than that of a pre-eminent painter, distinguishing himself at a period when painting was on the decline in the country where it had so long flourished. If Lady Morgan had confined herself to the biography of Salvator Rosa, viewed in this light, we should say that the

\* We beg leave to differ with the able writer of this critique: we think the titles of Lady Morgan's Works, are in perfect harmony with their subjects, as to her faults, we do not hesitate to say of them, *in quibusdam villis ipsa lectant*.—EDITOR.

subject, though not perhaps the most interesting she could select, was still not unworthy of a pen more able than hers to do it justice. But while she professes to write the life of the great Neapolitan painter, she enters into a loose and rambling dissertation on topics with which the object of her romantic adoration has no more to do than the Grand Lama of Tartary. She contrives, however, by a singular synchronism peculiarly her own, to connect his name with times, events, and circumstances, which are not more at variance with each other, than with the individual in reference to whom they are introduced. The work commences with an animated sketch of the rise and progress of the art of painting in Italy, from the beginning of the thirteenth down to the close of the seventeenth century, when Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti were the last surviving masters of all those who had been the pride and glory of the Italian school. This introductory chapter is better written than any part of the book, and contains some judicious remarks on the causes which tended to promote as well as to depress the art, under different modifications of political circumstances. The next chapter opens with a violent tirade against the reigning dynasty of Austria, which is described in terms of arch bombast as "a race which in treading on the natural and political rights of those subjected to its leaden sway, has *retrograded civilization by palsying intellect*, and checked the progress of science by interdicting all freedom of discussion and play of thought to the uttermost limits of its bayonets and its tribunals. This vehement attack on the Imperial House of Hapsburg serves as a prelude to Lady Morgan's account of the birth and parentage of her hero, and the poverty of Vito Antonio Rosa, the father of the painter, is referred to the grinding tyranny which the descendants of Charles the Fifth exercised all over the greatest part of Italy, and Naples in particular. From this it might be supposed that Signor Antonio Rosa, was a man of consequence, who had become obnoxious to the ruling powers, and been despoiled of his property by some act of oppression. No such

thing; his rank was that of an humble architect and land-surveyor; he had been always in embarrassed circumstances; nor does it appear that he had ever felt the displeasure of the government in any instance. But according to Lady Morgan's logic, it is impossible that in the seventeenth century there could have been found in Naples such a character as a needy *Agrimensore ed Architetto*, had not the lives and property of the people been subjected to the fell controul of Bourbon despotism! It were a hopeless task to attempt to follow her Ladyship through all her wild and rapid digressions. She is every moment either straying away from her hero, or forcing him into situations where he has no business to appear. From the delineation she gives of his character, it would seem that he was in disposition impetuous, ardent, and enthusiastic, with a sensibility alive to all the finest impressions of nature, and a heart sincere, open, and disinterested. He cultivated with assiduity the art in which his fame is so proudly established, and in youth he is said to have distinguished himself by his proficiency in poetry and music. He had in the outset of his career to struggle with the most appalling difficulties, for he found himself on the death of his father heir to no other bequest than the support of his widowed mother and a helpless family, who had now no earthly means of subsistence, except what an unknown and unprotected youth of eighteen could procure by his pencil. The trying emergency, however, only served to place the character of the son and brother in a more amiable light. Salvator Rosa, whose works are at this day the boast of every rare collection; laboured for the *revenditori*, or stall-merchants of Naples, and sacrificed the pride of genius to the necessities of his kindred. We make an extract, as the highest tribute we can offer to his worth; and the feeling in which it is written would of itself be sufficient to redeem many of the faults which a sense of duty obliges us to censure in his enthusiastic biographer.

Such, however, was his poverty, at the moment which required all the advantages which the mechanism of the art could lend his genius, that he was

unable to purchase the canvass to paint on, and was reduced to the necessity of executing his pictures upon that primed paper on which his boyish talents had first displayed themselves. Thus pressed, the young and obscure landscape-painter of Renelle had no chance of appearing in the arena where the Spagnuolo, the Lanfranco, the Domenichino, and their protected pupils, were disputing the prize of pre-eminence. In want and privation, and destitute of that tranquillity of mind so necessary to the concentration of genius on its subject, the only market open to him was the miserable bulk of one of those few *reverenditori* who then, as now, held their stand for second-hand, damaged, and valueless goods in the *Strada della Carita*. Thither, after having worked in his desolate garret all day, in view of penury and its concomitant discontent, the young artist was wont to repair at night, and timidly hovering near the old *bottleg* of his virtuoso Shylock, to seize some propitious moment for entering, and drawing from beneath his threadbare cloak one of those exquisite designs which have since contributed to his immortality. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose him grouped with his shrewd chapman beneath a flame of a pendant lamp, such as still lights the similar shops of Naples, holding up one of his pictures for the old man's observation; his own fine face with its "African colouring" and passionate expression of impatient indignation, contrasting with the wizard look which escapes from under the Jew's large flapped, yellow hat, while he affectedly underrates a work of which he well knows all the merit. At last the purchase is made, and the miserable pittance is given; that "*scarissimo prezzo*" which hardly sufficed to satisfy with a "*vile morsel*," the famine of those who depended solely on Salvator's exertions, even for this scanty sustenance.

From this deplorable state of extreme indigence he was at length rescued, not by the bounty, but by the interested liberality of Lanfranco, who was at the time the principal painter in Naples, and the leader of an eminent school. Lanfranco happening to see one of the pictures of the young artist thus exhibited at a stall, was so struck with its bold and animated character that he immediately purchased it at a higher price than the sagacious chapman had any reason to expect, and on his return

home desired his pupils to buy up all the pictures they could find marked with the name *Salvatoriello*, for the unknown aspirant was accustomed to affix that diminutive to his hasty productions. In this Lanfranco consulted rather the interests of the art than of the individual; for though he afterwards became acquainted with Salvator, it does not appear from any good authority, that he extended his patronage towards him further than by giving a price for his works which called them into some degree of request.—The young painter, however, still remained poor, and it was not until after he had experienced, in numberless instances, the moody frowns of wayward fortune, that he at length succeeded in gaining a celebrity which the jealousy of cotemporary rivals endeavoured in vain to diminish. He visited Rome, and Florence, and in the latter city, which may be considered the Athens of Italy, nothing could have been more flattering than the reception he met with, particularly at Court, where he was in the highest favour. He closed his earthly career at Rome, after having encountered more hostility, and achieved more for his art than any painter of the age in which he had lived. Before we conclude our notice of the work now before us, we must observe that Lady Morgan's style is, as in all her former works, bold, diffuse, and where the subject admits, highly poetic. There is, an air of freshness and originality about all her descriptions and details; and we can assure our readers that they will have no occasion to complain of *ennui* in going through the pair of volumes which she has devoted to the "The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa."

RELATIVE TAXATION or Observations on the Impolicy of Taxing Malt, Hops, Beer, Soap, Candles, and Leather, &c. By THOMAS VAUX, London: Sherwood and Co., and J. Harding, 8vo. pp. 232, 7s. 6d.

THE work before us is one of those few publications relative to political economy, from which we can

derive either pleasure or instruction. Written with great perspicuity, every sentence is intelligible to the meanest capacity, for the author's style is as lucid as his sentiments; this is much to say of a work avowedly written on an abstract subject. Besides the topics mentioned in our title, Mr. Vaux treats of the manner in which the taxes, there mentioned, affect the different kinds of land whether in grass or tillage, and their constant tendency to encrease pauperism: he also gives reasons for substituting a tax on property, and concludes with an enquiry into the effects arising from perpetuating the land-tax. This abstract of the contents, must satisfy our readers of the broad and comprehensive view which the author attempts to take of the important subject of the relative taxation of land; and we hope that our observations will induce the reader to consult the work itself, rather than be satisfied with our account of it, especially as we do not follow the modern practice of critics; that of gutting a work of its most valuable contents, and clothe them in our own critique, rather than honestly give them in extracts from the author to whom alone they belong. The observations which we think ourselves called upon to make on this occasion, will be merely practical, and which we should have much rather seen in the work under our consideration.

We see in the work before us such a sincere desire to ameliorate the situation; not only of the practical farmer, but also of the poor friendless labourer, that we cannot confine ourselves to a simple and perhaps barren expression of our approbation; we will endeavour to catch the mild light of philanthropy shining in every page of Mr. Vaux's work, and suffer its heat to warm us into arguments alike beneficial to the farmer and his labourer. Actuated with this desire, we shall mingle in our account of this work some original observations, which we flatter ourselves may prove useful to the classes of society for which they are intended, and they may also, without inutility, prove a sort of running commentary upon the text of our author.

As the repeal of the assessed taxes is to come under the immediate consideration of Parliament, Mr. Ma-herly having given notice of motion to that effect, it would be perhaps beneficial to members, to peruse the reasons given by Mr. Vaux; why such repeal should give way to the abolition of other taxes, affecting infinitely more, the lowest classes of society. The tax on Malt alone, deservedly reprobated by Mr. Vaux, is more burthensome to the poor and to agriculture, than all the assessed taxes put together. The duties on Malt, and particularly those on beer, we shall comment upon before we conclude this article, and shall clearly point out how cruelly the poor are affected by them. We are by no means of opinion, that the repeal of the assessed taxes should precede the abolition of all other taxes, for we do not coincide with the reasoning adopted by the advocates of this measure, that the repeal of those taxes would bring home the absentees, who are now spending their money in foreign countries; this repeal would only partially affect those who have left England for what is politely called *prudential* reasons, or, in other words, to shun their creditors; these gentry for the most part, are too deeply involved to receive any sensible good from such a measure, and perhaps their return would be more injurious than beneficial to the country.

Mr. Vaux says, with great truth, at the opening of his first chapter:—

There is perhaps no subject, on which a greater diversity of opinion has been entertained, than that of taxation; and the taxes affecting agriculture appear to be still more complicated than all the rest.

To follow taxation from its source to its utmost ramifications, tracing it in all its complicated windings through the Dædalian maze formed by agriculture, commerce, and manufacture requires patient investigation, extensive knowledge, critical acumen, and in fine the greatest intellectual abilities. Mr. Vaux has cautiously abstained from entering into such a wide and arduous field: he confines himself to agriculture alone,

mentioning the other two only as they may incidentally happen to hear on his arguments. Still we cannot help discovering, that Mr. Vaux seems desirous to make manufactures and commerce of less national importance than agriculture; he joins the general cry of political economists in asserting that agriculture, if not the only, is at least the chief cause of our national prosperity, and that commerce and manufactures are to be considered of much inferior importance. We are not of this opinion: the history of the world affords no example of a nation, purely agricultural or pastoral, ever becoming *ipso facto* great, but many instances may be adduced of the greatness of a people purely commercial. In the infancy of society, after the first dawn of civilization had beamed on the darkest cloud of intellectual night, the predatory and vagrant life of the hunter was resigned for the less rude avocations of the pastoral or the agricultural state; these, in their turn, partially resigned their power over man to a more intellectual pursuit, that of commerce; which, in its turn also, gives way to manufactures as denoting a still higher progression of national intellect. Agriculturists, in general, appear not to be sensible of the benefits they derive from commerce, which, in old countries where population bears hard on the supply of food, shows itself in rural discoveries and inventions; and in new countries, whereland is cheaper than labor, it manifests itself in the purchase and sale of lands, and in the procurement of every means conducive to an encrease of the incipient population. We must, however, never forget that agriculture, commerce, and manufactures are three prolific sisters, from whom we derive all the comforts of social existence; our gratitude and our encouragement should therefore be equally extended to the three, preferring neither one nor the other; although it must be confessed that it is to manufactures and commerce, and not to agriculture, that England owes its present greatness among nations, her laws, and her liberties. Agriculture, however, forms so large a portion of national prosperity, that the keenest attention of the govern-

ment should be incessantly turned to its welfare; but we should at the same time guard ourselves from falling into a contrary extreme, which would lead us to exaggerate the temporary evils it may suffer, and to sacrifice other important interests in order to give an undue share of assistance to this branch of public prosperity. Influenced by these considerations, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Vaux, like many other writers, lays too much stress on the recent distresses of agriculture: they appear to think it possible, that these distresses could arrive at such a height as to cause all the lands of this country to lie untilled, or be so partially cultivated as to occasion famine. In the present state of the arts it is utterly impossible that agriculture can ever arrive at this pitch of misery in England: the present race of landlords and farmers may be ruined, or even annihilated, but their destruction and removal would only make way for a new race, who, proceeding under more favorable circumstances as to rent and manner of living, would till the land afresh, and to much greater advantage than their predecessors; for cultivators of the earth will always be found until the produce ceases to be regulated by the demand: an anomaly that never did and never can occur.

That agriculture is of primary importance to every nation, none can doubt, therefore the proof of such a self-evident proposition, would be a waste of words. In the language of our author, therefore, (page 22,) we must say,

"That a host of evils must unavoidably ensue from a scarcity of food; and that a supply, independent of other nations, must prove a national benefit."

To prevent a scarcity or an exuberant abundance, to approximate the ratio between demand and supply, and, by a wise encouragement and protection of native produce, to prevent the necessity of importation, should be the constant endeavor of the statesman, anxious for his country's good. Is it not, therefore, the interest as well as the duty of every land owner in the

kingdom, to induce his tenants to to bring their corn into the market on the first *approach of importation prices*. Scarcity may be created by unfavorable seasons; unexpected demand, or even by a previous exuberant abundance, often produced by the supply exceeding the demand, in consequence of which land is thrown out of cultivation, and, subsequent harvests not being as prolific as usual, a scarcity ensues. Natural causes, however, never effect a superabundance permanently injurious to the interests of agriculture: the occasional returns of excessive production, caused by seasons unusually favorable to vegetation, are followed by seasons less productive, and the equilibrium is always restored before any permanent or serious injury can result. This would always be the case with every thing, were nature left to operate without the interference of art, but man is in an artificial state, and nature herself must be made to bend to his fancied interests. It is a well known coincidence that superabundance and scarcity, like all other extremes, produce the same effect: hence it is that land may be said to be inexhaustible, and that its fertility can never be destroyed. Mr. Vaux is, therefore, deservedly severe on the following expression of Mr. Malthus:—"It is in the nature of land to degenerate." This assertion Mr. Vaux combats, and we think with success; for it cannot be denied that land has never a tendency to degenerate, unless when under injudicious modes of cultivation. Every crop consumes a large portion of the pabulum necessary to vegetable growth, which must be supplied by a judicious course of cropping, and the application of manure, or land will certainly, in the end, become sterile: but even should this sterility take place and the land be utterly abandoned, the corrective and equalizing hand of nature will, in course of time, restore its exhausted patient by means of rest, the influence of seasons, and the decay of vegetable substances that may accidentally grow upon it, and its former fertility will gradually be restored. For this reason Mr. Vaux's position is true, and land, of itself, has no

natural tendency to degenerate, but to improve; it is to the unskilful cultivator, and not to nature, that any temporary deterioration of the earth's fertility should be attributed. Mr. Vaux is, moreover, perfectly justified in stating, in opposition to Mr. Malthus—

That land in cultivation, with *proper management*, would continue to produce, on the aggregate, nearly double the quantity, which it does with ordinary management.

And in another place (page 60).

"If it should be said that cultivation, by opening the earth, exposes it to the action of the atmosphere, and that this action exhales a great portion of its vegetative properties: I reply, there is not a single particle lost, but the earth is constantly enriched by supplies of generative matter from the return of its own exhalations, which restore those vegetative principles and virtues that had emanated from it.— This is as well known to the fallower as to the philosopher. Perhaps the strongest argument that can be advanced by those who maintain, that it is in the nature of land to degenerate, is, that its properties are exhausted by production: but this argument can have no weight when we reflect, that all productions are ultimately converted into manure, and this manure is again returned to the soil, and restores all the properties of which they had deprived it.

We wish to make some observations chiefly applicable to the most numerous class of farmers, the cultivators of inferior soils, whose situation under the difficulties which, more or less, have oppressed the farming interest for years, has certainly been peculiarly unfortunate: nevertheless their case is susceptible of very great amelioration, if not of a radical cure. Many evils of a latent nature attend them, which not being so easily detected, or rather so easily explained, we shall pass over; otherwise we should extend this article far beyond the bounds of that space which we are able to allot to any subject however important. For a discussion of those evils arising principally from anomalous taxation, we must refer our readers to the sensible, judicious, and philanthropic sentiments contained in the work before us; confining our observations to a few

points which chiefly affect the interests and the comforts of the farmer and his labourers.

It must have been observed by every one who has attended to the distresses of the agriculturists, that a great part of their misery has been occasioned by the artificial and sickly state into which they had, perhaps unavoidably, been drawn by a previous, unexampled state of prosperity, which elevated them beyond their former place in society, and rendered them the less able to bear the blighting frowns of misfortune. Like indigenous plants for a long time kept in a hot house; as soon as they are returned to their natural situation, their sickly and premature growth is unable to bear the change from a state of art to a state of nature.

One evil of considerable magnitude under which the farmer has always laboured, and the barley grower in particular, is his anxiety to procure a large price rather than emend the quantity and quality of his produce. This anxiety has been so prevalent in many corn districts, that it has there become the general opinion among farmers, that a bad harvest is more profitable to them than a good one; that it is better to grow a short crop and sell it at a high price, than be troubled with a larger crop and sell it at a comparatively reduced price. Those who understand farming best, will best know how to appreciate this narrow-minded and short-sighted policy. The obstinate adhesion of the common farmers to a certain mode of cultivating the land derived from their ancestors is well known; one instance we cannot omit, because we think it the source of most of the others. The production of corn is the rock on which they split, and their greediness to obtain a large produce, by means of a large breadth of acres, has blinded them to the possibility of growing a much larger quantity from half the extent. It is notorious to all who have mixed among farmers, that their conversation turns on the number of acres which they sow, and not on the quantity of produce per acre. Indeed, when the conversation happens to turn on the accidental produce of some newly

cultivated land, or of some worn out garden, orchard, or hop ground. Their pride seems to be as capacious as their ignorance, they would comprise in their extensive grasp a whole district, and instances may be produced where small farms (from fifty to one hundred acres each) have been consolidated into one, which does not produce so much wheat as one of the small farms, when it was cultivated by a pious tenant. This observation leads us to the subject of great and small farms, a subject which may be dismissed in few words, although it has often occupied much unnecessary attention. The propriety of dividing an estate into large or small farms depends on the fact, whether it be the natural operation of events or the forced effect of ignorance or caprice. There is a demand and supply in this case as well as in every other. If the demand among farmers for large farms be great, prices are high, produce made plentiful by forced cultivation, and wages (including the poor's rates) are also high. When a revulsion in prices takes place, and plenty continues, or is increased by a diminution of demand, farms are again subdivided, and wages bear a relative decline, therefore to the agricultural population and to the public, inasmuch as the supply of food is affected, whether farms are great or small is a matter of perfect indifference. The grand question is, do the farmers obtain from the land as much produce as it is able to bear? Neither great nor small farms affect this question any more than a great or small house adds to the family of a labourer. The produce of the soil depends not on the division of land, in a country like England, but mainly on the industry and intelligence of the farmers.

We are inclined to think that the prices obtained at present are remunerating to a really good farmer, and would be ampler if the suggestion of Mr. Vane relative to the removal of certain taxes, were carried into effect. The great fault in arable farming on light land has been the comparatively trifling attention to sheep; the number kept upon a farm is seldom half what it ought to



be, and the quality of the carcase and of the wool is attended to by only a few of the best farmers. The time however is arrived when only really good farmers can stand their ground, and it may not prove uninteresting to them to see the practice of agriculture deserted by dandy 'squires and pursers of ships; a different course from theirs must be pursued, and excess of capital, with frivolous accomplishments, must give way to a real knowledge of business: the dairy must again become a leading object of domestic care, and nothing should be consumed in the house but the produce of the farm, except on extraordinary occasions. We do not despair of seeing happy times for the farming interest, when the simplicity, economy, and industry of former times shall be blended with the intelligence, liberality, and polish of the present period. Then, indeed, will the farmer be a contented and happy being, and in proportion to his own want of envy will become the envy of others. Then, indeed, and not till then, we may exclaim with the most polished of poets, who was also a farmer,

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona  
norint,  
Agricolae!

The subject most strenuously advocated by Mr. Vaux is the repeal of the duties on malt, hops, beer, soap, candles, and leather; and if we are of opinion that these taxes should be repealed in preference to the assessed taxes, how much more must we lament the priority given to the silk tax; a measure, whose merit lies only in the ministerial acknowledgement of the principles of free trade. Part of the London press have lately been strongly advocating the repeal of the window tax, which would not be of the slightest benefit to the poor, and of no sensible consequence to the farmer; and, when put in competition with the repeal of the duties on either malt or beer, it sinks into contemptible insignificance; compared with either of these duties the window tax might be called not only unjustifiable and just, but even praiseworthy. Scarcely any part of the poor, and certainly no one indi-

vidual of those who are engaged in agriculture, is in the least degree affected by the window tax, as their cottages or tenements have not more than six windows each, and are therefore exempt. The question of the malt and beer taxes is of such vital importance to the poor, that we cannot refrain from entering into the subject with earnestness and somewhat at large, enforcing the arguments of Mr. Vaux by some observations which we have gathered in the oft-trodden field of experience. Mr. Vaux says, (page 37.)

The malt tax is not only impolitic in its own nature, but absolutely unjust, by denying to the labourer as much of that beverage (beer) which is the produce of his hands, as is absolutely necessary to enable him to reproduce it.

This observation is judicious and humane, and its truth scarcely need be enforced, for it must be well known, that in corn districts a small addition is made to the wages of the labourer in lieu of the beer to which he was previously entitled. This pecuniary addition was never equivalent to the money-worth of the beer resigned, for the labourer being the weaker of the contracting parties invariably suffers, and it may be easily inferred, that the farmer would not enter into this voluntary contract, unless he knew himself to be benefited by it. This arrangement more particularly prevailed in times of increasing prices, and during an apprehended or real scarcity. As it may be beneficial to the poor that this practice should be prevented in future, it being hardly possible to make this arrangement without injury to either the farmer or the labourer, we will prove its injustice. Previous to this allowance of money for beer, the labourer claimed, by long prescriptive right, a quart of beer *per diem* together with an unlimited quantity of small beer, which we will average at a daily consumption of two quarts;—as a pretended equivalent for the renunciation of this right, the farmer allowed the labourer eighteen pence a week. Would this eighteen pence purchase the same quantity of beer for the labourer, viz. 6 quarts of good and 12 quarts of small beer per week? let us estimate this quantity of beer at

the most reasonable prices, and see how the account stands.

	s.	d.
6 quarts of good beer, at 5d.	2	6
12 quarts of small beer, at 2d.	2	0

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4 6

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Thus the quantity of beer to which the poor labourer was entitled, by the most ancient of all rights, prescription, amounts to 4s. 6d., and he is allowed only 1s. 6d., by his employer. By this means the wretched inheritor of poverty and toil is defrauded of three shillings out of four shillings and sixpence; losing in this transaction *two hundred per cent!* But is the farmer, or rather the employer, alone to blame in this hard bargain? no, he is not, and that makes the grand difficulty which it is not easy to surmount. It would be unjust to expect that the farmer can give his labourer 4s. 6d. per week instead of beer, because no considerable portion of this 4s. 6d. is created by duties affecting beer made for sale, which do not affect the beer made by the farmer, and which he had previously supplied to his labourer.—Nevertheless the farmer knows very well that he cannot brew the six quarts of good and the twelve quarts of small beer for 1s. 6d., and, perhaps, for not less than twice that sum; therefore he is anxious to make this unfair contract. There is only one way by which a commutation for beer can be made without injuring one or other of the parties; a way that is already partially followed by many large arable farmers during harvest time. We mean the practice of giving the labourer malt instead of beer or money; this would have a most beneficial effect on the morals and comforts of the poor; for if malt were given to the labourer he must necessarily take it home to be brewed, and his wife and children would derive a part of the benefit. If a labourer receives money instead of his beer, he goes with it to a public house, consumes the whole of it himself, and swallows a deleterious compound inferior in quality and quantity to that which he has resigned in favour of his master: this habit brings on frequent visits to the ale-house and all its usual concomitants, laziness, in-

toxication, and other riotous excesses; how different would the state of the labourer be, the agricultural labourer in particular, if our advice of giving malt and hops instead of money or beer were followed. The quantity of malt and hops should be calculated from the cost of the beer which was previously supplied by the farmer; if the beer cost the farmer, being made by himself and not by the brewer, 3s. a week for each labourer, then he should distribute in malt and hops four times this amount every month; and, as another advantage to the poor and unfriended labourer, without being an injury to the farmer, the malt should not be purchased of a malster, as is usual with housekeepers whose consumption is comparatively trifling, but the practice of sending barley to be malted should be pursued, the farmer paying the usual price for malting, viz. 1s. 6d. per quarter, and receiving the benefit of all the increase. Thus the farmer procuring his malt at a much cheaper rate, would be able to give the labourer a greater quantity without injury to himself. We are convinced, if this apparently trifling alteration were made in favour of the labourer, his moral and social situation would be improved almost beyond calculation: his home would be endeared to him; his wife and family receiving greater benefits would feel towards him an increased affection; finally, the stream of public happiness would be enlarged by the continually increasing circles of domestic comfort. Great as these advantages would be to the working classes, they would not exceed those which the landed interest, in general, would derive from the consequent increased consumption of malt this practice would occasion. The substitution of malt for money instead of beer ought also to be particularly insisted upon as long as any tax, however small, is levied upon malt or beer; as it would materially reduce the number of trades practised by brewers and publicans.

These observations prove the fallacy of that of Burke, quoted by Mr. Vaux (page 38).—"In the case of the farmer and labourer, their interests are always the same, and it is impossible that they can contract an enmity to either party."

This is undeniable when their contracts are *free*, but they can seldom or never be free when wages are so low that the labourer is obliged to seek relief from the parish. Can the commutation for beer allowance be said to be a *free* contract? the smallness of the sum given in lieu of beer proves that the contract is not free, and the advantage being all on one side, such a contract would not be continually repeated if it was virtually free. Contracts with indigent dependents can only be free when labour bears a remunerating price, and then only in the case of the best labourers who engage in task-work, a mode of industry above all others most conducive to the independence and happiness of the labouring classes; and by which are increased not only the moral but the physical energies of the people. Task-work, we are sure, is more common in those places where the populace is less sunk in ignorance, and is one of those widely spreading and numerous benefits that flow from elementary education. A previous accurate knowledge in workmen of the quantum of labour necessary to execute a job, a knowledge always more easily acquired by those labourers who are instructed in the elements of arithmetic, will teach him to economise his strength as well as his time,—both to the task-worker equally valuable. By this two-fold economy he is enabled to perform twice the usual quantity of labour that he performs when working, by the day, in the fields, under circumstances which make him much more a slave than an intelligent being, with sluggish horses, his companions in ignorance, in toil, and in precarious nourishment. Task-work is not only beneficial to the labourer but to the public at large; to him it brings independence and a just remuneration for his toil; to the public it brings a vast accession of industry, and converts an indolent and dishonest slave into an industrious, intelligent, and conscientious labourer.

One of the most important subjects treated of in this work, and certainly that to which we attach most consequence, is a view of agricultural taxation, as it affects good and bad land relatively. It will

surprise many landed proprietors when they read in this treatise, for the first time, that their good land is not so much taxed as their bad land: that an arable farm worth ten shillings per acre pays one hundred per cent. in direct taxation—whereas a grass farm, worth two pounds per acre, pays at the rate of only twelve and a half per cent. in direct taxation. As this is, perhaps, that part of the work most likely to excite the curiosity of the landed interest, and also most likely to be beneficial to proprietors and occupiers in general, we will extract a few of Mr. Vaux's sentiments:—

If any kind of land ought to be taxed more heavily than its relative value would warrant, it should be that, the produce of which can be brought to market at the least possible expense, as the risk of ruin would necessarily be the least to the producer. This is obviously grass land, which at present, and for many years past, bears no proportion, comparatively, of direct taxation, and of indirect taxation, it bears still less. \* \* \* \*

To place the substance of the reasoning which I have hitherto advanced on this subject, in the clearest and most concise point of view, I shall give a table of the different values of different soils to the owners and to the revenue; in which may be perceived at a glance the enormous difference between the taxes paid by grazing and those by poor arable land. It is not to be expected, indeed, that the calculations in this table will hold good in all instances, as a thousand different circumstances may cause an alteration in the relative values of land.

“The reader will therefore make the necessary allowances, when he reflects, that I must be guided solely by the usual differences that exist between the taxes paid by different soils, but these allowances will not affect the force of my general argument, and I do not hesitate to affirm, that, if Mr. Ricardo himself could produce a more accurate statement (I do not mean a statement, which he would consider more accurate, but one which he could prove to be so), it would differ so little from that which I am going to lay before my readers, that it would only tend to confirm instead of shaking the principle I have laid down, and the indispensable necessity of changing the tax on consumption into a property tax.

“In stating the different amounts, which these different soils yield to the

cultivators, and to the revenue, I shall not take into account the diminution caused in the cultivator's profit by tithe and poor rates, which, in numerous instances, strip both the owner and occupier of every shilling.

*Inferior* barley land, rented at 10*s.* an acre, will yield, on an average, about twenty bushels per acre, four bushels of which are generally reserved for seed, leaving sixteen bushels for excisable grain. This crop it produces about once in five years. The average produce, then, will be three bushels and one-fifth a year, per acre, which, when converted into malt, will pay in duty alone 2*s.* 6*d.* per bushel, equivalent to 10*s.*\* per acre annually. These four bushels, at four barrels to the quarter, and 10*s.* a barrel duty, would yield to the revenue one pound per acre; but as the duty on beer and ale produces but half as much to the revenue as malt, it may be estimated at 10*s.* an acre; to which may be added 10*s.* paid by the owner in direct taxation on the commodities purchased for the labourers, by whom it is cultivated, from which 10*s.* the grazier is exempt. This description of arable land, rented at 10*s.* an acre, pays, therefore, at the lowest calculation, 17 10*s.* an acre taxes. These taxes, however, may be reduced on such lands as are disposed to sward; and the greater this disposition, the more safely can the proprietor evade the tax; and it generally happens, that the best land will retain artificial grasses longest, or may be brought soonest to a *natural sward*. Hence the advantages of good lands are rendered still more obvious, for they enable the owner to evade the taxes, whenever their operation tends to strip him of all profit, or when the profits of grazing land exceed tillage. The staple produce of the land which I have just described, as it affects both the proprietor and the revenue, is barley. This produce must be compared with that of other lands, in order to ascertain their relative proportion of taxes. The produce of other arable lands is wheat, beans, oats, &c. The only articles productive to the revenue, accruing from grass lands appropriated to rearing and feeding, are tallow, which furnishes soap and candles, and leather; and from dairy farms, producing only butter and cheese, the

revenue derives but little. These lands are generally remote from all large towns, the land in their vicinity being chiefly confined to the production of hay, milk, vegetables, and fruit. There are considerable quantities of land in the neighbourhood of every large town in Great Britain, which, though not always of the best quality, is, for very obvious reasons, not only most valuable, but actually rendered the most productive, by the facilities which the husbandman possesses of enriching the soil, and the motives which induce him to bestow his attention upon it; yet these lands also pay comparatively nothing to the revenue. Next are the wheat lands, which, with those just mentioned, comprise nearly the whole of the arable lands. The inferior wheat land, being least adapted to stock, is subjected to the highest charge by direct taxation on labour, or what is equivalent, on the taxed commodities used in labour; and if we add the direct tax on British spirits, they afford abundant proof, that tillage is more heavily taxed than grazing land. The taxes on inferior wheat lands exceed, therefore, the taxes on grass land more than those on any other. The tillage lands on the average of the two last years, ending the 5th of Jan. 1822, realized by excise duties on malt, hops, beer, British spirits, starch, and half of the licence duty, leaving the other half for foreign spirits and wine, the sum of 9,153,426*l.*; while the grass lands, with the addition of the foreign hides and tallow, realized only 1,873,836*l.* It is very probable, that the British hides and tallow do not exceed one million.

The principal revenue arising from the produce of grazing land is derived from leather, soap, and candles. We shall suppose an acre of medium grazing land to yield 100 lbs. of butcher's meat; and to every 100 lbs. of meat 13 lbs. of loose fat, and 8 lbs. of hide. In melting down the fat there will be about two pounds of waste, leaving 11 lbs. subject to duty. We will suppose half these 11 lbs. manufactured into candles, at one penny per lb. duty, and the other half into soap, at three pence a pound; in all 1*s.* 10*d.* Hides, on an average, are reduced by tanning to about half their weight in a raw state, and the leather pays three

\* From what is gained in malting there will be nearly four bushels of excisable malt. Perhaps this may be somewhat overrating the increase in malting, but, as the quantity per acre is not overrated, this is of little importance.

pence a pound. These added together therefore will pay 2s 10d. duty. Supposing the land were applied to feeding sheep, the produce to the revenue would be considerably less; perhaps averaging about 2s. 2d., so that a medium of both would be 2s. 6d.

Such are the calculations, that have been my guide in the following table, from which the reader will perceive

almost at a glance how unequally, and consequently how unfairly, the different descriptions of land are affected by taxation. It will contain, however, as I have already mentioned, an estimate only of the sums expended in direct taxation on producing a crop.

The account would stand somewhat as below.—

	Rent per Acre.			Direct Taxation per Acre.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Hop ground .....	2	0	0	3	0	0
Barley land, inferior quality, supposing a crop once in five years, direct taxation 10s, rent 10s. ..	0	10	0	0	10	0
Barley land, of medium quality* ..	1	5	0	0	10	0
Wheat land, medium quality .....	1	0	0	2	0	0
Grass ditto .....	1	10	0	0	2	6
Dairy land .....	2	0	0	0	5	0
Garden ground in the vicinity of large towns .....	1	0	0	3	0	0
Grass land in the vicinity of large towns for milk, &c. ....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Wood and plantation ground .....	8	0	0	0	1	0
Ground rented from 100l to 500l. per acre.						

As it is impossible for us to confine, in the compass of one notice, all we have to say on such important subjects as those treated of in this work, we must restrict ourselves to a bare mention of the other matters to which we have not at present alluded, but which may furnish matter for future articles, as we see the circumstances of the times, and the interests of agriculture in particular, may seem to require.\*

This work is divided into four chapters.—

1st. Relative Taxation, as regards the different qualities of soil.—A property tax proposed in lieu of the taxes on malt, hops, beer, soap, candles, and leather.—The mischievous effect of those taxes con-

sidered, as they regard the public and the revenue.—(Observations on demand and supply.—Tabular view of the poor's rates, &c. at different periods.

2d. Relative taxation of different soils considered in regard to planting.

3d. Relative taxation as affected by tithes.

4th. Relative taxation as affected by the land tax.

The 2d and 3d chapters are peculiarly interesting, and worthy of a patient perusal; so much so, that we are sorry we have not space to enter into an analysis of their valuable contents; we recommend them to the serious attention of landed proprietors.

\* I have put this land at a higher rent than the medium wheat land, because it is better adapted to stock.

\* This subject being of the greatest national importance, we shall occasionally devote a few pages to it; contributions, therefore, on this subject, calculated to promote the public interest, will be received with pleasure.—Ed.

## THE FINE ARTS.

WORKS EXHIBITING AT THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Continued from page 168.)

No. 160.—Is the fine head of an honest British peasant, shouldering a spade, professedly painted from nature, and entitled *Rough Joe*. It is from the pencil of Mr. Owen, R.A., whom we heartily rejoice to see, after his long absence from the honourable field wherein his prowess was wont to be so conspicuous and successful, returning to the charge with undiminished powers. Of all the academicians none paint with more confident and disciplined bravery, or with a surer hope of victory. Our gratulation is necessarily accompanied with regret that his long absence has been occasioned by long suffering.

[We trust to be understood as using the word *bravery* with no purpose of metaphysical display, but critically, and no person must think of *bravura* as he reads it.]

The cause, too, which our champion of art has taken up in the present instance, is excellent: he brings forward one of those worthies who are too often kept in the background, a sincere-looking thoroughbred Englishman of the labouring class; full of rustic character and expression, and so well selected as to afford a fine abstract idea of that class. Bearded and aged, yet hale and vigorous, he seems to say with Burns—"I was bred to the plough, and am independent." The picture tells us of past as well as present life, of contented and peaceful industry, and its silent motto and moral seem to be, honesty is the best policy, and industry the strength of empire. We are scarcely less well pleased with this picture as a work of art, than with its subject as a work of nature. The head comes off from the grey clouds, which shew the plastic flesh tints to harmonious advantage; at the same time, the weather-proof energies of *Rough Joe* imply little solicitude how the clouds may frown. Heard

judiciously takes up the sky-tints; and the style of pencilling throughout, or what some artists term the handling, is roughened to the tone and dimensions of the subject, no farther: there it is bridled and restrained by good taste; and not the least symptom is exhibited of that *bravura* of the pencil, against the imagination of which we cautioned our readers in the outset of our critique.

At no great distance from this interesting specimen of the powers of an accomplished artist, and over the fire-place of the middle room, hang a pair of small pictures of domestic subjects, which appear to disclaim those persuasive graces of style which we value in Mr. Owen, and to rely for approbation on the homelier virtue of unadorned truth. They are numbered in the catalogue 169 and 172. And well may they rely on a power so potent—so omnipotent, we had almost said—for, notwithstanding there is an almost utter absence of all the taught rule and artificial attainment of the schools in these works, the ordinary laws even of pictorial arrangement being not regarded by their author, their charms, as faithful, unsophisticated, transcripts of nature, are amply sufficient to call forth our willing homage; and, like the artless eloquence of our old friend, *Corporal Trim*, goes straight forward and soon reaches the heart. These pictures are distinguished by their very want of scholastic distinction. There is in them an unpretending chastity of style, which looks almost as if style were absent; simple, modest, and like concealment of itself, which causes it to be technically forgotten, and therefore gives it but the stronger claim to be critically remembered. They are works for the public, and for the higher class of connoisseurs. A mere painter, that is to say, a pupil

of an academy of arts, would find it difficult, if at all practicable, to divest himself sufficiently of the *advantages* of his education to form a competent and impartial judgment of their merits. Though on a miniature scale, the *actual* and *reflex* lights are kept harmonically distinct, being discriminated with exquisite delicacy, and in a way and degree that would be unprecedented in modern art, did we not recollect seeing a little picture of old men, also by the same artist, in the corner of the great room at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. If these works had been painted in the days, and in the country, of Miers, of Gerard Douw, what sums would they not bring at Christies! That is to say, had they ever been the property of a great man. But we will not indulge this vein.

The subject of No. 169, in a moral sentimental view, is wisely chosen. By the way, we beg leave to profess ourselves best pleased with pictures that are independent enough of other arts to tell a story for themselves, like that which is before us; and we are well pleased with the story which it tells. It is a little domestic concert, with its effect on a cheerful old man. Ah! what art has power like music to awaken youthful recollections in an aged breast? The composition which now enraptures his imagination, the old man had listened to with glee in his youthful days; and now the dormant fires of fancy are rekindled, and he leaps up, brandishing his walking-cane with elation and delight:—

“—Audolent of joy and youth

He feels life's second spring.”

But there is no such word as *audolent*.—No matter, in a jocose parody, redolent will not do in this case—for we happen to know the difference between hearing and smelling, Mr. Hone will therefore

allow us a license, and the reader will forgive the sort of home quaintness in which our sympathies with this performance incline us to indulge—

The enthusiasm and energy of the old man, and the exertion he is obliged to make in order to sustain it, sympathetically call forth a corresponding exertion on the part of the more youthful performer (his grandson we may suppose) on the English flute or hautboy (we forgot which). If the elder, in recollecting the joys of his dancing days, is stimulated to leap high, the young *Fischer* feels that he must resolve to blow hard.—We suppose it is this *infusion* of the ludicrous that has occasioned the four lines from Butler, which we find inserted in the catalogue\*—*incidental*, no doubt, to the subject of the picture, but not *descriptive* of it, if the painter will permit us to think so; or to state impressions left on our mind, now that the picture is no longer before our eyes.

The female performer exhibits the staid matronly consciousness of the middle period of life, which, satisfied with its own enjoyments, can also look with a sympathetic smile both forward and backward, and partake the pleasures of the senior, while it enjoys the music of the concert. She is rather *homely*† than beautiful; her countenance reminding us of that—

“Something, than beauty dearer; should we look,

Or on the mind, or mind illumined face.”

The subject of the companion picture is of a more serious, though, perhaps, not less interesting character: but we cannot dwell on its details at the same length, on account of others. The welcome old man is here seated in an ordinary apartment after a wearisome journey; and it is painted with the same extraordinary clearness as the former—as if

\* “Should once the world resolve to abolish,

All that's ridiculous and foolish;

It would have nothing left to do,

To apply in jest or earnest.”

† Here again we attach a critical idea to that common but endearing word *home*, which is often but carelessly attended to; and the reader must go along with these discriminations, or he will not possess himself of the good we intend to give.

the artist possessed a peculiar power of dipping his pencil into light itself, and having this power, cared little for selection of objects, knowing that there was sufficient beauty for his purpose, or of "something than beauty dearer" (if we may be indulged in this repetition), to be extracted from all things, and regardless of—or if not regardless of, despising—those canons of art which would restrict painting to what is picturesque. In short, teaching us critics the lesson, that the interior of a common room, with an old man, old table, old yellow-covered chair, and other old fashioned furniture—any objects, if wisely assimilated, will constitute a picture, with good treatment. But other artists claim our attention, and we must part with Mr. Good for the present, hoping that our readers will perceive no duplicity of meaning here; nor suppose that a punster has presumed to seat himself in the cathedra of criticism. What critic could bear to be suspected of punning allusion to the name of the painter of *The Tired Traveller* and *The Power of Music*? It would indeed be hard, when our single meaning is good;—when our "heart is inditing of a good matter," to be thought of as a jester.

*La Bella Fornarini, observing the progress of her portrait in Raffaele's study*, (No. 143) by W. Brockedon, being made up entirely of portraiture and matters of fact, collected and brought together for the purpose, and most of them brought from Italy—is a genuine historical picture; and belonging to a species of history, which we presume, in despite of those past examples with which our library-shelves groan, to place before those of battles and court intrigues, inasmuch as it exhibits a nobler manifestation of mind. Surely a history-piece taken from the brightest era of art, should be as deeply interesting to connoisseurs, as a battle-piece to a warrior. The portraits with which we are here presented are those of Raffaele Sanzio himself and his favourite mistress, the former sufficiently dressed, considering that he is at home, and following his favourite pursuit; the latter sufficiently undressed; and both painted with

considerable ability. The apartment, as we are given to understand, is the real study of Raffaele, of which the walls are flourished with Arabesque ornaments from his own tasteful pencil, and the ancient furniture remaining to this day, nearly as Raffaele left it—all of which have the appearance of being painted with great fidelity.—We deem this one of Mr. Brockedon's best performances, if not the very best of all. Having hitherto beheld only his larger (scriptural) pieces, which did not call for the same careful elaboration of the pencil; the public will doubtless see with pleasure that he is possessed also of the manual dexterity necessary to the treatment of smaller and more familiar subjects, and will respect accordingly the versatility of his powers. The portfolios bearing Raffaele's monogram, and other quietly-gilded blazonry; his easel, and other implements of art; the fruit and flowers, which are as poetically introduced as they are beautifully painted, all participate in this care and dexterity. In truth, they are almost too well painted; for the principal parts of a picture should ever seem to have claimed and obtained the artists best attention, or he gets himself into the reproachful predicament in point of taste, as Sadler's Wells with its "real water" and unreal *dramatis personæ*. And here we are in duty bound to notice—*notwithstanding* our artist may have felt himself fettered by the engraved portrait—that the expression of her whom we have been taught to regard as "the interesting La Fornarini," might with advantage have been more animated, considering the reciprocity of taste and feeling that is recorded to have subsisted between the divine artist and his favourite. Mr. B. does not want for resolution, and should have boldly broken these fetters. We believe also, that the head of Raffaele will be found to be of dimensions disproportionably large.—Is our friend Brockedon a native of "the deserted village?" and was he brought up under that celebrated schoolmaster, to whom

"Still they gaze, and still he grows  
derogary."



"That one *small* head should carry all  
he knew?"

Mr. Haydon exhibits a picture (No. 303) of the trucksome *Puck*—dearly treated, and not taken, we believe, from any particular passage of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but yet a proper episode to that magical comedy, and full as good in point of subject as if it was. Obedient to the bidding of *Titania*, the "shrewd and knavish sprite, who is here represented as a sylvan and fawn-like fairy, is flying through the clouds, among which appears a meteorological fairy omen; an ill omen, well thought of by the painter, though not mentioned, that we recollect, by the poet. *Puck* carries with him that head of the ass which is to convert our dramatic friend, *Bottom*, into a paragon of loveliness. It is a picture of unobtrusive character. The dark head of our long-earred acquaintance, being the only solid earthly thing it contains, acts as shadow, and imparts a clearness and the necessary degree of aerial, fairy-like character to the rest of the composition. The figure is drawn with Mr. Haydon's usual academical prowess, and the whole is painted—shall we say with a somewhat rapid pencil? but with that comprehensive breadth, and masterly power over the materials of his art, which this artist is well known to possess. The private history of this picture is now pretty well known; and therefore we were the more surprised when we last visited the gallery, at not perceiving those four letters at the corner, which are as much a star and garter to the purchaser, as to the painter of a meritorious modern work. Mr. Haydon made a study of the head of an ass for his large picture of *Christ entering Jerusalem*, which chanced to be on rather a large canvass, and looking round him in his day of adversity, and we must say, in the day when his works, though admired by the public, were neglected and deserted by those who would be thought the patrons and promoters of high art. Looking round him (we say) with the wish of getting-up a picture, smaller than those whose extra dimensions had been objected to, in time for the opening of the British Gallery—the canvass

with ass's head presented itself as the available means; and the visitor of the present exhibition sees the result in the picture of double claims which is before us. Writing with reference to the picture we have just reviewed from the pencil of Mr. Brookedon—or rather, to the subject of it, we would say,

"Look here, upon this picture, and on that;"

Look at *Raffaële*, lodged in luxury at the Vatican, and think of the fate of the best efforts of Mr. Haydon.—England may boast her successful portrait-painters—her *Reynoldses*, her *Romneys*, and her *Lawrences*—which would be to her national credit, did her best painters of scriptural history also meet with adequate encouragement; but how is she ever to boast of her *Raffaëles*, when those who would with ardent follow his example in their course of study, meet with such patronage as Mr. Haydon.—Patronage!

Mr. Eastlake has been much praised in the public prints. Does he deserve it all? Perhaps he does, for he evinces very considerable powers; but in our estimation his colouring wants sobriety; nor do we, in adventing to this garishness, forget the difference between the mist of British landscape scenery, and the thin atmosphere of Italy.—Nevertheless No. 343, *An antique Rural Scene*, carries back our mind to the classical and Arcadian ages, and reminds us—though not with the same success as the learned and chaste pencil of Poussin—of the poetry of Bion and Theocritus.—No. 246. *The death of a noted Bandit Chief of Valde Corsa*, certain incidents of whose resolute and predatory life have formerly engaged the pencil of Mr. Eastlake, is also ably painted. The dying languor which is stealing over the firmness of his native resolution is well expressed.

No. 185.—Is a humorous production from the pencil of Mr. Landseer. The subject never fails to excite a smile notwithstanding its mischievous character: for in this ludicrous scene the most men play a part. La Fontaine's fable of the monkey and the cat, is, in this composition, very ably conceived of, and very judiciously treated. The scene of al-

tercation is a laundry, where puss and pug appear to have been inmates: during the absence of the laundress he has extricated himself from confinement, and finding no means to acquire the roasting nuts, appears to have applied himself very unceremoniously to the cat for the use of her paw. We see that this intended compliment has been declined by flight, and resisted by force, from the evidences of the broken plate, the spilled salt, the overturned coal-scuttle, on the floor, and garden-pot, which has been precipitated from the window upon the ironing blanket. The shawl which is thrown over the cat to prevent the operation of her talons, and the removal of the laundress's seat to the side of the stove are instances of great ingenuity both in the painter and the monkey. As a picture, this production is inferior to no painting of its class. It exhibits a clear conception, which embraces a whole subject; and displays a power of talent that is very honourable to the artist. We scruple not to say that the drawing, expression, colouring, and character of the monkey's head, and handling on the breast, head, and the paws of the cat, have never been surpassed by any native artist. The picture, as a whole, is harmoniously and vigorously painted.—But we must say, that we think the sagacity of the little puss in the basket could never emanate from a kitten's *cranium*; and therefore, however well painted, is incorrect.

Many of the landscapes exhibited this season possess great merit; and Mr. John Lewis has a very clever picture of *Deer-shooting* in Mr. Lennard's park at Bell House, in Essex, a mixture of landscape, with animals and figures. It is numbered 280.

From the pencil of Mr. Hosland are some scenes which must be allowed to possess a certain amenity of *chiaro-scuro* that is very pleasing. Among them are *Hamstead Heath*, (No. 95) *London from One Tree-hill, Greenwich*, (No. 100), and *Holton Priory*, (No. 227). In there is in his pictures in general a certain symmetrical and artificial arrangement, that is too obvious; a trammelled mode of grouping in his trees, especially, which would seem

to have advanced into his landscapes with a measured and dancing step; a repression of spontaneous energy, and in short, a substitution of taught *etiquette*, as if they were the production of 'the son of a genius.'

We turn with pleasure from these trim and park-like trees, to the wilder forms presented in those of Constable, Stark, Nasmyth, Linton, and Vincent. The village and woodland scenery of Mr. Stark, preserve and augment the reputation which this artist obtained some years ago from the public approbation of his merits, and purchase of some of his works by Sir George Beaumont. The calm repose of his shadows, combined with his genial and mellow light and colour, and the genuine English pastoral of the scenes which he represents, cannot but call forth pleasurable sentiments. A Nohhima-like *View near Norwich*, (No. 163) affords, we think, no inapt illustration of these remarks. We wish Mr. Constable displayed more of this geniality in his view of *Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Grounds* (No. 46). It is, however, a very pleasing specimen of his art, more carefully pencilled than some others; very like the plate, and painted with—as indeed his subject imperiously required—more careful attention to details. It looks like *ivory* among emeralds—"Aye, there's the rub"—we wish it looked a little more so, and a little less like white *porcelain* among emeralds. However, let us not be dogmatical critics. Perhaps it may be only our too sudden transition from the L'Alegro tones of Stark and Linton, that makes us fancy the Cathedral a little too cold, and the trees a little too green. The wild, rambling forms of the latter would probably soon make us forget their own verdancy, if they be really so. They betray no set, symmetrical, haphazard consciousness that they have the honour to grow in a Bishop's garden, as would probably have been the case had Mr. Hosland treated the subject; but they fling forth their foliage and branches with a noble freedom, which argues the good taste of his lordship's landscape gardener, if he has one, as well as that of his landscape painter.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We are happy to inform our readers, that the new Gallery, situated in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, is nearly completed. The rooms are without those unpleasant things to artists, corners, and the light, as it does in nature, descends from above. We are bold to say, that a gallery open in April, May, June, and July, and embracing painting (in oil and water colours), sculpture, architecture, and engraving; where the

tasteful can admire the works of modern art, and the opulent purchase them—without that miserable medium, a picture-dealer—is a desirable thing; and we presume a treat will be anticipated by the lovers of fine art, when from a list of upwards of thirty names we select the following—viz. Heaphy, Hosland, Glover, Ritcher, Nasmyth, Linton, Martin, and Burnet.

## REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

In the course of the last month two very important questions were discussed in parliament, and with a tone and temper worthy the great interests they involved. In the House of Lords, the Marquis of Lansdown brought forward a motion for an address to the throne, on the expediency of recognizing forthwith the independence of the new Government of South America; and Mr. Canning, in the Lower House, took occasion the day after, while presenting some official papers, to enter into a minute detail of the various measures which have recently been adopted for ameliorating the condition of the slave population in our colonies. Earl Bathurst made a similar statement in the House of Lords simultaneously with his right honourable colleague, but, by no means, in terms so perspicuous or convincing. With respect to the first question, it could not have been placed in better hands than those of the enlightened nobleman who brought it forward, if a luminous exposition of facts fully and forcibly urged could enhance its importance; but ministers were already sensible of it, and had anticipated the necessity of the motion by an act of virtual recognition—that of sending out consuls to the revolted colonies of Spanish America. The course of argument taken by the Marquis of Lansdown, bespoke, at once, the statesman and the philanthropist. While he deprecated any views of selfish policy in proposing the measure, he declared he should never

sanction any principle from motives of national interest, that might be at variance with the rights of any nation,—he still maintained, that for Great Britain to recognize the states in question, was not only consonant with the soundest principles of policy, but with the strictest maxims of justice. He regarded all the efforts of Spain to reduce them once more under her sway, as perfectly hopeless and chimerical; and the co-operation of any other power for that purpose he held to be so directly opposed to our interests, that we must oppose it with the most determined resistance. Such, being the state of the case, he contended, that Spain could have no right to complain of our acknowledging the independence of regions which were lost to her for ever, and which, since they had shaken off her yoke, were making rapid progress in all the arts of civilization and improvement. In expatiating on the advantages which this country must derive from a free commercial intercourse being opened with so vast a portion of the western hemisphere, he adverted in turn to the great benefits which such an intercourse was calculated to confer on seventeen millions of people who were no longer vassals under a Spanish viceroy, but had raised themselves to a condition which entitled them to establish relations of social amity with any state calling itself independent. He contended, moreover, that the aspect of political affairs in Europe rendered it not only desira-

ble, but absolutely necessary for us to form relations of closer intimacy with every part of the New World. There existed, he said, in Europe an alliance among the great powers to which England, from the nature of her free constitution, could never be a party; and as they were all jealous of her prosperity and commercial enterprise, she was the more urgently called upon to strengthen the proud position she held by new connections and increased resources. The Earl of Liverpool admitted in general terms the truth of these propositions, but it appeared that neither his lordship nor his colleagues thought a formal recognition expedient at present. In fact, they very justly considered, that the appointment of consuls to the different states was of itself quite sufficient for all the purposes of amity, and commercial intercourse; nor were they willing to go farther while the court of Madrid indulged any hope, however vain, of again subjugating countries over which it can never more exercise any controul. In the mean time, as their sentiments are avowed with respect to the hostile interference of any other power, and as the whole force of the United States is prepared to second the determined policy of Great Britain, the countries in question have nothing whatever to apprehend. They are now independent *de facto*, and it matters not to them whether they are considered so *de jure* or not. Bonaparte was Emperor *de facto*, though the British Cabinet refused to recognize him as such *de jure*, but he was not, on that account, the less absolute or formidable; and might have been Emperor to the day of his death, had not the madness of ambition prevailed over all the dictates of reason. It is evident, however, that Spain is not a little disconcerted at the part we have taken,—and finding that France will not espouse her cause at the risk of a rupture with us, she must very soon abandon her pretensions to trans-Atlantic sovereignty, and recognize the independence of states which she has not the power to controul. Indeed it is probable she would have done so ere now, had it not been for the influence of Russia,—but she no longer

she delays, and the more she shews herself inclined to lean towards the policy of the great Autocrat of the north, the more ungracious will be his ultimate acquiescence, and the more alienated the affections of her revolted subjects.

The second question to which we have adverted as having come under the consideration of the legislature, is one of still more importance, because of more immediate interest than the first. The present state of our West India possessions calls not only for prompt decision on the part of our administration, but for more than ordinary wisdom and discretion. To allay angry passions, to remove obstinate prejudices, to convince stubborn incredulity, and to reconcile conflicting interests, is a task the most arduous that can possibly be imagined, yet have ministers endeavoured to accomplish it in this instance. In fact they have done as much as any men could do under such circumstances. On one side, they found themselves importuned and assailed by the planters whose vital interests were at stake; and on the other, the cry of outraged humanity was raised in their ears by all the vehement abolitionists in the empire. It was Mr. Watson Taylor, and Co. *versus* Mr. Wilberforce, and Co., and both parties *versus* the Cabinet. Placed thus between two extremes, the ministers resolved to adopt a middle course, one which should satisfy all except the more violent declaimers on both sides. With this view, they framed a series of nine regulations for the future management of the slave population, and, judging from the tenour of theirs, as explained both by Lord Bathurst and Mr. Canning, we think them peculiarly suitable to the objects which they contemplate. They provide not only for the religious and moral instruction of the slave, but also secure him against undue severity, and allow him some privileges in common with the freeman. An officer who is styled the Guardian and Protector of Slaves has been appointed by an order in Council, to see the regulations duly enforced, and the slaves may always apply to him for redress in any instance of cruelty or oppression on the part of their masters. One of the regulations pro-

vides, that no female slave, shall at any future time, be flogged, and the whip is for ever abolished as an emblem of authority, while the use of it as an instrument of punishment to the males, is placed under certain restrictions, the number of lashes being limited to twenty-five. But next to those regulations which provide for their religious and moral culture, the most important of all is that which gives to slaves the right of acquiring property, and secures it to them when acquired. 'Savings' Banks in which they may deposit their little accumulations, are to be established in the several districts, and the interest they are to receive is fixed at the rate of five per cent. They have it also in their power to purchase not only their own freedom but that of their immediate relations; and this cheering reflection must act as the strongest incentive to their exertions and industry. Such is the brief outline of the measures provided by Government to meet an emergency not more urgent than arduous. It is very probable, however, that they will meet with determined opposition from a large proportion of the planters; who having been always habituated to the exercise of arbitrary rigour, must be impatient of any restrictions on their authority. Neither is it likely that the new system will be approved by that class in this country who may be termed fanatical philanthropists. The former will maintain that ministers have gone much too far, the latter will contend that they have not in any respect gone far enough. Nothing short of unmitigated slavery will satisfy the one party: the other will still insist on complete abolition. According to all accounts, the spirit of opposition appears to be most violent in Jamaica; while on the contrary, in two or three of the other Islands, a disposition is evinced to adopt the new regulations. Government, however, must act with vigour and determination, and not concede any thing to parties or passions at the expense of the general interests of her colonies. The project of a regular ecclesiastical establishment for the

West Indies, has been suggested, it seems, by recent occurrences; for it was discovered that the Sectarian Missionaries exercised an influence over the minds of the negroes which ought immediately to be counteracted, as it rendered them dissatisfied with their condition. Indeed, there is too much reason to believe that this was the case, and it must be admitted that a class of men possessed of more zeal than prudence, more fanatical ardour than meek piety, are not the best instructors for those whom it has pleased Providence to leave subject to the yoke of slavery, while their minds are involved in darkness and delusion.

The principal feature in the foreign intelligence which has reached us since we last went to press, is the character which the French papers give of the new Chamber of Deputies. The ministerial party, or the Ultras, as they are termed in political phraseology, have it all their own way. They form not only an immense majority, but an overwhelming phalanx, the whole number of opposition candidates returned by the different Electoral Colleges, not exceeding seventeen. This certainly does not augur well for the stability of a representative Government in France; for it is idle to talk of popular representation in a country where there is not the semblance of popular controul in public affairs.

The last arrivals from Greece inform us that the insurgents still continue to fight with determined resolution, and the Turks are now said to indulge but faint hopes of subduing them. The first classic poet of the age has obtained a distinguished station among the countrymen of Homer and Pindar, in whose cause he is enthusiastic. The Greek authorities have conferred on Lord Byron the rank of President of Strangers, a post of high distinction; and he may, perhaps, ultimately be chosen President of the new Republic. Many stranger things have occurred in the history of revolutions and republics. At all events, as a poet he will become immortalized by the association.

## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

At this theatre nothing new has been produced since our observations on the performances in our last number, when we noticed the innovations which had taken place in some of the comedies of Shakespeare, by the introduction of *operatic* scenes and songs, foreign not only to the purpose, but to the character of the plays; for of all comedies those of Shakespeare are the most unfit for such innovations, and require them

the least, for the purpose of rendering them either more entertaining, interesting, or instructive; and of all Shakespeare's comedies none required them less than the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and yet this comedy has continued almost without interruption to hold possession of the stage of this theatre during the last month, *operatized* as it is by songs from his other plays.

## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The opera of *Native Land; or, The Return from Slavery*, which we noticed in our last number to have met with a favourable reception at this theatre, has continued to attract a crowded house three or four times a week. A new comedy, however, with songs, the production of native genius, which was represented at this theatre on the 11th instaut, has met with a still more favourable reception. It is entitled, *Pride shall have a Fall*, and said to be from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Croly, the author of "Paris in 1815," the tragedy of "Catiline," and other equally celebrated poetical productions. The plot is simple, and founded on circumstances which are not only probable, but daily occurring on the great theatre of the world. The characters and plot of the play are Sicilian.

*Lorenzo* (C. Kemble, afterwards Mr. Cooper), a captain in the Sicilian hussars returns from Morocco, where he had been on an expedition, and seeks the hand of *Victoria* (Miss Paton), previously betrothed to him, and daughter of a wealthy merchant, who, however, during the captain's absence, had been bequeathed vast estates, and raised to the rank of nobility, under the title of *Count Ventoso* (Mr. Farren). The pride of the newly made *Countess* (Mrs. Devenport) will not suffer her to give her daughter to a poor captain of hussars, and she prevails on the *Count* and on *Victoria* to reject his

suit. The *Count* over-ruled in all things by his proud and titled dame, after closing his accounts between promises and performances, and placing the debt to the side of matrimonial or petticoat government—a government in which he heartily wished for a radical reform—gave his consent; and *Victoria* was obliged to give hers. The captain is accordingly informed that his suit is no longer acceptable, that like should wed with like, and that a military adventurer was not the proper person to solicit the hand of the daughter of *Count* and *Countess Ventoso*. *Lorenzo*, offended at this repulse, and smarting with "the pangs of despised love," in the bitterness of his grief and chagrin, informs his brother officers of the reception he had met with, and the insult given through him to the whole profession. The officers, the *Colonel* (Mr. Abbott), *Major O'Shannon* (Mr. Connor), and *Easign* or *Cornet*, *Count Carmine* (Mr. Yeates), who, being hussars, even though *Sicilians*, are highly incensed at the pride of the *parvenues* in rejecting a distinguished member of their corps, in a matrimonial alliance, and are resolved to punish this newly acquired pride in the manner it deserved. For this purpose they visit the public goal, and after examining many prisoners, they pitch upon one *Torrento* (Mr. Jones), a wild dissipated fortune-hunting adventurer, who had been lodged there for debt, and the

fashionable act of running a friend through the body. To him they propose to personate some exalted character, proceed to the castle of *Count Ventoso*, and obtain his daughter in marriage. He consents, for he had been formerly paying his addresses to *Leonora* (Miss Love), the sister of *Victoria*, and imagining that *Victoria* and *Leonora* were one and the same person, he expects by this plan to gain the object he had formerly in view. He accordingly assumes the title of *Prince Pindemonte*, obtains the consent of the Count and Countess, who are enraptured by such a princely alliance, and a marriage is immediately to take place. *Lorenzo* however relents, and not wishing to see his *Victoria* sacrificed to a man whom he considered no better than a felon interferes, and informs the Count and Countess that their Prince was no other than an imposter. *Torrento*, however, wishing to accomplish his own object asserts his rank, in support of which he is aided by a letter addressed to him as Prince of Pindemonte, written by *Lorenzo* himself. After, however, a variety of incidents, the nature or purport of which are not very intelligible on the stage, it turns out that *Lorenzo* is the very Prince whom *Torrento* personates, a circumstance which he was not aware of himself, and that *Torrento* is the true heir to *Ventoso's* title and estates. In this denument the *Pride* of the family has had its fall, but in the end *Lorenzo* and *Torrento* are united to the two sisters.

The principal character in the play is that of *Torrento*; in this character Mr. Jones has an opportunity of putting forth his greatest talents, and he certainly does so; never was any character better conceived or done more justice to. The various changes of fortune to which *Torrento* is subjected during the representation is admirably well supported. The vivacity and chaste, but comic powers of Mr. Jones give to that character a powerful interest throughout. The author had certainly Mr. Jones's manner of acting in his eye when he moulded this character, and one better adapted to his talents we think is scarcely possible to conceive; it would alone

save the play from being condemned. His manner of receiving the hussars, of whose intentions he was not at first aware, was very characteristic of the pride of the profligate and abandoned gentleman when reduced to the level of the felons of a gaol, and his appeal to his fellow prisoners on the injustice of thus intruding on the *privacy* of their *domestic circles*, was broad, humorous, and laughable, and delivered with powerful effect. The speech is itself a caricature of that species of oratory so ably practised by some of our own field orators for the purpose of inflating the mind and feelings of the thoughtless and inconsiderate.

We give the speech more for the amusement than the instruction of such of our readers as may not, for some time, light upon the play.

#### *The Prison Harangue of Torrento.*

Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our *domestic circle*; in the *loveliness* of our private lives; in our *otium cum dignitate*? Gentlemen of the jail! (*Cheering.*)—Is not our residence here for our country's good? (*Cheering.*)—Would it not be well for the country, if ten times as many that hold their heads high outside these walls were inside them? (*Cheering.*)—I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our *honourable* straw, our *venerable* bread and water, our *virtuous* slumbers and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity? (*Cheering.*)—No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not all that *live by the law, die by the law.*

Mr. Jones as *Prince of Pindemonte* personated that character with his usual ease and vivacity, and with fashionable dignity; and those who are acquainted with his *Mercutio* will easily perceive the able manner in which he delivered the following parody on *Queen Mab* in favour of *Curiosity*, for whatever may be said to the contrary a parody it evidently is, but is it on that account the less worthy of the author of "Catiline"? certainly not. The subjects and language are totally different. It is only in the manner and conduct of the thing personated that the likeness exists, and imitations that come

no closer to each other than this deserve credit when ably executed.

### Curiosity.

I'll rhapsodize the fools.

### Curiosity!

True, lady, by the roses on those lips,  
Both man and woman would find life  
a waste,

But for the cunning of—Curiosity!

She's the world's witch, and through  
the world she runs,

The merriest masquer underneath the  
moon!

To beauties, languid from the last  
night's rout,

She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders  
wrapt

In morning shawls; and by their pillow  
sits,

Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,  
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled  
lace,

The hundredth Novel of the Great Un-  
known!

And then they smile, and rub their eyes,  
and yawn,

And wonder what's o'clock, then sink  
again;

And thus she sends the pretty fools to  
sleep.

She comes to ancient dames,—and stiff  
as steel,

In hood and stomacher, with snuff in  
hand,

She makes their rigid muscles gay with  
news,

And thus she makes the world, both  
young and old,

Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY!

The character of *Toriento* will long remain a favourite with a British audience, especially whilst it has so able a representative as Mr. Jones. *Toriento* is not the only comic and interesting character in the play. *Cornet Count Carmine*, a dandy hussar, a fop and a soldier, is well conceived, and admirably supported by Mr. Yates; and *Major O'Shannon*, with his broad frogue and rafe bull, was a fine contrast to the refined and highly rectified tone of the fashionable *Cornet*; both witty, and neither sparing of it on each other. Mr. Abbot had little to do as the *Colonel*, and C. K. K. K. considering what he could do, but less in the character of *Lorenzo*. It is a character altogether below his powers, and we are glad to find that he has given it over to Mr. Cooper, to whom it more properly belongs.

E. M. May. 1824.

for it possesses neither tragic nor comic passion, and, consequently, is more adapted to the plain and steadfast manner of Mr. Cooper. Mr. Farren gave great effect to the character of *Count Ventoso*, and as for Mrs. Davenport, as the *Countess*, she was laughable and pleasing throughout. She constantly reminded us of Lady Duberry, and her manner of depicting the pride of the new-made *Countess* was natural and consistent, and finely displayed the vanity and ostentation which usually accompanies ignorance and wealth. Miss Paton and Miss Love appeared to advantage, the former by her songs, the latter in both her songs and agreeable manner of acting. With regard to the merits of the comedy, as far as it regards dramatic construction, we certainly consider it faulty, and that it requires much amendment. The last act, which possesses all the life, incident, and character, is very deficient in this respect, in consequence of a narration which takes place between *Lorenzo* and his father, with regard to his birth, &c., a circumstance, however necessary for the purpose of elucidating some "question of the play," is here ill-timed and offensive. These things should be done without stopping the rapid movements of the incidents which should always, in the last act of a play, be animated and lively. If an audience can at all, with patience, listen to a narration, it is in the beginning, but never towards the conclusion, when every thing should be made to "bow down to sovereign curiosity." In fact, an audience prefers ignorance of the story, to any interruption of this kind that protracts the winding-up of the play. In every other respect there is interest, incident, and character, to a very eminent degree, circumstances which never fail to render a play pleasing and attractive. With regard to the poetical and literary merits of this play, we are very willing to acknowledge that it possesses many of both. The language is chaste and elegant, teeming with imagery, and refined sentiment, and for a literary production we have no hesitation in saying that it will be read with pleasure by every lover of elegant composition.



## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.**—The History of the Political Institutions of Germany; with the Constitutions by which the various States of that country have been, and are now governed, comprising the first part of the second volume of the Political Institutions of the Nations of Europe and America; from the French of MM. Dufau, Duvergier, and Guades, Advocates of the Cour Royale, Paris. By T. E. Evans, Esq.

The Memoirs of a late celebrated English Countess, the intimate friend of an Illustrious Personage, written by herself, will appear in the course of the present month.

The Odes of Anacreon of Teos, in English verse; with Notes, Biographical, Critical, and Elucidatory, by W. Richardson, will shortly appear.

Proposals are circulating by Mr. Taylor for publishing, in parts, a new and improved Edition of the scarce and valuable Work, by the late Sir William Chambers, on the Decorative Part of Civil Architecture, with the original Plates, in Imperial folio, and the Text entire, in quarto.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Goethe, the admired author of Faust, the Sorrows of Werter, &c. are just ready for publication. Goethe has long received the appellation of the "Voltaire of Germany," and Lord Byron, in his Dedication of Sardanapalus, styles him the first of living writers, who has created the Literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe.

The fourth Livraison of the "Napoleon Memoirs" may be expected in the course of the present month.

The long expected Novel of "The Highlanders," from the pen of the author of the Hermit in London, Hermit Abroad, &c. will appear in a few days.

We are happy to see that a translation of M. Dupin's most important and generally useful Work on the Commercial Power of Great Britain—a Work which supplies a variety of details to the Statesman, the Merchant, and the Man of Science, heretofore uncollected in this country, is announced for early publication.

The Miscellaneous Writings of the celebrated John Evelyn, the appearance of whose Memoirs lately excited so much interest, are preparing for publication, in one volume &c.

A second Series of Highways and Byways, or Tales of the Road-side, is

in the Press, which will, no doubt, sustain the writer's well-earned reputation.

A New Edition of Count Las-Cases' Journal of the Conversations of Napoleon, is preparing for publication, comprised in 4 large vols. 8vo. with a Portrait of Las Cases, four Views of Saint Helena, from Drawings taken on the spot, by eminent Artists, and other Plates.

Sir Arthur Clarke, M.D. &c. Author of an Essay on Bathing, &c. has nearly ready for publication a Practical Manual for the Preservation of Health, and the Prevention of Diseases incidental to the middle and advanced periods of Life, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Just published, Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.—By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. price 11. 4s.

The Buds of Aristophanes, translated into English verse, with notes.—By the Rev. H. F. Carey, A.M. Author of the translation of Dante, 8vo. price 9s. 6d.

Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain, selected and translated by John Bowring, small 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

## IN THE PRESS.

"Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease; comprehending Popular Rules for regulating their Diet, Dress, Exercise, and Medicines, together with a variety of Prescriptions adapted to the use of the Nursery."—

By Dr. Kennedy, of Glasgow. This Work will form a neat volume in 12mo.

The Rev. Miles Jackson, Minister of St. Paul's, Leeds, has a New Edition of his Sermons in the Press, in 2 vols. duodecimo, in which will be included many new ones.

Tours to the British Mountains; Descriptive Poems, &c. By Thos. Wilkinson, of Yanwath, Westmoreland, 8vo.

Essays and Sketches of Characters. By the late Richard Aytou, Esq. with a Memoir of his Life, and a Portrait, engraved by J. C. Lewis, from a Drawing by Mr. Westall, post 8vo.

Aids to Reflection; in a series of Prudential, Moral, and Spiritual Aphorisms, extracted from the Works of Archbishop Leighton, with Notes and interpolated Remarks, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 1 vol. small 8vo.

## WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

*Dr*

*Alasco: a Tragedy*, by Martin Archer Shee, Esq. R.A. 8vo.

*The Old English Drama*, No. 1.; containing *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, from an Original MS. sm. 8vo. 2s. 6d., large paper 4s.

*Shakespeare's Plays*, with Notes, Original and Selected, by Henry Neele, Esq.; embellished with Engravings from Paintings by G. F. Joseph Fry, A.R.A. In monthly parts, 8vo. 2s. 6d. each.

*History.*

Vol. I. Part 2. *The History of the Political Institutions of the Netherlands*; with the constitution by which that country has been and is now governed, completing the First Volume of the History of the Political Institutions of the Nations of Europe and America; from the French of M. M. Dufau, Duvergier, and Guadet, Advocates of the Cour Royale, Paris. By J. E. Evans, Esq.

*The Life and Times of Salvador Rosa*. By Lady Morgan. In 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, price 28s.

*Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency*, extracted from the German Correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, Mother of the Regent. Preceded by a Notice of this Princess, and accompanied with Notes. In 8vo. price 14s. boards.

*Miscellaneous.*

*Leisure Hours*; being a Collection of Narrative and Didactic Pieces, on Subjects connected with the Evidences, Doctrines, and Practical Influence of Christianity, originally published in Edinburgh as separate Tracts, during the years 1820 and 1821. 18mo. 4s. boards.

*The Batchelor's Wife*; a Selection of Curious and Interesting Extracts, with Cursory Observations. By John Galt, Esq. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

*Flowers of Literature*; a Collection of Elegant and Amusing Extracts from the most Approved Authors. By F. Campbell, Esq. Part II. 12mo. 2s.

*Richard Baynes's General Catalogue of Books in all Languages for 1824*. Price 5s. 6d.

*A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool*, on

the proposed Annexion of The King's Library to that of the British Museum. By One of the People.

In 1 Vol. 8vo. An Essay on the Relation of Cause and Effect in Refutation of the Opinions of Mr. Hume; with Observations upon some Passages in the Works of Dr. Brown and Mr. Lawrence.

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*Tales.*

*Relics for the Curious*; in 2 vols. foolscap, 8vo; containing *Legendary Tales*, *Singular Customs*, *Extracts from Remarkable Wills*, and *Anecdotes, Clerical, Professional, and Miscellaneous*.

*Helen of the Glen: a Tale for Youth*. 1s. 6d. bds.

*Warning and Example to the Young*. 1s. 6d. bds.

*The Sabbath School Magazine for Scotland*, No. XIV. Published Monthly. Price 6d. each Number.—Volumes I. and II. may be had. Price 3s. 6d. each, in boards.

*Sayings and Doings*. In 3 vols. Post 8vo. price 30s.

*Theology.*

*A Daily Family Expositor to the New Testament*, beautifully printed in 8vo., to be completed in 12 monthly Numbers, price 6d. each. No. I. of *The Daily Expositor to the New Testament*; in which the Text is divided into Sections, accompanied with a *Practical Exposition* to each, especially intended as *Morning and Evening Portions*, for *Pious Families and Private Christians*. By the Rev. Thomas Keyworth, One of the Authors of "*Principia Hebraica*."

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*The Christian Remembrancer*. By Ambrose Serle, Esq. with an *introductory Essay*, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

To Thomas Bewley, of Mount Rath, in Queen's County, Ireland, cotton-manufacturer, for certain improvements in wheeled carriages.—Dated 24th January, 1824.—Six months allowed to enrol specifications.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devonshire, lace-manufacturer, for certain improvements in the method of figuring or ornamenting various descriptions or kinds of goods manufactured from silk, cotton, or flax.—24th January.

To John Jones, of Leeds, Yorkshire, late of Gloucester, brush-manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery and instruments for dressing and cleansing woollen, cotton, linen, silk, and other cloths or fabrics, and which improvements are also applicable to the dressing and cleansing of machinery of various descriptions and other articles or substances.—27th Jan.—Six months.

To Sir William Congreve, of Cecil-street, Strand, Middlesex, Bart., for his improved method of stamping.—7th February.—Six months.

To John Arrowsmith, of Air-street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, Esq., who, in consequence of discoveries by himself, and communications made to him by certain foreigners residing abroad, is in possession of an improved mode of publicly exhibiting pictures or painted scenery of every description, and of distributing or directing the day-light upon or through them so as to produce many beautiful effects of light and shade, which he denominates Diorama.—10th February.—Six Months.

To Robert Lloyd, of the Strand, Middlesex, hatter, and James Rowbotham, of Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, Surrey, hat-manufacturer, for their having invented and brought to

perfection a hat upon a new construction which will be of great public utility.—19th February.—Six months.

To Henry Adcock, of Summer Hill Terrace, Birmingham, Warwickshire, gill-toy manufacturer, for his improvement in making waistbands, or umbilical, ventral, lumbar and spinal bandages or supporters to be attached to coats, waistcoats, breeches, pantaloons, and trowsers, to be either permanently fixed or occasionally attached and supplied.—19th February.—Six months.

To William Church, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, esq., for certain improvements in machinery and printing.—19th February.—Six months.

To Augustus Applegath, of Duke-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, Surrey, printer, for certain improvements in machines for printing.—19th February.—Six months.

To the Rev. Moses Isaacs, of Houndsditch, London, for certain improvements in the construction of machinery, which, when kept in motion by any suitable power or weight, is applicable to obviate concussion by means of preventing counteraction, and by which the friction is converted into an useful power for propelling carriages on land, vessels on water, and giving motion to other machinery.—19th February.—Six months.

To John Vallance, of Brighton, Sussex, esq., for his method of communication or means of intercourse, by which persons may be conveyed, goods transported, or intelligence communicated, from one place to another with greater expedition than by means of steam-carriages, or other vessels, or carriages drawn by animals.—19th Feb.—Six months.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

*London Market. MARCH 20.*

**COTTON.**—The Cotton Market has considerably improved, the demand both for home consumption and by speculators having been pretty general; the business done will exceed 1,800 bales, at steady prices, principally to India, with some *Bowdler* for export.

**SUGAR.**—The expectation that Government would in some measure afford relief to the West India Planter, by allowing Sugar for distillation, when Barley arrived at a certain price, has again subsided, and the market has

in consequence become exceedingly heavy, and in some few instances prices shade lower have been submitted to.

**COFFEE.**—In the early part of this week the ordinary and unclear descriptions of Jamaica Coffee went off 2s. a 3s. lower; the fine nearly supported the former rates, excepting a parcel of middling St. Lucia, which sold rather lower, middling a 35s. a 37s.

**TEA.**—The only alteration in the prices of Tea since the India sale is in Congou, the low qualities command a small premium.

## LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1823, TO SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1824,  
INCLUSIVE.

*Extracted from the London Gazette.*

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

- T. Atkinson, of Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner.  
J. H. Arnold, of Llanblethian, Glamorganshire, cattle-jobber.  
T. Brockbridge, of Knight's-court, Greenwalk, Surrey, coach-carver.  
J. N. Freeman, of Newport, Monmouthshire, money-scrivener.  
T. Freethy, of Acton, Middlesex, carpenter.  
J. Isaacs, of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, draper.  
J. Leigh, of Jeffrey's-square, merchant.  
W. M'Adam, of Derby, draper.  
W. Murgatroyd, of Searr-Bottom, Yorkshire, wool-dresser.  
W. Paul, of Bolehall, Warwickshire, tanner.

## BANKRUPTS.

- Abrahams, Isaac, Harrow-alley, Petticoat lane, furrier. (Nicholls, Bennett-street, Black-hair's-road.  
Andrews, R. P. Portsea, carpenter (Bogue, Great James-street, Bedford-row.  
Aspinall, T. Hipperholme cum Brighouse, Yorkshire, stone-merchant. (Batty, Chancery-lane.  
Ternow, J. Allensmore, Herefordshire, farmer. (Courteen, Size lane.  
Boswell, T. Surrey-street, Strand, tailor. (Richardson, Wallbrook.  
Brettell, T. Summer-hill, Staffordshire, scrivener. (Roberts, Stombridge.  
Couper, H. Commercial-place, City-road, carpenter. (Oriel and Leader, Wornwood-street, Bishopsgate.  
Corrie, W. C. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, dealer in lace. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.  
Clarke, W. Manchester, victualler. (Kaye, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn.  
Compton, P. A. Beckenham, Kent, farmer. (Griffith, High-street, Mary-le-bonne.  
Crosfield, E. M. Liverpool, timber-merchant. (Statham and Leicester, Liverpool.  
Chadwick, J. Holborn, watch maker. (Niblett, Cushion-court, Old Broad-street.  
Cobert, W. R. Maidstone, brewer. (Beetham and Son, Freeman's-court, Cornhill.  
Davies L. and J. T. Dorlin, Liverpool, timber-merchants. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.  
Douglas, D. and M. Douglas, Judd-street, Brunswick-square, linen-draper. (Carnock, Upper North-place, Gray's-linn-road.  
Dorrington, W. Cornhill, broker. (James, Walbrook.  
Daulney, T. Portsea, grocer. (Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street.  
Daffarn, W. Reading, coach-master. (Cook and Hunter, Clement's-linn, New Chambers.  
Evans, G. Hastings, Jeweller. (Courteen, Size-lane.  
Eldershaw, J. Hampton, linen-draper. (Gillbank, Coleman-street.  
Ellis, W. Liverpool, draper. (Wheeler, Lincoln's-linn-fields.  
Elverston, C. E. Ilford, Essex, linen-draper. (Hurst, Milk-street, Cheapside.  
Fox, T. and J. D. Broadribb, Bristol, tallow-chandlers. (Bowdan, Aldermanbury.  
Garcia de Luna, Amaro, Water-lane, merchant. (Paterson and Pelfie, Old Broad-street.  
George, J. M. Horsham, Sussex, druggist. (Russell and Son, Laus-street, Borough.  
Glover, T. J. Oakden, B. Lomas, J. Dethick, and J. Green, Derby, Ax-manufacturers. (Wolston, Furnival's-linn.  
Gillbraud, W. Solton-de-Moors, Lancashire, plumber. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.  
Green, T. Lockerby, Southampton, miller. (Rowe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street.  
Hassell, G. Albany-chambers, Piccadilly, dealer in horses. (Black, Clifford's-linn.  
Humphries, W. Nunney, Somersetshire, inn-holder. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-sq.  
Hood, W. Hardeley, and T. Hood, Loddon, Norfolk, merchant. (Miller, Queen-street, Cheap-side.  
Holmes, I. Liverpool, merchant. Blackstock and Bunce, Temple.  
Hilder, S. Brick-lane, Whitechapel, tea-dealer. (Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-st. Strand.  
Hancock, J. Westbury, Somersetshire, shop-keeper. (Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-linn-fields.  
Hitchcock, G. Leicester, hosier. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane.  
Higgins, J. Gloucester, horse-dealer. (Morgan, Ely-place.  
Hinton, W. senior, Bolton, money-scrivener. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.  
Hakins, J. and S. Hawkins, Claypole-mill, Lincolnshire, millers. (Briggs, Taylor, and Mould, Lincoln's-linn-fields.  
Jay, J. Regent-street, linen-draper. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.  
Johnson, T. Heanor, Derbyshire, victualler. (Gregory, Clement's-linn.  
Jeffreys, W. Quadrant, Regent-st. St. James's, painter. (Price, Lincoln's-linn, New-square.  
Jackson, A. Hillgrove-street, Gloucestershire, baker. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.  
King, F. Warwick, upholsterer. (Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden.  
Keele, J. Waterloo-road, Surrey, stationer. (Oriel and Leader, Wornwood-street.  
Levy, H., otherwise H. Levett, and L. Levy, Basing-lane, warehousemen. (Andrews, Great Winchester-street.  
Lockington, C. Commercial-place, City-road, oilman. (Hatchinson, Crown-court, Thread-needle-street.  
Morgan, J. Commercial-road-east, carpenter. (Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-st. Strand.  
Mackenzie, P. and W. Mackenzie, Sheffield, upholsterers. (Rogers, Canterbury-square, Southwark.  
M'Adam, W. Leicester, draper. (Chester, Staple-linn.  
Messinger, C. Oxford, cabinet-maker. (Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square.  
Matson, W. and C. Matson, Water-lane, merchants. (Paterson and Pelfie, Old Broad-st.  
Mallyon, J. Goudhurst, Kent, victualler. (Allen Clifford's-linn.

Milne, J. Liverpool, plumber. (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Wilson, Tokenhouse-yard.  
 Moon, P. Mirfield, Yorkshire, woollen-cloth-merchaut. (Vansandau and Tindale, Dowgate-hill.  
 Murray, J. Manchester, joiner. (Taylor, Clements's-inn.  
 Needham, E. Macclesfield, Cheshire, ironmonger. (Milne and Parry, Temple.  
 Newsam, W. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, merchant. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard.  
 Nunn, R. and T. Fisher, Grubb-street, Fore-street, timber-merchants. (Spence and Desborough, Size-lane.  
 Oakley, T. Poole, coal-merchant. (Fitch, Utton-street, Southwark.  
 Preen, J. jun., Worcester, silk-mercer. (Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.  
 Pool, W. Honduras-wharf, Southwark, coal-merchant. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street.  
 Price, S. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, grocer. (Bekeley, Lincoln's-inn.  
 Peterken, T. Gill-street, Linchouse, baker. (Eyles, Worship-street-road, Finsbury.  
 Pickworth, H. jun., Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, coal-merchant. (Gee, Salisbury-street, Strand.  
 Pritchard, R. Regent-circus, Oxford-street, dressing-case-manufacturer. (Lawrence, Dean-court, Doctors Commons.  
 Riley, W. Birchwood, Derbyshire, coal-merchant. (Styan, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Rooker, F. Manchester, and J. Watt, Preston, cotton-manufacturers. (Norris, Manchester.  
 Robson, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, butcher (Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard.  
 Stewart, W. Mitre-court, Cheap-side, merchant. (Robinson, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Stokes, T. sen., Welsh Pool, Montgomeryshire,

Annal-manufacturer. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.  
 Skidmore, J. Sheffield, scissor-manufacturer. (Batty, Chancery-lane.  
 Southworth, W. Sharples, Lancashire, whitster. (Milne and Parry, Temple.  
 Smith, T. Pickhurst-green, Kent, cattle-dealer. (Salmon, Croydon.  
 Timbrell, W. T. Bernondsey-square, worsted-manufacturer. (Shepherd, Thomas, and Leopard, Cloak-lane, Dowgate-hill.  
 Twitt, W. Manchester, shopkeeper. (Makin-son, Middle Temple.  
 Trowent, W. Pembroke, draper. (Pearson, Pump-court, Temple.  
 Underwood, J. Bloxwich, Staffordshire, maltster. (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Willis, Tokenhouse-yard.  
 Wolfe, A. M. King's Arms-yard, merchant. (Vandercom and Conyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street.  
 Westman, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.  
 Wilson, J. Borough-road, Surrey, carpenter. (Brooking, Lombard-street.  
 West, H. Wrothing, linen-draper. (Richardson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Walker, W. Charles-street, Middlesex, haberdasher. (Smith, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital.  
 Walstell, M. Conduit-street, Bond-street, milliner. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street.  
 Wakeman, T. Fleet-market, stationer. (Brough, Shoreditch.  
 Webb, R. F. Wapping-street, grocer. (Pringle, Queen-street, Cheap-side.  
 Yeoman, B. and T. Cooke, Frome-Selwood, Somersetshire, clothiers. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

## DIVIDENDS.

Bovill, J. and C. I. De Witte, Mincing-lane, merchants, Mar. 13.  
 Barrow, R. and T. Liverpool, corn-merchants, Mar. 1.  
 Benbow, T. Broomeyard, Herefordshire, draper, Mar. 18.  
 Boyle, E. Leicester-square, printer, Mar. 16.  
 Bedford, R. St. Martin's-le-grand, plumber, Mar. 27.  
 Bates, W. and W. Jones, Bridgeforth, Shropshire, bankers, Mar. 30.  
 Burn, J. Lothbury, merchant, Mar. 27.  
 Bosher, W. Aldersgate street, wholesale jeweller, April 3.  
 Burge, J. Bristol, butcher, April 1.  
 Barker, J. Stratford, Essex, common brewer, April 10.  
 Bessele, C. Prospect-place, Lambeth, insurance-broker, April 10.  
 Bromley, J. Circus-street, New-road, Marylebone, April 10.  
 Colston, D. E. Islington-road, upholsterer, Mar. 18.  
 Chalk, J. Blackfriars-road, coach-maker, Mar. 20.  
 Clancy, J. York, tailor, Mar. 22.  
 Clark, H. Swallow-field, Wiltshire, grocer, April 5.  
 Chittenden, E. Asford, Kent, ironmonger, April 7.  
 Childs, W. Whitehall, victualler, April 10.  
 Cannon, J. Liverpool, merchant, Mar. 30.  
 Dodd, J. and W. Kirkecaldy, Cumberland, grocers, Mar. 17.  
 Davis, R. Low-fose, Yorkshire, dealer, April 1.  
 Dow, J. Rhodes-well, Bow-common, rope-maker, Mar. 27.  
 Dove, T. Malden, Essex, linen-draper, Mar. 27.  
 Dawson, J. St. James's-street, Westminster, merchant, May 4.  
 Davis, T. Great-barr, Staffordshire, maltster,

Dudley, T. Brighton, carpet-dealer, April 13.  
 Farrell, J. Prospect-place, Newington causeway, merchant, Mar. 16.  
 Greetham, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler, Mar. 23.  
 Grocott, J. T. Manchester, wine-merchant, Mar. 22.  
 Goodhall, W. and J. Turner, Garlick-hill, merchants, Mar. 20.  
 Gill, R. and C. Griffin, Skimmer-street, Snow-hill, merchants, Mar. 20.  
 Graham, Sir Robert, Bart. London, J. Raiton, Manchester, and J. Raiton, and J. Young, London, merchants, Mar. 30.  
 Gundry, J. and W. Goldsithney, Cornwall, merchants, April 7.  
 Gibbons, T. J. and B. Gibbons, Wolverhampton, bankers, April 26.  
 Harrison, C. Aldgate-high-street, cheesemonger, Mar. 17.  
 Hebden, W. and A. O. and J. Browne, Leeds, merchants, Mar. 17.  
 Hodson, F. M. Manchester, calico-printer, Mar. 22.  
 Hatfield, H. Abindon-row, Goswell-street-road, merchant, Mar. 6.  
 Henderson, J. and A. Neilson, Mitre-court, Milk-street, merchants, April 27.  
 Isbell, R. C. Chapple, and R. D. Isbell, Milbay, Devonshire, Mar. 17.  
 Jones, R. A. Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper, April 10.  
 Irving, C. Southampton, schoolmaster, April 19.  
 Knibb, A. Barnwell-street, Andrew, Northamptonshire, farmer, Mar. 17.  
 Knott, J. Barfrestone otherwise Barton, Kent, miller, Mar. 30.  
 Kingswell, J. Blackwall, plumber, April 10.  
 Lee, J. Charles-street, Horseleydown, lighter-man, Mar. 23.

Lucas, J. Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road, Mar. 27.  
 Lloyd, T. Ross, Herefordshire, grocer, April, 14.  
 Mercer, G. Basinghall-street, woollen-draper, Mar. 20.  
 Maddy, W. Leeds, linen-draper, Mar. 16.  
 Miller, W. Rye, Sussex, draper, Mar. 23.  
 Mercer, T. Billingham, Sussex, brewer, Mar. 27.  
 Mulligan, T. Bath, silk-mercier, April 13.  
 Pullan, R. Leeds, merchants, Mar. 6.  
 Pettit, J. and S. H. Burch, Southwark, hof-factors, April 10.  
 Richards, T. Senr, Bridgewater-square, dealer in watches, Mar. 16.  
 Rucker, S. Old-south-sea-house, Broad-street, merchant, Mar. 27.  
 Robertson, J. Wapping, ship-chandler, April 13.

Salmon, S. Regent-street, stationer, Feb. 28.  
 Shirley R. Bucklebury, Carpet-manufacturer, Mar. 13.  
 Sharpley, J. York, merchant, April 2.  
 Stinson, R. Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer, Mar. 22.  
 Schofield, J. Sheffield, merchant, April 12.  
 Telford, J. and W. Arundell, Liverpool, haberdashers, Mar. 13.  
 Tollervey, W. H. Portsea, brewers, Mar. 18.  
 Tucker, J. H. Jermy-street, St. James's chymist, Mar. 2.  
 Twigg, W. Sheffield, plumber, April. 14.  
 Underwood, C. Cheltenham, builder, Mar. 29.  
 Woolston, J. and F. Upjohn, Holborn-bridge, distillers, Mar. 16.  
 Walker, W. Wortley, Yorkshire, merchant April 8.

### BIRTHS.

Mar. 1.—In Wardour-street, Soho, the lady of John Orton Harrison, esq., of a son.  
 4. At Camberwell, Mrs. Henry Dowsland, of a son.  
 —At his father's house, Old-palace-yard, the lady of Thomas Jercys, esq., Carabineers, of twin daughters.  
 6. In Devonshire-place, the lady of John Barclay, esq., of a daughter.  
 9. The lady of Frederick Tyrrel, esq., surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, of a daughter.  
 —In Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, the lady, of Henry de la Chaussette, esq., of a son.  
 11. Mrs. Crallan, Spital-square, of twin daughters.  
 13. At Argyll-house, the Countess of Aberdeen, of a son.  
 14. At Thickbroom-cottage, Staffordshire, the lady of John Shawe Mauley, esq., of a son.  
 15. Mrs. Walpole Eyre, Hytstandon-square, of a daughter.  
 17. At his house Camden-town, the lady of Oliver Anderson, esq., of a son and heir.  
 18. Mrs W. H. Simpson, of South-place, Kennington, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

Mar. 1. — Robert Nelson, esq., of the Madras Civil Service, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Jonathan Harrison, esq., of Gower-street, Bedford-square.  
 2. By the very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. Lord John Thynne, to Anne Constantia, third daughter of the Rev. C. C. Beresford, and niece to Mr. George Byng.  
 4. At St. Pancras-new-church, by the Rev. E. G. Smith, M.A., Frederick Lock, esq., of Arundel-street, to Mary Fielder, only daughter of E. G. Smith, esq.  
 —At Hanwell, by the Rev. Dr. Walmley, F. Janvin, esq., of Mecklenburgh-square, to Sarah Richard, youngest daughter of the late R. Pope, esq., Henley on Thames.  
 6. At St. Mary-la-bonne, J. G. J. Ireland, esq., of Kendal, to Charlotte Ann, youngest daughter, of the late William Walker, esq., of North-w. Herts.  
 8. M. H. Gregory, esq., of Wax-chandlers-hall, to Eliza Miller, second daughter of the late D. C. Bullock, esq., Devonshire-street, Queen-square.  
 9. At St. Mary's Islington, by the Rev. J. Bennett, Richard Smith, jun. esq., of Stoke-newington, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the Rev. Adam Clark, L.D.D., F.R.S., of Canonbury-square, Islington.

11. At Drayton Bassett, in Staffordshire, the Hon. Robert Henley Edan, eldest son of Lord Henley, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.  
 15. At Canewdon church, Mr. James Hill, of Spital-square, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of William Mew, esq., of Upton-hall Essex.  
 18. At St. George's Hanover-square, by the Rev. E. Hodson, Vicar of Rickmansworth, Oswald, second son of George Smith, esq., M. P., to Henrietta Mildred, eldest daughter of the very Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle.  
 20. By the Rev. Richard London, A.M., James Layton, jun. esq., of Bloomsbury-place, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Benjamin Atkinson, esq., of Nicholas-lane.

### DEATHS.

Mar. 1.—At his house in Clifford-street, Lieut. General Sir George Wood, K.C.B., of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal army.  
 1. At Hailford, Sarah, the widow of the late Robert Douglas, esq., of Maine.  
 —R. L. Spencer, esq., of New-bowwell-court, Lincoln's-inn, aged 54.  
 2. At his residence, Bylock's-hall, Enfield, James Francis Mestras, esq., aged 86.  
 —Mr. Thomas Chapman, of St. Mary Cray, Kent, aged 73.  
 5. At Limehouse, aged 75, Mrs. Rudge, relict of the late James Rudge, esq., of Heath-end-house, Cromhall, Gloucester.  
 6. Sir Thomas Bell, late one of the Sheriffs of London, and Treasurer of the Scotch Hospital.  
 7. At his house Kennington, Samuel Weddall, esq.  
 9. Much lamented, Mr. Thomas Hall, of 69, Rathapagate-without.  
 10. At his seat, Easton-ledge, Essex, the Right Hon. Charles Viscount Maynard, in the 73rd. year of his age.  
 12. At his house 14, New-broad-street, Robert Christie, esq., in his 80th year.  
 —After a few days illness, General Lavie, esq., of Frederick-place, aged 81.  
 —At his house in Kennington-place, Bath, Thomas Dyer, esq., late of Montague-street London.  
 13. At Manners-street, Emma Susan, daughter of G. Haygarth.  
 15. At Rochester, William Page, esq., in the 66th year of his age.  
 16. At Rochester, Walter Prentiss, esq., aged 89.  
 18. At his residence, Park-house, Highgate, in the 66th year of his age, John Cooper, esq., of Toddington, in the County of Bedford.

## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 26th Feb. to 25th March 1824.

Days.	Bank Stock.	P. C. Red.	P. C. Cons.	P. C. Cons.	P. C. Cons.	P. C. Cons.	P. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	P. C. 1. b34	2P. day Consol. R. bills for acct.
25	239	91	291	101	102	106	11-16	276	7	78	40
26	239	91	291	101	102	106	11-16	276	7	78	40
27	239	91	291	101	102	106	11-16	276	7	78	40
28	239	91	291	101	102	106	11-16	276	7	78	40
1	239	91	291	101	102	106	11-16	276	7	78	40
2	239	91	291	101	102	106	11-16	276	7	78	40
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Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1822, have been advertised to be sold at  
JAMES WERRALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton street.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From the 20th February to 19th March, 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co., Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

February.	Moon.	Rain Gauge.	Therm.		Barom.		De Luc's Hygrom.		Winds.		Atmo.	Variations.		
			9 A.M.	Max.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.		9 A.M.	10 P.M.	10 P.M.
20		22	40	43	38	29	37	29	50	97	96	ENE	NE	Rain
21			37	41	31	29	61	29	72	94	97	WSW	E	Rain
22			40	45	37	29	76	29	80	95	90	ESE	SE	Foggy
23			40	45	37	29	84	29	90	97	94	ESE	E	Fine
24			40	43	37	29	84	29	73	90	85	E	ESE	Fine
25			37	38	35	29	67	29	70	90	87	ENE	NE	Fair
26			38	37	34	29	67	29	60	92	90	N	NE	Clo.
27			34	40	32	29	50	29	55	96	97	NNE	E	Snow
28			37	40	35	29	68	29	76	99	98	S	N	Foggy
29			39	40	35	29	75	29	76	98	95	E	E	Rain
1		31	39	40	30	29	63	29	50	80	89	NW	N	Fine
2			31	39	31	29	50	29	52	60	70	N	NW	Fine
3			38	40	28	28	93	29	61	90	85	NW	N	Snow
4			29	40	33	29	70	29	70	70	75	NNW	WSW	Fine
5			43	49	43	29	43	29	57	70	75	NW	NW	Fair
6			45	50	45	29	70	29	67	79	81	SW	NW	Fine
7			48	50	45	29	40	29	40	98	98	SW	W	Rain
8			49	50	38	29	10	29	30	70	90	SW	W	Storm.
9		50	40	45	39	29	60	29	54	67	67	W	SSW	Fine
10			30	45	33	29	54	29	76	85	85	ENE	N	Foggy
11			35	45	36	29	30	29	63	85	89	NW	NW	Fine
12			39	45	37	29	40	29	40	84	87	W	W	Clo.
13			39	41	35	29	22	29	22	87	87	W	WNW	Fair
14			40	45	35	29	72	29	98	72	75	NE	W	Fine
15			39	47	40	29	93	29	87	73	90	SSW	NW	Fine
16			40	50	42	29	84	29	85	95	90	S	SW	Overr.
17			45	52	41	30	95	30	98	80	80	W	NW	Fine
18			44	52	48	30	12	30	12	80	81	W	WSW	Fine
19		17	48	55	38	30	11	30	14	82	80	W	NW	Overr.

The quantity of Rain fallen in the months of February was 53 100ths.

[F. Warr, Printer, Red Lion Passage.]







*H. B. MacDonagh*

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN FELIX M'DONOGH,  
AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

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## EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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As some literary gentleman has taken the trouble of replying to our view of the Periodical Press, we have given it precedence to our own for this month. We doubt not but the Reviewers will feel grateful to him for his able defence. Here, however, we cannot help saying, that there is, on the part of the Reviewers, a total abandonment of one of the most sacred duties which they owe the public; namely, that of noticing the first productions of writers who, though unknown, frequently possess merit of a very superior order to those whose works are reviewed the moment they appear. Merit has no weight with the reviewers; like booksellers, they only look to an author's public reputation; and, in general, works of superior merit are beyond their reach. The writers whose productions they are best fitted to review, are those *Quorum opera non quorum artes emuntur*—men whose works are bought for their utility, not for their intellectual excellence. This we could prove by stating real facts, with which we are ourselves acquainted, and with which no man of honest feelings can be acquainted without having a hearty contempt for that class of Reviewers who notice the very lowest works that proceed from the press, and seem never to have seen or heard of works of superior merit, when the author happens to be unknown. It matters not, whether they are silent through want of ability or through want of honesty, both being the same, so far as regards the Reviewer; it being dishonest in a man to place himself in a situation which he is incompetent to fill. The Editor of a certain work, whose name we could mention, wishing to review a certain book, sent for it to the author, and promised to review it as early as he possibly could; he never did, however, simply because he could not. We know another Editor, who ranks higher in the literary world than the gentleman just alluded to, who got the same work to review, and who, on reading it, wrote a very flattering letter to its author, and promised it would be the very first work he would review. Yet, after promising to review it, and expressing so high an opinion of its merits, he has been as silent as the other. How comes this? Were these gentlemen unable to perform their duty? or did they imagine that the production of a writer who was not as yet known to the public, might be well passed over, it not being their policy to be among the first “true merit to befriend?” Some excuse might be made for them, if the subject of this work were not intimately connected with all that is chaste and elegant in Literature and the Fine Arts; and of all works, consequently, its merits or demerits ought to be pointed out. With such critics or reviewers we shall hold an eternal warfare; and hope, that, for our own parts, works of real merit, particularly when their authors are little known, will always obtain our earliest attention. What does Lord Byron, or Sir Walter Scott, or writers of established reputation, want with our reviews? They will equally sell, whether we review them or not,—whether we speak well or ill of them.

Since the reviews in our present number went to press, we read a little work, entitled “Myrtle Leaves,” by Mr. Kelly, and shall, therefore, speak a word of it here, as we could not notice it in its proper place. It is a juvenile effort, and the first production of its author, which should, as he himself observes, “pro-

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cure for him a candid and an indulgent consideration." We do not pretend to the spirit of divination; and yet we doubt whether our youthful aspirant will ever produce another collection of poems more imbued with true poetic feeling, with all the romance of young desire, and all the witchery of love. That he may produce a more perfect work, we feel no difficulty in admitting; but it should be recollected that even imperfections themselves have sometimes a charm which we would vainly trace in the more finished productions of art or nature. Bashfulness and retiring modesty is one of the greatest charms of the female character; but bashfulness, if super-critically considered, is a weakness and imperfection; for the critic will insist, and may insist, that it arises from not sufficiently appreciating our own merits, and too highly appreciating those of others. He will, therefore, argue that it is the result of ignorance, and ignorance is an imperfection. We agree with him it is so, but we shall briefly tell him, that it is an imperfection of more value in the human character than all that is pedantic and super-critical in knowledge; for it cannot exist except where virtue and innocence and bliss have taken up their abode; and,

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

In a word, the faults of some writers have a greater charm in them than the beauties of others. "*In quibusdam*," says Quintillian, "*virtutes non habent gratiam, in quibusdam vitia ipsa delectant.*" We are not, however, doing justice to Mr. Kelly, to talk of his faults; for we must confess we have read his "Myrtle Leaves" with such delight that his faults entirely escaped our notice. On a second perusal, we might, no doubt, discover something to find fault with; but, like Bruyere, whenever we are pleased with a production, we never enquire into the cause of our pleasure, knowing that faults are the result of inattention, but that beauty can result from poetic genius alone. Our noticing his "Myrtle Leaves" in this place prevents us from making extracts.

Another collection of "Poems on Sacred Subjects," by Richard Ryan, possesses very considerable merit. All the attempts we have seen made at sacred poetry have failed; not, perhaps, from a dearth of genius in those who have made it the subject of their muse, but from some radical mistake in the manner of treating the subject. Dr. Johnson is of opinion that sacred subjects cannot be rendered poetic. In his life of Watts, he says, that "his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well." We readily admit that no poet has succeeded in this species of poetry; but we have some hesitation in admitting, that the subject is incapable of being rendered poetic: on the contrary, we believe that the failure has entirely arisen from a fundamental error, which all our poets, on sacred subjects, seem to have adopted. The poet who addresses the Deity in the language of prostrate fear and adoration, is only a poet in name; for it is in the very essence of poetry to exalt itself above all control, to make itself familiar with its object, to revel in all the mental luxury which the ardor of feeling or the associations of imagination can excite. The poet is always in love with his object: he describes only what pleases him; and he who is strongly in love, never thinks of fear, even though there should be the strongest cause of terror. It is a mere chimera of the mind, to suppose that he who is strongly attached to an object, can fear it at the same moment. Accordingly we find, that those who have been most passionately attached to their creator, have used a greater license in their mode of addressing him; or rather, that they have addressed him in the most familiar manner. In proof of this, we could quote many passages out of Thomas à Kempis; but as the sacred writings are of greater authority, we shall prefer mentioning the Song of Solomon. The rapture of the bride, and her attachment to her beloved, makes her forget who he is, or, rather, she knows him too well to consider him, like some of our sanctified hypocrites—an object of fear and terror. That he who is conscious of not having led an innocent

### *Editor's Notice.*

life, has reason to fear his Creator, it would be blasphemy to deny ; but he who feels this consciousness, should not attempt to address him in the language of poetry ; for the language of poetry is the language of love. Had all the poets, who make sacred themes the subject of their muse, taken the Song of Solomon for their model, they would not have so miserably failed. That they should fail, however, is but right ; for they have almost all prostrated themselves in the dust, and looked up to the Deity as some fearful tyrant, jealous of his power, and ready to crush them, unless they acknowledged, at the same moment, his omnipotence and their own meanness. No man, however, can be mean, unless he is conscious of being so ; and he could not be conscious of meanness, unless he were mean. The bride, in the Song of Solomon, had no such consciousness. Her innocence and her love made her forget the immense difference between her and her beloved ; and, if all poets were conscious of equal innocence, they would address the Deity in the purest strains of poetic diction.

The pleasing author of the little volume now before us, has not, we are inclined to believe, been guided by the reflections which we have just made, in writing his "Poems on Sacred Subjects," but we cannot help saying, at the same time, that he has approached nearer to our idea of what sacred poetry should be, than any of his predecessors ; and if these reflections did not occur to him, he would seem to have been guided by feelings that would have naturally suggested them. He addresses the Deity through his works, which have been always the most fertile source of poetic inspiration, and accordingly he left himself an opportunity of grafting upon his sacred themes all the charms of picturesque and descriptive poetry.

Arietta will receive a letter at our Publisher's on the fifth instant.

In our last number we promised an Essay on the Genius and Writings of Moore : we are reluctantly obliged to defer it to our next number, the space we allowed for it not being sufficient, unless we omitted that part which we deemed of greatest interest to our readers.

Lines on "Friendship's Offering," "Lines to Miss ——," and some others, are omitted for the same reason, but will certainly appear in our next.

Letters for Correspondents will be left, as usual, at our Publishers', on the fifth instant.

THE  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

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APRIL, 1824.

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MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN FELIX M'DONOGH,

*Author of the Hermit in London, &c. &c.*

THE subject of the present memoir is of Irish parentage, and descended from the M'Donoghs, chiefs of Corran, who make a conspicuous figure in the historic annals of his native country. He was born in London, and, at a very early age, made such a proficiency in classical knowledge, that he was looked upon as a little prodigy. We have seen translations which he made, before he reached his fourteenth year, of several of the most beautiful passages in Sophocles, the

Nox erat et cœlo fulgebat luna sereno  
Inter minora sidera

of Horace, and his fourth Ode, *Solvitur aeris hiems*; and he appears to us to have executed them in a style of classic elegance which few of our most celebrated translators have attained. He received the elements of classical knowledge from a private tutor, and became so passionately enamoured of the classics, that he was not only intimately acquainted with Homer, Lucian, Sophocles, Persius, Juvenal, Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, but could repeat the greater part of them from beginning to end ere he attained his fourteenth year.

He was next sent to a military academy, not that he had then determined on a military life, but that his parents considered a knowledge of the use of arms, to be a personal accomplishment of no minor importance. Here, he remained twelve months, and this period determined all the subsequent events of his life, for he became passionately fond of

the military profession. From the military academy, however, he was removed to Oxford, but he added little to his intellectual or classical knowledge while he remained here; not from any defect in the system of education adopted by the university, but from a natural disposition to gaiety and pleasure. He was full of anecdote, classic lore, wit, and off-hand humour, which made his society courted by young men who loved pleasure as well as the classics. Indeed his conversational powers were, and still are, of the first order, enriching, as he does, whatever is tame in his native tongue by all that is rich and original in the classic authors of Greece and Rome, of France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. These accomplishments are rendered still more attractive by a natural vivacity and ardour of temper which would awaken even a society of Quakers into life and being. He never forgets the precept of Horace,

Non est vivere, sed valere vita;

and if any thing more were necessary to add to his own eager appetite for enjoyment, and to give a more exquisite poignancy to the pleasures which he communicates to all around him;—in a word, if, to the natural and acquired accomplishments, which we have just mentioned, another were necessary, to throw over the dull realities of life the fairy witcheries of fancy, and the inspiring creations of imagination, it is one which he possesses in a

very high degree; we mean to say, he is a most accomplished singer, and gives (what we imagine the lovers of vocal harmony generally fail in) all the effect of national feeling to national airs. That he should, therefore, derive little advantage from his short residence at the university is not surprising; and that his society should be much courted is just as natural.

To mental he united, in his youth, all the personal and fashionable accomplishments of the age, having been taught by the first masters. He was taught dancing by old Vestris, horsemanship by Angelo and old Astley, fencing by Le Bossiere, the master of St. George's; and his early introduction to high life completed whatever science and education had left undone. He had, at a very early age, moved in the very highest circles, and was familiar with noblemen and foreign ministers at the early age of thirteen. Amongst these were the Spanish, the Bavarian, the Swedish, and Polish ministers; he was called the little man amongst them, and, in fact, was the spoiled child which their distinction made him. He used to prance about upon Don Bernardo del Campo's highly dressed charger, and was complimented by the late Lord Nugent as a boy who seemed to be born and bred in courts. To his credit, he did not presume on this, for he was considered, at the academy and at college, as an easy, good-tempered fellow, wholly devoid of pride, envy, or ambition, a being whose heart and purse were open to all his friends.

From Oxford he made the tour of Ireland, and thence proceeded to the continent, where he passed four years. Here he made himself acquainted with the French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. On his return home, his imitative powers had made a complete French cavalier of him; but he soon mixed up the external part with true British feeling, and lost the nick-name of the Count, which was given him by some of his intimates. Being now of age, and his own master, he purchased a cornetcy, and afterwards a lieutenancy in the second

regiment of life guards, but sold out in a few years.

During his residence at Oxford, he was particularly noticed by Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, &c., and we have frequently heard him speak of him with all the warmth of friendship, and all that admiration for his genius which he had imbibed in his youth. Mickle, at this time, inhabited a house at Wheatley, in which Milton had written a portion of his sublime poems; and here the Hermit delighted to visit his friend. In this delightful seclusion he enjoyed all that luxury of imagination in which a mind, at this period of life naturally romantic, loves to indulge, and which not only the charms of nature, but the associations connected with this elysian retreat, were so peculiarly fitted to excite.

During the French revolution he had formed intimacies with many leading men, amongst whom were the Vicomte Mirabeau, the Bishop of Troyes, Claviere, &c., for he never quarrelled about party, although all his life an uncompromising royalist. Indeed the elements of discord were never mixed up in his composition.

From England, and from the army, he retired to Scotland for many years, where he not only spent an ample fortune, but imagined he received ingratitude enough from both sexes to make him a second Timon of Athens. Sick of the world and of all its vanities, he returned to his first loves, and resumed his acquaintance with the classics, after a neglect of twenty years. Their memory, however, was still green in his mind, and he could repeat whole pages from his favourite authors without opening a book. Quick perception, ease, and felicity of expression, combined with a memory singularly tenacious of all that is worth retaining, and equally forgetful of all that it not, appear to us to be the qualities in which Mr. M'Donogh, or to call him by that name which is most familiar to the public, "the Hermit in London," particularly excels. What he cannot perceive instantly, or intuitively, he cannot perceive at all: not

that he is incapable of tracing things to their source, analyzing what is complicated, or pursuing a chain of reasoning to its ultimate deduction; but that he seems to think, that whatever cannot be discovered at once, is not worth discovering; that all that is useful is obvious; that logic and investigation afford no pleasure, and that pleasure should be the business of our life; or, perhaps, he believes with Solomon, that in much knowledge there is much labour and vexation of spirit. Be it as it may, the Hermit is a refined and elegant scholar, a chaste and classical writer. But he leaves metaphysics, and mathematics, and logic, and whatever associates not with feeling and sentiment, to those who delight in them. Perhaps, however, when he reads this Memoir, he may be inclined to dispute the propriety of applying the term *delight* to those who cultivate the abstruser sciences, as neither reason nor the sciences to which it is applied, can be the source of any pleasure. "Reason," he may say, "creates nothing, being confined to the humbler situation of looking on, and examining that which is created; and if it exercise any influence over our pleasures, it is that of restraining them." Bravo, Mr. Hermit: who would expect such logic from an enemy to reasoning? We are here, truly, a little puzzled; for if we agree with the Hermit, and recant the expression, Professor Dugald Stewart may turn round upon us, and ask how can the Hermit know whether the abstruser sciences are or are not capable of imparting delight, if he has not cultivated them? as he can only reason from what he knows. And if he has cultivated them, the learned Professor will argue that his doing so is a proof that they afforded him delight, as no person will engage in that, or, at least, continue to pursue it, in which he finds no pleasure. This controversy is too deep for us, and we must leave it to those who are more capable of deciding it.

In mingling the *utile* with the *dulci*, wit and humour with manliness and good sense, we believe few English writers excel the Hermit. Swift, it is true, was unrivalled in

wit; but then there was no seasoning: it was all wit, and nothing but wit. No reader could suppose Swift capable of a sensible reflection: he was always *outré*. But the Hermit, in the midst of all his fun and frolic, stops short, brings himself to question, and examines what manner of man he must be in thus departing from the sober dictates of reason and common sense. If he expose his own weakness, it is not to lead his readers into temptation, but to guard them against it—to show them that a man is no man, who follows in the train of fashion, and becomes a slave to the follies and fripperies of high life. He has been among our contributors for some months past, and the articles which he has furnished will render the truth of these observations sufficiently evident. We shall only mention his "*Irish Gentleman in London*," which is similar in design to the "*Hermit in London*." From the whole tenor of his writings, he appears to be always governed by two very powerful and opposing influences, which, by counteracting, only improve and refine each other. By nature, he appears "at heart a rake." He seems in love with all the pleasures which the original propensities of our nature prompt us to pursue; but the influence of this propensity is always counteracted by a natural abhorrence for vice, by that moral sense which always brings us back to the paths of virtue and honour, the moment we are at the point of departing from them. The fly, fluttering round the blaze of the candle, loves and fears it, at the same moment: it is so with the Hermit; he loves to hover round danger, but retreats the moment he reaches the precipice. It appears to us that no person is capable of higher virtue or more exalted feelings than he who is naturally inclined to pleasure and enjoyment, if he subject this propensity to the control of virtue; for where this propensity does not exist, what virtue can there be in refraining from pleasures which have no attractions for us. If there were nothing to tempt us from the paths of virtue, there could be no virtue in following them. If Telemachus restrained the



natural ardour and impetuosity of his temper, he would be a greater man than his wise preceptor, who had no propensity to lure him from obeying those precepts which virtue had prescribed to him.

Whether we be mistaken or not, we are of opinion that these observations are not inapplicable to the Hermit: he appears to us, so far as regards his natural temper, to be a second Socrates; but we doubt whether he has so completely triumphed over his natural love of pleasure as the Grecian sage.

The Hermit is the only living writer that we know of, who loves, or, perhaps, we should rather say, who ventures to embellish and illustrate his writings by frequent citations from the classic authors of Greece and Rome, of Italy and France. This is a vestige of the classical school, but is looked upon at present as pedantry. It is, however, only the coxcomicality of our modern writers and critics that have led them into this opinion, and induced them to be guided by it in their writings. It is now fashionable to write as if we knew nothing of the classics, to write as if every thing came by inspiration, and nothing by education. We labour to be original; but we seldom stop to examine whether our originality be sense or nonsense. We imagine that if we say something that was never said before, we have a right to be looked upon as men of genius; but we forget that if this something be not worth saying, our saying it only proves that we have as much genius as a fool, or rather a genius of the same character: for if genius depended on quantity, a fool would rave as much original nonsense in an hour, as a fashionable writer, who affects originality, would in a week, for the succession of ideas and images that float across his bewildered mind is perhaps two hundred times as rapid as that of the sensible fop. The affectation of not appearing learned, of being unacquainted with former writers, of deriving all our knowledge from ourselves, has greatly injured the cause of letters, for it actually causes us to be what we only affect to be, taking it for granted, at the same time, that no person will imagine

we really are so. While those, who are intimately acquainted with ancient and modern writers, think themselves bound by the laws of fashionable writing to conceal their knowledge of them, it is evident that it not only makes themselves more indifferent about acquired knowledge, as they cannot avail themselves of it, but that it leads those to neglect it altogether who place literary excellence in quaintness of expression and uncommon ideas; not reflecting that this tribe of ideas are generally false and unnatural, and that every species of quaintness is a deviation from nature. Nothing can more directly lead to the downfall of the *Belles-Lettres*, than the affectation of looking upon Greek and Latin quotations, and every observation that proves an acquaintance with them, as pedantry, and the science of the schools. Who would become a learned man, while it is deemed pedantry to appear learned? That every writer is a pedant who quotes without necessity, or who strangles his subject, and departs from his direct course to introduce a quotation, we are as willing to allow as any of our contemporaries; but we call every writer a coxcomb, who knows that a certain quotation would either embellish or elucidate his subject, but, at the same time, in compliance with fashion, neglects to make use of it. Can a writer be too perspicuous? If not, he neglects to do justice both to himself and to his subject, if he can make his argument, or the opinion or doctrine which he advances, clearer or more evident by quoting the opinions or sentiments of another writer, except the subject of which he treats be capable of demonstration, and that he has demonstrated the truth which he maintains. He who could prove, geometrically, that every plane, perpendicular to a radius at its extremity, is a tangent to the sphere, would be a pedant, if, not satisfied with proving it, he quoted at the same time the authority of any geometrician who proved it before him, because demonstration cannot be rendered more evident by authority. But as there are few subjects capable of demonstration, so also are there few subjects in which a writer will not

find his arguments and sentiments strengthened, and rendered more evident by authority. A French author, whose taste and erudition is equally and deservedly admired, writing on this subject, and the class of fashionable writers of whom we are now treating, has the following excellent observations.

“L'effet de cette censure inépri-sante (he alludes to the contempt entertained for classical quotations) a été d'autant plus grande, qu'elle s'est couverte du prétexte specieux de dire, qu'il faut travailler à polir l'esprit, et a former le jugement, et non pas a entasser dans sa mémoire ce que les autres ont dit et ont pensé.—Plus cette maxime a paru véritable, plus elle a flatté les esprits paresseux, et les a porté a tourner en ridicule la littérature, et le savoir; tranchons le mot, le principal motif de telles gens n'est que d'avilir le bien d'autrui afin d'augmenter le prix du leur. Incapables de travailler à s'instruire, ils ont blâmé, ou méprisé les savans qu'ils ne pouvoient imiter, et par ce moyen ils ont répandu dans la république des lettres un goût frivole qui ne tend qu'à la plonger dans l'ignorance, et la barbarie.”

Indeed, the writings of the Hermit would of themselves be sufficient to prove that no opinion can be more erroneous than that which identifies a love of classical quotations with pedantry; for, notwithstanding the prejudice entertained against this practice, we are not only certain that there is no writer of the day more free from pedantry than the Hermit, but we are also certain that there is not one, of all the critics and writers who affect to deem it pedantry, that would not, if their opinion were asked, instantly acknowledge, that whatever be the faults of the Hermit's style, pedantry has no place among them. He is always sporting with the Graces, always mingling with that elegant and courtly society among whom pedantry is only known by name. And yet he adopts that practice which some innovators in taste, some over nice and fastidious critics, have not nerve to endure.

While he was in Edinburgh, he attended lectures, read medical books, became a dab in Philology, &c., &c.

E. M. April, 1824.

He wrote some pamphlets strongly in favour of Government, and against the Revolution and its first Consul Buonaparte; to none of which he put his real name. He also made a translation of Anacreon in verse, every page of which he burned on reading Moore's, which he held in high estimation. He likewise contributed *gratis* to a little weekly paper, called *Ephemerides*, which did not succeed. He re-entered the army just before the short peace cut off his prospects a second time. During the many years which he passed in Scotland, he had the happiness of forming an acquaintance with Mr. Campbell, the author of the “Pleasures of Hope,” and received from him one of his first copies of that delightful and popular poem. Many years after the appearance of the “Pleasures of Hope,” the Hermit was introduced to Sir Walter Scott, and experienced much attention from him. With Professor Stuart he was well acquainted; and passed some of his happiest hours in the company of the late Professor Playfair, who honoured him with marks of esteem, and foretold his becoming an author, of which he had not then the remotest idea.

During the short peace, and the ten subsequent years which he was quartered in Scotland, he paid repeated visits to the Highlands, where his affections were peculiarly attracted, as appears by the novel of “The Highlanders,” which he wrote many years afterwards. The hero of this novel is *not* the Right Honorable Baronet, supposed to be such by the dull Gazette which assumes to know more than the author himself on the subject. The fact is, that reminiscences, ties of blood, and a connection with past, but not forgotten scenes, linked Highland scenery and Highland associations closely to his heart. The second peace terminated his military occupation, to which he bid adieu, and, after once more visiting the continent, was induced to become Author, from some flattering prospects which were held out to him.

He is now only seven years a professed author; two years of which his pen lay dormant. No man thought less of his own talent; so much so, that he counted for nothing the

very numerous articles of his which appeared in different newspapers, with his initials or fictitious signatures: amongst which were, very often, *Xavier*, a *Cosmopolite*, *Perisceptic*, &c. Nor his translations in prose and verse, detached pieces of which occasionally found their way into the public prints. The *Hermit* in London, the *Hermit* in the Country, and the *Hermit* Abroad, he considered as the works with which his life and feelings were most closely identified. Many of the sketches were written in an incredibly short space of time, sometimes at a breakfast, in company with intimate friends. In his *Highlanders*, he pays a just tribute to the Highland character, and the merits of the work are confirmed by the favourable reception which it has met with from the public.

Although passionately fond of music, he never had the patience to make himself a performer, having taken up and abandoned that study twice; the guitar in the first instance, and the harp in the second, which were the instruments of his choice, for many years. Nor was this the only amusement of his youth, which he gave up in his riper years. He used to hunt, whilst at College, with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, and with Mr. Ward's fox-hounds; and whilst in the country, with the King's

hounds regularly, having an estate near Windsor, and being also quartered there one season. But he was no sportsman, no man of the turf, although he kept a race-horse for a short time, and rode and lost two private matches. He often used to confess that, when hunting, his thoughts were perpetually wandering from the enjoyments of the chase. For shooting, and all sports that terminated in cruelty, he had a rooted aversion; nor could he ever play at any game with patience, or skill, having a horror for gaming, although he allowed himself to be duped by play-men, merely for fashion's sake. The fact is, that his mind was too much enriched with knowledge, too fond of dwelling on classical imagery, and classical associations, to relish the dull monotony of amusements that give no exercise to the mind. He was, accordingly, either building castles in the air, or his books and his compositions were occupying his thoughts while at play. Many plans of his for the benefit of the army are still in his port-folio; together with one for the gradual abolition of pressing sailors, the translation of a French play and an interlude; which last, we understand, he has some idea of offering to one of the theatres.

TO H—N—,

WITH A WITHERED ROSE.

Of what thou shalt hereafter be,  
(Shouldst thou outlive the short gay hour  
Of Beauty's reign,) the emblem see  
In this poor dry and wither'd flow'r!

Like *its*, thy charms must fade away;  
Slight trace of *former* beauty seen,  
Unnotic'd; save by those, who may  
Remember what thou once hast been.

But when thou first didst give it me,  
Young, fresh, and blooming from the bow'r,  
"A red, red rose," 'twas like to thee,  
As blooming, fresh and fair a flow'r.

No!—not so *fair*;—for *you*! oh *you*  
Are fair,—the fairest—nay, divine!  
Let praises, to *such* beauty due,  
Be sung in worthier strains than *mine*.

Perchance, if on that bosom fair  
This flow'r a short time might remain,  
'Twould soon imbibe, while nestled there,  
Its faded sweets, and bloom again.

## ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF HOMER.

*(Continued from page 110.)*

IN our number for February we promised to enter into a question that has been frequently proposed, and as frequently discussed, but never answered, namely, Why Homer, the most ancient of poets, should, notwithstanding, remain still unrivalled? The solution of this apparent mystery, we shall now attempt, but how far we may be successful, it rests with our readers to determine.

Antecedent to the use of letters, the language of every nation is the language of the senses. Before philosophy and the abstruser sciences teach us to abstract from the sensible appearances of things, to consider their qualities apart from themselves, to analyze the powers of the human mind, the operations of human passion, and the agency by which the various affections of our nature are called into action, we view every thing as it appears to the senses, and give a name to it accordingly. We also give a name to the impression which it makes upon us, so that all our names, or nouns, as they are improperly called, are confined to sensible objects, their qualities, and the sensible affections which they excite within us. The impressions which the appearance of external objects make upon us, arise from the qualities in which they are clothed, so that we give names to all the various qualities which we perceive in objects, as well as to the objects themselves, before we are able to reason upon them. So far, then, our language is the language of the senses, and beyond this we cannot go till philosophy and metaphysics make us acquainted with a second kind of knowledge and literature, namely, the literature of reason, and abstract science. Before the use of letters, however, reason and science must remain always in their infancy, for the ideas which are acquired through this medium, having no sensible prototype in nature, can never be taught to any extent through the medium of conversation. Had Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*

never been committed to writing, and had we no means of becoming acquainted with it but through the medium of verbal instruction, a life of study would not give us that particular acquaintance with metaphysical science which can be acquired from a few months' application to this book. When a set of propositions are placed before us in writing, we can dwell upon and analyze each of them separately; but if the same set of propositions be communicated by word of mouth, our minds are frustrated, not only because we have not those sensible symbols before us, which always suggest the ideas for which they stand, but because the greater part of the observations which we make, escape us in a few moments, as we have no means of noting them down; and escape, perhaps, never to return. We must, therefore, begin to study the same proposition again and again, and ultimately we shall not be well satisfied with our knowledge of it.

Before the use of letters, then, reason and abstract science must remain in their infancy, and our language will consequently be the language of the senses; that is, we shall have in our vocabulary only such words as express external objects, their qualities, and the feelings excited within us by every species of external agency. It is from these feelings, however, that we derive all our pleasures and all our pains; because various degrees of pleasure and pain are only various modes of feeling. The pleasures of music, for instance, do not arise from reason, for the most irrational rustic will bound with rapture the moment he hears a delightful air, without knowing why or wherefore. Reason, then, is not concerned in the creation of this pleasure, nor does it increase it after it is created; for he who reasons most on the nature and principles of music, will be less affected by it than he who yields to its influence without ever thinking of the cause.

If reason can at all be said to have any share in the creation of our

pleasures, it is only in discovering certain things and qualities which might otherwise escape our notice, but which, when noticed, impart a certain degree of pleasure. The moment these things and qualities are discovered, they exercise a certain influence over us which is either pleasing or displeasing; but we must not attribute the feelings which they excite in us to reason; for if reason, or a close observance of nature, had not discovered them, it could never of itself excite these feelings. The feelings, however, excited in us by things and qualities that can only be discovered by a certain process of investigation are all of a light cha-

racter, for every thing that affects us strongly is seen at a glance. To render this more evident by an example, all men, the old as well as the young, instantly acknowledge the power of beauty: its influence cannot be resisted even by those who have reason to hate the object itself. When Helen approached the seniors of Troy—old Priam, and Thymætes, Lampus, Clytius, Panthus, Hicetaon, Antenor and Ucelagon, to witness with them the combat between Menelaus and Paris, greatly as they had reason to dislike her, she instantly made them acknowledge the resistless influence of her charms.

These, when the Spartan Queen approached the tower,  
In secret owned resistless beauty's power :  
They cried no wonder such celestial charms  
For nine long years have set the world in arms ;  
What winning graces ! What majestic mien !  
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen :  
Yet hence, oh heaven ! convey that fatal face,  
And from destruction save the Trojan race.

But suppose it required some time, some little examination and attention to the features of Helen, to discover whether she was beautiful or not, would the effect be the same ? Our readers will answer for us it would not. The more beauty approaches to perfection, the more it pleases, and the more suddenly does it produce its effect; whence it follows, that that which pleases most requires least, and that which pleases least requires most, attention to perceive it, because, the traits of beauty being few in number, we require more time and more attention to perceive them. Hence it is that we become reconciled to some females after being for some time acquainted with them, whom we cannot at first endure; and some women begin to grow handsome in our eyes whom at first we could not pronounce either beautiful or the contrary. It is clear, however, that the more time and observation is necessary to perceive whatever share of beauty a woman possesses, the less will be the pleasure when this beauty is perceived; and that the more quickly beauty is perceived, and the less attention it requires to perceive it, the more powerful is its effect. It is so with all pleasures that require a

close attention before the qualities by which they are produced can be perceived; and, antecedent to this perception, they impart no pleasure whatever. Let a peasant hear a delightful, simple air, and he is instantly struck with its magic effect; but let him hear a difficult piece of music, which he does not understand, and it affords him no pleasure. To him it is a mere variation of sounds, between which he can trace no harmony. Make this peasant sufficiently acquainted with music to perceive this harmony, and he will then relish its beauties; but never will it impart that delight and enthusiasm which a simple national air is capable of inspiring the moment it is heard, and without the slightest knowledge of music. Whatever, then, pleases strongly, pleases instantly, without any exercise of reason; so that, if the discoveries made through the arts and sciences have opened to us new sources of pleasure, which were unknown in the time of Homer, they must, from the very circumstance of their not being known, impart but a faint delight.

Before we proceed farther, we cannot help stopping to make an observation suggested by what we have just said on music. Its professors

appear to us to be, of all other professors, the most ignorant of nature. They either never bestow a thought upon the subject, or take it for granted that all mankind are as well acquainted with the science as themselves. At our principal theatres we never hear a national air, or, so far as we recollect, an air of any description between the acts. Hence the audience pay no attention whatever to the music, and long for the commencement of the next act. It is different at the Dublin theatre, where national airs are not only played, but called for by the audience; and instead of wishing to see the curtain rise, as we do at Covent-garden and Drury-lane, they care not how long it remains down. I am aware that all who are, or affect to be, judges of musical composition, affect also to prefer harmony to melody; but affectation is one thing, reality another. All taste of this description is acquired, and acquired can never impart the pleasures of natural taste. A taste for the compositions of bravura in music is entirely acquired, and can therefore be relished only by those who have a knowledge of musical composition. He who possesses this knowledge is pleased with them; but then it is not the music that pleases him, but the difficulty of excelling in them, or rather the skill and ability of the musician; for that which has no charm in itself will please, notwithstanding, to a certain degree, if it be the result of great skill or labour.

But to return to our subject. It appears that whatever is fitted to excite ardent and rapturous pleasure, will produce it instantaneously, and requires no process of reason, to render itself evident. From which it follows, that the modes of feeling, arising from all the sources of poetic pleasure, with which the progress of science has made us acquainted since the days of Homer, never rise to that rapture and enthusiasm, inspired by the influences of things, qualities and appearances, which act upon us instantaneously, and affect the peasant and the philosopher equally alike. Homer, therefore, had all the advantages that we have, so far as regards all that is ardent and effective in poetry; because, whatever is fitted to excite

this ardour, and produce this effect, excites it in the peasant as soon as in the philosopher. However unlettered, therefore, the age of Homer may have been, he still stands on the same high ground, and had within his reach all the sources of poetic rapture, so far, at least, as regards his ideas. And it will be found that his language was equally adapted to poetic expression, for all that part of language which results from the progress of science, can express only ideas that impart neither pleasure nor pain. Abstract ideas address themselves to the understanding alone, and are mere non-entities, so far as regards the feeling or sensitive faculties.

But it may be said, that though Homer had the same means of perceiving whatever is calculated to inspire, captivate and enchant in poetry, as well as the moderns; and though the terms which abstract science had in succeeding ages added to the language in which he wrote, could be of no use to him; yet it is not likely that, in his time, the Greek language would have terms to express all those feelings, sentiments and images with which we are as well acquainted, before the cultivation of the sciences, as afterwards, and which alone are captivating in poetry.

To him who has paid any attention to the origin of languages, this opinion will appear perfectly erroneous. The object of language is to express our ideas; but all ideas are expressive of things that are useful and necessary to our existence, or things pleasing and agreeable, though not essentially necessary to the wants of nature, or things that have no existence of their own, but express certain conceptions of the mind deduced from reason and observation, as virtue, vice, &c. Virtue is not a thing that has an existence of its own; for if men ceased to exist, virtue would cease to exist also, which could not happen if virtue had an existence of its own. It is therefore a term to express certain relations that exist between man and man, and between all men and their Creator. Now, it is evident, that, of these three tribes of ideas, men would first invent terms for the two first; for how invent terms to ex-

press abstract ideas, as virtue, &c., until reason and observation had discovered these ideas? The relations expressed by the term virtue, must be perceived and agreed upon before the term could be invented. It is impossible to invent a name to express an idea resulting from a process of reasoning, until this process is first entered into and the idea discovered. There are an infinity of abstract truths, of which the world remains as yet totally ignorant; and consequently it is impossible to invent names for them until they are discovered; and all of them that shall ever remain unknown, shall also remain for ever without a name. It is different with that part of language which expresses things useful and agreeable; for those things which are essentially necessary to the wants of nature, are evidently those for which, in the first instance, men would invent terms. We look to comfort before we think of revelling in the enjoyments of mental or physical luxury. Necessity is the mother of invention: and having, accordingly, invented terms to express those things of which we stand most in need, we next invent terms to express those things which are most pleasing to us, though not absolutely necessary.

Now, as all those things, qualities and affections, which impart pleasures of an ardent character, do not wait to produce their effect till science and abstract knowledge make a certain progress, it is evident that the terms by which they are expressed, will be invented not only before the progress, but before the very dawn of science; so that the Greek language must have been sufficiently copious in the time of Homer for all the purposes of the ardent and the pathetic in poetry. Of this the Irish language is, at the present moment, a living proof. Irish historians boast much of the antiquity and copiousness of their language, having upwards of twenty or thirty terms to express the simple idea of a house; and yet if it be not altogether the language of the senses, it has only stepped a few paces beyond their confines. We would defy all the writers that Ireland (we do not forget that it is our own country, but *ami-*

*cus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed majas amica veritas*) ever did, or ever will produce, to translate Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding into Irish. But yet, if we mistake not, it is, of all living languages, best adapted to poetry. It abounds in terms to express all the affections, emotions, passions, and sympathies of the soul; to express every thing, in fact, that does not depend on the progress and development of abstract science. It wants, it is true, "the long majestic march and energy divine" of English versification; but this energy has, for several years past, even in the English, gone out of fashion. Whether this be an improvement in our poetic taste, is a question which it would not be proper to discuss here, and we shall therefore only say that the language is capable of it, if our poets were. But the Irish language, from the very circumstance of its being confined to the senses and imagination, is capable of more melody, music, feeling and enthusiasm than any other living language. We call it a living language, though it can hardly be said to live; but if it were cultivated; if Irish works were sought after and encouraged, we feel confident that, so far as regards poetic rapture and enthusiasm—that enthusiasm which is the soul of pathetic poetry—it would surpass all the languages of Europe.

But it will be replied that, if the infancy of languages be more favourable to poetry than their maturity, Donne, Clive-land, and all their contemporaries, should be more poetic than their successors, and their successors more poetic than us. This is a mistake, and by no means deducible, from our view of the subject. All extremes meet: the sublime and the ridiculous are nearly allied, and whatever is placed between these extremes must inevitably fail in poetry.

*Mediocribus esse poetas*

*Non dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.*

In the time of Donne and Clive-land, the English language was far from being confined to the imagination and the senses. On the contrary, the age of Donne was the age

of logic and pedantry. The Greek and Latin classics were then cultivated, and the poets of the day endeavoured to make the English language, rude and barbarous as it was at the time, emulate the attic and classic purity of the Greek and Roman tongues. Of this the English language was incapable at the time; and he who attempts more than he can effect, must necessarily become unnatural. The contemporaries of Donne and Cleveland were almost all metaphysical writers. Their poetry was entirely written from the head, not from the heart; as is evident from their eternal play upon words and spinning out of ideas, neither of which could be the result of natural feeling, being always suggested by the faculties of abstraction and comparison. Even the divine Shakspeare was not free from the first of these faults. He and his contemporaries knew just enough of metaphysics to create a desire of dabbling in abstractions. Hobbes was at once metaphysician and poet, so that the distinctive province of poetry was at this time generally mistaken. It was looked upon as imitation, not as creation; and though one poet may imitate another, it is a mere sophism of the understanding to talk of his imitating nature, for there is no resemblance between words and ideas, nor between ideas and the things which they picture to the mind. What is called imitation in poetry, is, properly, description; and as to imitating other writers it is always dangerous, in the infancy of letters, because, in general, there are no good models to imitate. When there are good models, we should make ourselves intimately acquainted with them, for we should always write as if we were acquainted with all the learning of our own times, or, otherwise, as if we had never opened a book and yielded implicitly to the impulse of our own feelings. Here Homer had an advantage over all succeeding writers; for though one or other of these systems should be adopted by the poet, it is certain that he who writes what feeling alone might inspire, will be more poetic, than he whose feelings are tempered, corrected, and chastened by that judgment and experience

which result from extensive reading. Judgment and experience check the ardour of feeling and passion, and, on the other hand, if we only make ourselves slightly acquainted with the literature of the age, we are still worse—for, as Pope says, “a little learning is a dangerous thing.” It makes us imagine ourselves acquainted with things of which we know nothing, and therefore exposes our ignorance at every step. But it will be replied, that if Homer had an advantage over men of great reading and men of little reading, what advantage can he have over those who write as if totally unacquainted with the literature of the age? because such men follow, as he did, the impulse of their own feelings. To this I reply, that no such poets can exist at present; for no man can be a poet, who is unacquainted with language, or the terms by which ideas are conveyed; and no man can be acquainted with these terms without mixing with the world, or acquiring them from books; and no man can do either without becoming acquainted with some portion of the literature of his age, as literature, in proportion as it is cultivated, extends from class to class, and communicates a portion of its influence and of its knowledge to the very lowest circles. Hence originate all the evils that arise from a little learning. It creates false feelings by clothing error in the raiments of truth: nor is it possible for a writer to divest himself of its influence, while he cannot, at the same time, acquire all that knowledge which is actually necessary, unless he acquire a little learning along with it. Every poet of the present day should therefore travel beyond the influence of a little learning, and become well acquainted with the literature of his age and country; it being the only alternative he has, as he cannot, like Homer, become acquainted with language, and remain totally unacquainted with that little learning which serves only to mislead us in our feelings, sentiments, and opinions.

But it will be said that Homer knew more than those, to whom the expression “a little learning” can be properly applied, and that he



was not, therefore, free from its influence, though not acquainted with all that science and philosophy have since added to the knowledge of his times. To this we reply, that the knowledge of Homer has nothing in common with what is called learning; or, if all knowledge be learning, there are two species of little learning, one which never tends to lead us into error, another which is always leading us into it. That little learning, which is dangerous, arises from a slight acquaintance with the works of learned men, or with the opinions of those who are acquainted with their works. This learning always leads us astray, because it makes us acquainted with part of a thing, and not the whole; and of all such things we cannot form other than erroneous ideas. He, on the contrary, who learns all that he can, but who attempts to learn nothing placed beyond his reach, can never be led into error by his little modicum of knowledge, because all he does know, he perceives clearly. All the learning of Homer's time was of this description, because it is only during the progress of philosophy and science, or during our own progress in acquiring a knowledge of them, that we are subject to error. Before the commencement of this progress, what knowledge we have is generally correct: and it is equally so when we come to the opposite extreme. The reason is obvious. Before its commencement, all our knowledge is obtained through the direct testimony of the senses; and the senses cannot deceive us. He who describes exactly what he feels, describes what is true, and follows nature; for all feelings are natural, that arise from natural causes, and there can be no other causes antecedent to metaphysical science.—It is only that feeling which arises from a process of reasoning, that can be false and unnatural; but it cannot be so, even then, unless the reasoning be false. In the time of Homer, there was no reasoning, either true or false, except the reasoning of the passions. Every thing was described as it was felt, and such a description cannot be otherwise than natural; for, supposing Homer to describe some evil

passion working in the mind of a man strongly disposed to evil, would not the passion be natural in such a man? and would not the description, consequently, be equally so, though it was a passion which no other man would feel but himself? Every passion is natural in him who feels it; so that two men, who are differently affected by the same cause, are still each of them naturally affected.

From the moment, however, that men begin to look around them, and ask themselves the reason of things, until the reasoning powers are brought to maturity, man is eternally liable to deception and subject to error. He who sees an effect take place, without attending to the cause, sees it as clearly as the man who enquires into the cause of the effect. If, then, the latter attribute it to a wrong cause, he is in error, while the man who gives himself no trouble about the cause, cannot possibly err, because he knows the effect takes place, and this is all he attends to. His knowledge, then, so far as it goes, is correct; nor can it possibly be otherwise, until he begins to reason upon it. No man is subject to error until he begins to reason; because, previous to reason, all is the knowledge of the senses; and the senses, when perfect, can never deceive us, except in a few instances; and even then they correct each other. Poetry, however, only addresses itself to the senses, for it never argues, has never recourse to demonstration. It addresses us as beings that judge only through the medium of our feelings, not as philosophers who listen to the voice of reason and demonstration alone. The progress of knowledge, science and abstract reason can, therefore, be of no use to the poet, because, if he were acquainted with them, he dare not avail himself of this knowledge; he dare not address us as men who reason, but as men who feel. The poet, consequently, gains nothing by the progress of reason and science; they afford no embellishments to his thoughts, no ornament to his language; on the contrary, they only tend to strip it of all its ornaments, of all its charms and embellishments. The more the poet reasons, the less pleasure he

imparts; the more he talks the language of his own feelings, the more he delights us. Poetic excellence has, consequently, no alliance whatever with science or philosophy; and it is, therefore, an error to suppose, that he who writes antecedent to the cultivation of science, cannot equal those who are profoundly versed in it. The sublimest passages in Homer, or any other poet, have not a particle of reasoning in them. The images that produce the sublime and pathetic require no exercise of reason to perceive them, for, if they did, they would not be sublime. If we were to examine all the beautiful passages in Homer, we should not find one of them that is not exclusively addressed to the senses and the imagination; and what is addressed to the senses can only be perceived by the senses. Reason cannot tell whether they are beautiful or not, till it first consults the senses, and asks them, how they feel affected. Whatever pleases us, produces its effect without the intervention of reason; and what does not please without this intervention, can never be rendered agreeable by reason. When I behold a beautiful object, I am pleased the instant I look upon it, whether I am a philosopher or a clown. If the latter, I do not reason at all on the agency or secret operations of nature by which this pleasing emotion is produced; but if the former, I probably reason on the cause. I ask what there is in the object that can excite this pleasure? or what law of my nature causes me to be thus affected at the presence of the object? But is not all this reasoning founded on the impression which I feel? would I have ever reasoned in this manner, if I had not first felt the impression? Does not the impression consequently precede the reasoning? and, does it not remain the same, notwithstanding all my reasoning on its nature, and the agency by which it is produced? My reason, consequently, is not the cause of the pleasure, because it has no existence till the pleasure is felt. It is therefore an effect produced by the sensation of the moment, and the effect cannot be the cause of that impression by which it is produced.

Reason has, therefore, no share  
*E. M. April, 1824.*

in the creation of our pleasures, and the poet, consequently, derives no assistance from an acquaintance with philosophy or the abstractions of science. What advantage, then, can a poet of the present age derive from his acquaintance with abstract science, when he cannot avail himself of it, when he is obliged to address us as the mere creatures of feeling, and when all the beauties of his poetry derive their charm from addressing us thus alone? Homer, then, lost nothing by living antecedent to the use of letters. He addressed himself only to the senses, and, accordingly, there is not a passage in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, however excellent or sublime, but what might have been written, and but what can be understood, without the assistance or co-operation of reason. It is, however, a popular error, to suppose, that whatever is great and sublime, must require some strong exercise of reason, some energetic abstraction of mind, to produce it. This error has bewildered both philosophers and critics, and led them to adopt the most whimsical and unfounded hypotheses. The sublimest passages in Homer, Virgil, and Milton, have not the remotest alliance with any operation of the reasoning faculty. They were neither suggested by an exercise of reason, nor do they require any exercise of reason to comprehend them. They are all addressed to the senses, or the imagination, both of which are only different exercises of the same faculty. When I perceive a sublime object in nature, I instantly feel a sublime emotion, and if I afterwards revive the memory of the same object, or form an image in my own mind of an object that would be sublime, if it were met with in nature, I feel a similar emotion. The imagination, consequently, is affected by the same objects that affect the senses, and all the sublime passages in Homer, Virgil, and Milton, are exclusively addressed either to the senses or to the imagination. They require, therefore, no exercise of reason, no acquaintance with art or science, either to produce or to understand them.

To render this more obvious, we shall quote a few of the sublimest  
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passages to be found in *Homer* and *Milton*, and if any person can discover a thought or sentiment in them, which could only result from abstract science, we shall readily ac-

knowledge, that *Homer* could never have obtained pre-eminence over all other poets, had he written before letters were introduced into Greece.

But when the powers, descending, swelled the fight,  
Then tumult rose; fierce rage, and pale affright  
Vary'd each face; then discord sounds alarms,  
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.  
Now through the trembling shores *Minerva* calls,  
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.  
*Mars*, hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his terror shrouds  
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:  
Now through each *Trojan* heart he fury pours,  
With voice divine, from *Ilion's* topmost towers;  
Now shouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous hill:  
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.  
Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,  
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.  
Beneath stern *Neptune* shakes the solid ground;  
The forests wave, the mountains nod around.  
Thro' all their summits tremble *Ida's* woods,  
And, from their sources, boil their hundred floods  
*Troy's* turrets totter on the rocking plain;  
And the toss'd Navies beat the heaving main  
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,  
The infernal monarch reared his horrid head;  
Leap'd from his throne, lest *Neptune's* arm should lay  
His dark dominions open to the day,  
And pour in light on *Pluto's* drear abodes,  
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.

Meantime the monarch of the wat'ry main  
Observed the thunderer, nor observed in vain  
In *Samothracia*, on a mountain's brow,  
Where waving woods o'erhang the deeps below,  
He sate; and round him cast his azure eyes  
Where *Ida's* misty tops confus'dly rise.  
Below fair *Ilion's* glittering spires were seen;  
The crowded ships, and sable seas between;  
There, from the crystal chambers of the main,  
Emerged he sate; and mourned his *Argives* slain.  
At *Jove* incensed, with grief and fury stung,  
Prone, down the rocky steep he rush'd along;  
Fierce as he passed, the lofty mountains nod,  
The forest shakes; earth trembled as he trod,  
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.  
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,  
And, at the fourth, the distant *Ægæ* shook.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:  
High Heav'n, with trembling, the dread signal took,  
And all *Olympus* to the centre shook.

The following is from *Milton*:

————— Now storming fury rose,  
And clamour, such as heard in Heav'n, till now,  
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd

Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict! o'er head the dismal-hiss  
 Of fiery darts, in flaming volleys flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire:  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd  
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault,  
 And inextinguishable rage: all Heav'n  
 Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth  
 Had to her centre shook.

————— He, above the rest,  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower: his form not yet had lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appeared  
 Less than Arch-angel ruined, and th' excess  
 Of glory obscured. As when the sun new ris'n  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs; darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all, th' Arch-angel.

The passages which I have now quoted, cannot be excelled in sublimity by any thing to be found in ancient or modern poetry; but what is there in them, that cannot be understood without consulting a logician? They speak to our feelings, and our feelings are born with us: they require neither logic nor philosophy to bring them into existence. Poetic excellence, then, may precede the cultivation, and progress, of science; and Homer, consequently, could have attained to that excellence which renders him superior to all other poets, before the introduction of letters into Greece.

But it will be said, that though the language of poetry is the language of feeling, and exclusively addressed to the senses and imagination, yet he, who is versed in all kinds of literature, has a decided advantage over him who is confined to a knowledge of the senses, and the influences which are pleasing to them. That he is more learned and more knowing, I am willing to admit; but this learning and knowledge, so far from improving his poetical genius, tends very considerably to cool that fire, and abate that enthusiasm, without which poetry has no charm. The more we reason, the less we feel; and to suppress our feelings, is, in other words, to suppress that enthusiasm which is

the soul that animates, and the muse that inspires all that is animating and inspiring in poetry.

Had Homer possessed the metaphysical acuteness of Locke, he would never have produced the *Iliad*. That fire that burns down all before it, would go out of itself, and, if once extinguished, could never be revived. The mind that is long disciplined to metaphysical abstraction, to the discovery of relations and differences, so far from being able to retain that fire which inspires the poet, looks upon poetry, its creations, associations, fire, and enthusiasm, as the offspring of insanity. He considers poetic genius and madness to be closely allied, and as he fears the one, he consequently thinks it dangerous to indulge in the other. Homer's poetic excellence, then, so far from being diminished by the circumstance of his being unacquainted with the use of letters, and the progress of science, derived an advantage from it which no subsequent poet ever enjoyed, namely, that of giving a free and unbounded scope to the natural fire and enthusiasm which he derived from nature. The most glowing and rapturous enthusiasm is checked by the cultivation of the rigid sciences, so that, even if Virgil had derived from nature the enthusiasm of Homer, it would still have never appeared.

It will be objected, however, that, antecedent to the use of letters, and the progress of the sciences, there could not be much depth of reflection, nor, consequently, much sentiment. This I readily admit, but whoever imagines that Homer excels in either, will find himself deceived. We are so dazzled by that imagery, and so enraptured by that enthusiasm, which reign throughout the *Iliad*, that we are apt to attribute excellence of every description to Homer. We are mistaken, however. his reflections are never deep; being generally such as the feelings of the moment suggest; and, as to sentiment, Homer is any thing but a sentimental poet. But then, it must be recollected, that neither depth of reflection, nor sentiment, have any necessary alliance with poetry. They are frequently found, it is true, in modern poetry, but

they are more strictly and intimately allied to prose; for any thought that is not suggested by the feeling or passion of the moment is not poetry. If Homer excelled in sentiment, it would, indeed, serve to prove that learning and science had made some considerable progress in Greece when he wrote; but in the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, there is not a single thought which a modern writer would call a sentiment. In imagery he excels all poets; for though Milton takes his imagery from a more extended view of nature, it is of too ideal a character, and may be properly called the imagery of imagination; while Homer's imagery is so faithful a copy of nature, that he appears to us to describe not what his fancy creates, but what had a real existence. Of this the following passage is an admirable instance.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light !  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light ;  
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays ;  
The long reflections of the distant fires  
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

In all the varied excellence of Homer, however, we cannot discover a single beauty, a single thought, a single line that required an acquaintance with the use of letters. They are all such thoughts and images as his own feelings might have suggested; or, more properly speaking, if, his feelings had not suggested them, neither the learning of Johnson, the philosophy of Newton, or the metaphysics of Locke, would have enabled him to arrive at them. Pope, indeed, says, that he excelled in sentiment, and if so, he required a more refined knowledge than can be expected antecedent to the use of letters: but as Pope has

given us no instance of his sentimental beauties, we suspect that he meant something by sentiment which we do not understand by it at present; and perhaps we may be able to form some opinion of what this something is by his adding, that "Longinus has given his opinion that it was in this part Homer principally excelled." Longinus placed Homer's principal excellence in the sublimity of his images and descriptions, the grandeur of his scenes, the majesty of his gods, and the greatness of his heroes. But in all this, what is there sentimental? What is there in any sublime conception suggested by the sublimer

scenes of nature, that resembles a sentiment, or requires a mind furnished with principles of reason and of science. Sentimental poetry can only flourish in a refined age, and accordingly it is more cultivated by the moderns than that poetry which is founded in the original nature and general passions of man. The poetry of Homer is suggested by this original nature and these general passions, and required not therefore the advantages of science, or the progress of art, to bring it into existence; but sentimental poetry is acquired from certain habits, manners, customs and associations peculiar to the age in which we live, and the character of its literature. If there can be no poetic excellence without sentimental beauties, Homer, certainly, must resign his claim to that poetical pre-eminence which has been hitherto assigned to him. He never spins out a thought in order

to split it into sentiments. The moment he expresses what the feeling of the moment dictates, he passes on immediately to the next image which presents itself to him. Hence it is, that many of Homer's thoughts and images would furnish a modern writer with a variety of sentimental beauties, or at least suggest them; but Homer is always at something of importance, and this something is inspired by his own feelings. His poetic excellence, then, so far from proving that he must have flourished subsequent to the introduction of letters into Greece, appears to us one of the strongest proofs, that he was totally unacquainted with letters, and that it is principally to his ignorance of them he owes that unbridled enthusiasm which characterizes and distinguishes his productions from those of all succeeding writers.

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### LINES

ON SEEING COL. M. SALUTED BY HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

Ah! how I envy thee the bliss  
 Imparted by that gentle kiss!  
 I envy whilst that ruby lip  
 Drops nectar which the gods would sip;  
 I envy thee while thus ye prove  
 A daughter's and a father's love.  
 Another child, with beaming eye,  
 Chas'd from thy breast the rising sigh;  
 Her coral lip the charm impress'd,  
 And left thee thus supremely bless'd:  
 Whilst I, an exile, doom'd to stray  
 From children—home—from all away,—  
 Of health, of all held dear, bereft,—  
 Pain, care and anguish only left:  
 Ah! how I envy thee the bliss  
 Imparted by a daughter's kiss!

FELIX.

## HAMPSTEAD HEATH;—A SKETCH.

It is the recollection of our youthful hours, which dwells upon our minds in all the vivid colour of reality which imparts a pleasure no earthly power of ill can throw a gloom over. The enraptured fancy often reverts to the scenes which we loved in youth, with all the ardent pleasure of infantine simplicity, to the long remembered spots which return upon the mind loaded with remembrance of boyish pleasures, an childhood's fancies, with unmixed feelings of delight. If such be the delights of recollection, what will not the scenes themselves recal? those scenes which, in life's young hours, we most dearly prized, most fondly loved. Standing on the spot where ours

—“was the gay sunshine of the breast,”

those feelings once more glow in all the brightness of renovated joys. Such a scene to me is Hampstead Heath, with all its wildness, all its rugged paths, and all its cherished, bright associations; its pits—its mounts—its purling streams—and emerald plains—here and there varied by a thicket of trees, enamelled with flowers—the modest daisy—the retiring violet, or the blooming heath-bell. Sometimes I have thought with pleasure upon the hours when I have wandered in that delightful solitude, searching for the wild anemonies, safely sheltered beneath the spreading branches of the wild-rose briar; when I have culled the emblem of innocence, a lily, glittering in the dew-drops of the morning, or, after a day of intense heat, reviving in the coolness of the evening twilight. Those hours, long passed—those scenes long left, have become endeared to the memory—we know not why, but that they were our homes, and the days of our childhood. We see other scenes, which, in comparison with our beloved homes, are but as a desert, wild, savage, and unadorned: but those scenes have not the charm of home. The spot we first knew seemed a paradise to our infant eyes—the idea grew with us, and continues with us. When I returned last to this

scene, I thought of Scott's lines, beginning—

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said—

Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?”

'Twas my home—'twas there the short season of my school life was past. When I returned, after a long absence, to the Heath, the glittering spire seemed like an old friend over whom time had drawn his lines, but had left the character of his features still unchanged. My delighted memory found a friend in every leafy bough, in every elm-tree's hollow trunk, ivy bound and knotted grown. As one who returns to the bosom of his native glen, after a long pilgrimage through life's thorny paths, he finds that some are gone, that some remain—but all are changed; those that were then infants, are now men—and of those that were then men, some are gone—and all are decaying, surrounded by those ivy twigs of mankind, their children's children. I visited the old school-room: the tables were the same, but knives had been busy since I last saw them. The shelves stood still unpainted. I could point out the spot, on one of them, where I had traced out, in ink, a grotesque face. I remember the task which it gained me from the master—and the silent glances of applause from the boys. The master was a man fitted for his profession—mild, kind, and persevering; seldom put out of temper by the obstinacy of his pupils, ever willing to gratify them, and never inclined to flinch from his duty. Often, since, have I regretted the thoughtlessness of mind which led me so often into errors, regretted as soon as committed, and which never gave me any pleasure. Good old man! remembrance has through my life fondly clung to your memory; and, as long as you tarry a sojourner in this vale of sorrows, I can never cease to regard you with gratitude and affection.—In the play-ground, the old shed still continued. In

many a shower, I have passed my time beneath its sheltering roof, and joined in the games of youth which suited its narrow bounds. I sat on the seat, and heard the bell ring again which has so often broken in upon my sports; and I almost, after so long a lapse of time, involuntarily rose up to answer its summons.

After dinner, I wandered forth into the green meadows—whither, on half-holidays, I have been with the school to rove about in all the luxury of temporary liberty. The scene, how was it changed!—London seemed like a monster stretching itself even to my very feet. But the view into Berkshire—Surrey—nay, even to the Hog's Back, was still unimpeded. Kilburn, which I knew a little hamlet, had now become a town:—it has its own coaches—its chapel—and, for what I know, its theatre. I had determined to revisit all my old haunts—could I neglect the fir-trees? Oh! no! there was something connected with them, which was warmly shedding its bright prospects in my heart, and which was glowing in my memory—with a thrilling sensation of exquisite delight, beyond all other recollections: there was the soul-entrancing remembrance of my early love—the feeling, of all others, dearest to the human heart. Though so many years have elapsed since then, I can still dwell with unmixed pleasure on the moment when I first saw there, she who in after life threw so many rays of joy upon my fleeting hours. Yes, Susan! this tribute to thy worth is but the overflowings of a heart fondly beating with the consciousness of your virtues. I sat upon the rough hewn seat; it was the very spot where I first saw her; well do I remember the moment when she approached, leaning on her brother's arm. He was a day-boy, and the friend of my heart. To him all my griefs were related—and from him I sought for advice and consolation. To him all my joys were imparted, and he was called upon to rejoice with me. Through life our bond of friendship has continued unbroken: our prospects—our pursuits have been different; but in trouble, and in joy—in light and in shade—friendship's beam has still shed the

same splendid light over our fast flowing tide of life. This was the spot where I passed many happy hours with beloved Susan—with nothing to think of but anticipated pleasures, which sometimes withered—in the moment we hoped to grasp them, and in the delightful gratification of the purest and most endearing affection. In life's dreary path, she has been the sun which shone in those hours, which would otherwise have been to me a dark and gloomy solitude, a heart-wounding season of sorrow and disappointment! But those glooms have passed—and now the sun of my life promises to set in an unclouded sky.

I had, one evening, in moonlight, cut the initials of our names in the bark of one of the trees. The trunk had much increased in size, and had almost closed up the incisions I had made: but I could trace the letters, though with difficulty; and so, thought I, in time, will the remembrance of me fade from the world. And in what are we benefitted by the remembrance of the world? Our name (four or five letters) lives in the breath of fame for a few more years, and then is forgotten. What avails a monumental stone? Like the inscription on a tomb, the initials on the tree have been, perhaps, read a thousand times; and of all who read, how few would know for whom they were meant? and who could judge of us by such a frail memorial? On earth the best monument a man can raise is that which his good deeds set up, and which preserves in heaven's registry a memorial which no storm can destroy, no enmity can sully. These are the fond feelings which have played about my heart when I have before returned to thee, dear spot of my youthful days, when the sun shone only on hopes of joys, and the moon rose on nights of peace. Once more I have returned to thee; I find thee blooming and smiling as when I first left thee: thy heath, thy ponds, thy walks, the same. It is true, where once the path was solitary, now often are met a happy group of children, riding on the most honoured, though most despised, of animals. How long has that unhappy race laboured under the charge of obstinate stupidity!—



Obstinate and stupid! What a libel.  
Go, if you doubt, and see, as I have  
seen, these creatures gallop over the  
Heath, lively and tractable as a  
lady's poney. Witness this, and  
own, as I have done, how wrong it

is to abuse one of the most subser-  
vient animals in nature: and may  
Hampstead Heath give you as much  
pleasure as it has

W. HENRY LANCE.

## SUNSET.

THE zenith spreads  
Its canopy of sapphire, but the West  
Has a magnificent array of clouds;  
And, as the breeze plays on them, they assume  
The forms of mountains, castled cliffs, and hills,  
And shadowy glens, and groves, and beetling rocks,  
And some, that seem far off, are voyaging  
Their sun-bright path in folds of silver:—some  
In golden masses float, and others have  
Edgings of burning crimson.—Isles are seen  
All lovely, set within an emerald sea,  
And there are dies in the rich heavens,—such  
As sparkle in the grand and gorgeous plume  
Of Juno's favourite bird, or deck the scal'd  
And wreathing serpent.

Never, from the birth  
Of time, were scatter'd o'er the glowing sky  
More splendid colourings. Every varying tint  
Of every beautiful thing on earth,—the tints  
Of Heaven's own Iris,—all are in the West  
On this delicious eve.

Behind the green  
And billowy horizon, once more sinks  
The traveller of six thousand years. A wide  
And deep-felt pause prevails;—the peaceful sway  
Of Twilight is begun. Bright Morning calls  
The world to action, and the tyrant Sun,  
With beam intense, sweeps o'er it, sparing not  
Earth's toiling millions, but sweet Evening brings  
Her gentle airs to renovate the globe,  
And (as the insatiate orb has drank the streams)  
Sprinkles her liberal dews, and with a *hush*  
Comes on, that her beloved may have rest—  
The sons of toil.

The fiercely brilliant streaks  
Of crimson disappear, but o'er the hills  
A flush of orange hovers, softening up  
Into harmonious union with the blue  
That comes a sweeping down; for Twilight hastens  
To dash all other colours from the sky  
But this her favourite azure. Even now  
The East displays its palely beaming stars,  
With the mild, radiating Moon: and thus  
There is no end to all thy prodigies,  
O Nature!

N. T. C.

## LETTERS FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

## No. 6.

THE season was now far advanced, and nothing but the performers' benefits were going on at the theatres. I took tickets for a number of them, but, as I did not consider myself of sufficient importance to make my personal attendance an object, and as I was wearied out with frequenting public places, I confined my amusements mostly to private circles, concerts, dinners, and evening parties; and I found, that at them also insipidity succeeded to novelty. This fact made me naturally inquire into its cause. Of what was our society composed? What was the end proposed by these circles? The component parts consisted of the nobility and gentry, and what is called people of fashion; a term so vague, and generally so empty, that it is not worth an analysis.

Our nobility is composed of persons of more general dignity than any other in Europe, as far as my examination went: I say in general, because, in all countries, there are some instances of people of rank, supporting an illustrious name by the morality and delicacy of their conduct, and by the elegance of their manners, and their superior education. But the English nobility possesses an exalted station, because we find more talent and patriotism in this body, than in any other in the world. The Russian nobility receives great advantages from its learning, from its travelling, and from thus growing acquainted with languages and countries: but the want of a constitution like ours, subjects the nobles to be either tyrants or slaves, or alternately each, whilst there is no stimulus for the statesman or orator. What cause can a man have to advocate in a state where freedom smiles not upon silence, and where philanthropy is narrowed by pride? The military profession, also, is the only one which the aristocracy can embrace, and, with all the very high consideration which I have for it, philosophy, and the wisdom of legislation are not promoted by its orders.

E. M. April, 1824.

which are conquest, consequent aggression, and a certain degree of ferocity, at variance with peace, under whose olive-branch the people's happiness can alone exist. Now, in England, the peer may be an honor to the church and the senate, the army and the navy alike; he needs no profession to adorn his coronet, which never shines with so much lustre, as on the able statesman, the profound scholar, the patron of the muses, the cultivator of the arts and sciences, the promoter of agriculture, and the champion of the oppressed. In fact, a senatorial nobleman can scarcely have time for a profession, if he do his duty to his countrymen, if he use his influence in the county, or counties, which look up to his influence and example; and, if he become a military man *pro aris et focis*, and with a view to add grace to his deportment, it is as much as can be expected.

In Spain and Italy, as well as in most of the northern courts, the ignorance of the nobility is inconsistent with the dignity which it ought to possess, whilst (in southern climates) the vice and effeminacy of the higher orders is a disgrace, which no illustrious blood can cancel or conceal; nay, even in France, the jarring elements of which *la Noblesse*, ancient and modern, are composed, is an impediment to learning and a bar against pure patriotism. Limited monarchy is certainly the most gentlemanly government in the world, and it follows, of course, that it is the noblest form; for the gentleman, may not be a nobleman, but the nobleman must be a gentleman, else is he a disgrace to his title, so much so, that whenever I see a fox-hunting, horse-racing, chariot-racing, but, above all, a pugilistic, gladiatorial, pugnacious lord, I consider him not only out of place, but a reproach to his name and escutcheon. Be it, however, well understood, that I do not condemn a fight honourable for keeping a pack of hounds for the diversion of his neighbours and tenants,

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nor for having a few racers in his stud for the improvement of the national breed of horses; which are very different things to devoting his life to the sports of the field, or to descending to all the low society and greeking of the turf. Nobility looks to posterity, and posterity looks back to the pride of ancestry for great and good deeds, for immaculate honour and purity of blood, unsullied by alliances founded merely on sordid interest.

Having stated thus much on the titled part of society, we come to the Gentleman; a term which becomes every day more equivocal and difficult to describe, from the ascendancy which money acquires in all companies. It is the worshipping the golden calf which contaminates the character of a gentleman; it is our coin-rakers, our negro-drivers, our borough-buyers, who thrust themselves into consequence, in every place, and who are tolerated in high company in favour of the weight of their purse. It is the gold dust which is thrown in the eyes of our nobility, so as to blind them to the defects, the ignorance, and the vulgarity, which thus emboldened, assumes a place, and maintains it, so as to thrust out the real gentleman, and to eclipse him in expensive life.

A gentleman implies a person well born, well bred, well principled, and well informed, a man of honour, of delicacy, and of accomplishments, a scholar, and one of independent mind. He should possess intellect and grace, morality and loyalty. Ignorance, prejudice, an ungoverned and ungovernable temper, sordid avarice, vicious habits, repulsive deportment, radicalism and arrogance have nothing to do with the *real* gentleman. I have met with a number of persons from the United States of America, whose wealth and letters of recommendation gave them an introduction into our polished circles. They were intelligent men; some were clever men, cheerful men, (for aught I know) worthy men; but they had not that polish, that ease, that amenity, which constitute the gentleman. One would not be an hour in your company before he took great care to let you know that he

was a republican; a second did not leave you to guess that he was a rich man, but was himself your informer; a third was offensive with the local perfections of his country; a fourth too much a lover of equality to be commonly civil: yet I found more pride in these leveling citizens, than in a drawing-room full of rank, of rational fashion, and of persons of high acquirements. Then there is another common error which confers the name of gentleman, often very improperly: such a one is a *great* merchant, a *great* capitalist, a *great* planter, a *great* speculator; and so, forsooth, he must be a gentleman! Whereas all these pursuits are not very much in unison with the life and deportment of the accomplished gentleman; in fact, they are at variance with his habits. The counting-house, the Alley, the sugar trade, and the control over slaves, can never (of themselves) bestow grace, breeding, nor *le ton de la bonne compagnie* upon men; it cannot fit them for courts, drawing-rooms, and for the company of the more delicate and gentle sex. The pen that moves only in arithmetic, or in a ledger, is not very likely to trace the refinement of sentiment, nor to be devoted to the Muses and Graces, with whom the gentleman ought to be intimately acquainted. Professions, it is roundly asserted, give the rank of a gentleman in society; the church, the army, navy, and the learned professions. But this rank is either temporary or *brevet* rank; temporary, because it is only held so long as the person belongs to these professions; or *brevet*, being a rank by courtesy, or, as it were, a step towards a higher rank. Now the *real* gentleman, not made so by the tenure of an office or employment, needs neither to be what he was born and bred, what he was acknowledged to be on his attaining to years of discretion, and what his conduct and behaviour ought to confirm daily; for the life of the gentleman is made up of refinement and improvement, good breeding and good example, of sensibilities, suavities, kindnesses and attentions, of condescensions and urbanity, of smiles and prepossessing manners, of hospitality and humani-

ty, of mildness and benevolence, of deference for the fair sex, protection to strangers, the love of king and country, the command of his passions, of courage without ostentation, and of humility without servility or fawning; he gives place to superior rank, but never stoops to be a sycophant, or time-server to any one. The *pseudo* gentleman boasts, talks loud, seeks for place and pre-eminence, flatters woman grossly, or verges into immodesty, thrusts himself forward, takes the wall, and the head of the table, speaks with vulgar familiarity of royalty, courts the great, or is impudently easy with them, indulges in what he, foolishly, considers fashionable vices, is irascible and tenacious of his uncertain rank amongst his fellow men, is too wordy or too reserved, too much at home or too repulsive, proud and vain, overbearing and unamiable. Of this last description the town parties exhibit too many examples: the former character is, alas! too rare.

Having thus examined the members of society, we next come to the end and object of private parties. Pleasure, amusement, to see and be seen, habit, and the fear of solitude, these are the real objects and inducements. The two first are, pretty generally, disappointed: pleasure is, most commonly, only a thing in promise, the to-morrow, which loses its name on its nearest approach; amusement is occupation, however frivolous it may be; habit, and the dread of being alone, are satisfied by routs, at-homes, and by all sorts of congregated company. But what gratification can arise from a buzz, a crowd, the over-looking of card-players, and all the stale flirtations of the other sex, I know not: for which reasons, private concerts and *conversazioni* were the only parties of attraction to me. But the English *conversazioni* are not yet sufficiently understood, they are mere "*at-homes*," where nobody is at home, except when the circle is composed of persons of *virtù*. Nor are our *soirées* any thing different, except in the name, which affectation has imported from our neighbour, France. A *conversazione*, composed of literary characters, is a delightful thing, and ought to be

promoted, encouraged and brought into fashion in the first circles. A dinner party too, at which science presides, may fairly be called the feast of reason and the flow of soul. *Soirées* are only fitted for youth, and to make them what they ought to be; music, dancing, cards (for the old) without gaming, accompanied by refreshments, and devoid of constraint as to dress, over-late hours, &c. But our mixtures of dress and fancy, gaming and flirting, expensive ornaments for the night, and temporary suffocation from the number of visitors, our lookings in for a moment for fashion's sake, our transits of exquisites, just to make a bow and to level the glass of insipid criticism at the circle, are (to me) abominable, and can neither be considered as *soirées* or *conversazioni*.

The town-season having nearly ended, and the good of my tenantry demanding my return, I concluded my visit to the fashionable British capital, by a very unfashionable act, namely, the paying my debts to landlord, for my ready furnished house, to tailor, boot-maker, perfumer, wine-merchant, livery-stable keeper, &c. &c. I found, as every man will, on leaving town, that the amount of bills brought in far exceeded my expectation, and I was vulgar enough to examine them, and to discover a few errors and over-charges: what must they be for our nobility and elegantes who get two and more years' credit? I did not stylishly quit town on a Sunday, for *convenience* sake, but set off on a Monday morning, after breakfast, with the loss of my Irish horse, and no small sum in hard cash; but I did not consider that I lost my time. I had learned something worth knowing, and was cured of every thing like a partiality to Paris. One who will attend the British senate, get admitted into the society of learned men, and will not be a slave to fashion, may pass his time more happily in London, than in any metropolis known to me. I shall now take my leave of the subject, humbly trusting that I have not lost the good opinion of my readers, and that they will honor with their remembrance

THE IRISH GENTLEMAN.

## SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

## No. 5.

DURING the investment of Badajoz by General BLUESFORD, early in the month of May, 1811, there was a rumour very prevalent throughout the camp, that Soult was on the advance, with an overwhelming force, to compel the Allies to raise the siege, and, if possible, either to bring them to battle or to cut off their retreat. For several days the whole army was in a state of suspense, every loyal heart beat high with ardour, and nothing was to be heard or seen but the "note of preparation" for the expected *rencontre*.

One evening, when the cooling zephyrs were gently wafting the delicious perfumes of the neighbouring groves of citrons, oranges, and almonds, and the sultry heat of the day was gone with the sun to parch some other sphere; Corporal William G——, with an affectionate and beautiful young wife, who had cheerfully followed his fortunes for nearly eight months on the Peninsula, with an infant at her breast, strayed by the shade of what had once been a private arcade belonging to one of the *grandees* of this devoted country; but which was now trodden and broken down by the military surrounding the fortress. They talked of the past—of all those scenes of difficulty and danger through which they had been safely brought, and which tended but to knit, if possible, their living hearts more closely together; and if there were aught in the past which called for the tear of regret, it was the consolation of their kindred spirits that there was nothing there to excite the pang of remorse. Their bosoms beat with mutual anticipations; they hoped, in a little time, that the horrors of war, would be past, and that they should greet with unclouded joy their native land again; gather once more around their humble fire-side, and taste the sweets of "calm and quiet," which their hearts were so formed to enjoy.

On their return to the camp, they were informed that advices of im-

portance had just arrived, the purport of which were not generally known, but that a council of war had been called, and was now sitting. Early the next morning orders were passed to break up the encampments, and advance to Valverde; where, when they arrived, they were joined by a division of about 2,000 men, under the command of General Blake. The troops were then disposed of, in the most advantageous position the ground would allow, there waiting in line of battle the approach of the enemy. Again was a council of war held; the result of which was the taking up a fresh position on the banks of the rivulet Albuera, the right wing resting on a little acclivity which rose gently from the stream; the centre supporting itself on the village of Albuera, and the left wing extending along the banks of the rivulet as far as the eye could reach. The advantages of this ground were two-fold; the army here covered Badajoz, which before had been entirely left open; and the ground was well adapted for an army on the defensive against a force so superior, especially in cavalry, as the French certainly were.

It was on the evening of the 15th of May, when the Corporal, pressing his dear Mary to his bosom, vainly strove to dissipate the fears which saddened her countenance and cast a gloomy cloud over the uncertainties of futurity. Claspings her arms around his neck ere they parted for the night, she clung tenaciously to his breast, and whilst her heart throbbed with untold emotions, and her countenance whitened with the anguish that she felt, she whispered in faltering accents—"To-morrow, oh! to-morrow." "Well, my sweet girl, and what of to-morrow? I shall only be where I've been before." "Do, my dear, dear William, for my sake take care of yourself, and don't be too rash and venturesome."—"Nonsense, my love," he replied, "nonsense; you should not be so fearful. I dare say I shall come as well off as I've done be-

fore. I've the same cause to fight in—and that is a good one—and the same enemy to fight against—and he's a common enemy—and the same God to be my shield:—so cheer up—cheer up—to be so down-hearted and desponding is like mistrusting Providence."—"Nay, but you know—I don't do that. I only fear you will be too rash, and tempt Providence; for I would rather you were always a corporal than run the needless risk you did at the breach the other day. I have been praying for you all day, and I shall go and spend the night in prayers for your safety. Remember you are a husband,—and (pointing to her child) think on your poor innocent baby—see how he smiles in his sleep, as to greet his kind, fond father."

The brave fellow's honest heart melted for a moment, as he gazed alternately at his devoted wife and his infant child that lay sniling in sleep on the hard bed of a soldier. But he checked the course of his wife's persuasives to cowardice by his old argument. Pressing his lips to her bloodless cheek, he said, "Now, you know, my dear, I don't like to hear you talk so;—you would not have the husband of your bosom and the father of your child a coward." The half-tone of reproof that was mingled with the expression of this language checked her arguments. She clung the closer to him as the moment approached when they must part;—and under what circumstances they might meet again, who could tell? He took his farewell embrace, first of his child, and again—and again—and again—of his Mary; and as he turned away from the tent, he would fain have uttered the parting benison, but his lips softly articulated one faint "farewell," and he rushed away lest she should perceive the feelings that agitated his manly bosom.

The gloomy mantle of midnight was gathered over the hostile armies as they lay in anxious expectation of the dawn:—the little streamlet that divided the deadly enemies, rolled calmly and heedlessly glingling on, unconscious of the work of coming day that was so soon to stain its green banks and dye its crystal waves with human blood. A solemn pause—an hour or two, for reflection,

was given to either host; but the far greater number were thoughtlessly revelling, as though it were the eve of a feast instead of a battle. Some few were engaged writing (perhaps for the last time) to the friends who, though farthest away, were nearest to their hearts; others wasting the night in fruitless conjectures as to the result of the approaching contest; and there were a small number, who, in solitude, were praying for the protection and aid of the God of battles. The night was chill—a heavy dew was falling, through which might be dimly perceived the lights of the French camp flitting to and fro; and at intervals a rocket or a blue light was seen, as a signal, which told the enemy were on the alert; whilst the "All's well" of the British, and the responsive "Centinel alerte" of the Spaniards, shewed that the Allies were no less watchful.

Morning at length broke over the embattled plain, and with its earliest dawn the heavy artillery commenced its "deafening war;" and as the light increased, the cannonade grew brisker and brisker, extending itself along the whole line. The manœuvring of cavalry and infantry proceeded for some time without their coming to close quarters; the enemy making dispositions to attack the right wing of the Allies, and the Allies strengthening and preparing to give him a warm reception. The French were observed shortly crossing the rivulet above a wood to the right, and their cavalry and infantry forming, marched onward to the attack. For a long time the Spaniards, against superior force, made a vigorous resistance; overpowered by numbers, they at length were compelled to give way; and thus the enemy became possessed of a position which commanded the whole of the British line.

Whilst the battle was thus raging in all its fury, the medical attendants were preparing to render their assistance to the wounded and dying that might be brought in from the field; and there, amidst a scene so truly awful, were to be seen, actively engaged in administering to the suffering soldiery, the females that attended the camp. They appeared to be animated by a spirit

of heavenly benevolence; and wherever they went, the kindly sympathy they evinced, and the tenderness of their attentions lighted up the glow of hope and gratitude on the countenances of the anguished, and, perhaps, dying warrior. Amongst the most tender and solicitous was Mary, the Corporal's wife; and it was interesting to witness the eager anxiety with which she scrutinized the features of each poor fellow that was brought to have his wound examined and dressed by the surgeons: her heart seemed to revive as she found it was not her William. As the noise of the battle grew louder and louder, she became more intensely wrought, suspense was seated on her gentle brow—and the more so, when she perceived fresh numbers, and those principally of her husband's regiment, borne in. She inquired of them concerning her brave soldier, and was told by one who had fallen at his side, and whose wound the surgeon had just pronounced mortal, that he was uninjured, and nobly cheering his company to the charge.

About two o'clock the firing in a great measure ceased, and the wounded bore the welcome intelligence that victory had declared for the Allies, and that the enemy was retreating across the Albuera. The afternoon passed slowly away, without any particular occurrence, except some slight skirmishing at intervals, till sunset. Night had once more drawn her sable mantle over the gay field of conflict. It was a wearisome season to poor Mary, as she remained at an utter uncertainty respecting the situation of her husband. "Perhaps," sighed she, whilst the tears fell fastly on the babe she pressed to her breast,—“perhaps he is no more; perchance he now lies bleeding amongst the dying and the dead, and chides my long delay in not hastening to kiss the blood-drops from his pallid brow: or, haply, a prisoner to the enemy, he is now thinking of his wife and child, which he may never, never see again.”—Thus, in dire suspense, at one time cheered by faint gleams of hope, and at others given up to the gloom of despair, she passed the lonely hours of night; and at morning light rushed wildly forth to procure some news of his fate.

The French were on the retreat, and the British cavalry had crossed the river to harass them by the way. Mary, regardless of these changes, so important to the hero and the king, was enwrapt in the interest of her own situation. She was hastening to that part of the army where his regiment was stationed, when she met a serjeant, an old companion of his; and of him she eagerly enquired—“My husband?”—“Why, my good lassie,” he replied, “he—he—they say—.” He could no more,—his manly bosom heaved, and the tear of blended regret for his friend, and pity for his widow and orphan, rolled down his sunburnt cheek. The dreadful reality flashed like lightning over her feeble mind, and she tottered and fell, the serjeant having just time to snatch the infant with one hand, whilst with the other he supported its poor, afflicted mother. With the assistance of his comrade, he employed every means with which he was acquainted, to restore her, but for a long period in vain. “Poor thing,” said the serjeant; “poor thing, I didn't know what to tell her—she must know.”—“It is a hard case—a very hard case, to be sure,” replied his comrade; “but, as they say, we must all go when the time's come, and—” “And he died nobly, too,” added the serjeant: “I think—I wish I could have died for him:—nobody would have missed or mourned for me.”—After a pause, and again wiping away a tear that rose unbidden in his eye—“He was a fine fellow; but it's all over with him!—and for one thing we ought to be thankful,—he's happier and better off than we are; for he was a tender and a faithful husband.”

Again poor Mary opened her eyes on a blank and barren world! The delight of her eyes, and the joy of her heart, and the life of her soul, were all gone with him. After a few moments agitatingly gazing, first at the serjeant, and then at his comrade—“Bear me! oh! bear me to his mangled corpse! and let me compose his limbs, and cleanse his blood-matted hair, and wipe the clotted gore from his breast—and close his gazing eyes, and—oh, bear me to him!—as you loved him, and pity me and mine, let me

see him but once — once more!" She would have again gone off into strong hysterics, but was relieved by a copious flood of tears. After a period she became more composed, and the serjeant, with his comrade, left her, being summoned by the roll-call.

Alone, therefore, she took her way amongst the heaps of slain, to seek the corpse of him she had so warmly and so truly loved. On the brow of the eminence to the right, she saw a rude tent (if such it might be called), being merely a piece of canvass fastened to some trees to the south, forming a scanty shelter from the breeze and a shade from the scorching sun. As if impelled by some invisible hand, she hurried to the spot, stretched forth one arm to draw aside the canvass, and her eyes rested on a form too well, too dearly known. The canvass fell from her powerless hand, her eye was fixed distractedly upon the formless air—her cheek had lost the rosy tint of peace and content, and was blanched with the chill of horror—her blue lips quivered—but she fainted not—she spoke not—she moved not—she seemed as if the horrid scene had frozen her to a statue. A little while, however, and she again found relief in tears; and then stepping cautiously and gently towards the corpse, she whispered, putting her lips to his ear, as his face was towards the ground—"My William!" and echo

hoarsely muttered back "my William!"—After arranging almost unconsciously his auburn locks, she took his dead, cold hand, sat on a small stone beside him, and pressing it to her lips, watered it with her tears.

It was thus, weeping, she was found by the pioneers, who came to bear him away and bury him. She pleaded hard to spare him; her melting tears pierced their hearts, and they withdrew. Her heart-broken sobs told the inward agony of her soul; and it was not till evening that she was torn from the corpse, by the feeling serjeant and his friend, who had returned, at their earliest opportunity, to sympathize with, and to attempt to console the inconsolable Mary. She raved, at first, and called them traitors and murderers, and clung to the listless form of her dear William. But one, amongst the friends of her husband, spoke to her of the hand of God—and the mercy he displays in the midst of judgment—of the friend of the widow, and the father of the fatherless; and she appeared to listen with mournful yet deep attention. But when he spoke of the heaven of rest—where the weary shall for ever repose, and encouraged her to anticipate a bright, a blissful, and eternal meeting, she lifted her streaming eyes above, and falling on her knees, instinctively exclaimed, "Thy will be done!"

### INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT SCIO.

STRANGER, hast thou a home, and dost thou love  
To think of it; and do fair visions rise,  
Cheering thy path, of that all-hallowed spot?  
And is thy cot, though humble, guarded well  
By that impartial sword of law which turns,  
Still turns its fiery edge to all who dare  
Insult thy dear Elysium? Then to Heaven  
Bend thou the knee of gratitude; thy cup  
Of blessedness is full. But haply thou  
Wilt drop a tear for us, for Scio,—once  
The loveliest of those blooming isles that stud  
The bright, the beautiful Egeum.

Pause,

Stranger, a moment here; for we had homes



Sacred as thine; and we were rich in all  
 That makes home—heav'n. On rapid, noiseless wing  
 Passed by the harmonious seasons. Summer breathed  
 Her gentlest breezes on the sea;—the sea  
 In music broke upon the strand; and there  
 The unconscious children play'd, while smiling age  
 Looked on refreshed, as infancy renewed  
 The frolics of a far-gone hour. The lute  
 Was heard from many a bower;—the maidens led  
 The dance of Ariadne. O'er their heads  
 The living canopy of flowers and fruits  
 In beautiful confusion droop'd; the vine  
 Sun-loving shed its clusters, purpling there  
 Like amethysts; the luscious orange hung  
 Its golden spheres; while in the genial ray  
 The red pomegranate glow'd. And some awoke  
 The pastoral strain, where on its emerald stem  
 Uprose the olive, or the plane diffused  
 Its ample, grateful shade.

As springs the wolf  
 Upon his unsuspecting prey;—as swoops  
 The eagle on the ring-dove;—nursed in crime,  
 Fanatic, pitiless, revengeful, rush'd  
 The sanguinary Moslem! One wild cry  
 Rang round the wretched isle. Before the steps  
 Of that ferocious Scythian lay the land,  
 Smiling like Eden, and behind him frown'd  
 A dreary wilderness. That peaceful strand,  
 Where play'd the children, reddened with the blood,  
 The mingled blood of youth and age. At once  
 Temple and cot, and bower and grove upflam'd,  
 The mother clasp'd her child in vain—in vain  
 “Shriek'd to mute Heaven the violated maid,”  
 And forms as fair as Helen, fair as she  
 Of Cytherea, forth the spoiler dragg'd  
 To foul captivity!

But by the wrongs  
 Of those who writhe in rank pollution's arms,  
 And call on us for help—by ages past  
 Of bitter bondage—by that sacred Cross  
 Which is our hope and battle sign, though scorn'd  
 By CHRISTIAN Europe—by that innocent blood,  
 The cry of which e'en now is pealing round  
 The throne of the avenger; not in vain  
 Shall suffering woman plead. Again it comes,  
 The ancient unsubmitting spirit comes;  
 The high resolve—the proud contempt of pain,  
 Of danger, death, and, as indignant Greece  
 Leads on her sons to victory, the hand,  
 City of blood, Stamboul—the unerring hand  
 Of fate rings deeply on thy startled ear  
 The knell of tyranny.

N. T. C.

## ON DRESS.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR,—It being evident to me, from your writings, that you are a man of erudition and taste, and acquainted with the history of ancient and modern times. I take the liberty of addressing you, through the medium of the *Magazine*, which you so ably conduct, on a subject which, light as it may appear, at first sight, is very important to society, namely, that of dress: I say important, because any occupation, employment, or pursuit, which ingrosses a huge proportion of a man's time, ought certainly to be a matter of moment. Indeed, the present one is not only a matter of *many moments*, but of many hours to the higher classes, and fills up a great part of life in our younger days; so much so, that if we were to calculate the hours devoted to eating and drinking, to sleep, and to the toilet, how little of life would remain for any other purpose; and if we superadd to this, the time dedicated to pleasure, many men might be said *not to live* at all, at least so far as rational life is implied, or an existence honourable to themselves and beneficial to society. But that is not the object of the present enquiry, which is merely to seek for information as to the possibility of inventing some costume, or style of manly dress, which might unite grace, convenience, uniformity, and nationality, and not leave our youth and their purses a prey to whim, novelty, folly, and a conspiracy of their tradesmen to make them more and more ridiculous. There are general rules of comfort and of ornament that must always be the same, yet they are daily varying, from the cupidity of the tailor, the hatter, the boot-maker, &c., and from the insatiability of vanity, which is always essaying some new whim to gain notoriety, to provoke emulation, to acquire imitation, and to launch into expense. For instance, it is as necessary that the body should be kept warm, as it is that it should be screened from indelicate exposure, and it becomes equally

*E. M. April, 1824.*

proper, that the quantum of heat and of covering should be proportioned to the climate and moral habits of the country. For example, the same quantity of wearing apparel would not suit the climate of India and that of Russia, and what might be necessary in the one would be an incumbrance in the other; neither can we feel easy with precisely the same clothing at Christmas and in the dog-days. Nevertheless we see hourly anomalies in dress as little suitable or seasonable as these, nay, far more ridiculous; but self-love and use, which is termed second nature (however unnatural), blind us in this respect: for when we look at the full-bottomed wigs, the roomy skirts, the long flapped waistcoats, and laced suits of our great grandfathers, the scarlet embroidered frock, gold-laced beaver, and *couteau de chasse*, worn by them as a morning dress, we cannot refrain from laughter, and we think that they looked like mountebanks, or actors prepared for a scenic representation. Yet an old gentleman of those days, with a blush coloured silk coat, and a green and gold waistcoat, like a gravel walk and a grass plat, small-clothes to match the coat, and the silk stockings brought up above the knees, his steel hilted rapier by his side, and a feather in his hat, would have been convulsed with laughter at the appearance of a modern macaroni, with a hat upon his head like a *parachute*, his neck in the stocks, from the semi-strangulation of a cravat, a shirt collar like the winkers of a horse, the neck's covering secured by a Tyburn-tie, or a bowline knot, the pattern of the neckerchief being taken from a boxer, and his great coat looking as if it were stolen from a blanket warehouse, or made to imitate the dog whose name it bears, a *poodle* Benjamin. These contrasts are as distant from each other as the Equator and the Pole; the one sins by over dressing the gentleman, the other by under dressing the fellow; the former fits the drawing-room,

B

the latter savours of the stable: no wonder that our dandies are going to rack! These extremes, however, seem to be the effect of time, but those of affectation are compassed in a moment; one day we meet all ages, sizes, and conditions, with their throats in the pillory, with a thing like a pillow or a bolster under their chins; and in a trice the fashion goes out, and our bucks are half squeezed to death, of their own accord, by a thing as tight as a cord and as thin as a sheet of paper, which supplants a wrapping affair more like the sheet of a bed, from its width and dimensions. These are contrasts so great, that the *one* must certainly be wrong if the other be right: but it requires very little pains to prove that both were preposterous in the extreme. One year our people of *bon ton* are *collared* by the tailor so highly, that one might ask them temperately what made their collar (not choler) rise thus? Another year the standing collar is banished, and its substitute is so shaped and cut down, that you see our fops smiling over these oval concerns, like a bumpkin grinning through a horse collar at a *fair*. One season *loose habits* of all kinds are the *go* (and I wish they were gone), another season produces them so inconveniently tight, that what formerly had all the form and *compearance* of a man, as my aunt Deborah would say, is now quite similar to the other sex about the waist.

"He looks so very like a waiting gentlewoman, the corset fopling is so girt in, that it is a hundred to one but he will *miss stays in going about*." Powder, pomatum, black pins, and ribbon, were the follies of our forefathers;\* starch, oil, and whalebone, are those of their progeny. The frizzle of to-day would not wear an enormous *queue* for all the world; the *beau* of the olden times would have felt degraded to the level of a worker at the hulks, to have been thus cropped and shorn of his hairy honours. In former times, the tailors laced their custo-

mers with gold: now a lordling is *laced* by his own man, who *tags* after him with a yard of silk or tape, to keep *up* his appearance in the world. The fashion of one time is to have tight *pantaloon*s, so as to make the wearer look like a piece of statuary: the order of the day of another time, is to have Cossacks, Tartars, and I know not what all, as voluminous as a lady's petticoat, plaited round the middle in the same *gentlewomanlike* manner, and pointed down at the bottom, so that the Exquisite is so lost in his inexpressibles, so contracted above the hip, and so bustled out below it, that a greenhorn, *à la mode*, whose tiny growth upwards is but a mere sprout compared with the biforked amplitude downwards, looks not unlike a twin raddish: (O! gemini! I think I hear you say), but I mean a raddish of a double conformation, under ground, whilst its little green head is, like the Exquisite's, nothing in comparison to it. Then again we see men padded and puffed about the chest, however empty their *chest* may be *at home*, puckered and tumefied about the shoulders, stuffed and cottoned about the collar, and made the most of in this part of the body, whilst the coat is cut off behind, and narrowed into something resembling a bird's tail, or that of a sprat, so that old Horace would have applied his remark to our sex, had he seen this finish off, instead of describing a certain end of the lady: *Desinet in piscem, mulier formosa superne*: our modern gentleman is certainly as queer a fish as that. It must be allowed that these changeable monstrosities are not stranger than having the pigeon's wing curls at a man's ear, a bag, to catch nothing, at his back, or a thing twisted up like a knocker to a man's head, as if it were placed there to enquire whether the upper story was furnished, or unfurnished. And it cannot be denied that the natural, unpowdered hair, in the Roman style, is less artificial and more in harmony with a manly person, than

\* I never see this word on paper but I think of the simplicity of a Highlander, who said to a proud upstart, who was talking of his forefathers, "Eh! man, had you really four fathers?"

a fine cauliflower *peruke*, or a mountain of dark false hair, with appendages over the shoulders, and sausage curls behind, which make the grave wearer look like an owl in an ivy-bush. The tunic, too, is an easy dress: but all starching and stiffening, all bolstering up, except in the way of credit, all imitations of female attire, together with numerous amplifications, or unseemly *cur-tailings* in dress, are odious and insufferable; is it not possible to assume a style of dress suited to the rank and nation of the wearer? There are professional dresses, graceful enough in their kind, the military, the peer's robes, college gowns, the clothing of the bar, pulpit, and the civic chair; and there are dresses confined to countries, which have a powerful effect; not to mention those which are exploded, there yet exist the Turkish, the Albanian, the Hussar, the Highland, and others, and, therefore, might not some *costume* be hit upon of Anglican invention? But this I leave to your superior judgment: at present we see a confusion of the *turpis honesta*, so that it is difficult to distinguish the man of the fancy from the man of fashion, the groom from his master, except from his behaviour, and not always from that. We have heard so much of the *simplex munditiis*, for the fair sex, and the assertion of Thomson, that

"Nature needs not the *foreign* aid of ornament,"

that I should like to meet, in our own sex, with something simple and elegant, natural and graceful, without *foreign* fopperies, and the constant resorting to *la Mode de Paris* for a new cut, which I would cut *altogether*, nor for the whole toilet

of our Right Honorable, Honorable, and Right fashionable dames; I should admire something independent, something of our own, a garb to distinguish the higher ranks, or one formed for the civilian, whilst the peers and professions retained theirs, at least in *officio* always. I have not troubled you with the *making up* of a coxcomb for appearance in public, the chin tuft, or mustachio of one who is not obliged to wear it, the prolific crop, raised from bear's-grease, on the cheek, the *false front*, not of a *double-faced* Janus, but of a *bare-faced* genius, the glass of the man who could distinguish a bailiff or a creditor half a mile off without it, the two false calves of a *false calf* who wears them, the twelve-inch spurs of a foot passenger on life's path, the waist-coating a fellow up so, to make him look stout, that, when he undresses, it is like peeling an onion, the oils and unguents, the paintings and perfumes, the finishing touch of the comb, brush and pencil, which leaves us to say of the other component parts,

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Nor have I ventured to intrude into the lady's dressing-room, like a certain uncourteous Dean, there to expose her weakness or her want of consistency, or taste: I merely address you on this subject for information's sake, and because it strikes me that one who can give so complete a *dressing* to the Reviewers and other scribblers of the periodical press, might be able to *dress* our male fashionables better than they are at present.

I remain, sir,

Your very humble servant,  
J. COATES.\*

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\* Not Lothario Coates, who gets *dressed off* and on the stage in a very *singular* manner.

## ALL.

*(Continued from page 203.)*

- “ Oh ! listen how sweetly the ocean-winds kiss  
 Our balmy-breath'd cedars, the fairest on earth,  
 And lose not a ray of the sunshine of bliss,  
 For joy is an infant which dies in the birth.
- “ We are bound in a fetter enwoven with flowers  
 That hush by their softness the clank of the chain ;  
 Which ne'er can be broken by sorrow's fell showers,  
 Though they canker the blossoms that lighten our pain.
- “ Oh ! who that has look'd on the orange-fruit glowing  
 Like sapphires that glisten beneath the green sea,  
 While among the dark foliage luxuriantly growing,  
 E'er thought of the full'n at the foot of the tree ?
- “ Then why should we mourn o'er the flowrets that wither,  
 While one is yet blooming to sweeten the wreath ?  
 If *one* pleasure die, let not all sink together,  
 Entomb'd like the widow in premature death.
- “ When the summer-birds fly to a kindlier home,  
 Far dearer are those that continue their stay,  
 And the taper that gleams in a sepulchre's gloom,  
 More dazzles the eye than the splendor of day !”
- The harp is hush'd ! but where are they,  
 Whose plaudits hail'd the opening numbers ?  
 The last vibration dies away,  
 Yet still the voice of rapture slumbers !  
 Oh ! no—with noiseless tongue it speaks  
 From glistening eyes and flushing cheeks,  
 While each enraptured countenance,  
 Though fix'd as if in death's dull trance,  
 More admiration doth betoken  
 Than e'er by deafening shouts was spoken.  
 Though all as dreadly silent were,  
 As if each soul had wing'd its way  
 To the bright fields of upper air,  
 From out its dark abode of clay,  
 The spirit of melody still was there,  
 And reigning with unbounded sway  
 O'er hearts that ne'er were known to yield  
 Midst all the horrors of the field,  
 But in that light and festal hour,  
 When every object round them smiled,  
 Sank beneath melancholy's power,  
 From the soft music of a child !  
 Then first they found, there is a bliss  
 (Above the noisy midnight revel) \*  
 That lifts the low mind to the level . .  
 Of other worlds, though still in this,—  
 When heart and brain are both enjoying  
 The nectar-draught of minstrelsy,  
 Where sorrow's pearl-drops melting lie,  
 Enriching what they save from cloying.  
 The lovely songstress meekly bow'd,  
 And soon, amidst a moving crowd

Of youthful slaves, in haste retiring,  
 As gaily seeks the stray gazelle  
 Its bright-eyed comates of the dell,  
 She left the silent guests admiring,  
 And vanish'd from their straining sight  
 Among the countless robes of light,  
 As on the lone and hoary height  
 Of sweet and sainted Lebanon  
 Dissolves the snow-flake in the sun.  
 "Why stands the goblet thus unquaff'd?  
 "Is it ye fear the prophet's law?  
 "Here is not one who doth not oft  
 "His fill of inspiration draw  
 "From that red fount whose tide is given  
 "But to reflect the sweets of heaven,  
 "Where Houris pour their holy cheer  
 "From musk-seal'd urns of spicy wine; (6)  
 "Oh! nought can be unholy *here*,  
 "That Alla *there* esteems divine.  
 "Then drink—the Shiraz grape hath bled (7)  
 "Yon alabaster vase to fill,—  
 "In this the vine of Kishmec's isle (8)  
 "Full many a golden tear hath shed  
 "That will but wake our mirthful smile."  
 But vain the greeting of their host;  
 His cups were spared, his words were lost,  
 And vainly blush'd the mellow store  
 Of nectar'd fruits, the summer's pride;  
 A pensive sadness had swept o'er  
 Each heart-string, and in vain the tide  
 Of luxury profusely flow'd;  
 The noisy mirth whose frenzy glow'd  
 On every cheek ere Music flung  
 O'er each wild thought her chastening chain,  
 As that fair minstrel sweetly sung,  
 And warriors melted at the strain,  
 Was hush'd, not soon to wake again.  
 An eastern heart is like its clime,  
 The winter's rage is long and wild,  
 But in that soft and soothing time,  
 When once the vernal sun hath smiled,  
 The storm lies calm'd upon the ocean,  
 And nought can rouse its angry motion;—  
 Nor aught could raise the jovial roar  
 That shook the dome, the mirth was o'er,  
 And revelry could charm no more.  
 The chieftain saw that feeling's source,  
 Nor longer strove to check its course,—  
 For who can passion's force control?  
 But fill'd a matchless agate bowl  
 Up to its boss'd and jewell'd edge,  
 And thus besought a farewell pledge.  
 "My valiant friends, ere yet ye go,  
 "Let one full-foaming goblet flow  
 "For him whose dauntless deeds ye know,—  
 "The heir of Ali's heart and wealth,—  
 "Drink to my wounded Selim's health!"  
 "Oh! lives he still? just Heaven be praised!"  
 A female voice in rapture cried;—  
 The startled Pasha turn'd amazed,—  
 Untouch'd the wine-cup he had raised,—  
 And soon the fair enthusiast eyed,

Stretch'd pale and lifeless in the arms  
 Of two young girls whose budding charms,  
 Though sweet as lover's wish (an paint,  
 Were yet as far outshone by those  
 Which then, so delicate and faint,  
 Lay sunk in deadliest repose,  
 As e'er were sturdy reeds excell'd  
 By the bent lily they upheld.  
 From his high regal chair upstarting,  
 Said Ali, " Friends, if ye *must* leave me,  
 " Stand not upon the forms of parting,  
 " Lest that your absence deeper grieve me."  
 There needed not another word,  
 To part the guests, than what they heard ;  
 And soon the banquet-hall was clear'd. —  
 " Unless my aged eyes deceive me,  
 " The radiance from those white lids darting  
 " Is such as yet hath beam'd alone  
 " Midst the broad blaze of Alla's throne.  
 " The guardian angel of my boy! —  
 " Yet why that burst of mortal joy?  
 " Can heavenly souls know love's alloy?  
 " Oh! nought but love could ever feel  
 " Half those ecstatic words reveal."  
 So ponder'd Ali while he fix'd  
 His eye on her reviving face,  
 And saw the red and white remix'd,  
 And each resume its wonted place,  
 While every limb a nameless grace,  
 A witching fascination deck'd,  
 That wheresoe'er the blest glance fell,  
 Of other charms it never reck'd,  
 But there for aye would gladly dwell.  
 There are some hearts where love's fierce flame  
 For ever glows, though not the same ;  
 Whose quenchless fire is like the lamp  
 That, 'midst the charnel's poisonous damp,  
 Pale glimmers o'er the waste of years,  
 Till all extinguish'd it appears:  
 But, if perchance heaven's balmy breath  
 Force through the low-brow'd vault a way,  
 Bright blazes o'er the mists of death,  
 And emulates the blush of day.  
 And nobler are the souls whose glow  
 Dark age's winter ne'er can chill ;  
 A northern frost may check the flow,  
 And hush the babbling of the rill,  
 But the wide, salt, and rolling seas  
 The coldest hour will never freeze.  
 Oh! could not all thy hoary hairs,  
 Thy heavenly hopes, thy worldly cares,  
 Protect thy bosom from the dart  
 Of Camadeva's childish bow,  
 Whose venom burns within thy heart  
 Like fevering wine in vase of snow?  
 Or, Ali! could that hopelessness,  
 Thy guilty wishes needs must own,  
 Cause not a pang, a throb the less?  
 Did not her only words make known  
 Her faith was plighted to another?  
 And could not this thy passion smother?—

'Tis not the full of hope that most  
 Are ardent in the chace of joy;  
 None gallier fight than that lorn host,  
 Whom the first volley must destroy.  
 And Ali's love, although despair  
 Around his every wish hung darkling,  
 Shone out from that black cloud of care,  
 A gem in darkness brighter sparkling.  
 Yet nought in him the eye could find  
 To speak the secret of his mind;  
 His form and feelings were not kin,—  
 That rugged as the cocoa's rind,  
 These mild as is the milk within.  
 A smile but ill becomes the brow  
 Where oft the lowering frown is shewn;  
 'Tis like *one* rose upon a bough,  
 Whose barrenness had past unknown,  
 But for that flower so sweet and lone.  
 And thus it was, as Ali strove,  
 While o'er the blooming girl he hung,  
 That every burning look of love  
 Should speak the source from which it sprung;—  
 His glance was the blaze o'er ocean seen,  
 Deep'ning the gloom of midnight's hour,  
 Where quicksands lurk,—when tempests low'r;—  
 Oh! it should have been soft as the roseate sheen  
 Of evening on the glassy tower,  
 When sweeter than any the watch-lamp gives  
 Are the beams its crystal-top receives.  
 And when the swift and deadening shock  
 Of Zella's feelings past away,  
 She saw his dark form, as she lay,  
 Hang o'er her like a shatter'd rock  
 The whirlwind's breath has rent away  
 From off its huge and parent stock,  
 And in that murk and maddening hour  
 Has roll'd into a tender flower,  
 Which from the sweeping tempest's power  
 Beneath that awful shade is spared,  
 At once its terror and its guard.  
 When first her sweet lips moved again,  
 She would have ask'd, "How fares thy son?"  
 But saw the work her eyes had done,  
 And wisely deem'd it worse than vain,  
 To seek from him her charms had won  
 The tidings of another's weal,  
 Whatever sire for son might feel;  
 For passion's jealous doubts will steel  
 The heart against e'en nature's cries,  
 And break affection's firmest ties.—  
 There was a wild and childish thought  
 Swept in that hour o'er Zella's mind:—  
 At every trembling glimpse she caught  
 Of Ali's brow, she seem'd to find  
 A likeness to her darling one,  
 E'en more than wont 'twixt sire and son;  
 For, save the lines that Age's finger  
 Had traced upon his time-worn cheek,—  
 That bold eye where not long could linger  
 A glance like Zella's, pure and meek,—



There shone in that impassion'd look,  
 Her modesty thus ill could brook,  
 A something, oh! so like the light  
 Of those dark eyes, whose angel-beams  
 First fired her bosom with delight,  
 And ever since illumed her dreams,  
 That once, intent upon his face,  
 She fancied years had roll'd between  
 Her trance and waking, and the space  
 Had wrought this change in *Selim's* mien,—  
 For Time but leaves a feeble trace,  
 In loveliest things, of what has been,—  
 To look on Autumn's wither'd grass,  
 Who e'er would guess it once was green,—  
 And then she could have gladly thrown  
 Her arms around his neck, to prove,  
 Though far away their youth had flown,  
 His flight had not been join'd by love.  
 And wariest bosoms might awhile  
 Give credence to such welcome guile;  
 For passion, like the artist's dye,  
 Can spread o'er all its own deep hue,  
 Though not on every form it lie  
 With equal beauty to the view,  
 And when the same emotion prints  
 Two kindred brows—the same hue tints  
 What nature erst hath drawn so like,  
 The semblance every eye must strike.  
 Alas! it fades, the dear deceit!—  
 'Tis not the chief she longs to greet,  
 But one of dark and care-worn brow,  
 Which, though the heart bows lowly now  
 Before the shrine of youthful charms,  
 The maid who caused its gloom alarms,  
 As twilight shadows thrill with fear  
 The forms that made them first appear.  
 But vain it were to shudder then  
 At him whose aid she needs must use;  
 For, chain'd within the lion's den,  
 His might alone her bonds could loose.  
 Yet Ali rather strove to make  
 So dear a captive's fetters light,  
 And sweeten bondage, than to break  
 The silken string that staid the flight  
 Of such a beauteous bird away,  
 To swell and spread 'neath distant skies  
 Its mellow note and plumage gay,  
 For other ears, for other eyes,  
 And soon, perhaps, forget 'twas he  
 To whom it owed its liberty.  
 The richest couch the Harem's walls  
 Within their hallow'd bounds enclosed,  
 Was that on which the maid reposed:  
 There, lull'd by fountains' murmuring falls,  
 And sauntering camels' tinkling bells, (9)  
 While slowly through the distant dells  
 The herdsmen wound, as morning now  
 Smiled o'er the mountain's brightening brow,  
 With hope, and fear, and grief oppress'd,  
 She lay and sigh'd herself to rest.

(To be Continued.)

## THE TRYSTING STANE.\*

IN a remote village of Scotland, not far removed from the sea, a huge round stone, on the side of the road, has, from a period beyond tradition, been a point of meeting to the country people, and a resting place to the traveller, on the soft mossy bank beneath it.

A spot like this may be well believed the *nucleus* of many a tale, and the Trysting Stane is therefore a principal feature in every local anecdote, and seems to give an "habitation and a name" to every ghost tale, and fairy adventure, which falls within the belief or knowledge of the neighbouring parishes. Standing, as it does, at nearly mid-way between two villages, it has been the scene of many a kind, and many a bitter parting—here vows have been renewed, which cruel fate has never realized, and faith, for the first time, plighted, which till this moment had never been breathed, and which might have slumbered for ever, if not elicited by that despair of future meeting which simple bosoms constantly experience on separation, and, if Dr. Johnson is to be credited, that evil predominates in life, is seldom recompensed by any after enjoyments. I have often staid my steps, on approaching this spot, lest I might interrupt a last adieu with a son; and while the fond father lingered out his advice, I have noticed him to slip into his hand the sacred volume as his keepsake, trusting his future conduct and filial remembrance to the direction of its sublime lessons. The Trysting Stane is also a kind of rural exchange, where the gossip of the country is discussed, and a great deal of it produced; and it must be acknowledged, that its character, in this respect, is not unexceptionable, as a story heard at this great "staple of news" requires rather more corroboration, than one produced with any other certificate of origin.

It is no slight inducement to the escort, which is given as far as the

Trysting Stane, that a companion may frequently be had to lighten the way back; so that, by common consent, this place has become an impassable point in the geography of the country, to which courtesy is always intended but never expected to pass. The adjacent muir, lonely and wild, adds much to the effect of many of these circumstances; blending well with the tone of feeling, where it is solemn and sad; and forming, on more joyous occasions of appointed meeting, a background which rather adds to the poignancy by its contrast, as the sun's rays are most brilliant when opposed to the murkiest clouds. It had been the scene of bitter cruelty to the persecuted covenanters, and had witnessed some of their severest struggles against persecution and prelacy. Some of the crags which here and there rise over its bleak surface had been the resting, or the hiding places of these unfortunate men, whom some call fanatics, and others designate as martyrs. Each of these places was familiar to the descendants of these worthies who still lived in the neighbourhood, and it was no uncommon conclusion to the walk, which terminated at the Stane, to wade through the heather and miry bog to see a round stone concealed in a hollow, which was still called "gude John Simson's pillow," or to lay down one of their children, in a kind of solemn playfulness, between two long stones, which had retained from one of these stout-hearted sectaries, who had rested in it, the title of *Anstruther's Bield*. In the calm stillness of the summer evening, when these groups might be seen wandering across the waste, each recognising, or trying, at least, to identify the spot to which he claimed kindred, from its connection with some venerable ancestor, or chosen leader of the flock, the solitude and sacredness of the place seemed to be augmented, by the purpose of their errand, and by the general gloom and

stillness of the muir, which sent their words upon the calm air, with a kind of unbroken harshness, and startled the ear, which tried in vain to recognize the speaker. Such being the localities of the Trysting Stane, no wonder that it is a place which occupies some share in the concerns of the simple people who live in that district, — and the focus of many feelings consecrated by time, and the proud recollections of godly ancestors, whom the allowable partiality of their descendants have enrolled among the martyrs of the faith — the pivot round which many an association moves, whose long cherished sorrow has not unfrequently been dissipated by an unexpected meeting, and where as often a last meeting was itself the only sad event in the history of those who were parties to it. But we would be doing injustice to the pretensions of the stone did we fail to commemorate its estimation with the witches; and not a few of the commissions of privy council, during the reign of Charles the First, have done credit to its reputation among the wizards of that age, by marking it as their rendezvous, and place of assignation with the powers of *darkness*, under the masking guise of cats and gruff collic dogs. Nay, white marks are pointed out on the spot where these unlucky wights sat, which have ever since remained with this discolouration; and the moss on other places exhibits something of the same shyness of adhering to the stone where they had laid down their wallets, or their vile drugs for the devilish cantrips they are here reported to have not unfrequently devised.

To this sequestered, though noted place, I wandered on a fine evening in autumn last — and glad to find it unoccupied, as I then thought, determined to rest awhile, and encourage the recollections which crowded thick upon me on approaching it. But I was not the sole tenant of the place; an elderly man, who, from his packages, I at once recognised to be a travelling chapman, was seated on the other side, where the slope of the bank was most favourable to repose. Here let me digress, for a moment, on a class of men fast

wearing out of the country, and belonging to a period when they were necessary to its comforts, and maintained a great deal of its intercourse with those remote quarters which they occasionally visited. The vagrant merchant was the chronicle of small news, and very often the manufacturer of it; the travelled man lied by authority: his fictions were listened to with delight, while they were believed to be true, and were excused even when detected, by the ready license granted to a "packman's news." He was often the depository of the ancient, local traditions of the neighbourhood, which he learned from the old farmers, at whose ingle side he found quarters, was himself a believer in the witch stories which he heard, and could relate tale for tale of dread and horror. He was the *Mercurius Politicus* of the farmer: he dealt out to him garbled facts, and taught him thread-bare speculations. To be sure, his information was sometimes antiquated; he often gladdened him with the story of a rise in grain, which had been true indeed a month before, but was, at the present moment, unsaleable in the market; he told of expeditions ready to sail, which had since been countermanded, or had been unsuccessful, and of negotiations for peace, when the rejoicings for it had gone by. But if he was an acceptable guest to the head of the family, he was indispensable to the female part of it. He told of fashions which no where existed, out of his own brain, and at all times taught his customers to accommodate their tastes to his own stock of wares. He was the confidante of the young girls, and not unfrequently the go-between of their love affairs: many a keepsake has he conveyed, and many a kind message returned, both of which had been furnished by himself.

After a brief interchange of salutation, I buried myself in examining several letters put out in the short thick greenward: these were generally in pairs, as if designating two persons; some sharp and distinct, as if but lately executed, and others more defaced and nearly closed up, indicating, perhaps, but too truly the effect of time, at that very moment, on the lively and keen

feelings of those who had carved out for themselves these slender memorials of regard. I was particularly struck with two letters, now rather obliterated, but having between them, to mark the separation, a heart very well traced out. I recollect seeing somewhere a beautiful epitaph which expresses nearly the same idea—it was the tomb of a mother and daughter enclosed in one grave—the words were “*Unus una, una una.*”

While I was examining some of these fading memorials of kindness, the old man struck at once into the tone of feeling of the moment, by apostrophising, as it were, the place; “An awsome kind of place this at gloaming, but sweet and blythesome to the weary foot—many a day hae I travell’d back and forward this gait, and sair things hae I seen and heard aneath the shelter of that grey stane. That heart is something decayed since I last saw it, but wæs me, it can still be seen; something is still to the fore of it—did the hands that put it there foresee how soon then ain would be cauld and stiff, or would they believe that the soft dnet would keep the emblem of their youthful love, when their ain kind hearts had ceased to beat.” There are some situations which produce acquaintance better than a thousand introductions—I turned to examine this chronicle, who could so sympathize with feelings which must long since have been in the past tense with myself. “You probably knew these young persons, as I presume them to have been, from your notice of them—their fate was, perhaps, a hard one; it would seem to have been soon decided, however, for their initials are yet fresh, though I learn, from your observations, that both are since dead.” “It is, but too true, puir Jeanie Witherspoon would have been only nineteen years old at Candlemas, and Robin Leggat, her sweetheart, was scarcely two years older. Nobody could say ought against him, but that he was a cottar’s son; he wrought at whites with Jeanie’s father, an honest hard working man himself, but

purse-proud, and lifted up wi’ world’s gear, he was, besides, concocted of his wee bit maidin,\* which made him something between the farmer and the laird, and led him to expect, for his daughter’s beauty, and the tocher he laid aside for her, something above the degree of a lad who toiled all day in the lowly slouchery of ditching or delving. Certes there was naething disgracefu’ in this, and may be Archibald Witherspoon thought so too; for he was a gash caille, but a wee o’er high in his notions whare Jeanie was concerned, and when he first jaloused that the twa young folks had ta’en a notion of each other, he was just like a body beside himself—I’m no just particular in a that happened in that matter, although it was the talk of the hile country side, and mony a one blamed old Witherspoon, that wad na gie his wha wadu’ hae behaved man discreetly, had they been placed as he was. God help us, we ken but little o’ ourselves till we’re tried. Friends interfeird but to little purpose; the laird himsel offered Leggat constant work about the hall, till he could get something better for him, but naething was of ony avail. Archibald Witherspoon had set his face against it, and what was worse, had another husband in his eye, that he weel kenn’d would never be Jeanie’s choice. The puir chuld, all the while, seem’d to take but little heed of what was going on. She even did not complain that Robbin Leggat was forbidden to come near her—but her griefs were deep, though they were still and quiet, like the dark linn in the river, which neither wind nor stream can move. The first change on her was noticed after a discourse wi’ her father, when he jocosely proposed a neighbour farmer, a ruan weel to do in the world, and of whom naething wrong could be said, as a wise like husband for her; no a pennyles loun like some folk—she guess’d as weel as he did.

“The broken-hearted lassie lifted up her head in a quiet way, that was a fashion of hers, and said, looking in his face, with mair weaning than

\* Small farm.

words—'A weel, father, and even that may happen too. But ae thing maun come about first.' 'I would be blythe to hear it,' said Wither- spoon. 'I scarce think that was her reply. 'But it is time ye should ken that I maun first be Robin's widow before I can be Gibson's wife, and when my weeds are worn out, ye may think o' the bride.' Soon after this Robin went to sea, as a sailor, and never returned—he died of a fever that, they tell me, belongs to that vile country, that from a' that I can learn is fit only for nigers and sic like cattle. Before he left the village he contrived to let Jeanie ken the day that he was to join his ship at Fairport, and they met at the Stane to say fae- well. I trow few sairer hearts ever cam the gither at that Tryst, and its no few, if a tales be true, that it has witnessed. She cut out the letters of his name R. L., and he did the same with the first letters of hers. they say they made the heart between them. Some months after the Leggats cam to the kirk in deep mourning—the auld father in his weppers and cravat, and long black craps in his hat, left little room to spier questions about wha he mourned for. Jeanie saw all this, but naething brak frae her—she fell into a kind of silliness, and would at times talk sae lightly of her sweetheart, that a stranger might believe she meant to jilt him. I saw her when she was in this condition—it is but a melancholy experience of age, that it bears the symptoms of death on the flushed cheek, where others can only see the glow of health—she was more beautiful than ever, an aupa' kind of loveliness which had mair o' heaven than earth in it—she wasted away gradually—the flame of life was lessening every day, but now and then would flicker up as if she was again herself.

One day, when more than usually composed, she was sitting by the window, with a cat in her lap, which

Leggat had ge'en her when a kitten, and which had long been a pet wi' her. Some voices singing in the street of the village caught her notice; it was twa' sailors dragging wi' them a model of a ship, and striving to gather charity, by a heap of lies about their shipwreck. But it was a' the same to Jeanie: she cast but ae glance at them, and screamed till the rafters dirl'd; she flung her favourite from her, and rushed out of the apartment, but came back instantly and stralked the cat, as if she had wished for pardon frae the dumb brute. While her mother undressed her, they tried to unlouse a sixpence,\* hung from her neck by a sma' ribbon, but she wa'd na' part wi't, and said faintly, 'I promised to keep it till I saw him again; it maun gang wi' me.' She died about a year since; but mony a kind finger has, since then, scraped out the letters of their name to keep them fresh, and no that seldom hae my ain been busy to pick frae the heart the grass that seemed fain to o'er- grow it.

"But, sir, there's time and tide for a' thing. I ha' seen a blythe meeting at this stane when there was little hope o't. I was sitting just where I am at this blysid moment, when Will Livingstone foregathered with his first love Alice Cameron. I wa'd hae ge'en the best gown-piece in my pack to have been in the other corner of the parish at the time, and yet three times its price could na' hao brought me sae muckle pleasure. Will was a thoughtless, light-hearted chiel, rather wi'd meaning than wi'd doing, whose bark was mair than his bite at ony time. He was something differently esteemed by the mothers and the daughters in the neighbourhood; the one expected what might happen, but the other counted on his reforming, and, I doubt, aye thought of themselves as the means of it. It was jaloused that there was mair between him and Alice Cameron, than either of them cared to acknowledge, but it was

A common love token in Scotland—

"He had but a sixpence, he brak it in twa,  
And he gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'."

Scotch song, "*Lorna o' Buckan*."

just a gait o' his to make believe wi' the lasses; and folks thought less of it in him than in some of mair staid ways. At this time, the Laird's son had got a commission in a new regiment, and was expected to fitch wi' him the men to form his ain company.

"Will Livingstone was the first man thought of; mair was promised, I hae heard, than was performed, but the upshot was, that he enlisted and was sent off to the head quarters to prevent the interference o' friends. Poor Alice, after his departure, had baith scaith and scorn to thole; but she bided a' with great composure, and the honest minister quashed idle talk by saying, that whatever was the o'ercome of the story, he reckoned her little less than Will Livingstone's wife. There was baith kindness and policy in this, for it procured countenance and help to the lassie, when soon after she had a son, to whom she gave his father's name, and the good clergyman promised to write him to acknowledge the wean, but the letter it appears never cam to hand. She might frequently have been married had she botne herself like the other lasses of her time, but she steadfastly maintained her station as a wedded wife, and gradually was treated even by dounce matrons with the civility and notice that was due to one. Some years since, I was sitting on this very spot, about the same hour of gloaming, when I was joined by a traveller of a sojer-like appearance, but in plain cloaths: he wore his arm in a sling, and in his other hand carried a bit sma' case, made of bark and beads, which I am tauld the Nigers in the West Indies mak at their bye hours. We had just begun a cosh crack about the news frae abroad, and he was spiering for many things that shewed he was nat frae hame, when aneath the Trysting Stane, when we were joined by an elderly woman, and a younger one leading a boy about seven years of age, who seemed to be giving her an escort as far on her road to Fairport. They bided but a wee while, for the younger one was impatient to return, and after sitting a few minutes rose to take leave of her auld friend. 'I wish, Alice, says the latter, ye would send me the hood of my mantle, by

the first canny body, for like a gowk I left it ahint me; I hae some notion I shall have news to send you frae the port, for a vessel is looked for, that may bring tidings of Will.'— The last words were rather whispered, but they caught the ear of my comrade, and in an instant he was in the arms of his jo—. I saw him point to the little boy, and could guess at her answer, when she hid her head in his bosom as if its natural resting place. The auld woman and myself stood like fules, looking at each other. I could have grat for joy; they set off soon after, together, and were regularly married next day by their worthy pastor."

Could this stone speak, I said, I have no doubt it could tell strange tales, although it seems to have an able confidante of its secrets in yourself. "How could it be otherwise?" he said. "I must have been as deaf as the stane itsel, did I no gether something baith of ancient and yesterday stories. The farmer's fire-side has heaps o' cracks to put o'er the lang nights of winter, and as they canna talk o' what they see, like you town bodies, they e'en content themselves with the auld traditions they had frae their gudesires. No that they just believe all that they report, but I doubt they gie mair credit to them, than they care to acknowledge; for it canna be, but what we often hear should mak some impression on us. There's no ane of them, hault as he may be wi' the sun o'er his head, would cue to pass this stane about midnight, for its character is far frae good about the sma' hours. But I'm no bidding you believe, what I canna certify to be true of my ain knowledge, but there's little harm in whiling awa' an hour in a saft e'en-fay likethis, and auld folks are fond o' young listners, may be because they swallow ony thing." I bowed to this equivocal compliment and he proceeded. "I'll neither say that I believe in witches, and as little that I disbelieve; wiser folks have done baith the ane and the other, so that there are twa fules in that business at ony rate. But I'm weel persuaded, that when they were punished they got little mair than their deserts, for if they could do what they threatened, it

was for the maist part o'er little, and though they could do less, yet it was nae light offence to frighten weak folks, and tak advantage of their silliness. I ken you gentle-folks laugh at thae things, and call it great cruelty in our forebears, who burned these hags. vera considerate truly! as if they who committed the offence should na ken best wha did it, and that only body would confess till a crime they were na participant o', with a heap of lowin faggots, or at the least, may be a tow at their elbow to sum up the reckoning. Nae doubt ye hae seen the confessions o' a pack of howdies, that were tried for their witcheries in this parish, and burned on their ain acknowledgement o' the crime. While Kathrine Mackinnie lived, a drap o' milk could scarcely be had frae the best cows, and it was weel kenn'd lang before she owned til't, that it was hei went to go out in misty mornings, and tak wi' her a hairy tedder, and draw it o'er the mouth of a mug, saying, 'in God's name, God send us milk, God send it, and mickle o't.' Whenever there was ill to hatch, it was on this spot they brewed it; if one had a quarrel, the other took it up as their ain; milk and cheese are but sma' losses, but God guide us, when life itsel was in their hands, and they did na spare it for trifles. I could weel excuse auld docters' hags for gie'ing themselves up to the deil, but young winsome hussies like Marjory Blair, wha admitted that when only eighteen years of age, she had surrendered herself to him, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, might I think, without muckle spiering, hae found out a mair lo'esome joe. It was a God's mercy, we had some stout-hearted Lairds named by the commission of King Charles, to try the witches o' the Trysting Stane, and I trow they made root and branch work o't, and left nane of that vile nest of cockatrices to corrupt others. It would be worth mair time than we hae to bestow on it, to walk across the Muir to Glenshake; there is mair than ane Fortalice on its banks, whose proud owners, once a day could scarcely have believed their walls would have been the quarry out of which merchant bodies would

have reared their hit summer houses. Garshake Castle weel befitted a dour baron, such as the first chief is reported to have been; but its wide and fair courts can now scarcely be traced. Stane moulders and draps awa frae stane, and it is but a huge grit tottering wa', where the silver voice of maidens and the lightness of the dance was ane heard. I would rather be at the Trysting Stane wi' a' its laneliness, than in that dreary place at the midnight hour, when the muir wist slumbers on the hill, and save the howlats screeching frae among the auld trees, and the roaring of the deep linn in the glen, nae other sound is heard. Sometimes I pass that gait, on the blythe summer days, and stop to ponder on its crumbling wa's that stan see dourlie, as if they would brave the numbustous blasts that assail them. There's a sad moral in their story. But lately it was that I foregather'd wi' a bit puise-proud burgher bodie frae the neighbouring town, wandering through the ruins. I kenna what was my fancy, but I was set on watching his demeanour, when he strutted through the moss-grown yard, scarce understanding what it was he had come to look at. But I trow he sune cam to a right notion o' himself. He seemed to haud his breath when he looked to its towers, and crouched as he passed under its rugged portals which spoke o' other times, and a race o' men, that he puir drivelling loun could ne'er resemble wi' a' their faults. The first baron who built the castle, was mair than suspected o' practices scarce to be named by christian folk; and to be deeply read in all the most terrible mysteries of the black art. He had awfu' communications with the powers of evil, and could do that by seemingly ordinary means, which it was plainly seen nae ordinary human means could accomplish. He had projected a stately tower at the east end of the court, on the top of which he meant to have his library, which was thought to be mair copious in books of magic and delusion, than even the study of the famous Michael Scot. For this tower a foundation stane was wanted, which he promised to the workmen that he would provide by the day when it was wanted. But nae stane

was forthcoming, when the lower course of the building was ready to receive it, and no one cased to ask questions, about what he was so little inclined to speak, as the means by which the corner stone was likely to be supplied. The tradition among the honest folks of the country is, that he had commissioned some of his familiars to fetch it trae one of the fairy circles in the far Highlands, and that they had, when near Gar-shake Castle, sat them down to rest them. While they waited here for a brief space, an aged monk from a neighbouring sanctuary, travelling on a journey of charity to a dying man, cam up wi' them, and joining company, he opened his wallet to tak some refreshment from it. It is further related, that he spread his simple fare on the stane they were carrying, and thanked the Lord for the table he had spread in the wilderness for him, and praying that he might be preserved, as steadfast and unmovable in his faith, as the grey rock against which he rested. It is added, that this was no other person than St. Gwr himself, who well knew his associates, and blessed

the stane to cross their purposes with it, for they could no longer move it from its place, and the Trysting Stane is believed to be that identical block. They point out the very spot where he lud open his wallet, but I never found that above the one half o' what we hear could be relied on."

During the latter part of his recital, the bat had more than once wheeled rapidly round us, sometimes stooping from his airy circles, as if listening to the aged chronicler, and then retreating with impetuous flutter, as if unwilling to intrude on our privacy. That stillness which broods over all nature on the approach of evening, and sits so heavily on the pensive mind, was settling on every object around us—the night-fly flapped heavily against our faces—and now and then the lively and impatient chuckling of the muirfowl, as if setting the watches of the night, reminded us that our story must wait another meeting. We separated, accordingly, after making an appointment to meet again at the Trysting Stane. L.

### THE FAREWELL.

Where'er thy gentle footsteps stray,  
Sweet pilgrim, in this vale of woe,  
May heav'nly truth's unerring ray  
Illume and guide thy path below.  
Whate'er thy lot through life may be,  
May all of earthly bliss be thine;  
But that were mean—I wish for thee  
A kingdom and a crown divine.  
No longer let thy muse complain,  
O'er earthly sorrows that must cease;  
Recount in some sublimer strain  
Celestial joys that ne'er decrease.  
O soon that harp may lose its string,  
Whose tones have mingled with thy sighs;  
Attempt the notes that angels sing—  
The noblest music of the skies!  
Farewell, and may thy wand'ring end  
In happier, brighter worlds above;  
And thither shall my footsteps tend,  
To meet thee ~~there~~ where all is love.  
Farewell, I would again repeat,  
For ~~here~~ the dearest friends must ~~part~~;  
But ~~where~~ we hope at last to meet,  
Farewell—is heard no more for ever!

E. P.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

"But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
"Is first and passionate love. ———"

On the tenacity with which the mind clings to the recollections of a first love, it is not for me to inform the reader: it has been long since made the subject of observation. But as there are, no doubt, many who have never felt the passion at all, and as there are some peculiar circumstances in my case, a detail of the experience which I have had may prove not wholly destitute of interest and amusement. When I say, there is no doubt that many who have never felt the passion, let me be understood with a certain reservation. In the number I should include many a meritorious Darby and Joan, who live not less happily together, and perhaps discharge their several duties much more scrupulously than those who vaunt a more extatic flame. And again, of those who have been, to use the conventional language of society, in love, how numerous are they who, nevertheless, had no *first* love. A first love, as I understand, and have felt it, must be an early love: it is only during that season of youth when every one is more or less romantic, ere the realities of life have been proved, ere the mind has been habituated to the control of those rules and measures of conduct to which imperious necessity compels our submission in commerce with the world, that the passion can be entertained. The "vanity of all things" must not have been experienced or felt; at least, it must not be known, that even for love there is no exemption. The mind's young delusion must yet remain; it may be wise in learned laws and adages, but it must not have proved this truth; it must not have in any moment experienced that loathing of existence, that oppressive sense of the burthensomeness of life which has been felt by all who have numbered many years. Hope must yet be strong and active; and all the happy feelings which attend the morning of life yet unchilled and unbroken. Continued habits of intercourse with

the sex destroy also that freshness and quickness of sensibility needed for a first love. If, after long habits of such intercourse, the charms of any one woman should strike the heart more deeply than those of her fellows, the sentiment produced is, nevertheless, far different from first love properly so called. No heart can truly feel such emotions as belong to the species of affection I mean, which has been accustomed to receive impressions from female loveliness and grace, much less to form predilections, however slight or transient. I know but two instances in which the poets have come up to my ideas on this subject; one is, in that passage of Lord Byron's *Don Juan* a part of which stands at the head of this paper, (Stanza 127, Canto I.) I must take occasion to remark, that his Lordship seems to have borrowed one of the most striking of the thoughts in the passage referred to, from Sir John Suckling's poem "Against Fruition." Lord Byron compares the remembrances of a first love, to "Adam's recollection of his fall." Sir J. Suckling says, "knowing too much, long since, lost Paradise." The other instance to which I allude, is one of the songs in *Lalla Rookh*, "Fly to the Desert." The stanzas pertaining to this subject are the following:—

Then fly with me—if thou hast known  
No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
A gem away that thou hast sworn  
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,  
Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
When first 'tis by the tapping found!

But if for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshipped image from its base  
To give to me the ruined place;—

Then fare thee well— \* \* \*

"Love's young dream," by the

author of *Lalla Rookh*, can never be left unnoticed by any one speaking of youthful passion; the precise idea I contemplate has not been therein developed.

Having thus explained what I mean by a first love, I proceed to my own tale.

I had not in my youth grown familiar with the beauties of the sex. I was born, and passed my early years, in a remote and sequestered district, in a bleak and desolate country, embosomed in mountains. The only women I knew, were the rude peasants who surrounded my home, with the exception of an antiquated aunt who presided over our household, and the pert, saucy, tawdry daughters of the poor curate of our parish. If I had seen others, I had yet no acquaintance with them, or they were objects on which it was equally impossible to fix regard. I was educated by my father, who was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and had been driven to the seclusion I have described by peculiar circumstances: but it is beside my present purpose to relate his story; that may be reserved for a fitter occasion. I was well educated: I had read all the Greek and Roman authors which usually fall within the course of instruction. I had also read the best English books selected from my father's library. In these books, I had read much of love: and I well remember the wonder with which I perused the account of the powerful effects ascribed to it. I could never understand what was meant by the witchery of woman, by the potency of beauty, by the transports of love, by its ascendancy over the reason and other passions: all this was to me a marvel and a riddle. My father died: I was just seventeen, and, under circumstances which it is not necessary to explain, I left my home early, and was fixed in the family of a near relation of my mother in one of the richest counties of England. There I passed the short interval from my father's death till my entrance on the profession to which I was destined, and now belong. Between what I was then and what I am now, it would perplex the most subtle investigator to discover a point of

*R. M. April 1824.*

resemblance. I was an awkward, artless lad, unacquainted with life or manners, and bearing about me, in innumerable particulars, the characteristics of my solitary, studious boyhood, passed in a recluse and barbarous district. I am now not old. I have yet a keen relish for the joys of gaiety and dissipation. I am to be found in the crowded haunts of pleasure and fashion. I am, in outward form, in aspect, and demeanour, and in my general modes of thinking, acting and speaking, what is termed a man of the world. I should not be found so ready to make this avowal, were I not screened while I do it. I cannot suffer from it. I may be the first man the reader meets after perusing this page, yet I am safe. *Stat nominis umbra*. The same mask hides my face which has done the same service to nightier men. I have said, I should not be ready to avow myself a man of the world. Who will explain why this is so, as no man can receive a greater affront than to be told he is not a man of the world?

I have travelled through most of the countries of Europe. I have been the willing votary of Parisian sprightliness and vivacity, of Spanish coquetry, and of Italian voluptuousness. I am a hacknied gallant, a practised man of pleasure, adroit, confident, unblenching, yet my memory loves to dwell on my sensations when first, a raw stripling, I was introduced to Anna Hervey.

The effect which an apartment studiously accommodated to all the purposes of luxury, and embellished with all the voluptuous refinements art is capable of producing on the mind of a novice, has been frequently described; but what is it to my sensations on being transported from a dreary, bleak, and desolate region, to the delicious and cultivated garden which the country around \* \* \* formed? Every object which I saw conspired to make the same impression upon me. I had exchanged savage rocks, and sterile hills, for rich pastures and luxuriant corn fields. Instead of stunted shrubs and briars, I beheld the bountiful foliage of the finest timber. Above my head, no angry cloud lowered, but the blue firmament ex-

panded to my sight. The tenants of these scenes were equally different from those of my earlier abode. The women were no longer coarse, ill formed, haggard, or miserable; but apparelled, to my eyes, with elegance and taste, themselves clothed in loveliness and beauty. Some delightful object possessed my every sense. I found myself in a world of happiness; gaunt poverty, grim, shivering cold, seemed to be banished from the scene. To walk forth in this paradise, to look on the wealth, the comfort around me, gave delight to my soul. It was while every thing thus disposed me to feel the full influence of her charms, that I met my first and best beloved. She was an object so new to me, so delightful to me—but if I go on to describe my emotions, I shall only ring the changes on that word, delight, nouns, adjectives and adverbs a thousand times. Anna's beauty was of that species which is exclusively English. Not tall, but delicately shaped, her person full, her complexion fair, her eyes large and round, and bright blue, her hair auburn; such are the terms by which I must endeavour to convey to the mind of the reader a conception of that image my soul treasures up. How weak, how inadequate are they! She seemed to me all innocence and sincerity, and my love was as guileless as ever love was. The romance of my heart fed upon the thought of her. I felt new life; I felt a power, an elevation of soul and intellect which I had never before experienced. Every song of love and chivalry which I knew, rose to my lips, and I carolled them over a thousand times. I felt an hero. How soothing to my vanity was the first intimation I received that I was not indifferent to her! How anxiously did I look for a confirmation of it! I have stood in the "imminent deadly breach," I have been where havoc raged far and wide around me, I have had my nerves and fortitude tried in other and perhaps more fearful perils; yet never did my eye exert its watchfulness with half that steadfastness and intensity with which it regarded the bright blue eye of my first love; and when it returned the undoubted glance of favor, how glowed my heart! It may seem

childish—but what is real and natural cannot be ridiculous. To this hour, however, I well remember that particular turn of her countenance which I loved best—'twas when I looked upon that countenance and it was raised to meet my eye, half jocund with the sportiveness, and half blushing with the apprehensiveness of young love. My name, too, with what magical sweetness did her utterance endow it. That name—the truth will out, and I shall stand in some degree confessed. I am an Irishman, and that name is a Milesian one. I love to hear it loftily and roundly sounded, but I loved more to hear her lips breathe it, however curtailed of its fair proportions. My own voice too—its brogue is now gone—but how its sounds appalled me as I hearkened to hers. Amongst the men I felt unabashed, if not proud of the large, full volume of my country's dialect; but when it was heard alone with the soft clear accents of my fair young Englishwoman, it struck upon my ear like the growl of a savage. We used to ride and walk together, and then I was happy. I won her gradually.

Some "passages of my love" were too dear and flattering to me to be forgotten. Let not the reader smile as I detail one. I well remember one day, which we had fixed for an excursion together, became shortly before the appointed hour, overcast. I kept the tryst, nevertheless, and she came abroad with me. Then, as I viewed the lowering sky, my eyes turned upon her soft and delicate form, my heart smote me, and I said I should be too selfish to take her forth in such weather; but she would not return. We had gone only a short way, when snow began to fall, for the winter had come. Again I remonstrated; yet we continued our progress; nor did we turn homeward till we had, notwithstanding, my reiterated solicitations to the contrary, gone some miles. The snow became heavier; and my apprehensions for my fair companion proportionally greater. With some little difficulty I prevailed upon her to allow me to place round her neck the military kerchief I wore upon mine; and shifting my place from her right to her left side,

as the storm veered in its direction, I succeeded in protecting her. I have had the brightest gems from the fairest women of the \* \* \* \* \* but I must not boast;—never was lady's favour so grateful to me, as was that incident of the kerchief. That I experienced such sensations may sufficiently demonstrate how guileless and simple, yet ardent, was my passion; but I am tempted to mention some other particulars. What then will my reader think, when I tell him that one of my chief pleasures was, when, in our rambles together, we stopped for rest, to form of such materials as lay within reach, a throne for my fair companion, and to seat myself at her feet! When so placed I used to look up at her, and, while our talk was of indifferent matters, my soul banquetted on the thoughts which the view of her beautiful and innocent countenance created within me. I enjoyed a reverie more delicious than I can express, and the elements of which I am equally incapable of describing. Vague images of love and peace, and gentleness and virtue occupied my fancy: I must have experienced something like what the Poets have done in their day-dreams. All I know is, that I had on such occasions greater enjoyment than the whole course of my after life has afforded; and that I would give all I possess of the substantial goods of life to taste again the same shadowy bliss.

While thus I dreaht my soul away, time flew by, and the hour at length arrived which summoned me abroad. I must be brief at the hazard of being abrupt. I need not say with what indications of mutual reluctance we were severed. I was too poor as well as too young then to marry, and I could not, therefore, venture expressly to declare my love: but words surely were not needful to intimate it. Had not my assiduity, my covetousness of her company, my glowing eye, my flushing cheek, my whole mien evinced my devotion; and had not our lonely walks and rides together, our happy meetings, our reluctant separations, all attested the affection which animated us? We parted, and with a heavy heart I took my way. Heaven is my witness, how

fondly I yet loved; when, after the lapse of eight months, I unexpectedly found myself free and disengaged. I had no room for hesitation as to how I should dispose of my leisure. 'I flew back to \* \* \* \* \*'. My first enquiry was of Anna Hervey. "Anna Hervey no longer?"—was the response: she was married! When somewhat recovered from the effect of these tidings, my question was "how married, and to whom?" I need not detail, however, the manner in which I became successively acquainted with one circumstance after another. Let me hasten to give the summary. Shortly after my departure, Anna was addressed by a man whom she married upon a six weeks' acquaintance: that man was coarse, repulsive, vulgar and illiterate; but he was rich, and, though herself well provided, Anna Hervey married him for his wealth! So ended my first love: the object of it had plainly been invested by the romance of my youthful mind with a sensibility, delicacy, and modesty, to which she had no title. I had mistaken the bashfulness of a simple girl for those high attributes. The favours which afforded me so much delight and pride, she had set no value upon; or if sensible enough of the import of such favours when granted by a young woman in the bloom of youthful beauty to an ardent young man, she must have a mind coarse and indelicate, though aware of that import, when she lavished them where her heart went not with them: either alternative, and one or other is inevitable, is decisive of her character. I was at the moment confounded: but I have now lived long enough in the world to know how often an ingenuous countenance, and artless demeanour, belong to the mean and deceitful, and that nature's fairest, are not always her noblest, works. I had not, when I loved Anna Hervey, this experience. I was deceived; yet the phantom which my own fancy raised continues to haunt my memory, and though I am now aware I loved an airy nothing, yet, like Gibbon, I am proud that I was once capable of feeling so pure and exalted a passion.

## REPLY TO THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

*To the Editor of the European Magazine, in answer to his last Article on the Periodical Press. \**

SIR,—The severity with which you have treated the Edinburgh Reviewers, induces me to put you in mind that there is a live and let live, a give and take duty amongst authors, which ought to incline them to lenity and indulgence towards each other; and to add, that although there certainly is a great deal of acrimony and bile in the composition and writings of these same Reviewers, yet there are many excuses to be made for them, habit, education, and self-interest, which last ingredient is mixed up in the composition, not only of most writers, but of most men. You will allow, in the first instance, that a scribe must live, and there is nothing to be got, in this iron age. (which the Reviewers fancy into a golden one, when they are counting their profits), by moralizing, writing sentiment, or by panegyrics, in general: bitters and acids are the most vendable drugs of the bookseller's shop, and the only difficulty is, the mixing them up with a skillful hand, which distinguishes the regular bred practitioner from the apprentice, or the quack. That the Reviewers have overruled their patients there is no doubt, but then their hurry is some apology for thus nauseating and turning the stomach of the public. A poor Reviewer's tailor is clamorous at the door, despatch is requisite; "call again," he will say, "at the beginning of the month or quarter:" by which time he can denude some new author, strip him of every merit and chance of success, and thereby suit himself and the tailor. He can tear a work to ribands, that he himself may not be in rags. This, *prima facie*, seems not fair; but when the Reviewer takes into account that he may be abused and detested for such conduct, the thing is more pardonable. Then, again, there can be no personality in the attack, for it is made by mighty *we*. Now *we* may be any body, or nobody, (the last

the most common in the scale of sterling responsibility).

You blame the Reviewers for cant and inconsistency. The first is a very useful, negotiable commodity. it *sells*; that is unanswerable. It pleases the majority of readers, particularly the ignorant, who only require the ear to be tickled, whether by a feather or a straw, a goose-quill or a swine's bristle: either will effect the purpose. So much for cant. Inconsistency proceeds from the hasty and superficial view which these critics are forced to take of their subject. Were they to read, reflect, thoroughly to weigh and thoroughly to understand the subject of their investigation, what a loss of time and of money would ensue! They would be mere book-worms, solitary, gray, and, perhaps, philosophical beings. Whereas, now, cut up half a dozen new publications once a month, and the Reviewer ensures the first cut of a leg of mutton daily, nay, will frequently indulge in all the delicacies and excesses of the gastronomic science, and play the gentleman for the rest of his life, unless he render himself vulnerable, or ridiculous by a *dull*. But of that no more. There is another reason for tolerating these critics in contradicting their own uncertain principles. What a man does to every body he may surely do to himself. Now these worthies are constantly contradicting others, and may they not, now and then, be allowed to contradict themselves? The witty Mr. Foote gave a strong instance of this conduct, when called upon, one day, by a mad-headed Irishman, with the intention of applying his shillelah to the actor's shoulders. The Hibernian, holding up his cudgel, exclaimed, "Mr. Foote, you have had the impudence to take me off." "One moment," replied Foote, (putting his best foot foremost), "allow me one moment; my good sir, and you shall have fair play, for I will show you how I can take myself off." Here the Reviewers are fully justified. With respect to education and habit, you must take into account that the cold north has

a stern climate and a biting air. No wonder, then, that these *boreal* penmen should be in the habit of nipping and blighting the productions which fall in their way; and believe me, that a frosty sky, and a keen tooth, with nothing to bite, will sharpen the appetite for satire and blunt the feelings of benevolence. It is a little difficult, I confess, to understand what the Reviewers mean by thorough-going, hack authors; whence you infer that they do not understand themselves. I think, however, that the Scotch phrase *through other*, meaning *careless*, is what they have in view; and the *hack* authors may be themselves, for they often mean to prove one thing, yet prove directly the *reverse*; so much for *hacking* hack authors.

There is nothing improper in the descriptive sally on oysters, pipes and tobacco, nor in the *orders* of spirits, which you notice in your Review. I have *viewed* and *reviewed* some of these critical gentry (however their *views* may have changed) in very *narrow passages*, as *dark* as those of the Review. The oyster cellar and the whisky have not been without their attractions, and the pipes and tobacco could not appear too *cloudy* for wits who had just descended from their cockloftical abode in the attic, where they lived, not only in *high* life, but in *exalted* story. One thing they had decidedly in their favour, namely, not writing *against the grain*, an infusion of which was, naturally, calculated to raise their spirits, to promote the fire of genius, and to inflame their imaginations. From the *inspiration* of tobacco, and the *flow* of whiskey, they might fancy any order, or *orders of spirits*, (a subject which you have noticed), blacks, blues, high spirits, low spirits, party spirits, or party-coloured spirits, the spirit of the *times*, the spirit of poetry, but, most particularly, the spirit of composition, and the spirit of contradiction, the boilings over of which is not the best part, neither are the dregs thereof, which are too apt to be drained by the deep satirists of the day. This is, however, better than the monkish mixture of a certain Gazette, which meddles also with criticism,

and which seems to understand the French play upon the word *Esprit*, seeking for a *high* reward for the *poor* (not *meek*) in spirit, and being truly and literally *les pauvres d'Espirit*, whilst the Edinburgh Reviewers, sitting over their kail pots, can conjure up spirits *à la Macbeth*, crying,

“Double, double,  
Toil and trouble,”

in order to be-*witch* their readers into a belief of their magical infallibility. The hatchetting, hacking, and tomahawking line, which they have got into, from the endurance of others, is not without its reason or excuse. They have not chosen the parts of rectifiers, or *refiners* of spirits, but have rather chosen to be the runners-off of spirited sallies, so as to produce them quickly, and to get rid of them, without any view to the limits of literary science, or the duty which they owe to justice and to the public; and (in the cutting-up line) when the instrument is coarse and obtuse, hewing and mangling must be the consequence of its operation. One might have expected more delicate touches from one of the Junta, descended, as we are credibly informed, from a barber; but his razor may have grown old and rusty, or he may have grown rich and lazy, or may be made a tool of. I have often thought of the old story of the University barber who turned poet, when I have read these persons' criticisms on prose and verse, and am of opinion that the Latin *improptu* applied to the former would fit the latter as well.

“Quid tibi cum *Phæbo*, non est *barbatus Apollo*.”

By the roots of criticism, the deep operation which you take exception against, nothing more can be meant, than the *radical* critics of the day. Now, as the tooth-drawing trade went *hand in hand* with shaving and bleeding in the most enlightened ages of Spain, the barber critic might perform (as Dr. Last did) his *radical* cures upon the public, and thus get a decent livelihood *from hand to mouth*.

I have now, I think, sir, explained to you many of the seeming contra-

dictions of the Periodical Press, and made all the excuses that can be made for its timeifications, exacerbations, emptiness, and lax habits. There only remain two things more to be said in its justification, namely, the ascendancy which it has gained in public opinion, and the bread which it has afforded to these knights of the grey quill. There are so many readers, who, from want of time, cannot examine the merits or demerits of a work, so many who have not the ability to do it, so many more who will take the *ipse dixit* of a self-created judge, so incalculably many more who are led by fashion and carried away with the stream, that a Reviewer's account of a work answers every purpose they can wish; and they can, in their turn, talk of *we* as well as the Reviewers, and pass current for well-informed persons. What a world of reading and of thinking does a Review save a man! This fact is so well proved, that the Reviewers themselves turn lazy, and

read and think as little as possible; indeed, as they now go on, they might as well do both by proxy, as their pleasurable readers and dippers into books do. When, therefore, the critic gets his bread by cutting, or roasting, with decent moderation, it is but fair to let him make his meals upon columns, chapters, articles, and sentences: it is only when he wants point and propriety, delicacy and humanity, that sentence of reprobation can be passed upon him; then, like the baker and Will Waddle,\* the author, operated upon, has a right to complain, and to say—

“’Tis hard I should perish while you  
make your bread.”

Hoping that you will not take these observations amiss, and that the Reviewers may get into a better spirit and a better humour, living more modestly by their trade,

I remain, sir,  
Your very well wisher,  
BEN BANTER.

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\* Will Waddle is introduced in *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*, in a volume of Mr. Colman's, entitled, “*Broad Grins, or my Nightgown and Slippers*,” and is almost melted to death by sleeping for six months over the baker's oven, as appears by the following lines:

“‘Why so crusty, good sir?’ ‘Zounds,’ cries Will, in a taking,  
‘Who would not be crusty with half a year's baking?’”

What a pity it is that Mr. Colman is not innocently employed in writing thus, instead of meddling with the censorship of the Drama!

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## SONNET.

### THE BRIDAL.

I saw the bridal of a high-born pair,  
A courtly lover and a noble maid,  
In youth's full flower of beauty; and arrayed  
In nuptial splendour; yet there was no air  
Of joy in that pale bride,—methought despair,  
Rather than bliss, her tearful eyes betrayed,  
When from the ground she raised them, and essayed  
To force the smile which wedded love should wear.  
She with her heart another's had been borne  
A voiceless victim to Ambition's shrine,  
And at the altar with cold lips had sworn  
To love and honour where she did resign  
The hand which lay so nerveless in the clasp  
Of him who held it with a husband's grasp. A. S.

## LINES

*Written about the Midnight of 1823 and 1824.*

TIME stumbles not over the fall'n year's tomb,  
But strides as unstayingly on,  
As if the dim path he now enters in gloom,  
And the track he has left were one.

MURK Midnight still over palace and lair  
Is waving his jetty plumes;  
And the year, in a mourning garb, like an heir,  
Its heritage now assumes.

'Tis well: what a record of sins and woes  
In the leaf that is shut was crowded!  
Happy are they who before its close  
From the sight in their graves were shrouded.

Come to me, come to me, all ye dead,  
Who, since to this point of his dial  
Time last held up his finger of dread,  
Have gone to abide your trial,—

I'll tell ye such tidings, each bone shall shake  
In its socket, for joy again,  
That it has not a red drop left to slake  
The fell thirst of passion or pain.

Thou wert a father; the smile seems yet  
Spread over thy fleshless face,  
That was kindled by pride, and a sweet regret  
When thou diedst in thy boy's embrace.

It was rapture, as *thy* cheek paled, to know  
That *his* remain'd healthful and bright,  
Never dreaming its flush was an evening glow  
Forerunning the mornless night.

Oh! would'st thou not rather lie cold as thou art  
And unmoved at the doleful tale,  
Than lift him, all wasting and wan, to thy heart,  
And watch his last breathings fail?

And thou, who wast borne from a bridal bed  
To a colder one under the sod,  
Thy love never yet, but where pleasure led,  
With his delicate feet had trod;

Thou saw'st him not shrink at the first bare thorn,  
As the flower-leaves dropt away,  
Nor feltest the curse of long life forlorn,  
Ever-green 'mid affection's decay.

A fair woman's kiss was thy creed to the last,  
Nor need'st thou the faith disavow,  
For changeless as fate is the love that is past,  
And the future is nought to thee now.

Child of gay hopes, of imaginings bright!  
Dost thou pine in the shade of thy slumber,  
That the grave intercepted those glimpses of light  
Which thine eye could but catch, not number?



As well might'st thou follow the west's red ray,  
 And chide at the hand restraining  
 Thy fruitless flight to those realms of day  
 Which fondly thou deem'dst thyself gaining :

For thy wish was a heaven-bird ne'er to be caught;  
 A meteor—to vanish when near;  
 And its light and its warmth, like the sun's, were wrought  
 Out of *thy* blest atmosphere.

And who is there mourneth o'er them that sleep?  
 Why flows the unebbing tear?  
 Is it over the freed from all sorrow ye weep,  
 Or that *ye* are still suffering here?

"I weep for my daughter," with streaming eyes,  
 Wan cheek, and unbraided hair,  
 A mother sobb out: "she was young, yet wise,  
 "And as sinless as she was fair:

"But she fell in her bloom, before Time could hope  
 "To have quench'd one spark of her eye,—  
 "Like a blight-stricken ear, that will ripen and droop,  
 "Ere the reaper's hook be nigh!"

And was it not something to see her go down  
 With her loveliness all unfaded?  
 Ev'ry flower still fresh in her bliss-wreathed crown;  
 Ev'ry line, too, of virtue unshaded?

There are few can set foot in this ordeal world,  
 And escape without a brand,  
 Or can keep for a moment the black flag furl'd,  
 Sin thrusts in each mortal hand.

Oh! think, had she fall'n in the toils of men,  
 Drunk the poison of falsehood's vow,  
 How far more dark had her doom been *then*,  
 Than the darkest it can be *now*!

How charmless her brow were, if guilt had, alas!  
 Deaden'd o'er its reflection of heaven,  
 And left it all dim as the silver'd glass  
 When its lining of light is riven!

And why art *thou* steep'd, fair blossom of youth!  
 In a shower so bitter and vain?  
 His last was a sigh of devotion and truth,  
 And he never can roam again.

Thou art sure, if his spirit still lingers on earth,  
 It is hov'ring around thee ever:  
 If it roves thro' the blue starry fields of its birth,  
 Wouldst exile it longer? Oh! never.

Go, fancy his home is in yonder star,  
 And if mournful thou needs wilt be,  
 Why, grieve that thou dwellest from *him* so far,  
 But wish him not back with thee.

Dried be the drops of thy dear blue eye,  
 Thou who could'st smile so sweetly,  
 And prattle so gaily, and bound so high,  
 And flit through the garden so fleetly!

It was pretty to see ye, so harmless and blest,  
 Loving on without chill or check,  
 With your bright little arms that were never at rest,  
 But around each other's neck.

'Twas a sight of Eden, to see ye both  
 So pure in your early being,  
 Yet link'd far fondlier, e'en when wroth,  
 Than others when best agreeing.

Ye were like two leaves of the self-same bud;  
 But, alas! in ripening under  
 Life's summer, and sorrow's maturing flood,  
 Ye'd have parted, to wither asunder;

Like two rosy banks of the same young rill,  
 With no perfume unshared with each other,  
 As they hang o'er the water, and gaze their fill  
 Of heav'n and of one another;

For the flow of feeling that freshen'd each heart  
 Was too clear to veil aught from sight,  
 E'en the pebbles that, ruffling it, made it but start  
 Into livelier, sunnier light.

Yet soon the bank must behold, receding,  
 Its sister of late so nigh,  
 And the midway air on each beauty feeding,  
 Till odours and hues all die.

And the tide of worldly thoughts and things  
 Would ere long have between ye swell'd,  
 Untill nought, save in Memory's picturings,  
 Of the friend once dear, ye beheld.

Better far for the streamlet to bury its wave,  
 Ere the sweet bowers over it parted;  
 Far better that friendship was whelm'd in the grave,  
 Ere her votaries grew false-hearted.

Then, away! child, after the winged flowers  
 That flutter from stem to stem  
 As lightly as even the joy-plumed hours,  
 But *these* never stop like *them*.

And away! all living, in chace of pleasure,—  
 Full wisely the toil is wasted,—  
 Nor lament over those from whom grief's full measure  
 Death dash'd, ere the venom was tasted.

They are gone, as the spring from the rock whence it gush'd,  
 As the tree-top is from the plain;—  
 That precious porcelain the tomb hath crush'd,  
 No tears can cement again.

If they *did* make life such a bright summer's day,  
 With the love they showered about them,  
 There must be some twilight, a relic-ray,  
 To keep earth fair enough without them.

If by thoughts of them—which were erst so dear—  
 Your bosoms be now but pain'd,  
 It will seem as if, while the lost were *here*,  
 Those feelings of joy were feign'd.

And you, grim spectres ! whom fancy brings  
 Before me, in dread array,  
 Go, freshen the verdure that o'er ye springs,  
 With the dew of your-sweltering clay.

For the worm's cold ring, with an awful rite,  
 Hath wedded ye to the dust ;  
 And though joyless and long be your nuptial night,  
 Yet await the dawn ye must.

Get ye home, then, each to his darksome cell,  
 Which, shared tho' with reptiles it be,  
 From the deadlier ones that breed and dwell  
 In a *living heart*, is free.

Go, grin by the phosphor-light wreathing your bones,  
 That, as oft as Time would again  
 Count over the slaves whom life still owns,  
 He will find ye have slipp'd the chain.

B.

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### STANZAS.

*Suggested by the following passage in a Periodical Work.*

Misery herself, however, cannot keep incessant watch over her victim.'

Oh ! would such words were true ! for I  
 By long and bitter proof can tell  
 How Misery stands—where'er I fly,  
 A close, unwearied centinel.

In solitude, the smitten brow—  
 Hands grasp'd convulsively—declare,  
 By these most fearful symptoms, how  
 She keeps ' incessant ' vigils there.

In crowds—the bowl she madly quaffs ;  
 Hers the wild dance—and maniac song :  
 'Tis she that loudest shouts and laughs,  
 To her the maddest strains belong.

By night—she gives the wild'ring dream,  
 And multiplies each waking pain,  
 Till, roused by struggle or by scream,  
 ' Her victim ' dares not sleep again.

Tho' prostrate in repentant dust—  
 She mingles with the sinner's pray'r,  
 Suggests the feelings of distrust,  
 And prompts the accents of despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

## LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

*The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Year 1783 to 1822.* By Captain E. P. Brenton, R.N. 4 vols. 8vo. Vols. 2 and 3. London: 1823 and 1824.

IN the routine of our professional duty, we noticed the publication of the first volume of Captain Brenton's *Naval History*; and we then bestowed upon the work a decided approbation, commensurate to the obvious importance of the subject, and to the judgment, integrity, and talents with which this gallant officer had so far executed his more than ordinarily difficult task,—the task of recording the events of his profession, during the most important era of naval history that modern or ancient Europe ever witnessed. Since our former critique upon this subject, the second volume has been published, and the third has just issued from the press, both of them justifying the praises we bestowed upon the first specimen of the work. The public are now in possession of two *Naval Histories*, comprising the period from the French revolution to the termination of the war in 1814; the one by Mr. JAMES, and the other by Captain Brenton, each a work of great merit, but differing materially in their plans—the one aiming principally at statistical detail, the other at an interesting historical narration of naval exploits, and of marine warfare and management. The two volumes now before us embrace the period from 1793 to 1806, and, consequently, include the most brilliant and momentous era of our naval history; an era, compared to which, all preceding naval transactions sink almost into insignificance.

Captain Brenton evinces, throughout his narration, a certain buoyancy of spirit, a familiarity of acquaintance, and an identity of feeling with what he relates, which greatly tend to interest the reader, and to diffuse over the work that stamp of reality and of present being,

without which all historical relations, whatever may be their other merits, will become matters of reference rather than of combined amusement and information. But connected with this subject is the fault which the author commits, of departing from the dignity of historical narrative by the almost incessant mention of individuals by their surnames, unaccompanied by the appellatives of their professional rank. An Admiral Totty, a Captain Buck, or a Lieutenant Short, or Midshipman Jones, may achieve very splendid exploits; but their names, even with the dignified adjuncts of admiral, vice-admiral, commodore, or captain, are sadly diminutive of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;" such homely names, without such ranks, are the very anti-climax of historical dignity. This puts us in mind of the celebrated epic of Joel Barlow, the *Columbiad*, where all the Homeric epithets and figures were most copiously bestowed upon the Johnsons, the Wilsons, the Hopkines, and the other heroes of American campaigning.

This, however, is a comparatively unimportant remark, which we have merely made *en passant*; but we have now to observe upon two features of Captain Brenton's *History*, the one challenging our strong disapprobation, the other meriting our highest praise.

The first is a most unworthy prejudice which the author displays against our late enemies, the French; and this, as usual, is accompanied by its, we suppose, inseparable adjunct, a blind and excessive partiality to every thing English. Thus, French authors are never praised for their excellencies, but are rated most soundly for their defects, real or imaginary: if French officers are nobly generous, their generosity is individual; if they are cruel, insolent, or rapacious, their vices are national features of character: the Emperor Napoleon is not only an usur-

per and a traitor, but a murderer and a liar; and such terms are put down in our plain, vernacular idiom. On the other hand, the most foolish, and even the most disgraceful and atrociously criminal transactions of our own authorities, the author simply relates without any terms of reprehension. Thus, the detention of the four English merchant-vessels, by the Emperor Napoleon, at the breaking out of the war of 1802, is stigmatized as illegal, and cited as a proof of the Emperor's "base mind;" whilst not a word of reprobation is expressed at our seizure, before any declaration of war, of the four Spanish frigates, laden with treasure from America to Cadiz, although this, at best equivocal proceeding, led to the blowing-up of one frigate, with the whole property, the wife, and seven children of the Spanish captain. Captain Brenton indulges in his humane feelings at this horrid catastrophe, but the attack itself is indirectly justified under that talismanic word, *policy*. What is infamy in the French, is only policy in the English. Again: although Earl St. Vincent, no mean judge of the transaction, declared his thorough conviction that the Emperor Napoleon was entirely innocent of the death of Captain Wright, and although the error of such a charge has been incontestably established, yet the author still urges the crime against Napoleon. On the other hand, although he relates the murder of Prince Caraccioli by Lord Nelson as a most foul deed, and gives a very honest account of the transaction, yet he does not, to our minds, sufficiently stigmatize this cowardly, atrocious assassination—a deed sufficient to wither the laurels of twenty Nelsons—a deed which, as Mr. Fox observed, no language can sufficiently execrate, and compared to which, the worst crime of Robespierre is abstract innocence. Akin to this sort of prejudice are the author's religious predilections. We do not like the associating of religion and the Deity with the outrage and slaughter of battles—*Nec deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus*. The sanguinary monster Suwarrow had a *te deum* sung for the storming

of Ismael, where, said the savage, after permitting the slaughter of 30,000 men, women, and children, "I retired into my tent and wept." We may suggest to Captain Brenton, that if, as he says, Providence gave us the battle of Trafalgar, she, at the same time, gave the Emperor Napoleon the no less splendid and important victories of Jena and Austerlitz. We have no idea of a fighting Providence, and much less of a Providence that fights on both sides.

The author's telling us that the present dry rot in ships was "accurately described by Moses," calls into full exercise the old doctrine, *Credo quia impossibile est*. Junius, in one of his letters, alludes appositely to the prejudices that were mechanically engendered by the education and discipline of the camp and quarter-deck; and powerful indeed must be the early association of ideas, when we see such strong prejudices pervading the mind of one of so high a grade in his profession, and of such extensive reading and superior intellect, as the author of these volumes.

This is all the censure we have to express against Captain Brenton, and, in recording these opinions, we should be deficient in justice and candour were we not to state, that, independently of the intellectual merits of the work, the purely naval parts of it invariably breathe all the spirit of a zealous, patriotic officer, and the sentiments of an enlightened gentleman. The feature of the work, which we have mentioned as entitled to the decided approbation of the public, is the strictly just, yet liberal manner in which the author has recorded the services of his profession. To write the history of contemporary events, without sacrificing truth to the asperity of malevolence, or to the meanness of adulation, is no ordinary proof of the supremacy of intellect over the passions of our nature. Our author appears to us to have accomplished this desideratum of contemporary history; and if he ever deviates from the line of strict justice, it is invariably from an amenity of disposition towards the feelings of individuals. Thus, if the probability oblige the author to record

a battle or any naval arrangement, or any operation in which the interests of the country were sacrificed, his observations relate rather to the event than to those who conducted it; and although he may speak in a spirit of zeal for his country, he never deviates into any castigatory personal censure; whilst, in all the transactions which display superior intelligence, valour, or patriotism, he bestows upon the individual officers their full meed of applause, modifying the liberality of his encomiums by that discrimination and justice which can alone render panegyric honourable to him who bestows it, or valuable to those on whom it is bestowed. We have purposely reiterated these opinions, some of which we expressed in our former article upon the subject, because the author, since our publication, has been assailed upon this point with all the virulence and malignity of ignorant prejudice and of indiscriminating servility. We allude to a vituperative critique in a periodical work (the *New Edinburgh*), the articles in which were of a nature to prevent the continuance of the publication beyond its second or third number. We must finally observe, that in no one case throughout these volumes, and we speak with confidence, has the author displayed the slightest disposition to indulge in a censure of individuals, whilst his contrary bias has sometimes led him to the verge of scarcely doing his duty to the public. In the preface to the third volume, Captain Brenton endeavours to soften the representation of the affairs in the channel after the battle of the first of June. This appears to us, at best, supererogatory; for, whatever orders the admiral may plead, we must remember that the construction of all orders must greatly depend on circumstances, and the admiral was in that situation in which an officer must "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;" and had not Nelson been influenced by this precept in the battles off Cape St. Vincent and Copenhagen, we should not have won those fights against such fearful odds.

In the second volume the author gives a very incorrect account of the Maroon war, both as to its com-

mencement, its conduct, and its termination. He tells us that the Maroons were "*very properly*" sent from Jamaica by the Assembly on account of their breach of a treaty. So far from this being the case, the breach of treaty was solely on the part of the Assembly; and so infamous was this violation of good faith towards these blacks, that the gallant General Walpole threw up his command, and indignantly spurned a sword, worth five hundred guineas, which the Assembly voted to him for his valour and most extraordinary sagacity in checking these formidable savages.

Speaking of the mutiny in 1798, the author tells us that not less than five hundred of the best seamen fell a sacrifice to the offended laws of their country. Alas, what laws could be consonant to reason and justice which occasioned so extensive a resistance? Most of the laws which produced that mutiny have since been acknowledged unjust, and have been abrogated. Such are the direful effects of a pertinacious adherence to existing abuses.

We hardly think Captain Brenton's account of Sir J. B. Warren's action in 1798 either clear or just. Our force was greatly superior to that of the enemy. The British Commodore, Sir John Warren, never came into action at all, but stretched off, in the *Canada*, a 74, with a view, he said, of subsequently taking a position upon the enemy's quarter, and left the *Robust* and *Magnanime* (Lord de Courcy, whose name Captain Brenton does not even mention) to bear the heavy fire of the French 80, and all the brunt of the action; and the consequence was, that six of the enemy out of nine escaped. Our government often visits the sins of the father upon the children, and so dissatisfied was Lord Spenser, the first Lord of the Admiralty, with the Commodore, that he refused to promote his second Lieutenant who brought his dispatches to London. We are amused at the author's stigmatising Napoleon's invasion of Egypt as a violation of the law of nations. Considering our proceedings in India, we should be the last to censure ethics and international rights. In page 382 (vol. 2), we find that the proportion of prize-

money between seaman and captain is as 1 to 225—this we believe was one cause of that mutiny, in which 500 of our bravest seamen were sacrificed on the scaffold.

In chapter I., volume II., we find, in the table of contents, a reference to a "rash act of Captain Faulkner;" and on turning to page twenty-one, we discover that this "rash act" is no less than, that Captain Faulkner "*rashly* put to death an English seaman for some *trifling* act of disobedience which a Court-Martial would have passed over with an *admonition*:" and for this "rash act" a Court-Martial subsequently acquits Captain Faulkner. So much for Courts-Martial. In page 435 of the same volume, we find an allusion to the horrid cruelties committed on the crew of the *Hermione* by her captain, — Piggot. This monster, in human shape, amongst other systematic acts of abhorrent cruelty, was in the practice of flogging the last man off the yard in reefing and furling sails, although it is evident, that whatever the rapidity and dexterity, there must in every such operation be a last man from each yard-arm. Captain Piggot's floggings were almost equivalent to annihilation, and, on one occasion; two men, to avoid this consequence, made a desperate leap into the top—they fell on the quarter-deck, crushed to pieces—"Throw the lubbers overboard," was all that proceeded from Captain Piggot. In little more than twenty-four hours, the crew rose in mutiny and murdered all their officers, excepting two—and upon this, the author tells us, that justice speedily overtook them—that is to say, that as these men were found in different parts of the world, and at any distance of time, they were indiscriminately hanged. But this mutiny, says Captain Brenton, "excited a general feeling of indignation in the British navy." We should like to know what feelings Captain Piggot's atrocities had excited throughout the navy—of this we are left in ignorance. But Captain Brenton blames the crew of the *Hermione* for resorting to the *lex talionis*, and observes that they must have forgot "the moderation which had been shown to the mutineers in England."

Considering that, by Captain Brenton's own shewing, this "moderation in England" had consisted in hanging 500 of the best and bravest seamen; and considering that the crew of the *Hermione* had just witnessed a Court-Martial, declaring Captain Faulkner's murder of a seaman for "a slight offence" to be only "a rash act,"—we are not at all surprised that the crew of the *Hermione* took the law into their own hands.—

————— Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless  
breaks,  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does  
pierce it!

We have already stigmatized the dastardly and treacherous sacrifice of the brave and venerable Caraccioli by Lord Nelson. After his Lordship and his atrocious paramour had witnessed the last struggling agonies of their victim—"Come," said this vilest of her sex—"come, Bronte, let us take the barge, and have another look at poor Caraccioli." The barge was manned, and they rowed round the frigate and satiated their eyes with the appalling spectacle:—and such was Nelson.

Considering the acknowledged purity of Prince Caraccioli's life—the faithless manner in which he was betrayed—the violence of his seizure,—and the mockery of a trial by which he was condemned, we know of no case so parallel to that of the Duke d'Enghien.

In page 519 of volume II., we have a very incorrect account of the desperate boarding of the *Chevette* in Camaret Bay, by, as Captain Brenton informs us, Captain Brisbane, of the *Doris*. This expedition was commanded, not by Capt. Brisbane, but by Lieutenants Losack, Maxwell, and Burke—of whom one avoided the action, and one fell gloriously in the fight. The author of this article having witnessed this affair, he regrets that the arcana of it was not exposed in the pages of this history.

Captain Brenton's third volume, which has been out but a very few weeks, comprises the naval history of the country from 1799 to 1806, and it consequently contains the most diversified, numerous and im-

portant naval transactions that ever took place in the course of human affairs. Our limits will prevent our giving anything more than our testimony to the great interest of the volume, with a few critical animadversions upon those parts which are deserving of censure.

In the first chapter we have an instance of honour and principle highly worthy of record. Captain Maitland, whilst conveying a large sum of money to Minorca, was chased by the enemy. Escape being impossible, his seamen wished to plunder the treasure, which Captain Maitland resisted, urging that as it was public property it was the lawful prize of the captors. On the 17th March, 1800, the Queen Charlotte, a first-rate, bearing Lord Keith's flag, being off Leghorn, suddenly took fire, and was totally destroyed. In this dreadful conflagration, out of 840 men only 167 were saved, and among the victims to the flames, was her intrepid Captain. In this same chapter (first), the author relates, we think disingenuously, our blockade, by sea, of Marshal Massena in Genoa, whilst the Austrians blockaded him by land. From this unfair statement, the author travels out of his way to give his readers an account of the battle of Marengo, although what relation the battle of Marengo can have with a naval history we are at a loss to conceive. But in speaking of this battle, our author tells us that Dessaix reproached the Emperor Napoleon with military misconduct, and that he then made "that famous charge which cost him (Dessaix) his life and gained the imperial crown for his less deserving chief." An author of Captain Brenton's very extensive reading must surely know, first, that Napoleon's great genius was displayed in making a descent upon Italy and arriving at Marengo;—secondly, that Dessaix made no charge, having been shot before the charge commenced;—thirdly, that the battle of Marengo was not lost or won by any charge, but by Napoleon's changing his line of operation after the day had gone against him;—and lastly, that the French, having travelled over the Alps, were so destitute of cavalry, that the loss

of the battle would have argued nothing against Napoleon's skill or valour, whilst his winning it under such disadvantages speaks volumes in praise of his military genius.

On May 5, 1801, Lord Cochrane, in the *Speedy* brig of 14 guns, and a crew of 54 men and boys, boarded and captured the *Gamo*, a Spanish xebec of 32 guns and 319 men. After the fight, the Spanish captain requested of Lord Cochrane the usual certificate of his good conduct in order to justify or exculpate him in the eyes of his government. His Lordship, unwilling to injure the individual, and feeling it impossible to certify to the valour of an officer who had been so shamefully beaten, got rid of his dilemma by the most happy *equivoque*: he gave the haughty don a certificate that "he had conducted himself like a true Spaniard."

The fifth chapter of this volume, relating to the civil affairs of the navy, is extremely interesting. Of the Breakwater at Plymouth, we are informed that the first stone of it was laid on 12th August, 1812, and by 5th September, 1823, 2,097,277 tons of stone had been already laid, bringing the work above the level of the sea. The work will be finished in about 1828. It now forms an island of 5,100 feet long; its base is 300 feet broad, inclining to the breadth of 100 feet at the top. It already affords protection to the largest ships. The immense quantity of stone for this stupendous work was purchased off the Duke of Bedford's estate at one furthing per ton. It is singular that, although we are immeasurably the first naval power, we are excelled in naval architecture by France, Spain, and America. The Commerce de Marseilles, taken at Toulon in 1793, measured 208 feet in length. This was considered in Europe the *ne plus ultra* of naval dimensions; but we find that in America they have built the *Ohio* of 245 feet in length. Independently of this example, we are already indebted to the Americans for the round sterns and other improvements in ship-building. We may form some idea of that dreadful scourge of our navy, the dry rot, from the facts related by Captain



Brenton. The Queen Charlotte, of 100 guns, was laid down in October, 1805, and launched on the 17th May, 1810; and in July, 1811, her top sides were in a state of rapid decay. By 1812 she was repaired at the expense of 30,000*l*. She has never been to sea, and yet the official report states that she will last only four years. This is only one instance out of many, and yet with this destructive evil, which baffles all the efforts of science to remedy it, the author tells us that thebane and antidote are accurately described by Moses. If this be correct, we must either mistake the diagnostic or the recipe of Moses, or the inspired writer must have been ignorant of the disease or of its remedy. But improvements are rapidly introducing into the naval service—such as chain cables—iron tanks for holding water, by which the loss of space between tanks is saved. An iron mast has been invented, and, what is more feasible, Sir Robert Seppings has invented a geometrical wooden mast of forty-five pieces, any of which may be replaced if wounded by shot or otherwise. The smaller parts are portable, and cost but one-third of a mast upon the old construction of eight pieces. The science of communication by signals is prodigiously improved. In speaking of the establishment of the steam-engine at Portsmouth for making blocks, Captain Brenton should have paid a tribute of respect to Mr. Taylor, the proprietor of the old water-works for block-making.—This gentleman was used extremely ill by the government, who, after their ill conduct, found themselves entirely in the power of Mr. Taylor, he possessing all the *lignum vitæ* then in the kingdom. Mr. Taylor might have gratified his resentment, and have made his fortune by exacting any price for his stock; but he magnanimously replied, “I have already made about 50,000*l*. by my long supply of the navy; and as to the ill conduct of the government, the public shall not suffer by it—let them have my stock at the ordinary price.”—an offer which was gladly accepted. In this chapter Captain Brenton has totally omitted two most important subjects—steam navigation and naval gunnery.—

Nothing can be more contemptible than naval gunnery—how often, in the course of these volumes, do we read of “heavy rannoading—close action—long action—hot fire,” &c. then come to the “lame and impotent conclusion” of some six or eight killed or wounded? Or how often do we hear of “pouring a heavy broadside into her,” and carrying away a top-mast or top-gallant-mast—that is, aiming at one extremity, and by mere chance hitting the other extremity of the object. This has been ably exposed by Sir Howard Douglas, of the artillery; and we are persuaded that it is possible to improve this wretchedly defective system to the degree of making ships of war more than quadruply as efficient in action as they are at present. But the mighty talisman of steam will soon convert marine affairs, both civil and belligerent, into a state as superior to its present condition, as that condition is now superior to the marine science in the reign of Richard II.

In page 209 we have an interesting account of the loss of the *Minerve* frigate. This vessel, by the error of the pilot, was run on shore off Cherbourg in the fog. On the fog clearing up she was exposed to the fire of 70 guns and 15 mortars from a fort distant only 6 furlongs, and to a fire of 100 guns and 25 mortars from an island but one mile distant. It was night, but the moon shined with brightness. The bravery and intellectual resources of the captain were conspicuous. Having no boat sufficiently large to carry the bower anchor to warp or heave the ship off the rock, he promptly sent his yawl, and cut out a vessel of 15 tons from under the batteries. After astonishing exertions, at five o'clock the ship was hoven off, amidst the heartfelt cheers of the crew; but at this time the wind unhappily died away, and the flood tide drifted the ship into the very harbour, where, of course, her surrender was inevitable. The efforts to save the ship had been persevered in for ten hours under this destructive fire, and which the *Minerve* could return only from two fore-castle guns. Such was the enthusiasm of the crew, that one poor fellow, who had his legs shot off,

arrived in the cockpit just as his comrades on deck had given their cheers on heaving the vessel off the rock; being told the cause of these joyful shouts, he exclaimed, "Then damn the legs," and taking his knife from his pocket he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to his body, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his brave companions. When the ship was taken, he was placed in the boat to be conveyed on shore, but mortified at the idea of being conquered and taken by the enemy, he silently slackened his tourniquets and bled to death. The *Minerve* was commanded by the author of this Naval History.

In page 303 we have a detailed account of the truly horrible shipwreck of the *Apollo*, of 36 guns, with a part of the West India convoy. This frigate sailed from Cork on the 26th of March, 1804, with 69 sail of merchant vessels under convoy. On Monday the 2d of April, the ship, with 40 of her convoy, was wrecked off the coast of Portugal, in about longitude 9° W., although, by her course and reckoning, she supposed herself to be in about longitude 14° W. How this fatal and unprecedented error of reckoning occurred, the author does not attempt to explain; we believe it was supposed to have occurred from some erroneous construction of the compass, or from some nail accidentally or intentionally put into the binnacle, by which the north point of the compass was attracted from its right direction.

The decided merits of Captain Brenton's History have induced us to exceed the usual bounds of our critical notices; and we must now refer our readers to the volumes themselves, which contain a fund of important and highly interesting matter, advantageously, and often elegantly, stated by the author.—Captain Brenton possesses considerable powers of description; his style is seldom redundant, and never inflated; it is sometimes careless, and even inaccurate, but its general features are those of ease and terseness, although it often rises with its subject; and, in the description of great or interesting events, it attains to a considerable degree of elegance, and is sometimes vigorous and ener-

getic. Where the political prejudices of the author do not interfere, he always displays strict impartiality; and where his mind and feelings are not tinged by this political bias, his pages invariably display a philanthropy and high tone of refined feelings. It appears to us that the author is sometimes too negligent of minor facts, by which several of his descriptions are almost unintelligible to those who have not some previous knowledge of the subject. We have already animadverted upon the author's rather fastidious regard to the sensitive feelings of those brother officers who, in the day of trial, were "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Captain Brenton, and all other historians of contemporary events, should merge every consideration in the great duty of making truth paramount and inflexible; and he should never forget that, in the present state of English society, the rigid and unyielding justice of the press is the great stimulant to the zeal and fidelity of the public servants, whilst it forms the only check upon the numberless derelictions from propriety, which, in the aggregate, are destructive to the public, although individually they are without the reach of positive laws. In our mixture of censure and approbation, we trust we have ourselves evinced a spirit of strict impartiality, and we can, with rigid justice, conclude our labours by bearing testimony to Captain Brenton's having produced a work replete with amusement and with useful information.

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*THE BACHELOR'S WIFE, a Selection of curious and interesting Extracts, with cursory Observations.* By JOHN GALT, Esq. Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh, 1824. 8vo. pp. 441.

WE find in this compilation a very pleasant melange, but very badly served up, and laid before us without order or regularity. The viands are good, but the cookery is by no means to our taste, being deficient both in piquancy and flavour. Mr. Galt has long been known to the literary world, as the writer of unacted, and, we fear we may say, unread tragedies; if, however, he has

been ambitious of building his fame on these productions, he must by this time be fully convinced of the instability of the basis. Indeed it would appear, that his mind is completely satisfied on the subject, for years have now elapsed since we have had the last drama from his pen. But though he has given up the writing of tragedies, he has by no means abandoned the pursuit of letters. On the contrary, failure in one line has only served to urge his activity in several others. Various and versatile in the use of his goose-quill, he has turned it to almost every subject, realizing, in one respect, what Johnson says of Goldsmith, "He has left no species of writing untouched:" we wish, for Mr. Galt's sake, we could add the other member of the sentence, "and none that he has touched, unadorned by his pen." This, however, we cannot do, for none of his numerous works rise above the standard of mediocrity, and many of them are below it. He is one of those writers who have more talent than genius, more perseverance than judgment, more industry than aptitude. Some novels which he has written are not without merit, but it is not of a very high character; and he is rather a successful imitator than a bold, original aspirant.

Before we proceed more in detail in our notice of the present work, it may be necessary to say a few words respecting compilations generally. That they are both useful and instructive, when judiciously executed, every man will admit; and though his task, however well accomplished, will rarely entitle the compiler to any great celebrity, it still may raise him to a respectable footing, and give a distinctive value to the work itself. The principal merit of compilations of this description is, that they afford a portion of interesting information upon a multiplicity of interesting subjects. The general reader may, through this medium, easily make himself acquainted with the style, tone and spirit of various authors, that would otherwise have lain beyond his reach; and being provided with specimens illustrative of their respective merits, he may thus be enabled to form a more accurate esti-

mate of the claims of each, as tried by the standard of excellence. Another advantage attending compilations is, that they frequently become the repertoires of fugitive pieces, which, though of intrinsic value, are too often disregarded, merely because they are evanescent. In fact, there is no department connected with letters, in which the judicious compiler may not make himself eminently useful; and the man who with patient industry plods over musty tomes, worm-eaten volumes, and long neglected pamphlets, for the purpose of rescuing their merits from oblivion, deserves well of every friend to literature. Nor ought his labours to pass unrewarded. He spares both our time and trouble, by facilitating our researches, and bringing before us, in a collected form, many passages which, without his exertions, we should have some difficulty in exploring. He introduces us to authors with whom we were previously quite unacquainted; and leads us to a better appreciation of those with whom we had already been familiar.

Among the many compilations which have recently found their way into the reading world, the "Scrap-Book," by M<sup>r</sup> Mc Diarmid, is generally allowed to hold the most distinguished place. The selections are made with taste and due discrimination; nor is there any thing affected in the introduction or arrangement. The plan adopted by Mr. Galt is altogether different, but far less successful; for its details are entirely out of keeping with the design. Ambitious of originality, he attempts the elucidation of his *excerpts* in a sort of colloquial chit-chat, which often transcends extravagance, or degenerates into absurdity. His work, we are ready to admit, is an essentially useful one; yet, to the reader of taste, it must appear exceptionable in many respects. He is aware that objections may be made to the title he has chosen, for he tells us as much in his preface; but the title is not more paradoxical than the union to which it alludes is preposterous. Who is the *cara sposa* whom he has selected for his Bachelor? Our readers will be somewhat startled, when we tell them that she is no

other than that antiquated virgin Egeria, whose mystic intinacy with Numa Pompilius forms so interesting a legend in the records of classic lore. It appears, however, according to Mr. Galt, that the nymph defies the influence of time, and, gifted with immortality, we find her still the same, after the long lapse of so many centuries—the “faultless, the ever-pleasent, ever-pleasant Egeria.” But where is it supposed the happy pair take up their abode? in other words, where do we find them spending the honey-moon? Is it in some sequestered vale, through which a crystal streamlet “dimpling winds along?” Is it in the bosom of some grove, where the “solemn stillness” of eve is interrupted only by the plaintive song of the nightingale? Is it on the margin of some limpid lake, where all around is sublime and romantic; where nature, in happy contrast, presents innumerable objects which challenge admiration; where every scene is fraught with rare delights, and where all the finer sympathies are awakened to ecstasy? Alas! gentle reader! Mr. Galt provides for them no retreat, either rural or romantic, but sets them down (can you believe it?) in Paper Buildings in the Temple. Nay, more; he represents his Bachelor as a sort of person not very fastidious, either in the selection of his company, or his places of resort; for he describes him as having come home one night to his Egeria, (what must she have thought of him?) after having taken his “chop and nip of Barton at Offley’s.” What! a man, after muddling at a tavern, returns home to hold converse with an ethereal nymph, befumed with tobacco and exhaling narcotics!!! Was ever such a conception formed in the cranium of any man less extravagant in his conceptions than Mr. Galt?

But, to be plain, all this is in the very worst taste. Surely Mr. Galt might have much better introduced his extracts, and delivered his opinions upon them in his own proper person, than under the assumed character of the “Bachelor.” nor need he have imagined the identity of such a being as Egeria, in order to represent attributes and

emotions which are common to every lover of literature. It was not necessary for his purpose to personify the ruling impulse of his own mind, but originality was to be attempted, no matter at what expense. Thus it is, that his outlandish allegory serves only to disfigure the work, and diminish the effect of the instruction which it is intended to convey. But, though the plan is bad, yet the materials selected are excellent, and would please the more, if put together without the rhetorical affectation which characterizes the introductory passages.

The compiler has gleaned from the works of dead as well as of living authors; from works long neglected, or but little known; from works intended for posterity or only for the passing day; while his catalogue includes poets, orators, statesmen, philosophers, dramatists, essayists, tourists, with the several other generic designations of the numerous species which are to be found in the vast world of letters. As a favourable specimen of Mr. Galt’s style, we quote the following passage. The Bachelor and his Nymph are discussing the merits of Southey’s “Roderick.”

“No writer of the present day,” observed Egeria, turning over the leaves of Southey’s ‘*RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS*,’ as it lay in her lap, “has written more of what I would call respectable poetry, than the Poet Laureate. He has, I acknowledge, produced several passages of great beauty and magnificence, but none which can justly be called truly sublime or pathetic. He ranks high in the estimation of the world, and deservedly so, as a man of genius; and, perhaps, in point of industry, he is not inferior, neither in constancy of application, nor in productive power, to the greatest of his contemporaries. But the whole of his lays and lucubrations bear an impress of art and authorship which will ever keep them out of the first class. He has ease, undoubtedly, and wonderful facility, but he has little of that natural vivacity which enchants the attention. One never forgets, in reading the works of this clever and ingenious person, that one has a book in one’s hand, nor that it is the production of Mr. Southey; yet in his works there is no great degree of mannerism, and really very little egotism,

although I believe few authors of our time have been more charged with the latter fault.

"This Poem is decidedly his best, but those who delight in the wild and wonderful will prefer *Thalaba*. It has more of talent than of genius; more of reflection than perception; juster notions, both of adventure and of situation, than any other of his epics; but still, like them all, it fails to reach the heart, and though it pleases, never elevates the mind. The defect is undoubtedly owing to some lack both of power and of taste. Mr. Southey cogitates himself into a state of poetical excitement, but he seems to be rarely touched with the fine phrenzy of the poet. He conceives his works according to certain predetermined principles, and is seldom inspired with the creative energy that calls forth those startling and glorious emanations, which at once make life felt and beauty visible. He has capacity and means to build a pyramid, but the little entaglio of Gray's *Elegy* is more valuable than all this great tumulus to the memory of the last of the Goths;—still the volume contains many splendid and beautiful passages, which, when first seen, afford a very high degree of pleasure."

We must, on the part of Mr. Lindley Murray, protest against some instances of bad grammar which are to be found in Mr. Galt's erratic introductions. The Bachelor projects a tour to Scotland, and wishes his Nymph to accompany him in a steam packet; but she dreads the perils of the voyage, and would fain proceed by any other mode of conveyance. Mr. Galt is altogether regardless of the true construction of words in describing her expostulation on the occasion. "The Nymph, however, *pled* not only her feminine timidity against all the agencies of fire and water, but contended that the state of the machinery in *those sort* of vessels was still in so rude a condition, that no person of a true philosophical mind would risk himself in them."

We have only one other observation to make with respect to this volume, which is, that, if it cannot add to whatever degree of literary reputation Mr. Galt may have acquired, will still furnish a convincing test of his industry.

*Journal of Military and Political Events in Spain during the last Twelve Months.* By Count Pecchio. *With some Introductory Remarks on the Present Crisis.*—By Edward Blaquiére, Esq. London: Whittaker, 1824. 8vo. pp. 133.

This is a brief but spirited narrative of the late events in Spain,—events that have terminated in the total overthrow of that impracticable form of government which the Cortes had established. Mr. Blaquiére, who has written the introduction, has, for some time past, made himself conspicuous as the chivalrous supporter of certain political principles, which, whether right or wrong, it is not our purpose to enquire. He has been sent to Greece in the character of delegate from the Greek Committee, and we presume that most of our readers must have seen the report he made on his return, as it was published in the different newspapers.

On looking over his "Introductory Remarks," we perceive that he inveighs, with all the warmth of a partisan, against the policy adopted by the British Cabinet during the late unequal contest between France and Spain. That policy, however, has completely satisfied the country, and secured to those who adopted it increased strength, as well as increased confidence. We disclaim any intention of entering the arena of politics, either as the abettors or opponents of ministers; but we should feel it an injustice to them, not to acknowledge that, in our opinion, the course they pursued was the only one which the true interests of the country could have directed them to follow. Persons, however, like Mr. Blaquiére, with over-heated imaginations, and extravagant notions of liberty, pay little regard to prudential maxims, and are reckless of plunging a whole nation in war, provided some favourite system of national regeneration can be effected by it.

But our business is not with speculative opinions so much as with positive facts, as they come before us in an authenticated form, and we shall, therefore, abstain from further commentary on Mr. Blaquiére's politics. That gentleman is the trans-

lator of Count Pecchio's work, and in that capacity has acquitted himself in a very creditable manner,—embodying, so far as the genius of both languages would admit, the full force and spirit of the original. He informs us that he regards the Count as “one of the best living writers of his country;” and judging of his powers, even through the medium of a translation, we find no reason to question the justness of so flattering a tribute. Being obliged to fly as an exile from Italy, his native land, in consequence of the part he had taken in the notable revolution of 1821, Count Pecchio sought an asylum in Spain, where he was hospitably received by the leading men among the Constitutionalists. He was admitted to the private friendship of Ballasteros, with whom he lived on terms of the closest intimacy, and he speaks of him, in his now stigmatized character, with strong emotions of sensibility. The passage is pregnant with feeling. He thus expresses himself in the preface:—

“After thirty years of a chivalrous life, this officer has fallen from the pinnacle of honour into the infamy of treason. Every body knows that when, on his reaching Granada, Cadiz stretched out her hands to him as her liberator, he submitted to the Madrid Regency; thus laying down at the feet of tyranny the sword he had received to defend freedom. Until now I had thought the simultaneous assassination of one's country, and an honoured name, impossible. So strong were the ties of friendship which for two years bound me to this warrior, that, while honour obliges me to dissolve it for ever, I feel myself constrained to esteem him still in the memory of his former virtues.”

The journal has all the desultory abruptness peculiar to productions of that character, but it is written with force and elegance; and though the author's judgment is too often influenced by his political prejudices, yet there are many instances in which he forgets the partisan, and speaks of men and things just as he finds them. Pithy and pertinent in all his observations, he never wastes words upon any subject; and in whatever he touches, he uniformly shews the hand of a

master. At the same time, with his great powers of discrimination and the facilities he had of obtaining correct information upon facts and circumstances, a much more complete work might have been expected from his graphic pen. He passes with inconceivable rapidity from one sketch to another, and gives to each a tone of decisive character. His style, however, is rather too epigrammatic, and in his efforts at conciseness he frequently advances opinions without stating his reasons for them, giving to his readers more credit for divination than many of them have a right to claim. *Brevi esse laboro, obscurus fio.* The following sentence will illustrate the comment. “If our country is personified, it runs the risk of losing its immortality, as the deities of Homer lost their invulnerability when they assumed the human form.” His occasional strictures on the two popular factions that contended for power at the time, are pointed and just. It is quite clear that Spain, divided as she then was, between liberals and royalists, must have become an easy conquest to the French arms; but her fall was accelerated by the misconduct of those who at first had been the most active in vindicating her freedom. The jealous rivalry that exists between the Communeros and the Masons served to neutralize the energies of the Government, while it hastened the defection of the three principal military commanders, and left the country open to the French and the Trappist.—The ministers in whose hands the revolutionary cause was finally lost, are described by Count Pecchio as men of knowledge and experience, but wanting two essential qualities, firmness and promptitude.

“No previous ministry assumed the reins of power with so much popular favour, or such an advantageous opinion in its behalf. Lopez Banos, already an officer of artillery, in addition to his having co-operated in the revolution of 1820, enjoyed the hope of being Commander-in-chief in Navarre, which place he filled soon after. Gasco had been a lawyer before the revolution, an active deputy in the first Cortes, a violent speaker, and volunteer in the militia; he was numbered

among the most ardent of the liberal party. Badillo, a highly respectable advocate of Cadiz, also an ultra-liberal, had in the last Cortes courageously applauded and supported the revolt of Cadiz and Seville against the minister Feliu. Navarro, who had once been a professor of law in Valencia, emigrated during the six years of despotism;—formed at the school of misfortune and persecution, he was esteemed as the most enthusiastic jacobin of Spain. Capaz, one of the most expert officers in the navy, was also the oldest and most influential among the masons. San Miguel, a captain in the army, the companion of Riego in the revolution, a good writer, editor of the most prudent and least partial journal of the capital, appeared to unite in himself all the qualities of a minister of state in a new government leaning to democracy. Who therefore would not have confided the helm of the revolution to men who could hope neither for celebrity nor safety, except through its prosperous issue?

"But scarcely were they seated in the ministerial benches, than they appeared to be seized by a spell, showing the same torpor and drowsiness of which their predecessors had been already accused. It might, therefore, be said of them, that they would have been thought worthy of the ministry if they had never been ministers."

To those who still feel an interest in the fate and fortunes of Spain, the volume now before us cannot fail to be acceptable. For our own part, we are anxious to dismiss a subject which induces so many painful reflections: and least of all, can we think of descanting on the political distractions of a nation plunged into anarchy by the extremes both of popular and arbitrary sway.

*Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends, now first published, from the Originals in the Possession of his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL.D., Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, in Norfolk.* London: Colburn, 1824. 8vo. 2 vols.

We have here a voluminous correspondence by an author of celebrity, but we doubt very much whether the reverend editor, in giving it to the public, has duly consulted the literary reputation of his deceased kinsman. It seems that the whole of the letters contained in the two

volumes had been originally submitted to the "selecting hand" of Mr. Hayley, the biographer of Cowper; but that gentleman, in the exercise of a correct judgment, thought it right to suppress a great many of them, particularly those that were of a lively and playful description. Dr. Johnson (let not our readers mistake him for the colossus of lexicography) endeavours to account for the suppression from this cause, and also from the circumstance of its being necessary to limit the admission of letters into Mr. Hayley's work, "lest the narrative should be overborne by the epistolary part of his publication." The latter motive is feasible enough, but the former appears futile and absurd. We cannot for a moment suppose that the most fastidious censor would suppress the letters of a poet who is often playful in verse, merely because they happened to be of a "lively description." No, we rather believe the biographer felt with us, that, in several of them, ease had degenerated into heedless indifference, familiar expression into puerility, and playful humour into silliness. Hence he suppressed them, and, as we think, very properly. In our opinion, too, Dr. Johnson ought to have followed his example, and, as the kinsman of Cowper, he should have been the more cautious how he gave publicity to the emanations of a diseased mind. It would appear, however, that before he sent the letters to press, he had first taken the opinion of a reverend gentleman whom he considers "one of the best judges of composition that this country has to boast." That gentleman, the Rev. Robert Hall, of Leicester, pronounces a most extravagant eulogium upon them, and even does not hesitate to say that he considers "the letters of Mr. Cowper as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language." Such an opinion from such an authority is of course quite sufficient with the editor, and he decides at once on favouring the literary world with a pair of octavos.

Now, with all due deference to the taste and acumen of our Leicester Atticus, we must say that we think him egregiously mistaken in the estimate he has formed of Cowper's

epistolary style. We cannot forget that the letters of Pope, Swift, Addison, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and many others, are still extant, and not only challenge competition with any which the author of *The Task* was ever capable of writing, but serve by contrast to render the inferiority of the latter more apparent. In these celebrated models we have unaffected ease, wit, spirit, and lively humour, with the most happy adaptation of the language to the subject matter, and a polished elegance that gives a distinctive charm to the whole. It is far otherwise with Cowper; for, though his letters are written in a smooth and pleasing manner, yet they are too often deficient in strength and spirit, nor do they fix the attention with any degree of peculiar earnestness. We find, after we have read them, that they have left no strong impression on the mind, and the terms in which they are conceived are not always consistent with the nature of the subject. Freedom, ease, and simplicity, though essential requisites in the formation of a perfect epistolary style, should still not be carried too far; and if we discover in the prose of Cowper many of the faults of Wordsworth's verse, we cannot help saying that we are quite as little disposed to admire the one as the other.

It is somewhat singular that the deep gloom which overshadowed all Cowper's days and rendered him miserable through life, while it gave to many of his literary effusions a marked and melancholy character, is attributed, by the editor, not to a moral, but to a physical cause. Dr. Johnson says, that, in early life, his amiable kinsman, having improperly checked an erysipelatous complaint of the face, brought on an excess of hypochondriacal affection, from which he never after recovered. To this he refers all that melancholy and dark despair which, to the mind of the unhappy Cowper, made this world a wilderness, and denied all hope of salvation in the next. The editor further observes, that so terrible an aberration of intellect has been erroneously ascribed to his religious opinions, and not to the true cause here stated. But, however

this may be, it is certain that the effects of it were but too painfully felt; and what man of soul or sympathy can take up the letters now before us, and not feel deeply for the afflicted individual who wrote them, while passing in occasional transition from sprightliness to sorrow, from gaiety to gloom?

It is not, perhaps, altogether fair to apply the strict rules of criticism to the writings of such a man, yet the writings of no man have been more strictly criticised. The merits of his poetical works have been examined with minute precision, and the opinions pronounced in favour of them are, we think, too exaggerated for a just appreciation. It is true that, regarded as a poet, Cowper must always hold a distinguished place among the poets of his country; but that he is entitled to the rank which some of his more partial admirers have assigned to him, we can never bring ourselves to admit. His muse scarcely ever attempts a bold and daring flight, nor does she display any of that *viriditas animi*, which constitutes the very soul and spirit of poetry. The strain in which she sings is always smooth and equable, never irregularly grand. There are, we allow, numberless passages in the translation of Homer which might be adduced as splendid exceptions; but here it should be remembered, that Homer furnished the ideas, and we are now considering Cowper as an original poet. It may, however, be answered, that upon this principle Pope did not rise to the sublime, though his translation of the *Iliad* stands unrivalled. We contend that Pope needed not his version of the *Iliad* to establish his fame as a poet of the very first order. His *Rape of the Lock* would alone have done it, had he never written any thing else. The spirit and originality which pervade that inimitable poem, are in vain sought for in *The Task* of Cowper, though the latter production is considered by many persons a master-piece in its way. Yet, with every disposition to concede to it all the praise it deserves, we cannot find in it that transcendent excellence which so many of our critical brethren have discovered. It treats of familiar subjects in easy verse, and without



evincing any greater powers of invention on the part of the poet than might be expected from a man less gifted with poetic genius. How different is it with *The Rupe of the Lock*, where a new creation is brought into existence, not so much to accomplish, as to enhance the object which the poet has in view. But we must not carry this comparison farther; for our business now is not with Cowper as a poet, but as a prose writer. The following letter, written in one of his most melancholy moods, is painfully interesting:—

To the Rev. John Newton.

July 12, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Such nights as I frequently spend, are but a miserable prelude to the succeeding day, and dispose me above all things to the business of writing. Yet with a pen in my hand, if I am able to write at all, I find myself gradually relieved; and as I am glad of any employment that may serve to engage my attention, so especially I am pleased with an opportunity of conversing with you, though it be but upon paper. This occupation above all others assists me in that self-deception to which I am indebted for all the little comfort I enjoy; things seem to be as they were, and I almost forget that they never can be so again.

We are both obliged to you for a sight of Mr. —'s letter. The friendly and obliging manner of it will much enhance the difficulty of answering it. I think I can see plainly, that, though he does not hope for your applause, he would gladly escape your censure. He seems to approach you smoothly and softly, and to take you gently by the hand, as if he bespoke your lenity, and entreated you at least to spare him. You have such skill in the management of your pen, that I doubt not you will be able to send him a balmy reproof that shall give him no reason to complain of a broken head. How delusive is the wildest speculation when pursued with eagerness, and nourished with such arguments as the perverted ingenuity of such a mind as his can easily furnish! Judgment falls asleep upon the bench, while imagination, like a smug, pert counsellor, stands chattering at the bar, and with a deal of fine-spun, enchanting sophistry, carries all before him.

If I had strength of mind, I have not strength of body for the task which, you say, some would impose upon me. I cannot bear much thinking. The

meshes of that fine net-work, the brain, are composed of such mere spinners' threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole contexture. No—I must needs refer it again to you.

My enigma will probably find you out, and you will find out my enigma at some future time. I am not in a humour to transcribe it now. Indeed I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state. His antic gesticulations would be unseasonable at any rate, but more especially so if they should distort the features of the mournful attendants into laughter. But the mind, long wearied with the sameness of a dull, dreary prospect, will gladly fix its eyes on any thing that may make a little variety in its contemplations, though it were but a kitten playing with her tail.

You would believe, though I did not say it at the end of every letter, that we remember you and Mrs. Newton with the same affection as ever; but I would not therefore excuse myself from writing what it gives you pleasure to read. I have often wished indeed, when writing to an ordinary correspondent, for the revival of the Roman custom—*salutis* at top, and *vale* at bottom. But as the French have taught all Europe to enter a room and to leave it with a most ceremonious bow, so they have taught us to begin and conclude our letters in the same manner. However I can say to you,

*Sans ceremonie,*

Adieu, mon ami!

W. C.

It is strange that the malady which bewildered the mind of Cowper, could never repress his industry. His time, with few intervals of relaxation, was always employed in literary pursuits, and he gave himself up to reading or writing from morning till night. Nor is it a little surprising how he could give so great an air of variety to his multitudinous letters on common-place subjects, considering the secluded life he led, and the few persons with whom he associated. Though he writes constantly to the same individuals, and those very limited in number, yet there is no monotony

in his correspondence, for, whenever he has nothing new to say, he contrives to give the semblance of novelty to that which is old. This is certainly a happy art, and one in which Cowper is not surpassed by any epistolarian, either ancient or modern. It is not, however, sufficient to redeem the faults on which we have found it necessary to animadvert. We can only give one other letter from this abundant collection, and that we have selected is in rhyme, but without any great pretensions to poetical merit. An agreeable sort of humour, however, runs through it; and if the author did not confess the fact, we could never believe that he wrote it when his brain was suffering under the influence of a deep and dark malady.

To the Rev. William Bull.

June 22, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,  
If reading verse be your delight,  
'Tis mine as much, or more, to write;  
But what we would, so weak is man,  
Lies off remote from what we can.  
For instance, at this very time,  
I feel a wish, by cheerful rhyme  
To soothe my friend, and, had I power,  
To cheat him of an anxious hour;  
Not meaning (for I must confess,  
It were but folly to suppress)  
His pleasure, or his good alone,  
But squinting partly at my own.  
But though the sun is flaming high  
I' th' centre of yon arch, the sky,  
And he had once (and who but he?)  
The name for setting genius free;  
Yet whether poets of past days  
Yielded him undeserved praise,  
And he by no uncommon lot  
Was famed for virtues he had not;  
Or whether, which is like enough,  
His Highness may have taken huff,  
So seldom sought with invocation,  
Since it has been the reigning fashion, }  
To disregard his inspiration,  
I seem no brighter in my wits,  
For all the radiance he emits,  
Than if I saw, through midnight  
vapour,  
The glimmering of a farthing taper  
Oh for a succedaneum then,  
T' accelerate a creeping pen!  
Oh for a ready succedaneum,  
Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium  
Pondere liberet exoso,  
Et morbo jam calligebat.  
'Tis here; this oval box well filled  
With best tobacco, finely mill'd,  
Beats all Anticyp's pretences  
To disengage the encumber'd senses.  
B. M. April, 1824.

Oh Nymph of Transatlantic fame,  
Where'er thine haunt, whate'er thy  
name,  
Whether reposing on the side  
Of Oroonoko's spacious tide,  
Or list'ning with delight not small  
To Niagara's distant fall,  
'Tis thine to cherish and to feed  
The pungent nose-refreshing weed,  
Which, whether pulverized it gain  
A speedy passage to the brain,  
Or whether, touch'd with fire, it rise  
In circling eddies to the skies,  
Does thought more quicken and refine  
Than all the breath of all the Nine—  
Forgive the Bard, if Bard he be,  
Who once too wantonly made free,  
To touch with a satyric wipe  
That symbol of thy power, the pipe;  
So may no blight infest thy plains,  
And no unseasonable rains,  
And so may smiling Peace once more  
Visit America's sad shore;  
And thou, secure from all alarms,  
Of thund'ring drums, and glitt'ring  
arms,  
Rove unconfined beneath the shade  
Thy wide expanded leaves have made;  
So may thy votaries encrease,  
And fumigation never cease.  
May Newton with renew'd delights  
Perform thine odoriferous rites,  
While clouds of incense half divine  
Involve thy disappearing shrine;  
And so may smoke-inhaling Bull  
Be always filling, never full.

W. C.

The only remaining observation we have to make, in reference to these letters, is, that the whole of them might have been kept from the press without any injustice to Cowper's fame, and many of them should never have been published.

*Considerations on the State of the Continent since the last General Peace; being an Exposition of the Character and Tenets of the different Political Parties, from Materials collected in France, Italy, and Switzerland.* London: 1821. 8vo. 1 vol.

This work is obviously put forth in the vehemence of party spirit, though the author affects impartiality and moderation. His avowed object is to decry all those who are not equally prepared with himself to admire that system of arbitrary rule which now prevails on the Continent. For this purpose he gives us what he terms an "Essay on Liberalism;" and while he pro-

fesses to examine the opinions of a political sect, the disciples of which are to be met with in every country in Europe, we find him resorting, not to argument, but to invective. Though writing in this free country, he does not think it prudent to put his name to his book, and perhaps he may have some substantial reasons for declining to do so; for who can tell but the public announcement of his name may easily account for his anti-liberal zeal, and lessen the weight of his authority as a political writer. "In proof of his qualifications for the task he has undertaken, he informs us that he is "a foreigner and a traveller, and has long and attentively examined the tenets and views of the different parties that divide the Continent." A foreigner he may be, and, perhaps, a traveller too; but if he has travelled, he has always taken care never to see any thing that could take from the excellence of the dominant political system, and never to lose sight of any thing that could serve to render still more obnoxious all those who are opposed to it. He ought not, however, to forget that he is not the only man who has travelled on the Continent; and that where he has only used one eye, others have employed two. There are in Europe many political peripatetics besides himself, and some infinitely better qualified to form a due estimate of political affairs. He may have traversed the countries between the Volga and the Po, taking France in his way; but others have seen them likewise, and, without subjecting themselves to the imputation of Liberalism, can boldly affirm that it is not without ample cause that Liberals are found in those countries.

Nothing is more easy, and, at the same time, more unbecoming in any writer, than gratuitous vituperation; and little credit can be given to the statements or opinions of the writer who indulges in it. For our own part, we deprecate, as much as the most determined abettors of arbitrary power, the excesses to which the French Revolution gave rise; but we are not, therefore, prepared to stigmatize, as turbulent and furious anarchists, the vast numbers of enlightened men who at this day are

impatient under the galling yoke of despotism. Who can witness the terrible tyranny that is exercised by the Austrian Government in the Italian States, without feeling that men must be super-human, if they could remain passive under such a system? Oppression generates discontent, and discontent rebellion; but is it rebellion to resist, where no law is recognized except what emanates from capricious power,—a power that sets all law and justice at defiance? If so, the people of England were rebels one hundred and thirty-six years ago, when they accomplished an event which forms the basis of English freedom at this moment. But is it not as natural, and even more so, for the Italians to wish to free themselves from the yoke of a foreign despot, as it was for Englishmen to free themselves from the tyranny of a native sovereign? The question needs not to be asked: the proposition is self-evident. Yet, while the successful heroes of the English Revolution are immortalized as patriots, for having vindicated the liberties of their country, the unsuccessful Carbonari of Italy are branded as traitors for having attempted a similar enterprise. Thus it is, that between oppression on the one hand, and resistance on the other, the success of either party always decides the merits of the case, while it terminates the contest. Had James the Second been able to re-ascend the throne, the man who was afterwards the hero of Blenheim, and the idol of the nation, would, in all probability, have been hanged; and would certainly have deserved it for his treachery, much more than the unfortunate Riego, who lately experienced that ignominious doom at the hands of Ferdinand of Spain. It is quite consistent with absolute power, that it should be jealous of any party in the State that would oppose it;—but that plots and parties should be formed against it, when carried to excess, is only the necessary consequence of tyranny. The author, in our opinion, writes rather for the meridian of Vienna than of London; and though he may do good service to despotic governments, he can never expect that his doctrines will become pe-

pular in any country enjoying freedom and knowing how to maintain it. The following is one of those exaggerated pictures of Liberalism of which the author furnishes so many specimens throughout the work:—

Our liberal reformers want to lead the people by theoretical ideas, by mathematical calculations; they forget that men have hearts, that their passions, if well directed, furnish the surest means of leading them in the path of duty, that their feelings are closely allied to early impressions and recollections, that by destroying the latter you lose every hold upon the former, that confidence, attachment, and gratitude are the growth of time, and not to be commanded by a Liberal decree, or a pompous declaration of political rights. How was it possible, for instance, for the French to have any veneration for their successive constitutions, which were abrogated and renewed every other year. This want of interest in their change of political decorations grew with their character, and is felt now even after seven years of a moderate, peaceful sway. The great failing of the modern school of politics and philosophy is its heartlessness: it is deficient in genial warmth; if it succeed at times to kindle a spark of artificial fervour in the bosom of its disciples, the flame is but transient, it is fed on gross, terrestrial fuel, and contains no ethereal elements. The great masters of the school, those philanthropists, those general lovers of mankind, those friends of the universe, loved the unsubstantial offspring of their own imagination, but not real man, such as he has been placed by Providence on this world, with all his imperfections and weaknesses, with all his hopes and fears. No; their philanthropy was too refined to embrace palpable objects, it soared above into the cheerless regions of theory. Was Rousseau, were D'Alembert, Diderot, Condorcet, Mirabeau, &c. real philanthropists? Were those men philanthropists, who, in the national assembly of France, sacrificed so lightly and without hesitation the properties and lives of their fellow-creatures to the advancement of their mathematical plans of regeneration, those who exclaimed *Perissent les colonies plutôt qu'un principe*, those who asserted that to render the French happy they must be entirely renovated, all the old establishments must be destroyed; ideas, laws, morals, customs, all must be changed;

"We must," cried out one of them, not a terrorist, but one of the leading members of the first assembly, "we must change men, change things, change words, destroy all, yes, destroy every thing, for every thing must be created anew." And so they did; they destroyed every thing, they destroyed their countrymen too, partly by war and partly by the guillotine, they swept whole generations away; and what was the result? They were swept away themselves, without having been able to re-construct any thing; all their plans vanished one after the other, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," leaving room for others to try new experiments.

*Leaves from a Journal; or, Sketches of Rambles in North Britain and Ireland.* By Andrew Bigelow. Medford, Massachusetts.

WE have read these "Sketches" with great and increasing pleasure, and we know of few works of a similar character executed in a happier manner. The style is original, chaste, and classical, and the manner lively, buoyant, and what some critics would call "refreshing." We dare not say whether our taste is correct or not; but this we know well, that Mr. Bigelow is a writer entirely to our taste. He unites all the charms of the modern romantic, and of the ancient classical school; and if we can trust to the opinion of an ancient, but elegant poet, when he says, *in medio tutissimus ibis*, we have no hesitation to say, that Mr. Bigelow has observed that happy medium, *ultra, citraque quos non potest consistere rectum*. We should wish to make extracts in confirmation of our opinion, but our limits will not allow us. His "Excursion from Edinburgh to Dublin" will bear to be read over and over again with renewed pleasure and delight. So will also his "Tour to Loch Katrine, and the Grampians," his "Visit to the Grave of Colonel Gardiner," his "Pilgrimage to Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys," but particularly his "Day in Lour." The latter is exquisitely romantic; and whoever can read it without pleasure can never hope to derive pleasure from works of a descriptive and romantic character.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## NEW EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, (IN SUFFOLK STREET.)

ON entering these rooms, those persons who have been in the habit of frequenting the annual Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, cannot but immediately perceive they are better constructed, better lighted—in all respects better adapted to the purpose of exhibiting Pictures, and other works of art, than those erected by Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS. It gave us pleasure to, observe the very convincing evidence of more liberality than prevails in those same Royal Rooms of fifty years' duration. The young artists who are not members of the association, as well as their elders who are, were all as busy as bees, revising and varnishing their works before the rooms were opened to the public gaze—an advantage (we esteem it to be such to the public, as well as to the individual painters) which the members of the Royal Academy meanly deny to all other exhibitors than themselves. It is nothing more, in fact, than common fairness, and we cannot but feel some surprise, that in half a century the Royal Academicians should not have learned to practise more liberality. We had promised ourselves the further pleasure, that the company below—"on the floor," as the lawyers say—would not be awfully overlooked, as at Somerset House, by a number of well-dressed and well-framed ladies and gentlemen from above; and that we should here look freely around at an assemblage of visions of art, agreeably diversified by moral and domestic stories, and grand and beautiful landscapes, without being embarrassed by those daunts which cannot but be felt from the fixed gaze of conscious and well-painted superiors. In short, we had hoped—and, indeed, from flying rumours, had been taught to expect—to see just no more Portraits than might serve to relieve attention, and vary the excited interest. But in this we were somewhat disappointed—

at least in as far as concerns the left-hand side of the great room as you enter; where there is quite as numerous a proportion of Portraits as at Somerset House; but, alas! not so well painted. Indeed, the whole Exhibition sadly wants weeding; and a hundred pictures, at least, might be dismissed with advantage to the assemblage of the present season. The truth is, that these spacious rooms are too large to begin with: at least, we acknowledge for our ourselves so much peculiarity of taste, that we had rather see, now and then, an honest blank page in a newspaper, or space of uncovered wall in an Exhibition-room, than have our eyes and attention wearied with the trash which Editors and managing Committees fancy themselves obliged to insert or shew up, in order to cover their walls, or fill their daily or weekly sheet. We ought, perhaps, to except such violently red walls as those of the present rooms, so killing to Engravings, and so injurious to Pictures.

However, in a central situation on the left-hand side of the great room, to which our attention has, somewhat unluckily perhaps, been first attracted, it is cheering to find the bewitching *Widow* of Mr. H. RICHTER:—not *his* widow, thank God; but "*The Widow*" of his creative fancy and pencil—"full and round, and fair" as were the creations of Apelles, according to a verse of our old friend Mat. Prior. This picture, No. 84, "painted for W. Chamberlayne, Esq., M.P.," is well calculated for the situation where we find it, *videlicet*, the meridian of an Exhibition-room; being as replete with rich colour and powerful chiaro-scuro, as the handsome widow herself is with joyous anticipations. The principal figure in this composition is that of a blythe and buxom young widow, ripe for new conquests; fully desirous of obtaining them; surrounded

by the sparkling artillery of the toilet, and anticipating the most brilliant results. Her assiduous waiting-maids are in a state of rapt admiration at the superlative charms of their mistress, and the expression of their countenances is varied with much propriety; the more enraptured of the two appearing to be the most sincere, and the other somewhat more flattering and insidious; so as to lead the spectator to suspect that there may, perhaps, be a little rankling envy about her heart, which cannot be thought of the elder waiting-maid with the upraised hands. But the gay widow herself is quite *enbonpoint*; and though pleased with their compliments, and conscious, of course, that they are well-merited, she successfully maintains her due superiority of station and manners. We do not at all wonder that an M.P. should be desirous of possessing such a widow. Mr. Richter is always happy in the pertinence of his innendoes. Against the back wall of the chamber, hangs a copy of Corregio's Cupid preparing his Bow. The mischievous deity is evidently preparing a *new* bow, the old one being broken and cast to the earth: while, partly on a tripod table, and partly strewn about the fore-ground in picturesque confusion, are—to use more of the words of Prior—his “complement of stores,” consisting of the materials of personal decoration, and certain billets-doux with appropriate superscriptions; and, mingled with the latter, are, a design of a common-place funeral monument,\* now neglected, “erected by his disconsolate widow,” and a verse pensively quoted from Young's Night Thoughts, just as a ray of comfort began to dawn over the darkness of disconsolation, and, doubtless, a night-thought of the widow herself, penned the next morning, lest she should forget it again—namely,

“An angel's arm can't snatch him from the grave.”

“*Ergo*, I must get another,” is not added, but is more judiciously left to be inferred by the imaginative spectator. A portrait of a pale and squinting lawyer, which hangs over the book-case, affords a good contrast to the smiling beauty of the females. The flowers, trinkets, ultra-marine drapery, casket, &c. are well introduced, and beautifully pencilled: but the left hand of the most sincere of the waiting-maids is somewhat stiffly drawn.

On this same left-hand side of the room, hangs also one of the best whole-length portraits in the present Exhibition. It is from the pencil of Mr. LONSDALE, and the likeness that of *Mr. Justice Holroyd*, whose name is not mentioned in the catalogue, either from modesty on the part of the judge, or confidence on that of the artist, who scorned to write, “This is a cock.” The truth of the portraiture might warrant the latter conclusion, but the former is probably the true interpretation of this silence. The picture is numbered 113. The Judge is represented in his costume of scarlet and fur, and as having just arisen from his seat, with an action that is at once natural, dignified, and new in pictorial display. The whole is painted with considerable breadth and simplicity of style.

We were here casting about our eyes and wending our way in quest of some work of the President, whose office, as well as whose known merits, seemed to claim early attention, but were involuntarily stopped at the corner—if corner we might say, where no such rectangular nook exists—by a performance which would have arrested the blythe and hilarious Anacreon himself, had he chanced to reel or ramble in the same direction. It is from the pencil of B. R. HAYDON, and is entitled, “*Silenus intoxicated and moral; reproving Bacchus and Ariadne on their lazy and irregular lives*,” No. 129. By way of making

\* The hint of this monument is not improbably taken from the late newspaper reports of a trial, between a fair and fickle widow of Gildford, and a miscalculating sculptor of that town, who had too long delayed the erection of a monument to the memory of her late dearly beloved.

a firm stand against dissoluteness, Silenus appears to have staggered backwards, till he has fortunately come in contact with the bole of a tree, which affords support for him and his stammering argument. He aids the moral sentiment which he so strenuously inculcates, by the action of his left hand, while with his right he habitually brandishes his goblet, but, alas!

—"sheds the luscious liquor on the ground."

Quite heedless and unconscious of the beam that is in his own eye, the moralist gravely discourses on the mote that is in his brother's:—at least it is obvious that the moral lesson of this scriptural parable must have been in Mr. Haydon's eye, from his well-known scriptural habits of study. So devoted a Christian would not else have ventured among the wild riot of a Bacchanalian forest. And this self-forgetfulness, is the very pith of the ridicule which laughs through the picture, and the climax of which the painter has contrived to enshrine in the ripe and voluptuous beauty of Ariadne, who kneels jeeringly, and with well-assumed obsequiousness, before the lecturer, and seems to address him in some such strain as the following:—"Most wise, grave, potent, ethical, and inspired Silenus, we bend in due homage to thy sublime discourse," &c. &c. Bacchus, meanwhile, full of jocund hilarity, and glowing with the glee of the moment and the juice of the grape, is bending forward, probably, for the moment, heedless of his impotent monitor, and, at heart, more attentive to the love-darting eyes and vermeil-tinctured lip of Ariadne, than to aught else. The artist seems, in this part of his work, to have accomplished something very like a retrospective purpose. A jovial son of Anacreon would almost swear, from seeing the jocund party who are assembled, the delicious fruits which lie about the fore-ground, and the head-dress of the heroine of the piece, that Silenus had interrupted the jolly god whilst singing:

"Welcome joy, and welcome feast,  
Sylvan shout and revelry,  
Tipsey dance and jollity.

Braid your locks with rosy twine;  
Dropping odours, dropping wine;"

and that the latter waited but the downfall of the drunken moralist to resume the strain with,

"Rigour now is gone to bed;  
And advice with scrup'ulous head:  
Strict age and sour severity,  
With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
We that are of purer fire," &c. &c.

Akenside has enumerated ridicule among the pleasures of imagination. In the present picture we find it far more successfully assimilated with the rest, than in his justly celebrated poem; for what can be more essentially ridiculous than the didactic assumptions of a drunkard? or who can read the truly comical incongruities in Mr. Haydon's performance, without being impressed with the truth of this part of Akenside's flattery, the soundness of which some critics have much doubted? But let us not become too metaphysical. There is much sylvan beauty distributed among the Wood-nymphs and Bacchantes, though all are kept in judicious subservience to the fair and voluptuous form of *Ariadne* herself. The Satyrs and Fauns are also characteristically introduced, and of well-tanned complexions, yet rosy with wine. Among the former, we are more particularly pleased with the expression of a Poussin-like nymph who is seen beyond Bacchus, her face rather more than half over-shadowed; and another who, from behind a tree, is wantonly about to twitch the vine or ivy-leaved head-dress of the sturdy moralist, and which, as may be confidently anticipated, must perforce disturb the clear flow of his eloquent precepts. A little curly-headed fellow too, a thirsty soul, who is heartily quaffing the nectareous juice, and whom, if we mistake not, we have seen before in the works of the learned painter above mentioned, is introduced, with good effect, seated on the knees of a drowsy son of Anacreon: and, partially seen between the stems of trees in the back ground, a party is dancing to the music of a rustic pipe "amid the festal-sounding shades," so that the sentiment of Bacchanalian enjoyment, as resounding through the forest, is kept up through the

whole composition—the sermonizing Silenus having merely collected around him a single group of the sylvan revellers; and the mind of the spectator is thus carried beyond the limits of the picture. We may add that the whole work is conceived and executed much in the poetical spirit of the various congenial subjects which have flowed from the pencil of Poussin, and, in some few instances, from that of Titian, although certainly not so elaborately finished as either. In fact, the style of pencilling which is here adopted, seems somewhat too vast for the size of the figures and of the picture, and looks as if the painter was unwilling to disuse those larger brushes which he employed in his great Altar-pieces of *The Raising of Lazarus*, and *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*. The large scale appears to be more congenial and commensurate with Mr. Haydon's powers, and perhaps the transition in his practice may have been too abrupt, from those colossi, to figures not above one-twelfth part of their dimensions. But this is merely a passing conjecture. The nudities are here painted with a certain rich and juicy pulpliness (most conspicuous in the figure of Ariadne), which in modern art is rare, and which has been much admired in the works of some few of the highly-esteemed masters of the Italian schools. May we say that this peculiarity appears in the present instance highly appropriate, as well as successfully accomplished, as being the presumed, not to say the obvious, result of the god-like beverage of Bacchus and his train? And may we pray of our dearly-beloved public, that the painter may, at least in some inferior degree, participate of this exhilarating and soul-stirring liquor? If it be true, as Charlotte Smith has sung, that

"Those paint sorrow best who feel it  
most."

Ah! think ye Bacchanalians, "lolling at your jovial boards," of the converse of the proposition, and let not the painter of joyous hilarity, go, as he has hitherto gone, unrewarded by patronage: let him not continue to taste

Of noble natures; of the gloomy days;  
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarken'd  
ways

Made for our searching.—

We must now add—not without feelings of doubt as well as of reluctance—that the greens and reds, which are the prevailing colours in this picture, appear, to our eyes, to come too abruptly in contact, and to want those mutual reflections and ameliorations which nature employs, if we mistake not, to harmonise her colouring. The shadow, for example, which falls from the vine-leaves, about the brows of the tipsy lecturer, appears to want the neutral grey that would have been produced had Mr. Haydon taken his palette-knife and rubbed a little of his red and green together. But we do not undertake to teach Mr. Haydon: he surely understands these matters better than his critics, and may, perhaps, tell them to keep their grey for their own heads, and let that of Silenus alone. And truly, if this point were to be determined by logical deductions, we can anticipate that, perhaps, the dissonant sentiment of a forest carousal may, by some persons, be thought to be heightened by a corresponding dissonance of colour, and that this harmony of discords is, in fact, a bold refinement in art. We cannot, however, have the honour of agreeing in this. The cold greens, in general, appear to us to want *geniality*; especially those of the vine-leaves when grapes are ripe: so do the peeps of sky which are seen between the foliage. And—unless our eyesight fails—the drawing of some of the nudities bears not the stamp of that academical ability for which Mr. Haydon obtained and deserved credit in his larger works. The left arm of Silenus is somewhat gouty, (which we suppose is not intended); and one of the legs of Bacchus, being overcharged with muscle, is more suited to a Hercules. But, in the sun itself there are spots: and we are not sure that other and more generous critics may not discover, in the peculiar mode of treatment which is here adopted, an overflowing fullness existing in the mind of the artist—an intoxication, or, at least, an Anacreontic revelry—of the pencil, connate with the subject.

—of the inhuman dearth



Not easily diverted from what we have seriously purposed, after this treat from the pencil of Haydon, we made the best of our way through the throng, in quest of an old friend in water-colours, whom we had not seen for several years; and in an inner room, intitled the "South-west room," we arrived at *The Fish-girl*, No. 380.—Those persons who, reading the Catalogue, may have expected to see a metropolitan Fish-girl, who has been blest with the benefit of a Billingsgate education, will be agreeably surprised to find here the innocent daughter of a country fisherman of the sea-coast. The horizontal line of the sea, a simple cottage, a few willows, and a rustic bridge over a brook, appear in the distance, and tell this part of the maiden's biography. The whole subject is treated with corresponding simplicity. The girl is holding up two mackarel, a lobster, and a turbot, placed on a wicker exhibition-tray, for the critical inspection of a dowager housewife, who appears at a window. The whole of these fishes, but especially the mackarel, are most beautifully painted. The connoisseur in pictures and in fresh fish, perceives at once that these are fresh, both from a well-trained pencil and from the sea: The dowager, a dog at her door, the fish-basket on the ground, and other appropriate accompaniments, are kept in due subordination to these fish and the maidenly marketer; and here lies the emphasis of the pictured precept. The girl is dressed with rustic artlessness: the heart's-ease floweret with which she has decked her fair bosom, is poetically introduced—we shall not write wittily, because the wit of the thought merges in a higher and purer sentiment, which leads the eye and the mind upward to that heart's-ease, which, as you perceive from the interesting and unpretending countenance of its possessor, inhabits the interior, also, of a virtuous bosom. The good will be ready to respond, in the language of Sterne, "Foul, befall the man who ever lays a snare in its way." The evil-minded should leave this picture with amended morals.

Perhaps Mr. HEAPHY is more at home here, and in water-colours, than in his oil picture, No. 193,

which hangs in the great room. The water seems to flow more freely from his pencil, and the oil, comparatively speaking, to drag. And yet, for some reason or other,—connected, we suppose, with matrimonial sympathies and antipathies,—it is far more difficult to get a comfortable look at the discordant couple which is here depicted, than at the pretty Fish-girl. We may be dull—or, at least, may not have had our keenest perceptions about us, when we came before "*Leap-year Ladies! or the Bird of Paradise:*" but we could not help wishing that the author of this picture had condescended to be a little more intelligibly witty in announcing its title. Without presuming to dictate a title or a motto to Mr. Heaphy, we should have thought Shenstone's

"Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:

It banishes wisdom the while;

would have suited the subject and occasion better than *Leap-year Ladies*. But this may be only our own want of apprehension: Yet we must in modesty add, that before we ventured to write as above, we put the question, What is meant by *Leap-year Ladies*? to two or three of our intelligent friends, who were not sufficiently electrified by it to shew forth any sparks of explication. Is it taken from any modern comedy of that title with which we happen to be unacquainted? But a truce with this title. The proper subject of this picture is an ill-matched modern couple, where the grey-mare is evidently, and by far, the better horse. The wife is rosy and robust, with a certain simulating and over-weening archness of character, and expression of countenance; and is habited in white satin: the husband, pale, puny, dissatisfied, repentant, and void of energy; a regretting noodle, in short; cousin-german to him who figured some years since in Hogarth's *Marriage à-la-Mode*. The latter is listlessly smoking a segar, while his wife, who seems a kind of incipient Lady Pentwheazel, is smoking him. Mortified, as we are led to suspect, by her extravagant purchases, and averted from her over-fondness, the hen-pecked husband is but ill able to conceal his disaffection. The wife, meanwhile, affects affection, while her

real affection is for the bird of Paradise in her head-dress, and for the new-purchased parrot, which is, perhaps, meant for the real bird of the matrimonial paradise; and as she holds up the latter to be admired, she provokingly says to Jerry,

“Let me feel thy heart;  
Oh! it beats responsive to my fondest wishes.”

accompanying her words by the appropriate action, and, if possible, still more appropriate physiognomic assumption, wherein we trace a mixture of latent archness, of sinister purpose, with an assumed soothingness. We understand her fondest wishes of the moment to be for the possession of the beautiful birds. This performance has, altogether, a somewhat theatrical air, and, but for the dogs, would seem like a scene in a comedy. But there is much good painting about it; and we particularly admire the parrot; the lady's head-dress, in which the bird of paradise is conspicuous; and her own calmly provoking, yet wheedling, countenance. But surely, Mr. Heaphy, her legs are too short. We can allow for the amplitude of a lap that would have every thing thrown into itself, yet, cast but your eye upwards from her feet, to that part of her drapery which marks the place of her ladyship's knees. We rely that the parties concerned—chiefly the public—will not be displeased with us for letting stand in our columns, the above (in some respects mistaken) critique on *Leap-year Ladies, or the Bird of Paradise*; as shewing the genuine impression which that picture is calculated to make, or, at least, has made on an untutored mind alive to pictorial impressions, but not locally acquainted with the painter's intention. It contains, in truth, the remarks of a friend of the present writer, of whose assistance he was glad to avail himself, having more upon his hands at this exhibition season than he could accomplish alone. His friend is not quite so “deep as the north,” or as the painter of *Leap-year Ladies*; and, did not know that, in the north of England, it is a trite saying, that during those years which are termed leap-years, the ladies are privileged to contradict gentlemen. This locality placed

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the present work in a new point of view. The lady in white satin avails herself of the valuable though temporary license; and the segar smoker is converted into a rich Indian, returned, climate-worn and sallow, from a prosperous voyage; and whose heart, as the fair innamorato is willing to persuade herself, “beats responsive to her fondest wishes.”

To this account the costly articles of furniture bear witness, including that pertinent innuendo on the mantle-shelf, the squabby Cupid, who, while he takes care of time, does not forget to try the point of his dart—a thought worthy of Hogarth himself. The first lesson we would willingly leave behind us here, is, the reflection, how desirable it is that pictures, having a story to tell, should be so painted and so thought of, as to tell the entire of their stories for themselves. The second is, perhaps, a corollary of more certainty and value, viz.: that Nature affords no foundation for this subject. Such an occurrence never happened, and never will happen, excepting, it may be, in some farce on the stage. The joke that ladies may court during the leap-years, must have had its origin in the mere whim of some eccentric humourist. And this conclusion justifies the way in which the view of this picture struck on the censorium of our coadjutor, and in which all female critics, at least, will concur.

Of landscape scenery, the new rooms afford a satisfactory display: indeed, the present strength of the Society resides in its Landscape Painters, and the array of names, should they continue together, promises a respectable annual succession of pictures of this description. There is Glover, Nasmyth, Martin, Wilson, Holland, Starke, and Linton, the seven locks of this newly risen Sampson, of which, if they were shorn, the Philistines would soon be upon them: and there are others of inferior degree.

Not that we are well-pleased with Mr. Glover's largest work of the present season, which is numbered 196, and entitled *Narcissus*. We think it far from being one of his happiest productions. It is, in truth, much too large for its subject: and neither medium in parva,

nor *veluti in speculum*, would serve it for a motto: for the water is not very clear, and the work, large as it is, might, without the least disadvantage, be compressed to the dimensions of a snuff-box. Indications that the picture has been hastily got up, are but too evident. The forms of the principal trees, and especially of their branching, are inferior to many others from the hand of this artist. None of the elegant drooping flowers which take their name from Narcissus, and remind us of Ovid, embellish the fore-ground; the self-enamoured youth himself is not very handsome, and has unluckily met with a black-eye in his forest rambles; and the scene in which he is placed is not sufficiently sequestered for this classic subject; for it is not to be supposed that Narcissus was so blindly and stupidly vain, as to make public exhibition of himself admiring himself, as he here seems to do; nor has Mr. Glover the semblance of classic authority for placing his beautiful youth on the borders of an ample river or lake, instead of, as the poets have represented him, leaning over the brink of a fountain in a secluded recess. The water, however, as we have hinted above, affords him no very eligible mirror, and is destitute of that "crystal marking of the trees and sky," which the poets delight in. A few forms of the rocks on the immediate brink are reflected, it is true; and Narcissus himself, of course; but nothing more, although the water is unruffled: not even his dogs, nor his hunting spear; which latter, in the situation where it is placed, must have been seen also reflected in the water. Nevertheless, a mountain on the right hand, rocky at its base, and rearing its head toward the clouds, with some other hills quite in the off-skip, are, like Mr. Glover's mountains in general, very ably painted, and the mind's eye wanders about them with delight.

But here are other scenes from the same pencil, of which we can speak with far more pleasure. *Pickering Castle, Yorkshire*, No. 104, hangs nearly under the *Narcissus*. The Castle itself, being on the crest of a hill at some considerable distance, forms but a subordinate

object. The proper subject of the picture is, in fact, a tranquil woodland scene, with water, as viewed towards the close of day, and the principal object a fine clump of trees. But no work of this artist delights us more thoroughly than No. 104, *A favourite Haunt of Mr. Glover's Youth, in Leicestershire*. This is, indeed, a scene well entitled to the favour with which it is distinguished: worth a hundred such pictures as the *Narcissus*, in our estimation; being fine throughout. Here the painter reflects what is far better than an Arcadian swain, *videlicet*, himself. This Leicestershire landscape is quite a scene for a pastoral poet or painter to linger in. Lofly trees of noble forms, and well nourished verdure, over-arch a cool forest recess, through which winds a clear but shallow river, with just such a gently flowing motion as serves to ripple the reflections of the sylvan objects on its banks, and the cattle which are passing through, or standing to enjoy themselves and chew the cud in the cool. These cattle greatly enrich the picture; and the over-shadowed river, uniting its shade with the dark verdure of the under-foliage of the trees, forms a central mass of clear and deep shadow which supports all the lights in the landscape, and gives a Rembrandt-like effect to the whole performance. Its colour is rich without the least intemperance; and the whole work worthy of the high reputation for landscape-painting, of this much esteemed artist.

In a situation nearly corresponding to this, on the left-hand side of the fire-place, hangs No. 60, a delicious landscape from the pencil of Mr. HOPLAND. It is a lake and mountain scene of a tender character, with a side skreen of trees on the right, and a party of anglers near the fore-ground; and is called, in the catalogue, *Ullswater, Cumberland, looking towards Patterdale, or Patrick's Pile*. The sky is excellently well suited to the scene. A broad ray of sun-light, delicately introduced, beams across it, serving to illuminate the lake below; to tell that the hour of noon is at hand; or has just passed, and to account for the artist's and the poet's rapturous exclamation.

"Hail to thy beams, O Sun! for this display."

It does more: it accounts also for the beautiful sky tints which are reflected on the lake, and which are executed, more especially in the nearer part, with singular felicity of pencilling, and close observation of nature's cunning work, even in her evanescent operations. The brightness of light is here produced, and by less obvious means than the violent opposing of shade: and the cheerful sentiment which plays through the whole landscape is exhilarating, and will occasion many a spectator to reflect how sweet it is to wander among the charming scenery of Ullswater and Patterdale.

*Cattle and Figures*, by J. BURNET, No. 190, is a very charming picture, a sort of British Cyp; consisting of four or five cows, grouped with a wind-mill, a boy at his field repast, and a milk-maid with her pail. A scanty brook trickles along the fore-ground between broken banks: a warm light catches on the grey clouds, mingles gold with the verdure of the grass and wild plants which enrich the fore-ground, and, in short, agreeably pervades the whole performance, which is throughout very picturesque, and has an excellent effect.

*A View near Tunbridge*, by P. NASMYTH, No. 195, is a landscape of great merit, but of quite a different character from the foregoing. It is a fine view into a rich, cultivated country, looking along a road deeply engraved with ruts, as we see them in the works of some of the Dutch and Flemish painters, and enriched with pebble stones and weeds: and the connoisseur can scarcely fail to regard with interest an English landscape treated in a style formed on the study of those admirable masters, Wynants and Ruysdael. To come to details, the sky consists principally of grey cumulus clouds, somewhat clearer than those of Ruysdael, floating in a purer atmosphere, and warmed with sun-light. The prevailing touch and character of the foliage of the trees is thorny, so are the branches, and the ramifications are abundant; and in the road, which forms a capital and well-studied

feature, the tricksome ramblings of a tasteful pencil are every where seen; but the rectangular forms of the rocky passages of road, as we find them in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge, are preserved with strict attention to nature. An uphill lane, fenced off with hurdles, leads off to the right with good effect, and is lost among trees. This, too, is a tasteful part of the picture. But such objects as hurdles tangled with brambles and hedge-stakes and buris, are always fine when treated by the pencil of Mr. Nasmyth.

The south-east room is very wisely appropriated to ENGRAVINGS: a peculiar feature of the present Exhibition, and for the omission of which, at Somerset House, the Royal Academy should take shame to itself. They well know that it has long been a *desideratum* both to the professors of that art and to the public, having been several years ago repeatedly solicited and memorialized upon the subject by Mr. Landseer, in a printed paper, which we have seen. The room contains nearly two hundred historical engravings and landscapes. Some few of the former are large: the major part of them are from the elegant *burins* (as Mr. Dibdin would say) of the disciples of the HEATH school, viz. ENGLEHEART, ROBINSON, G. CORBOULD, and C. HEATH. Mr. Robinson's portraits are capital: and many of the smaller works, book-plates for the embellishment of the novels of the Great Unknown and the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, are of great merit. There are also some excellent specimens of landscape-engraving, by Mr. J. PYE, E. GOODALL, G. COOKE, and others; and some stippled prints and Mezzofin-tos, by H. MEYER, SCRIVEN, REYNOLDS, and DAWE. But the bright red wall of this apartment is by no means fit to hang prints against. The colour employed for this purpose, should be as negative and quiet as possible. We propose to pay attention to the best of these Engravings, and to the Sculpture and Models of the North-east room, in a future number—observing, as we do, that the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is to remain open for four months. We shall thus, also, have an opportunity of returning to

the picture-rooms when the throng around Mr. Martin's *Miracle*, Mr. Heaphy's *Game of Putt*, and other works of merit, may be so thinned that we can get a comfortable peep at them. At present we have something, that will perhaps be allowed to be of more importance to the permanence of the present institution, to submit to public attention, and to the more especial notice of those artists whom it may more immediately concern.

Concerning the *Laws* of this Institution, we wish to offer a few remarks, in the hope that they may appear in time to better its condition. We did not print our strictures sooner, that we might not impede that first natural bubbling up of benevolence, which might be expected from those good-natured persons, who, without examination, would kindly give the new Society credit for having provided an efficient system of regulations. But their public dinner, the donations they have received, and the first lively muster and display of their troops, will dispose them, if we mistake not, to receive our well-meant admonitions—for admonish we must—without discourtesy, if not with smiles.

Dr. Marshall's leading aphorism to his medical pupils, "Every thing that is proper should be done, it is proper should be done well," is well worthy of remembrance. Lord Verulam, and Sir Walter Scott, unite in directing *attention*, upon all occasions that are worthy of it, toward "the root of the matter." the former, writing with especial reference to social institutions, adds "it is not any tampering with the *branches*, that will work their lasting advantage." More recently, Mr. McDermot very justly remarks that "moral as well as physical diseases are more easily eradicated in their growth, than after they have assimilated with the natural habits." Fortified by such authorities, we shall probably not be reproached with being too early, and we have above expressed our hope that we shall not be too late, with the attentive examination which our regard for its welfare and durability has induced us to bestow on the root of the Society of British Artists;

or too strict in the observations and suggestions we shall venture to submit respecting those "*Laws and Regulations*," as they are termed, from which its institutions appear to expect its perennial growth. It is the sincerity of our good wishes that has made us resolve on this procedure at the present moment. If, therefore, we should "rebuken and chasten those whom we love," it must be taken in good part. Nor is this preliminary expression of our hopes and fears, with regard to the time of our strictures, without foundation in the acts of the Society. We regret to observe that the hasty and ill concocted pages which have been put into our hands, under the above title, are written as if they were unalterable as the ancient laws of the Medes and Persians. Evident as we shall prove to be the thoughtless haste and inconsistency of the compilation, the compilers have instructed their secretary to advertise that the Society is "finally established:" but they must assuredly rescind some of their laws; alter others; and revise and digest the whole code, before permanency and prosperity can await their proceedings, and the sooner this is done the better.

It argues a lamentable deficiency of philosophical principle, that these compilers, legislators, or institutors, do not come forward and say, Behold a better constituted society of artists than the Royal Academy: but they say—Behold a better exhibition-room, (as if the Royal Academy were not rich enough to have a larger and better room also, whenever they think proper). And we scarcely know what radical consciousness of defect, or what palpable insensibility to the claims of art, it does not argue, that they do not even seem to think of setting forth a superior code of laws, as the legitimate and true point of attraction, to others; but, like housewives who would be thrifty, they exhibit—eight nest-eggs, if selected," they say, "from upwards of thirty." Very sure we are that some of the eight gentlemen whose names are thus enticingly exhibited—and Mr. Richter for one—cannot have considered this code of laws, if he has even looked at them, or we should not

find any thing so egregious there, as we shall presently proceed to point out. We do not mean to begin with law or regulation the first, and so proceed regularly through the pamphlet; for it is proceeding thus, at the occasional suggestion probably of different legislators, as bright thoughts have glittered in their several fancies, that has led to the heterogeneous mass which we contemplate with so little satisfaction; but we shall endeavour to place their incompatibilities in such apposition as we think can scarcely fail to strike even the unwary. At the same time, we hope not only to convince, but to merit the grateful acknowledgments of those whose haste and incompetency have led to the errors which we deprecate. Nor, if we were without the further hope of benefitting art and the public, should we waste on this society, notwithstanding our personal regard for many of its members, the two most precious things in the world, namely, time and attention; or vainly seek to occupy the time and attention of others.

And first, concerning the witlessness of superfluous bondage: in order to guard those youthful gudgeons of merit in the Fine Arts, whose honourable ardours, in the pursuit of favourable notice and adequate reward, might render them reckless, or whose confidence might render them unsuspecting, that there is a Kirby hook—quite a gratuitous one—within the glittering bait.

Alas, gentle swains,—be undeceiv'd;  
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,

And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
And heedless hearts, is worthful prize;

Nor all that glitters, gold.

"Any member who may leave the Society, on any pretence whatever, shall forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds," (p. 13.) Why so—messieurs legislators? why should such bitter fruit be expected ever to grow on your tree of knowledge? or why should you anticipate that your paradise will be invaded by so much evil, as to make retirement from its blissful seats, a thing for honest men to apprehend? Why set out with contemplating the possibility of such an event? Have you at

ready discovered yourselves to be foxes who have lost their tails?

"Every member, on his admission to the Society, shall pay ten pounds," (p. 14). 100 10=110. But let us turn to p. 20: perhaps we may there discover an answer to some of the above queries. "If any member shall, by improper conduct, become obnoxious to the Society, he may be expelled by a majority, consisting of three-fourths of the members present at a general meeting, to be decided by ballot; but such expulsion shall not, in any way, exonerate him from the payment of the sum of one hundred pounds, before stipulated to be paid on any member's quitting the Society." So that, if the acting managers should be hard driven for a thousand pounds or so, to make good their payments, it is but expelling ten or a dozen of their sixty members, and they will get it; at the same time exchanging so many obnoxious members, for others better qualified, or more stream-going and tractable, who may be waiting for vacancies. A wise provision, truly: and a most undeniable inference—not so intended, perhaps, yet a necessary corollary. And unless they esteemed this brass-headed nail to be driven quite in the right place, why did they clench it in another page, in the following positive and tyrannical terms. "Any member who may be expelled by the Society, shall be subject to the same penalty as members who withdraw themselves." Can such laws as these remain among the statutes of a Society of British artists? Can they be devised by the same men who are so anxious to tell you, in every catalogue and in every newspaper, that "the regulations are upon the most liberal principles? Really, gentlemen, when we reflect on the lovely nature, and the benevolent and patriotic properties, of the Fine Arts; and when we think of the wide difference between legislating for the repression of crime, and for the advancement and reward of merit,—we are obliged ourselves to repress the epithet to which the proposer of such laws, on such an occasion, appears justly to have entitled himself. Our leading and honest wonder upon this occasion is, to find artists, who live and move, and have their being,

in the administration of pleasurable stimuli to the moralities of other men, preparing, and seeming to prefer, painful stimuli for themselves. Our artistical chivalry cannot but feel affronted at the proceedings of these recreant knights of the S. B. A. Let those among them who proposed, or who advocated, or who are now prepared to vindicate, such miserably discourteous and compulsive laws as these and the following, stand forth, and meet our heartfelt defiance.

In the next place—though this is of small comparative importance, further than as it may serve to shew the narrow spirit that has presided at their meetings—why should they legislate that no man shall enter the exhibition-rooms of the Society of British Artists on Sundays? Are the Puritans to lord it again? “*The exhibition-rooms of the Society* (say they in p. 14) *shall not be used on Sundays on any pretence whatever.*” Is this sapient law intended to incite many to desire to go, in future, where few have hitherto manifested any desire to go? Or is immorality and irreligion intended to be displayed on their walls? If the latter (of which we see no evidence in their present exhibition), it were surely better to exclude such pictures, than to close so inexorably the temple of Art, as though it were avowedly hostile to those of Christianity.—Were it not that the Pharisees are, on other occasions, so disgustingly servile, one might suppose that this silly Sunday law was made at the Royal Family, since they have been, far more than the inferior classes, in the habit of visiting public exhibitions on Sundays, for good and obvious reasons. The proposer of it, however, is probably the proposer also of those painful and compulsory laws to which we have already objected, and of others which ordain forfeitures for non-attendance, &c. If Mr. Prentis should ever engrave his picture, now exhibiting at the British Institution, of the Puritan hanging his Cat for killing a Mouse on a Sunday, we earnestly recommend him to dedicate the print to the aforesaid proposer. But to proceed.

“*The Society shall consist of sixty members: viz. THIRTY-FIVE Painters, SIX Sculptors, SEVEN Architects, and TWELVE Engravers.*”—Why? Why,

from this time to the end of time, shall the Society consist of sixty? Why should it do so now? Is sixty the exact number that conduces to public good, more than any other? If it be, why, by what rule of public utility, should the painters of that sixty, so far out-number the professors of any other art—and, indeed, out-number the professors of the other three arts, when taken together? These respective numbers, if founded in aught else than an existing majority and an existing *esprit de corps* among the painting members, must be supposed to bear reference to the relative importance in which the Arts are severally held in the public estimation, or to the public demands for their productions. Now, we do not think that the arithmetic here runs parallel to the fact, either at the present time, or that it is likely to do so at any future time. But no reason is offered, nor can any be given, if we rightly ween, why these numbers should at all times bear the same relations; or in favour of the aggregate of sixty,—since the future state of society is as a dead wall to us. Sixty members would appear too many at present, because more than can be found of adequate merit, unless the R. A.’s might be expected to quit their spheres; and is perhaps too few for the future.

But we meant to abstain, for the present, from this sort of discussion; and probably we are dwelling too long on details, seeing that time and space do not allow us to proceed thus through the code. The consideration of the last-mentioned law (which stands first in the pamphlet of the Society) brings us within sight of the grand defect of the whole. The reader remembers that, in the outset of these remarks, we professed obedience to certain precepts originating with highly venerated authorities, which directed critical attention towards the root of improvable social institutions, and directed it during the earlier stages of their growth. We have since been digging downwards, with our best horticultural hopes and means of irrigation and manure, and find, alas! that the S. B. A. has been put into the earth like the French trees of Liberty, and has no root. Per-

haps a more pertinent figure might have been adopted here; perhaps the word CONSTITUTION, so often in men's mouths, so seldom in their hearts and understandings, may to some minds express our meaning better. Every reader will take his choice. We only want to be rightly understood; and most metaphysical terms, we know, are metaphors more or less in disguise, as that sublime science is generally treated of. We mean, in fine, that we discover, in these laws of the S. B. A., no grand animating first principle, and no aim at any nobler purpose than may be supposed to govern an assembly of ware-shewing money-getters, of narrow views, met for a selfish and present purpose merely. Now, all public institutions of Art and Science should, in the very elements of their first existence, be indissolubly connected with the advancement of national intellect, and the general march of mind.

Does any reader imagine we are getting rhapsodical here? Let us descend, then, to the *terra-firma* of practical test. Let it be imagined that, when the founders of a Society of British Artists met together, for the purpose of forming a permanent association, some one had proposed, that they should, in the first instance, declare their object, or purpose. This proposal, simple as it is, would probably have led to some discussion, because, while the more mercenary members had said, "Why, to sell our works, to be sure, and get as much money as we can;" others, would have felt shame at this idea, and would have replied, "No: this is not a thing to be publicly stated; nor is it more than a secondary object. Our primary purpose, as professors of liberal arts, must be, both ostensibly and really, the advancement of those arts, as connected with that of society itself." And in this sentiment the money-getting must have merged. Let us further suppose that this discussion had ended in a resolution, that the germinating first principle—the palladium from which the aforesaid founders, and those who might subsequently become members, must and did bind themselves to each other

ever to keep in view, and never to part, should be determined to be PUBLIC UTILITY, in so far as that object may be promoted in Great Britain by the cultivation of the Arts of Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Engraving, Chasing, and of any and every other art or arts, at once manual, intellectual and imitative, that may now be known and practised, or hereafter be invented:—at least, we see no satisfactory reason why this latter provision should not be liberally made, but are aware that others may entertain a different opinion, and we have no wish to be dogmatical. Suppose all this had happened, in the present case, and it follows that the Association of British Artists would have possessed an animating and expansive principle, that must grow with the future growth of society, as a test whereby to try the validity—that is to say, the conduciveness to the ends proposed, of any and every law that might afterwards be suggested. Now there are, as we venture to pronounce, several of their laws that will not abide this test, and particularly that leading one which we have mentioned last. But we have written to the very bottom of our April ink-horn—and, for the present, shall merely remark, in conclusion, that, in the newspaper reports of the opening-dinner and its solemnities, we observe Mr. Heaphy, the President, is made to say, among other things, "the Society has triumphed over all opposition," which is quite a premature and gratuitous assertion; and, in fact, "mere pomp of words." What opposition has it encountered? What opposition was such a *purpose* likely to encounter? What opposition could it encounter—unless from the most silly and unreflecting, over whom it is equally silly to talk of *triumphing*—until that whereon the Institution must rest—(if it rest at all)—be promulgated and known—namely, its laws and regulations? None would oppose the purpose of such an institution; but many, for the sake of that excellent purpose, will oppose the illiberal, injudicious, inefficient means, whereby it is attempted to carry it into effect.



## THE DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

THE pledge so liberally given at the commencement of the opera season, that the public should be regaled with a constant succession of excellence and novelty, has not been redeemed. Rossini's *Zelmira* is the only new piece which has been produced. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the work of Rossini, with which we were previously well acquainted; *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, the composition of Mayer, but altered by Rossini; and lastly, *Ricciardo e Zoraida*, another of Rossini's operas, which was brought out in June last, and now revived:—such is the list of operas performed since the opening of this theatre. With respect to the new performers, there has been little of novelty, and less of excellence. The best singers at the theatre are those whom we have heard long before the present management. To the opera of *Ricciardo e Zoraida*, the town are not strangers. But, though all its great features are retained, yet certain transpositions of scenes have been made, and some alterations, by the omission of particular passages and the insertion of new ones, have been effected, which render the plot more intelligible, and add to the general interest of the opera. Garcia, as *Agorante*, the hero of the piece, expressed all the passions of the African conqueror with a force and energy befitting one of the fiery "children of the Sun." The trio, *Sara l'alma delusa schermitta*, in which he took a most prominent part, was encored.

It is, perhaps, the boldest and most characteristic composition in the opera; and was, unquestionably, the finest effort of the evening. Curioni, whose sweetness of voice and delicacy of taste are perfectly suited to the personation of love-lorn swains, sang the airs allotted to *Ricciardo* very pleasingly. The latter part of the *duo* between him and Madame C. Rossini, "*Proteggi amore*," was expressively sung, and was very loudly encored. Madame Colbrand Rossini appeared as *Zoraida*. She has succeeded Camporesse in the character, and unfortunately her powers are not calculated to make us forget those of her predecessor. She got through the part respectably, giving us an idea not of present but of past excellence.—*Troja fuit*. Signor Franceschi, another of the novelties, personated the French Ambassador in a very ludicrous style. For the purpose of contrast, and for this purpose only, Signor Franceschi may be useful. Porto, as *Ircuno*, had not much to do; his deep and sonorous voice was heard to great advantage in the air "*Dunque invano i perigli e la morte*." Madame Vestris sustained the part of *Zomira*; her performance was pleasing. A great deal of attention has been paid to the scenery and decorations of the opera, and much pains have been bestowed on the chorusses. One of them, *scendi propiglio*, a chorus at a distance, is remarkably soft and expressive; it was finely sung. The opera went off well.

## DRURY LANE THEATRE.

AN *Oratorio*, founded on the Messiah of Pope, entitled the *Prophecy*, has been performed at this theatre, and was received and repeated with deserved applause. The author, Mr. Wade, certainly possesses a musical genius in a very eminent degree, and must excite the admiration of every lover of sacred and sublime music. Few subjects afford better materials for an *Oratorio* than Pope's *Messiah*; but it is the man of genius only that can turn these materials to good advantage. The vocal and instrumental parts of this piece are interwoven with so much intricacy, but at the same time with so much freedom, uniformity and ease, that the consummate skill and direction of a master is visible in

every movement. There is a richness in his melody, of the most pleasing and enchanting description, and a grandeur and sublimity in his more lofty conceptions, which Handel himself would not hesitate to admire, and would no doubt be proud to acknowledge. Where, in compositions of this kind, there is room for originality, he is perfectly original; and, though apparently of the school of Mozart, he bids fair to become the head of a school of his own. His chorusses have a grand and powerful effect, not only on those who are altogether unacquainted with the chorusses of Handel, but even on all those who are most intimately acquainted with the beauties and the powers of this great master.

The last chorus of the *Oratorio of the Prophecy* has not only the merit of being perfectly original, without any resemblance whatever to the other chorusses on the same or similar subjects; but of being also of a very magnificent and sublime order. The success which this *Oratorio* has met with, can be no small source of gratification to the author, and is no bad test of the improving taste of the public.

There has been little of novelty at this theatre since our last report, except, indeed, the appearance of Kean in the character of the *Stranger*: a character which, of all others, is perhaps the least suited to his genius. This he must have been well aware of himself, before he attempted it. The manager, who required him to perform it, must also have been well aware of his inability to give it any effect; and the audience who went to witness him in this character, could have but little hopes of his success. Why then, it may be asked, did he appear in it? Why, for no other reason in the world than for that of the novelty of the thing. To see a man of such celebrity as Kean fail in a character in which others of far less pretensions have succeeded, was sufficient to excite the curiosity of all the lovers of the stage, and consequently to bring a crowded audience. We cannot, however, sufficiently condemn the practice of throwing away the time and talents of Kean, or indeed of any performer, on characters which are altogether unsuitable to their genius and manner of acting. When we go to the theatre to see Kean, it is not to see himself personally, but to witness the exercise of his transcendent talents. Surely then it is not in the character of the *Stranger* that he can display these talents. It is too tame, formal, grave

and reserved, for the fire, energy, and bursts of impetuous passion and feeling which characterize the performances of Kean, where passion and feeling are the prominent features of the characters whom he personates. We can see, therefore, no reason why he should appear in any character which is not suited to his genius, except it be merely for the novelty of the thing; and if this be once admitted a sufficient reason, a reason to be acted upon, we see no reason why Liston, with his comical phiz, should not be announced in some of the future bills to appear as Richard, Macbeth, Othello, or Hamlet: and if he be, we have not the least doubt of his bringing crowded houses, for such is the power of "sovereign curiosity." As such a proceeding, however, would be contrary to good taste and good sense, we trust the name of Kean will never again appear in the character of the *Stranger* or in any other similar character.

An after-piece, entitled *Zoroaster*, or the *Spirit of the Star*, has been lately got up here, and was well received; but the scenery, and one or two processions, are its greatest merit, as, indeed, is generally the case with all such pieces, the performance being solely intended for the purpose of introducing the scenes. Some very tasteful architectural scenes, painted by *Roberts*, succeeded in obtaining much applause; but the Magic Palace and the Hall of Pleasure, especially the latter, by *Gebir*, was more successful. A series of moving Eastern and European scenes, by *Stanfield*, carried away the palm from all the competitors. It was impossible to view them without feelings of delight mingled with admiration for the genius which produced them.

#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A holiday afterpiece, called *Spirits of the Moon*, is the only novelty got up lately at this theatre; and as they are generally things of no meaning, and consequently of little interest to the thinking part of mankind, we are not inclined to say much about the merit or demerit of such performances. The scene of this piece lies in Egypt, and Miss Love, in the person of an exiled prince, is the most interesting character. We confess, however, that although we are always pleased to see Miss Love in any character she attempts, and perhaps a little displeased and disappointed in not seeing her;

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we did not feel much pleasure in her character of the exiled prince. We do not believe that a male character suits her figure. Miss Tree, in male attire, is no longer a woman; but Miss Love is a woman, however she may attire herself in male apparel. We, for our parts, would never wish to see her in such attire again. The piece went off with the usual applause, and possesses as much merit as other pieces of the kind, and as much ridiculous absurdity. The scenery is grand and expensive, and this, if not every thing, is the safeguard of afterpieces.

## VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE tenor of political affairs on the Continent still continues unvarying and equable, nor has any thing occurred during the last month which is likely to disturb the existing repose. The different Powers, though presenting, with respect to each other, a formidable array of military force, appear still agreed in one common object, that of preserving the general tranquillity, and not suffering any partial interests to commit them in hostilities.

All the late accounts from Spain represent that unfortunate country as in a most deplorable state. Anarchy, outrage, pillage, and persecution, prevail in every quarter; and now that Ferdinand is restored to the plenitude of arbitrary power, the Constitutionals are marked out as victims by a besotted rabble, and, in many instances, not so much for their principles as for their property. At Cordova, and other places, the most dreadful excesses have been committed by those who call themselves *exaltados* in royalism,—wretches composed of the very lowest orders of the community, and whose fanatical fury is quite in character with the spirit of the existing government. It appears that, in some quarters, the Constitutionals have been obliged to take up arms in their own defence; and they are found traversing the country in detached parties, outlawed as banditti, and stigmatized as traitors. Thus has the invasion of the French, so far from restoring order and tranquillity, perpetuated discord and civil war. What the result of such a state of things will be, it is impossible to conjecture; but one inference is obvious, that it must lead to the total destruction of national industry, and consequently destroy the only means by which any nation can ever prosper. Ferdinand, it seems, is inexorable in his determination not to recognise the debt incurred by the Constitutionals; but, unless he does so, he must in effect declare his kingdom bankrupt, for nothing short of national bankruptcy could justify so gross a breach of public faith. He may, it is true, raise a loan or two for his temporary emergencies; and it appears he has recently induced a French capitalist to advance him money: but, in a national point of view, the credit of Spain is lost for ever, should the infatuated man, who directs her dismal destinies, still obstinately persist in the perverse resolution he has formed. Every thing

seems to indicate that the Court of Madrid has now completely abandoned the idea of an allied expedition for the conquest of the colonies. The unequivocal language of the Earl of Liverpool and Mr. Canning, could not be misunderstood, and the power of Great Britain to act with promptitude and effect, was as little to be doubted. Accordingly, both Ferdinand and his ministry have now recourse to the only expedient which, in their opinion, promises the least hope of recovering possessions that are actually lost to Spain for ever. They seek by bribery and intrigue to divide the insurgents among themselves; and this policy they think, backed by the existing Spanish force, and whatever supplies the mother country can send out, may ultimately accomplish the purpose. The hope, however, is altogether delusive, for the inconsiderable number of Spanish troops now in the Colonies cannot be depended upon, since they are known to have pledged themselves to the constitutional system which Ferdinand, by inviting foreign invaders, has entirely overthrown. Peru is the only part of South America where the Spaniards have any thing like a rallying point, but their two leaders, Cauterac and La Serna, are professed Constitutionals, and it is not probable that they will continue to support that tyranny abroad, which they could not endure at home. Indeed, it appears, from recent accounts, that the ultra-marine Spanish army has already pulled down the insignia of Ferdinand, and hoisted the colours of the nation; thus identifying itself with the nation, and not with its worthless monarch. But, even though it should remain faithful to the cause of Spain, still its efforts must prove unavailing against the bold operations of Bolivar; who has taken the field with the determination to prove himself worthy the title of "Libertador," or Liberator, which he has already acquired by his prowess and patriotism. In the mean time, Columbian stock has risen in the London market, within the last month, to an extraordinary degree, and contractors have been vying with each other to secure the late loan. In Mexico, the affairs of the new government are beginning to assume a more settled appearance, and the prompt energy of the Congress has succeeded in suppressing a revolt which threatened the general

welfare of the Republic. The British Consul has been very favourably received there, and his presence is expected to do much towards allaying discontents and reconciling conflicting interests.

The cause of the Greeks gains ground daily; and every fresh arrival from the Morea brings an account of fresh successes gained over their ruthless enemies. It is now considered almost certain that our Cabinet is resolved to adopt a different and more favourable line of policy in relation to this long oppressed and long suffering people. Jealousy of the vast territorial power of Russia has hitherto taught England to regard the Turkish possessions in Europe as a bulwark essentially ne-

cessary for the defence of her own dominions in the East; but she now sees that the freedom of regenerated Greece is perfectly compatible with her best interests, while it is loudly called for by the voice of humanity.

With respect to our domestic affairs, the most prominent feature in them, at present, is the rage for new projects and new loans; which pervades the whole country, and seems to have turned people's heads quite giddy. Never, since the memorable epoch of the South-Sea Scheme, has the mania been so endemic. There is not a capitalist or money-lender all over the empire, that is not infected with it, and where it will end no man can foresee.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

**THE Italian Interpreter**, consisting of Copious and Familiar Conversations, on subjects of general interest and utility, together with a complete Vocabulary in English and Italian; to which is added, in a separate column, the exact Mode of Pronunciation, on a plan eminently calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian Language. By S. A. Bernardo. Neat Pocket Volume, 6s. 6d. half bound.

**Arithmetical Tables**, by the late W. Butler, 12th edition. 18mo. 8d. stitched.

**The Old English Drama**, No. II. containing—*The Ball*, a Comedy, by G. Chapman and J. Shirley, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. demy 8vo. 4s.

**Much to Blame**, a Tale, by a celebrated Author, in 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s.

**A Table of the Comparative Heights of the Principal Mountains in the World**, above the level of the Sea; shewing also the Altitudes of the most remarkable Towns, &c. with the Passes of the Alps. Price 2s. 6d. By James Wyld, Geographer to the King, &c.

**A Table of the Comparative Lengths of the Principal Rivers in the World**, from their respective sources to the sea. Price 2s. 6d. By James Wyld, Geographer to the King, &c.

### PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mr. Jennings, who recently published Doctor Meyrick's splendid volumes on *Antient Armour*, has in the press a new work on *European Scenery*, by Capt. Batty of the Grenadier Guards. It will comprise a selection of Sixty of the most picturesque Views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium and in Holland, and will be published uniformly with his *French and German*

*Scenery*. The first Artists of the Metropolis having been engaged to engrave the plates, and the most liberal plan having been adopted, it is presumed that, in point of execution, this will far surpass his former works. The first number will appear on the first of May.

*The Bride of Florence*; a Play, in Five Acts: illustrative of the Manners of the Middle Ages; with Historical Notes, and Minor Poems. By Randolph Fitz-Eustace.

### IN THE PRESS.

We understand that the popular method of publishing in Single Sheets has been adopted, in order to furnish every Cottage in the Kingdom with a Family Bible, containing the authorized Text, a familiar Exposition, and Notes on all difficult passages. It is to be published in Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts, and to be called the *Cottage Bible and Family Expositor*. The first Number was published on the 1st of April, and the First Part will be ready on the 1st of May. A fine Edition is also publishing in Parts.

*The Three Brothers*, or *The Travels and Adventures of the Three Sherleys* in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c. Printed from original MSS. With additions and illustrations from very rare contemporaneous works, and portraits of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Lady Sherley. In one volume 8vo.

*Directions for Studying the Laws of England*, by Roger North, Youngest Brother to Lord Keeper Guildford. Now first printed from the Original MS. in the Hargrave Collection. With Notes and Illustrations by a Lawyer, in a small volume 8vo.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

To Abraham Henry Chambers, of New Bond-street, Middlesex, esq. for his improvements in preparing and paving horse and carriage ways.—Dated 28th February 1824.—6 months allowed to enrol specification.

To Richard Evans, of Bread-street, Cheap-side, London, wholesale coffee-dealer, for his method or process of roasting or preparing coffee and other vegetable substances, with improvements in the machinery employed; such process and machinery being also applicable to the drying, distillation and decomposition of other mineral, vegetable and animal substances; together with a method of examining and regulating the process whilst such substances are exposed to the operations before mentioned.—28th Feb.—6 months.

To John Gunby, of New Kent Road, Surry, sword and gun manufacturer, for his process by which a certain material is prepared and rendered a suitable substitute for leather.—28 Feb.—6 months.

To John Christie, of Mark-lane, London, merchant, and Thomas Harper, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, merchant, for their improved method of combining and applying certain kinds of fuel.—28th February.—6 months.

To William Yetts, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, merchant and ship owner, for certain apparatus to be applied to a windlass.—28th February.—2 months.

To James Wright Richards, of Caroline-street, Birmingham, Warwickshire, metallic hot-house maker, for an improved metallic frame and lap applicable to all hot-houses, green-houses, horticultural frames and glasses, skylights and other inclined lights and glasses.—28th February.—6 months.

To William Greaves, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, merchant, for certain improvements on, or additions to, harness principally applicable to carriages drawn by one horse.—28 Feb.—2 mos.

To William James, of Westminster, Middlesex, land-agent and engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of rail and tram roads or ways, which rail or tram roads or ways are applicable to other useful purposes.—28th February.—6 months.

To Maurice de Jongh, of Warrington, Lancashire, cotton-spinner, for his mode of constructing and placing a coke oven under or contiguous to steam or other boilers, so as to make the heat arising from making coal or other intense combustion in the said oven subservient to

the use of the boiler instead of fuel used in the common way, and to exclude such heat from the boiler when required without detriment to the operations of the oven.—28th. Feb.—2 months.

To Charles Bagenell Fleetwood, of Parliament-street, Dublin, gent., for his liquid and composition for making leather and other articles waterproof.—28th February.—6 months.

To Joel Spiller, of Chelsea, Middlesex, engineer, for his improvements in the machinery to be employed in the working of pumps.—6th March.—4 months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devonshire, lace-manufacturer, for his method of manufacturing certain parts of the machines used in the manufacture of lace commonly called bobbin-net.—9th March.—6 months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devonshire, lace-manufacturer, for his improvements in machines now in use for the manufacture of lace commonly called bobbin-net, and a new method of manufacturing certain parts of such machines.—9th March.—6 months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devonshire, lace-manufacturer, for his economical method of combining machinery used in the manufacture of lace, in weaving, and in spinning, worked by power.—9th March.—6 months.

To William Darker Mosley, in the parish of Radford, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturer, for certain improvements in the making and working of machines used in the manufacture of lace commonly called bobbin-net.—10th March.—6 months.

To William Morley, of Nottingham, lace manufacturer, for his various improvements in machines or machinery now in use for the making lace or net commonly known by the name of bobbin-net.—15th March.—6 months.

To Rupert Kirk, of Osborne-place, Whitechapel, dyer, for his method of preparing or manufacturing a certain vegetable substance growing in parts abroad beyond the seas and imported to and used in these kingdoms as a dye or red colouring matter for the use of dyers, called Safflower (*Carthamus*), so as more effectually to preserve its colouring principle from decay or deterioration in its passage from the places of its growth to England, and other parts of Europe.—20th March.—2 months.

## LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1824, TO TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1824,  
INCLUSIVE.

*Extracted from the London Gazette.*

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Henderson, of Blackfriars-road, draper and lace-man.  
J. Hood of Beesten, Nottinghamshire, hosier.  
G. Hitchcock, of Leicester, hosier.  
W. Phillips, of Bristol, linen-draper.  
J. Preen, jun., of Worcester, silk-mercer.  
E. Watts, of Yeovil, Somersetshire, butcher.

## BANKRUPTS.

Anderson, G. late of Dalby-terrace, City-road, and of Maiden-lane, warehouseman. (Taylor, 93, Bartholomew-close.  
Austin, J. Devonport, linen draper. (Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row.  
Austin, W. H. Old Broad-street, merchant. (James, Wallbrook.  
Bottrell, R. Wood-street, Cheapside, merchant. (Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-st.  
Buttall, W. Wakefield, Yorkshire, merchant. (Eoljambe and Dixon, Yorkfield.  
Bunney, J. jun., West Butterwick, Lincolnshire, miller. (Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court.  
Bowden, T. Stockport, Cheshire, shopkeeper. (Tyler, Pump-court, Temple.  
Barter, J. Poole, timber-merchant. (Hohne, Frumpton, and Lottin, New-inn.  
Bichley, W. Cheltenham, grocer. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.  
Bannister, B. Southend, Essex, druggist. (Gate, Keys, and Johnston, Copthall-buildings.  
Biuns, T. W. Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. (Chester, Staple-inn; and Biuns and Boardman, Manchester.  
Bice, E. Keward-mill, Somersetshire, miller. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.  
Beeton, W. Kilburn, scrivener. (Goreu and Price, Orchard-street, Portman-square.  
Burgess, J. Trowbridge, clothier. (Fisher, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
Coulson, S. Falsgrave, Yorkshire, horse-dealer. (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.  
Claughton, T. Haydock-lodge, Lancashire, salt-manufacturer. (Barker, Gray's-inn-square.  
Cross, W. Liverpool, currier. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.  
Clark, M. Newmarket Saint Mary, Suffolk, tailor. (Isaacsons and Son, Newmarket; and Hunt, Surrey-street, Strand.  
Crosby, W. Myton, Yorkshire, merchant. (Knowles, New-inn.  
Calcot, J. Shoreditch, draper. (Gates and Parrey, Cateaton-street.  
Dowell T. and W. C. Brown, Ironmonger-lane, wool and cloth merchants. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.  
Desanges, C. S. Golden-square, merchant. (Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-st., Strand.  
Ebbs, J. E. Minorities, jeweller. (Carr, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.  
Evans, D. Cannon-street-road, Commercial-road, coal-merchant. (Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street.  
Flain, J. Liverpool, earthenware-dealer.—(Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
Fox, H. Rotherhithe-road, Surrey, carpenter. (Rattenbury, Thomas-street, Horsleydown.  
Gunther, E. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, hosier. (Ross and Cooke, New-inn.  
Gipin, J. J. Westbury, Wiltshire, surgeon. (Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand.  
Gillingham, G. Little Pancras-street, near Tottenham-court-road, stone-mason. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street.  
Gardner, J. Poulton-by-the-Sands, Lancashire, grocer. (Gosjon, Castle-street, Holborn.  
Gilbert, J. George-lane, Botolph-lane, merchant. (Rush, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.  
Hamilton, G. F. otherwise S. Joseph, Thames-street, merchant. (James, Wallbrook.  
Hassall, R. Birmingham, blacksmith. (Black, Clifford's-inn.  
Harrison W. and C. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, merchants. (Lambert, Gray's-inn.  
Hatton, R. and J. Jackson, sen., Poulton-with-Fearnhead, Lancashire, soap-boilers, (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.  
Hole, H. Norwich, draper. (Tilleard, Old Jewry.  
Hughes, J. T. High street, Shoreditch, haberdasher. (Bucknell, Roberts, and Blewett, Lincoln's-inn New-square.  
Holmes, J. Bridge-road, Lambeth, broker. (Selby, St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell.  
Hammond, E. Great Bentley, Essex, innholder. (Few, Ashmore, and Hamilton, Hemietta-street, Covent-garden.  
Hagger, J. All-sopp-mews, Mary-le-bone, carpenter. (Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone.  
Kent, H. Lawrence-lane, commission agent. (Jones, Size-lane.  
Lewis, C. T. Ebley, Gloucestershire, grocer. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn Old Buildings.  
Lingard, J. Manchester, merchant. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.  
Luckes, G. otherwise Wills, Yeovil, brick-maker. (Williams, Red Lion square.  
Meacock, E. Liverpool, liquor-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn.  
Murrell, J. Peckham, Surrey, commission-agent. (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.  
Metcalfe, J. Thirsk, Yorkshire, linen-draper. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.  
Mills, W. Bath, oilman. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.  
Middleton, M. Wolverhampton, tailor. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.  
Norris, T. Bartholomew-close, coach-master. (Cookney, Staple-inn.  
Newport, N. Bathwick, Somersetshire, builder. (Carpenter, Furnival's-inn.  
Ponting, T. Bedminster, Somersetshire, leather-dresser. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Broad-st.  
Phillips, W. Bristol, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn.  
Parsons, W. Reading, plasterer. (Byre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn-square; and Briggs and Whalley, Reading.  
Parkes, M. Holly-Hall, Worcestershire, flint-glass-manufacturer. (Mott, Essex-st. Strand.  
Price, I. Stepney, undertaker. (Liebfield, Dolphin place, High Holborn.  
Pettingill, W. R. Great Yarmouth, fish-merchant, (Francis, New Boswell-court.

Penkett, W. and L. McKinnon, Liverpool, merchants. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.  
 Pilling, J. and W. Mirfield, Yorkshire, corn-millers. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.  
 Rich, C. H. and E. Adams, St. Ann's-lane, silversmiths. (Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook.  
 Rustron, T. Holywell, Flintshire, paper-manufacturer. (Appleby and Sergeant, Gray's-inn-square.  
 Rollo, A. Sandy's-row, Bishopsgate, chair-maker. (Whittington, Dean-street, Finsbury-square.  
 Roach, M. High-street, Wapping, victualler. (Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook.  
 Richards, J. Newmarket, innholder. (Glynes, Burr-street, East Smithfield.  
 Steers, H. Paradise-row, Chelsea, baker. (Reynolds, Carmarthen-street, Fitzroy-square.

Seymour, C. Huddersfield, tailor. (Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies-inn.  
 Sanderson, M. C. Park-street, Grosvenor-square, coal-merchant. (Harris, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square.  
 Smith, G. Bishopsgate-street-without, butcher. (Tadhunter, Bernondsey-street.  
 Striffler, L. Brunswick-terrace, Islington, oilman. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-st.  
 Stirling, T. Commercial-road, Lambeth, slater. (Scott, St. Mildred's-court, Poultney.  
 Staeben, C. F. Lime-street, merchant. (Gates and Parrev, Cateaton-street.  
 Bown, W. T. Malmesbury, Wiltshire, corn-factor. (Carter, Fumival's-lane.  
 Wood, J. Red Cross-street, Southwark, currier. (Watts, Dean-street, Southwark.  
 Willocks, T. Bath, cabinet-maker. (Makinson, Middle Temple.  
 Young, H. R. Fenchurch-street, print-seller. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard.

## DIVIDENDS.

Austin, J. Berkhamstead St. Peter, Herefordshire, April 20.  
 Anderson, J. West Smithfield, bookseller, April 24.  
 Alloway, J. Rotherhithe, timber-merch. Apr. 24.  
 Antrobus, J. Liverpool, draper, April 20.  
 Adams, J. Stamford, Lincolnshire, corn-merchant, May 1.  
 Burraston, W. Worcester, hop-merch. Apr. 19.  
 Barlow, J. Merton, millwright, April 27.  
 Blakey, E. New Bond-street, milliner, Apr. 16.  
 Boyce, J. Aslaby, Yorkshire, April 21.  
 Blackley, E. Wood-street, Cheap-side, ware-houseman, April 24.  
 Boys, J. jun., and G. F. Boys, Wansford, Yorkshire, April 27.  
 Bosher, W. Aldersgate-street, jeweller, Apr. 27.  
 Bennett, H. T. Liverpool, tobacconist, May 6.  
 Benham, T. Poole, builder, May 1.  
 Baxter, H. Talbot Inn-yard, Southwark, iron-monger, May 8.  
 Byrne, T. King-street, Byanston-sq., tailor, May 8.  
 Boulthce, and J. W. Cole, Peterborough, Northamptonshire, May 12.  
 Baubury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheap-side, silk-manufacturer, May 8.  
 Carlen, T. Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street, April 13.  
 Carter, J. W. Mercer-street, Long-acre, Apr. 24.  
 Cook, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, April 24.  
 Chapman, E. Bridgewater-square, leather-seller, May 1.  
 Corney, J. Beauchamp, Essex, shop-keeper, May 4.  
 Clegg, S. J. and R. Whitby, Liverpool, merchants, May 7.  
 Dixon, G. Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, ironmonger, April 24.  
 Douglas, J. and D. and W. Russel, Fleet-street, drapers, April 10.  
 Dixon, F. and E. Fisher, Greenwich, linen-draper, May 8.  
 Deeble, E. B. Welbeck-street, Cavendish-sq. May 1.  
 Dods, H. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper, May 8.  
 Edwards, R. Morgan's-lane, Tooley-street, May 1.  
 Edwards, J. Elder-st., Norton Folgate, May 8.  
 Ford, C. Regent-street, linen-draper, Apr. 24.  
 Fulford, W. Lad-lane, warehouseman, Apr. 27.  
 Farrell, J. Tonbridge-place, New-road, merch. May 1.  
 Fisher, F. jun., Leicester-square, surgeon-dentist, May 11.  
 Gibbons, T. J. and B. Wolverhampton, bankers, May 3.  
 Goulden, J. Goulden's-place, near Hackney-road, April 20.  
 Gell, T. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, Apr. 21.  
 Gompertz, A. Great Winchester-street, merchant, April 24.

Gould, W. and F. Greasley, Maiden-lane, Wood-street, May 1.  
 Gibson, W. Liverpool, merchant, May 7.  
 Hamilton, W. New City-chambers, merchant, April 13.  
 Holland, S. and T. S. Williams, Liverpool, April 21.  
 Hawkins, J. and J. Nottingham, timber-merchant, April 20.  
 Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-pl., April 17.  
 Hopwood, J. Chancery-lane, bill-broker, Apr. 17.  
 Hardman, J. Spotland, Lancashire, April 22.  
 Hennell, D. Kettering, Northamptonshire, April 24.  
 Hodgson, T. Newgate-street, linen-draper, May 1.  
 Heath, W. Chandle, Staffordshire, grocer, May 4.  
 Hargraves, J. Liverpool, miller, May 12.  
 Jameison, J. Little Queen-street, St. Giles's, coach-maker, April 13.  
 Johnson, B. Sauborn, Warwickshire, May 1.  
 Isbell, R., C. Chapple, and H. D. Isbell, Millbay, Devon, May 5.  
 Jerny, J. Kilton, Suffolk, malster, May 10.  
 Ingram, E. Reading, dress-maker, April 24.  
 Kirkpatrick, W. E. Lime-street, merchant, April 27.  
 Kenning, G. Church-street, Spitalfields, silkman, May 15.  
 Kenifeek, G. Bristol, merchant, May 10.  
 Lean, T. Liverpool, coach-maker, April 15.  
 Lindo, E. Billiter-street, broker, April 27.  
 Lucas, E. Shepherd's-market, Hanover-square, milkman, May 22.  
 Manser, T. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, April 3.  
 Mitchell, W. Turnwheel-lane, sugar-factor, April 27.  
 Martyn, E. Taunton, druggist, April 20.  
 Meyer, A. and H. Wilkens, Liverpool, merchants, April 22.  
 Middlehurst, J. Liverpool, corn-dealer, Apr. 28.  
 Marston, J. Birmingham, coal dealer, May 1.  
 Milburn, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper, May 25.  
 Norton, D. S. Uxbridge, brewer, April 24.  
 Norton, R. jun., Charles-street, Fitzroy-square, April 24.  
 Osborne, H. New Brentford, fishmonger, Apr. 13.  
 Oakes, H. Chelmsford, linen-draper, May 1.  
 Pigran, J. and T. R. Pigran, Maidstone, grocers, April 24.  
 Pratt, M. jun., Bristol, leather-seller, May 12.  
 Pelham, J. sen., Chait, Kent, seed-crusher, May 8.  
 Rose, T. Cape Royale, Regent-street, wine-merchant, April 27.  
 Ritchie, R. and J. Bigsby, Deptford, brewers, April 13.  
 Ramsay, T. St. Mary Hill, wine-merchant, April 24.

**Reld, A.** Pimlico, carpenter, April 10.  
**Runcorn, R.** Manchester, plumber and glazier, May 14.  
**Read, J.** Gospel Oak, Staffordshire, iron master, April 30.  
**Richards, T. sen.,** Bridgewater-square, dealer in watches, May 8.  
**Rainy, G.** Marshall-street, Carnaby-market, May 8.  
**Stevens, J.** Stafford, wine-merchant, April 13.  
**Skinner, E.** Rochester, victualler, April 19.  
**Steele, J.** Liverpool, chart-seller, April 21.  
**Sherwood, W.** Liverpool, soap-manufacturer, April 24.  
**Stalker, D. and A. D. Welch,** Leaden-hall-st, May 1.  
**Sampson, S.** Size-lane, auctioneer, &c. May 1.  
**Sedgley, W.** Dudley, grocer, May 8.  
**Sanders, J. M.** Ipswich, ironmonger, May 7.  
**Thompson, H.** Seaton, Yorkshire, April 21.  
**Taylor, J.** Leominster, Herefordshire, skinner, April 22.  
**Townsend, E.** Maiden-lane, wine-merchant, May 1.

**Vero, C.** Cloth-fair, woollen-draper, April 3.  
**Wagstaff, & T. Haylis,** Kidderminster, April 3.  
**Wilcox, and T. J. Titterton,** Theobalds-road, April 17.  
**Walker, B.** West Smithfield, tailor, April 21.  
**Williams, J.** Cornhill, stationer, May 8.  
**Weller, T.** Croydon, watch-maker, May 8.  
**Wigfall, H.** Sheffield, file-maker, April 21.  
**Willett, P. and R. Thetford,** Nottolk, bankers, June 5.  
**Webster, J.** Tower street, merchant, April 21.  
**Walwyn, R.** Wood street, Cheapside, May 1.  
**Wood, J.** Cardiff, dealer, May 1.  
**Wilson, R.** Friday-street, merchant, May 15.  
**Withers, W.** Cheltenham, coal-merch., May 12.  
**Worth, J. and J. Trump-street,** warehouse-men., May 8.  
**Wise, J.** Wallingborough, Northamptonshire, May 10.  
**Warwick, T. O. and J. Aldred,** Rotherham, Yorkshire, May 10.

### BIRTHS.

April 1.—At Saulgate, the lady of the Rev. J. D. Glennie of a daughter.  
 3. Mrs. W. Cousins, Crescent, Greenwich, of a son.  
 — The lady of Henry Wilkinson, esq., Clapham Common, of a still-born child.  
 5. At Stockwell, the lady of Major Gen. G. Cookson, of a son.  
 6. At Mornington-crescent, Camden Town, the lady of T. Abbott, esq., of a son.  
 7. The wife of the Rev. C. T. Smith, Crawley, Sussex, of twin sons.  
 8. The Hon. Mrs. Smith, of a daughter.  
 9. Mrs. Alexander Howden, Torrington-square, of a daughter.  
 13. In Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, the lady of Archibald Leslie, esq., of a daughter.  
 — At his house, Church-street, Lambeth, the lady of B. G. Hodges, esq., of a daughter.  
 14. At Greenwich, the lady of George Augustus Bond, esq., of a daughter.  
 15. Mrs. Sills, of Bedford-place of a son.  
 18. In Upper Wimpole-street, the lady of George Arbuthnot, esq., of a daughter.  
 — At Cheltenham, the lady of John Prince, esq., of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

April 3.—At St. Luke's Church, Old-street, Edward Muddelford, esq., of Friday-street, Cheapside, to Miss Harriet Lake, of Berner's-street.  
 3. By the Rev. G. Gaslin, D.D., Mr. Charles Law, jun., of Stoke Newington, to Amelia, daughter of William Walker, esq., of the same place.  
 5. At Kensington, by the Rev. Dr. Clark, James Garrard, esq., to Miss Emily Jane Vanderzee.  
 6. At Clapham Church, by the Rev. J. W. Esdaile, Robert Richardson, M.D., to Mary, eldest daughter of William Esdaile, esq., of Clapham Common.  
 6. At St. Mary's, Newington, Surrey, John Studholme, esq., of Kingmoor-house, Cumberland, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Paul Nixon, esq., of Carlisle.  
 8. At St. James church, by the Rev. Edmund Stanley, Ireland, Jesse Cole, esq., to Letitia Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late De Courcy Ireland, esq.  
 — At the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, Andrew Lovering Sarel, esq., of Upper Cadogan-pl. to Louisa, relict of Matthew Mitchell, esq., of Hengar, Cornwall, and of Grove-house, Enfield, Middlesex.

13. At St. Alphage, London-wall, Isaac Pidduck, esq., M.D., of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Mr. Stevens, Sion College Gardens.  
 — At St. Mary-le-bone church, William Ward, esq., of Wardley-house, Rutland, to Mary, only daughter of Richard Satchell, esq., London.  
 14. At Weymouth, by the Rev. John West, M.A., the Rev. D. Laing of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of John West, esq.  
 15. At St. James, Clerkenwell, Joseph Obbroyd, esq., of Bread-street, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Edward Magrath, esq., of Cheapside.  
 — At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Samuel Harper, jun., esq., of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Fugton, of Pimlico.  
 17. At St. Mary-le-bone New-church, Mr. T. R. Gower, surgeon, Kent-road, to Miss Clara Milne, of Surrey place.  
 20. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, N. Atherton, esq., of Craven-street, solicitor, to Sabina, fourth daughter of the late D. Bernard, esq., of Jamaica.

### DEATHS.

April 1. At his house, in Judd-place East, John Freeman, esq., aged 78.  
 2. Mrs. Mary Walker, at Acton-place, Kingsland-road, in the 80th year of her age.  
 3. In Gloucester-place, Anne, wife of Joseph Tasker, esq., of Fitzwalters, Essex, in her 25th year.  
 — At his house in Grafton-st. W. Skinner, esq.  
 4. At Broxbourn, Herts, John Keeling, esq., in the 80th year of his age.  
 5. At his house in Regent-street, Jane, wife of Mr. Samuel Baxter, builder, in her 54th year.  
 6. In Tavistock-place, Ann, daughter of the late W. Complin, esq., of Spital-square.  
 — At Cadogan-place, Peter, youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Crombie, aged 15.  
 8. At his house at Walthamstow, after a very lingering illness, William Matthew Raikes, esq., in the 61st year of his age.  
 10. In the 69th year of his age, J. Farley, esq., of Thornton-heath, Croydon.  
 12. Mr. J. K. Varden, High-street, Southwark, aged 51 years.  
 13. Mary Ann, wife of Henry Stokes, esq., of Gower-street.  
 — At Netherby, Cumberland, Sir J. Graham Bart., aged 62.  
 16. At his house, Montague-sq. R. Cracraft, esq., 79. Suddenly at Croydon, in her 62d year, Hannah, wife of Mr. Joseph Butterworth.



## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th March to 24th April, 1824.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	3 Pr. C. L. bds.	2 Pr. C. R. bill.	Consols. for acct.
25			91½	4		106½	1		88 81p	50 53p	91½
26			91½	5		106½	1		78p	51 54p	91½
27			91½	5		107	1		78 76p	52 54p	91½
28			95			107	1		78 80p	53 57p	95½
29			95½	4½		107½	1		79 81p	54 57p	95½
30			91½			107½	1		80 82p	56 59p	94½
31			94½	5½		107½	8		82 85p	56 58p	91½
1			90	4½		107½	8		87 84p	58 54p	91½
2			95½			107½	8		88 84p	53 56p	95½
3			95½			107½	8		85 87p	57 53p	95½
4			95½			108	7½		89 90p	53 56p	95½
5			95½	6		107½	8		90 91p	54 57p	95½
6			96	6		107½	8		90 86p	59 51p	96
7			96½	6		108	8		83 78p	55 47p	97
8			96½			108			80p	50 53p	97
9			96½	0½		108			82 80p	52 42p	96½
10			96½			108			80 77p	44 49p	96½
11			96½			108			80 78p	44 50p	96½
12			96½			108			81 79p	50 45p	96½
13			96½			108					
14	245½							300½			
15	245½										
16	245½		96½	6	102½	108½	23½	300 299½	80 75p	47 50p	96½
17	245½		96½	5½		109½	23	300	80p	48 50p	95½
18											
19	245½		96		102½	108½	23½	299½	80 82p	50 56p	95½
20	245½		96½			108½	23	300½	82 84p	54 58p	96½
21	245½				102½	108½	23				
22	245½										
23											
24	245	95½	96	2	102	101½	23½		83 81p	56 51p	96½

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to January, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.  
JAMES WETHERALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From the 19th March to 20th April, 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co., Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

March.	Moon.	Rain Gauge.	Therm.			Barom.		De Luc's Hygm.		Winds.		Atmo.		Variations.	
			9 A. M.		Max.	9 A. M.		9 A. M.		9 A. M.		9 A. M.		9 A. M.	
			Min.			10 P. M.		10 P. M.		10 P. M.		10 P. M.		10 P. M.	
20		67	42	51	41	30	13	30	10	80	85	ES E	WSW	Foggy	Fair
21			45	51	40	29	80	29	70	89	90	SW	W	Overc.	Rain
22			42	50	35	29	50	29	53	88	90	SSW	N	Rain	Rain
23			35	45	38	29	65	29	84	91	91	N	E	Snow	Rain
24			39	45	40	29	81	29	84	92	90	ENE	NE	Rain	Fair
25			42	44	35	29	94	29	95	85	80	ENE	NE	Fair	Fine
26			38	45	35	29	85	29	81	78	82	NE	E	Fine	Chan.
27			40	45	34	29	70	29	64	78	80	NR	N		Clo.
28			38	42	30	29	75	29	73	75	77	NE	NE	Snow	
29			37	45	37	29	85	29	76	74	74	NNW	W	Fine	
30			40	46	30	29	60	29	60	78	79	WNW	NNE	Overc.	Rain
31			33	42	30	29	56	29	70	71	74	NNE	NW	Fine	Fine
1		13	32	45	37	29	77	29	47	65	80	W	NW		Rain
2			11	46	32	29	00	29	10	80	80	W	NW	Rain	Rain
3			36	46	36	29	90	30	00	70	68	NNE	NE	Fine	Clo.
4			42	45	34	30	13	30	25	61	67	ENE	E		Fine
5			41	47	37	30	30	30	74	78	78	NE	E		
6			42	45	38	30	27	30	27	75	80	NE	NE	Clo.	Windy
7		10	40	45	37	30	03	30	01	86	80	NW	ENE	Clo.	Fair
8			40	49	40	30	12	30	03	78	81	NE	NE	Fair	Fine
9			41	45	35	29	91	29	74	88	85	NE	W	Rain	Fair
10			40	43	31	29	23	29	30	85	88	NE	NW		Rain
11			32	45	36	29	40	29	24	87	87	NW	WSW	Snow	Clo.
12			39	44	39	29	24	29	40	83	87	W	WNW	Fine	
13			40	46	33	29	52	29	65	81	80	W	W		Fine
14			41	49	37	29	74	29	74	70	74	W	NW		Rain
15			40	49	33	29	72	29	53	70	78	E	E		Clo.
16			39	45	34	29	15	29	15	95	98	E	NNE	Rain	Rain
17			40	45	34	29	33	29	60	93	85	ENE	ENE		Fair
18			49	53	44	29	95	30	10	67	67	ENE	ESE	Fine	Fine
19			129	50	44	30	11	30	15	65		SSE	E		

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of March was 1 inch and 32. 100ths.

[F. Warr, Printer, Red Lion Passage.]

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, MAY, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF JUNE.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. BOWDICH,  
THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

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LONDON:

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BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO, PATERNOSTER ROW,

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[TWO SHILLINGS.]

## EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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Our conclusion of Homer has, this month, unavoidably given place to our Essay on the Genius and Writings of Moore. In this Essay we deem it as much our duty to vindicate his poetical character against the aspersions, petty malignities, despicable prejudices, religious and literary cant, which certain critics have evinced in reviewing his works, as to express our own opinion on the subject of his genius. We know we have not done him justice, or, at least, that we have not done justice to our own ideas in describing the character which he has impressed upon his works; but it is a subject to which we shall have frequent occasions to return; and we have no doubt of being able to defend the opinions which we have advanced against the pious and smooth-tongued critics of Blackwood and the London.

In our next number we shall give the first part of an Essay on the Genius of the noble bard whose untimely fate every votary of the Muses has occasion to deplore. That he has been the first of his time, we shall here neither assert nor deny, for what avail assertions unaccompanied by the reasons or principles from which they are deduced? Without stating these reasons, we doubt not but many would smile at our opinion, simply because it was in opposition to their own, for who is so weak as to suspect himself wrong, after having once decided. Hence it is that we have made it a practice not to deal in general assertions, or rather to assert nothing without assigning a reason for it; and then whoever is disposed to laugh at our opinion before he perceives the reason on which it is founded, will, perhaps, sometimes find reason to laugh at himself for differing from us. We shall therefore remain totally silent on the subject at present, merely observing that we do not intend travelling in the footsteps of those, who, instead of examining the character and extent of his genius, have confined themselves altogether to the morality of his principles. Modern critics seem to have the bible always in their hand while they write: they are, in fact, preachers, not critics; but surely they ought to leave the bible and the church to the ministers of the gospel. Besides, they have no reason to apprehend that any man is so morally blind as not to perceive when a writer wants to seduce him from the paths of virtue, whereas, it is granted only to few to perceive the beauties and defects of poetry. It is to the elucidation and examination of these beauties, that critics should almost exclusively confine their attention.

We are pleased with our friend R's Review of Captain Rock, but it came too late for insertion in the present number.

We have said so much of the Periodical Press, in our defence of Moore, that we think our readers will consider it a sufficient substitute for our usual article on Periodical Criticism.

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

## LONDON REVIEW.

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### JUNE, 1824.

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MEMOIR OF

MR. BOWDICH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

THAT the world which we inhabit at present is not worth enjoying, unless it lead to a better and a holier habitation, requires no argument to prove. We live here for a moment, and there is an end to us, so far, at least, as regards temporal or material existence. If then, the termination of this life be the term of all our hopes and expectations, what are these hopes and expectations worth? From the highest to the lowest circle of society, pleasure and pain seem to be equally divided; and if so, why cling to a planet which is not worth enjoying, or rather where enjoyment is more than recompensed by its attendant pains. If we be mere mortals, if there be nothing ethereal, nothing celestial, nothing immortal about us, what advantage do we possess over the irrational brute; nay, over that clod of earth whose nutriment sustains us, and to which, in this case, we owe, if not our origin, at least the short span of our existence? What avail those sublime emotions, those aspirations after immortality, those feelings and sympathies which raise us, or, at least, seem to raise us, above inanimate existence? Is there a God? If there be, why give us these eternal cravings after a better, a happier, a sublimer, a holier, a more angelic, a more celestial state? But why say *more angelic, more celestial*? The comparison has unwittingly escaped us; for here there is nothing angelic, nothing celestial. There is a something within us, it is true, that aspires after immortality, something that perceives the imperfections, the weaknesses, the worthlessness of our present state, and that leads us to hope that we are only the ruins of a sublimer and

more ethereal order of beings to which our own conduct may once more restore us; but if we be deceived, if the span of earthly be the span of human existence, if the little virtues which we possess be intended for no better purpose than that of preventing us from destroying each other, and extinguishing our race upon earth, why, then, let earth and its enjoyments pass away, and let us, who are the mere bubbles of its creation, return as soon as possible to our original nothingness. Let us not be ambitious of that life which an elephant enjoys longer than we do; but let us court that eternal silence which equally cancels our virtues and our crimes, and which makes no distinction between the moral and the impious man.

These reflections have been suggested by the death of Mr. Bowdich, a young man of great ambition, and of great virtue. All the anticipations of the former are vanished; let us hope, and we do hope, that all the fruits of the latter remain, and that, though the ardent spirit of adventure which marked the leading features of his character—a spirit that prompted him to measures, which, if successful, would tend to promote the immediate interests of his own country, and, perhaps, remotely those of Europe—a spirit which forsook him not even in his last illness, and the restless energies of which are thought to have accelerated his untimely fate,—let us hope, we say, that though this spirit existed without accomplishing the objects for which it seemed to have been given, it is not, however, without its reward in that undiscovered clime whence no traveller returns.

Mr. Bowdich was born in June, 1793, at Bristol. His father was a respectable manufacturer, and at one time a wool-merchant. He received the elements of his education at the grammar school of that city, whence he was sent to Corsham, in Wiltshire, and placed at a classical seminary of high reputation. After leaving Corsham, he became attached to one of the halls, though we are not certain that he was regularly matriculated.

He entered into the matrimonial state at a very early period, and, having taken a share in his father's business, enjoyed, in the amiable object of his affections, and partner of his cares, all the happiness which that state is calculated to impart. His mind, however, wanted that exercise which it required, and accordingly prompted him to enter into a more ample field, where it might display those energies of which it felt itself conscious. Having a near relative who filled an important situation on the gold coast, he obtained an appointment as writer in the service of the African Company. He arrived at Cape Coast Castle in 1816, and was shortly afterwards joined by his wife, who took a part in his scientific labours. It having been resolved to send an embassy to the interior kingdom of Ashantee, Mr. Bowdich sought permission to lead or accompany it; and he was accordingly appointed to the perilous enterprise, and happily succeeded in accomplishing all the objects of the mission. On this occasion Mr. Bowdich displayed the greatest prudence; but his intrepidity always kept pace with his caution and reserve.

On his return to England to solicit the means of extending his researches, he published a quarto account of his mission, and received a marked and flattering attention from the most eminent literary and scientific characters. His high spirit and patriotic zeal led him to expose those abuses in our African settlements that led to the suppression of the African company by government. But his own services were left unrewarded, and the employment arising from his successful exertions were given to another. We are told that he afterwards repaired to Paris, with

the view of perfecting his knowledge in the physical sciences, by the means with which that city abounds. His reception there was as generous as it was flattering: Humboldt, Cuvier, Biot, Denon, in short, all the *savans*, bestowed on him the most distinguished attention; a public *elogé* was pronounced on him at a meeting of the Four Academies of the Institute, and an advantageous appointment offered by the French government. Too much an Englishman, however, to accept this offer, Mr. Bowdich continued in Paris a considerable time, endeavouring to obtain, by his own industry, the means of pursuing the object of his fond ambition; and having at length effected the necessary arrangements, he took his departure from Europe, accompanied by his wife and two children, hoping, by further achievements in the field of science, to establish a stronger claim upon society at large.

The first intelligence received of Mr. Bowdich is, that he has died a martyr in the cause to which he had dedicated himself, leaving an accomplished and amiable widow with three children totally unprovided for. Our limits will not allow us to do justice to Mr. Bowdich's talents and acquirements: they were, however, of a very high order. He was a profound classic and linguist, an excellent mathematician, well versed in most of the physical sciences, in ancient and modern history, and in polite literature.

Mr. Bowdich was a member of many of the learned societies of this country and the Continent; and, besides the very interesting account of his mission to Ashantee, was the author of several scientific works. In the death of such an individual, combining, as he did, so many valuable qualifications for a traveller, the cause of science has sustained a loss not easily to be repaired.

We are happy to hear that a subscription has been entered into, to raise a fund for the support of his widow and children. To the increase of this fund we doubt not but every friend of science will liberally contribute, not only from feelings of individual sympathy, but from the higher emotions of public and patriotic virtue.

## ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF MOORE.

IN writing on the genius and writings of Moore, it is not our intention to enter into a critical examination of all his works. His genius can be collected almost from any one of his productions, because the same soul and spirit is found to animate them all,—it we except, perhaps, his fables for the Holy Alliance, the chief characters of which are wit and satire. We shall therefore confine ourselves to his Loves of the Angels, being not only his latest production of note, but, if we mistake not, the best of all his works.

The votaries of the Muses may be distinguished into three classes: the first write from the head; the second from passion, feeling, emotion, sympathy, and the various affections of our nature; and the third from a glowing and creative imagination. It is true, indeed, that almost every poet mingles these qualities more or less with each other; but it is equally true, that one or other of these qualities will predominate, and determine the true character of his genius. In the infancy of knowledge, and in every state antecedent to the progress of a nation from barbarism to civilization, the poetry of imagination will naturally prevail, for ignorance is more creative and more imaginative than is generally supposed. The less we know of things, the more apt we are to clothe them in qualities that do not belong to them. The mind that is least acquainted with the real, is always the most apt to wander into the ideal world; for, having little with which it is perfectly acquainted, to employ its attention, it amuses itself with the contemplation of things that have no existence. Hence it is, that children, peasants, and the lower orders in general, being necessarily ignorant, are peculiarly fond of fairy tales and every species of fiction. In a state of nature, therefore, poetry will assume an imaginative character; but in the progress of a nation from barbarism to civilization, it will take pride in displaying all the knowledge it possesses, and therefore it will exercise the understanding more, than the imagination. There is no person

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fonder of displaying his knowledge than he who possesses a little learning; for when the mind becomes enriched with knowledge, the petty vanity of displaying it ceases, and gives way to more enlarged and expanded feelings. It is the same in the state of nature: there is no ambition of displaying knowledge, or, rather, it is never thought of. The unlettered peasant aims at being witty, and delights in inventing scenes and situations that never existed, or exaggerating those that have; but he never affects the learned man. He has no data for argument, no principles to guide him, and a perfect conviction of his ignorance suppresses the ambition of appearing learned. This ambition, however, is not extinguished: it merely remains a latent principle in his nature; for give him a little knowledge—teach him sufficient to be a country schoolmaster, and the lurking principle of ambition starts into existence, and he takes every opportunity of displaying his little modicum of knowledge, and of convincing all who know him how much wiser and more learned he is than themselves. He generally estimates himself to be about one thousand times as learned as he really is, and he cannot be convinced to the contrary, even by proving his ignorance;

“For even though vanquished, he can argue still”

This, in fact, is the true character of almost all men of little learning; and therefore, when they attempt poetry, they are more ambitious of displaying their knowledge than of enriching their productions with the creations of imagination. They write, accordingly, entirely from the head, and belong to the first class of poets which we have mentioned. The English poets that belong to this class are very numerous, and have almost all of them preceded the classical school of Pope and Addison.

When knowledge becomes general, and the vanity of displaying it ceases, every poet writes as his natural genius and fancy direct him. If he be

a philanthropist, he becomes a Goldsmith; if a patriot, he becomes a Homer or a Camoens; if a lover of the fair sex, an Anacreon or an Ovid; and if he love to wander amid ideal scenes, he becomes an Ossian, an Akenside, or a Thomson; but if he mingle all these qualities together, and suffer none of them to predominate, he becomes a Virgil, a Horace, a Taaso, a Racine, a Boileau, or a Pope. In combining, however, all these qualities of poetic excellence, the poet loses in vigour and determination of character, what he gains in chastity, elegance, perspicuity, and taste. It is only the poet who is strongly governed by one prevailing and predominating impulse, that gives to all his works that unity and identity of character, that not only distinguishes him from all others, but that hurries along his readers in the rapid current of his course, and produces that intensity of interest that will not suffer them to stop and examine for a moment whether he write sense or nonsense. The poet should therefore resign himself exclusively to the influence of one passion; for the more he is enslaved by it, the more he triumphs. Homer yielded implicitly to the strong and whelming impulse of patriotism and military glory, and he has accordingly thrown a fire and enthusiasm into the *Iliad*, which no other poet has ever equalled. It is to this fire he owes his pre-eminence, for the flame of patriotism and heroic achievements is, of all others, the most ardent and irresistible. The field of glory has greater attractions for the warrior than all the blandishments of love. Hector would not stop to soothe his beloved Andromache when his presence was required in the field: nor does history record any instance where love and glory contended with each other, that the latter did not prevail.

Next, however, to the flame of military heroism, that of love is the most ardent and intense. Which is the most virtuous, the most amiable, —which raises man higher in the scale of existence, is not, perhaps, easily determined. Some person has said and written, that he never felt himself more virtuous, more ennobled, than when he was in love; and we believe he spoke the truth:

but had his country been subjugated to a foreign power; had despotism and tyranny held it in their grasp, and wrested from his countrymen all that can render life worthy of enjoyment; had his wife and his children, his parents and his kindred, been exposed to the mercy of lawless invaders, and had this combination of circumstances awakened in his breast that flame which they are calculated to awaken, and which they do awaken in every virtuous mind,—he would then feel conscious of a flame that raised him above himself, that made him feel an inward worth, a greatness and generosity of mind, a recklessness and prodigality of existence, of which he did not believe himself capable. The flame of patriotism is like a burning-glass: it collects all the fire, ardour and virtue of all the other passions, affections and sympathies. The patriot is a lover, because he enters the field of death in defence of those he loves; he is an honest man, because he resists oppression and those who would strip others of that which does not belong to them; he is benevolent, because he risks both his life and his property in seeking to promote the happiness of others; he is a virtuous man, because he does that which the moral instinct prompts him to pursue, even at the risk of his life: he is, in fact, every thing that a man ought to be, and possesses all the virtues that man can possess. All other passions are more or less selfish; but true patriotism is all greatness and disinterestedness. The patriot bard must, therefore, rank the highest of all others in the lists of poetic fame.

From the observations which we have made, three things appear evident, or we should rather say they are evident, if our observations be right. The first is, that the poet who would excel, should confine himself to subjects in harmony with that passion which reigns predominant in his mind: the second, that no passion can raise the poet so high as that of patriotism and the love of heroic fame; though it is useless to attempt the delineation of this passion, unless it be the predominant one in the poet's mind, which it cannot be unless he is born in a coun-

try whose local or political circumstances are calculated to excite it: and the third, that love, or an attachment to the fair sex, is next in fire, pathos, and intensity, to that of patriotism or military glory. It cannot, however, be denied, that these two passions are closely united to each other; that the best husband is generally the man who can be most depended upon when the liberties of his country are at stake; and that he who kindles into flame the moment his country is attacked and its liberties endangered, is the man whom nature has formed to make the best husband.

But it will be said, that there are many who want this patriotic fire, who are poets; and many who possess it, who are no poets. We admit the fact: we admit that every patriot is not a poet; but we maintain, that to be the greatest poet, it is necessary to be the greatest patriot. The fire of patriotism cannot be equalled by any other flame, and the more ardent the flame, the more pre-eminent the poetry. Much, however, as we boast of English poetry, we have not one poet who has excelled in portraying the rapid determinations and glowing energies of the patriot bard. In a word, we have no patriot bard, and therefore no bard who can pretend to stand foremost in the lists of fame. Milton, after all his sublime commerce with angels and unembodied beings, has not evinced a single glow of patriotic emotion; and accordingly we defy any of his admirers to point out a particle of true Homeric fire in the whole of his productions. The same may be said of all our English poets: not one of them breathes a particle of true patriotic feeling, and therefore there is not one of them possesses

—“ce feu, cette divine flamme,  
L'esprit de notre esprit et l'âme de notre âme,”

without which it is idle to aspire to poetical pre-eminence. This, however, is not their fault; and the reason why it is not their fault, would strongly incline us to think with Helvetius, that genius depends altogether upon circumstances, and that, without the co-operation of these circumstances, all men are the same.

We are far, however, from agreeing with him; for, though we not only admit, but are certain, that circumstances tend very much to determine the character of our genius, and to give it its form and fashion, though we are certain that the local and political circumstances of a country will produce poets whose writings will harmonize with this locality and political influence, we have still no doubt that, where nature has not given the original poetical impulse, no combination of circumstances can draw it into existence. But, though circumstances cannot create that original faculty that makes us enamoured of the Muses, they will still mould and fashion it where it exists to their own shape and character. An oppressed country will produce patriot bards, unless the strides of oppression go so far as to extinguish entirely the poetic and patriotic impulse; whereas, a flourishing and prosperous country can never, and has never, produced a patriot bard. The true poet writes as he feels; but no man can feel a patriot without a cause, without something to elicit the patriotic flame. England, since the earliest era of our national poetry, has been either free from foreign alarms, or, at least, too secure from them to awaken the fire of patriotic virtue. He who affects to be a patriot where his patriotism is not wanting, is in fact a hypocrite, and a hypocrite can be no poet. Neither patriotism, nor any other passion, is born with us. They are all the result of circumstances and influences that, from the laws of our nature, and our susceptibility of impressions, are fitted to excite them; and where these circumstances never occur, the corresponding passions are never felt. When Xerxes attacked Greece, there was not one patriot in his army, nor in the country which he governed: whereas, every man in Greece was a patriot, because the country was placed in that situation that called forth the strong tide of patriotic emotions. Every man may be a well-wisher of his country, be it circumstanced as it will; but this is a moral affection that can never rise to the passion and fire of patriotism, which is, of all other flames, the most ardent and impetuous. Next to it,



however, as we have already observed, is the flame of love; and, though prosperous countries produce no patriots, all countries produce lovers. The fair sex are to be met with in all countries, and in all countries exercise their wonted influence over us. And yet, though love is a passion which, when truly described, is next in sweetness and enchantment to the strains of the patriot bard, it is still a passion in the delineation of which few poets have ever excelled. The feelings and emotions of a lover can only be described by a lover, for imagination can but faintly supply the absence of the passion itself. Sappho uses no colouring whatever: she wrote simply what she felt, and yet antiquity has not produced her compeer.

The ancients have generally failed in describing this gentlest and sweetest of all other affections: they want delicacy, chastity and tenderness. The English poets have as little to boast of in this respect as those of other countries, until we come down to our own days. The *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, and *Shenstone's Pastoral Ballad*, can, however, be mentioned with great credit to their authors; and had *Pope* given more of his time to the amatory muse, he would, we feel certain, be a greater favorite than he is at present. The amatory poetry of the present day is extremely tender; but it is too sentimental and imaginative, and therefore leaves us always half inclined to suspect the sincerity of the passion which is attempted to be described. The real lover is not fond of compliments: he rather describes his own feelings than the perfections of his beloved; for in truth, however strong his passion may be, he cannot perceive the particular attractions by which he is captivated. It is rather something in the *tout ensemble*, some indescribable witchery that lightens in the countenance, than any particular grace that enchants him. Besides, he seems to feel instinctively that woman is more pleased with our attachment to her, than with any description of her charms; for our attachment is a proof of our conviction of these charms, whether we describe them or not. There is no

playfulness, no levity about real passion. It is only when he is pleased with a thing, without being enamoured of it, that the poet gives way to the buoyancy of imagination; and when he does give way, and sports with airy and fantastic step through the fairy regions of the ideal world, his mistress need indulge no fears that he will become a victim to his passion if she refuses to encourage it. He is, in sooth, very easy about her: there is something in her that pleases him, but his heart is not engaged; and he yet knows but little what true love means.

The loves of our living poets, however, are generally dressed out in this fashion: they are clothed in the light drapery of imagination and sentiment. The lady is complimented upon her charms. She is compared to many fine flowers, and many fine things, which the poet would never have thought of if he really felt what he pretends to feel. Where the heart is deeply engaged, the mind rests entirely, and feeds on the object of its affections, except when the lover has strong reasons to hope that his passion is returned, and that he will be ultimately happy in the enjoyment of his fair one. It is then the heart bounds with joy, and revels in all the luxury of imagination: but where this revelry and ecstasy exists, we can easily distinguish it from that cold imagination and those far-fetched images which have no alliance or kindred with real passion.

We have made these observations because we think they particularly apply to the writings and genius of Moore. He is the only English poet who has stamped upon his works the real impress of passion. Like Sappho, he writes as he feels; while other poets write as they think they ought to feel; for, having no feeling of their own, they image to themselves, as well as they can, the feelings and affections of those who really feel and are affected. Moore, it is true, abounds in all the luxury of imagination; but it is an imagination arising from real passion, not the cold offspring of a busy and industrious invention. We cannot suspect for a moment that his love is feigned, that it is mere tinsel and

affectation : we cannot suspect that he merely repeats the lesson which he has got by heart ; but we feel from every expression of his, that so far from representing his passion to be greater than it is, he rather endeavours to restrain its impulse. His language, it is true, is in the highest degree polished and refined ; but it is because refinement is natural to him, not because it is sought after.

A beautiful thought naturally suggests a beautiful form, or turn of expression ; though some canting critics will have it, that a beautiful style is all mere tinsel, without considering whether the sentiments and imagery are not equally beautiful. With this description of critics, Pope is a mere rhymers, because his numbers are so harmonious. But are not his sentiments and imagery in equal harmony with each other ? Is a beautiful woman to be called not beautiful because she clothes herself in beautiful array ? Yet so it would seem from the judgment of these critics. They cannot endure an elegant style and manner in any author, and yet the moment they detect the least inelegance, they expose and turn it into ridicule. The critic is, therefore, always armed with a two-edged sword.

The Quarterly or Edinburgh Review, we now forget which, attacks Mr. Campbell for having chastened down his expression too much ; while the same review attacks Mr. Curran for not having chastened his sufficiently : so that, chaste or unchaste, you are at the mercy of this arbiter of literary merit.

We have seen several reviews of the *Loves of the Angels*, and we have no hesitation in saying, or, rather, we are prepared to maintain, that the writers of them were as capable of grasping the genius of Moore, and of appreciating his merits, as we are of painting in the style of Raphael or Angelo. Moore is all life and feeling—they represent him as all tinsel and glitter. But why ? Why, forsooth, because his language is in harmony with his sentiments ; because every thing about him is beautiful. He therefore appears in their eyes a mere dandy ; and they shove against him like a waggon-driver, to soil him

with their own impurity. There is in the poem which we have now in consideration, a heavenliness, a tenderness, a delicacy of feeling, an intensity of passion, a richness of imagination, a grandeur of conception, which, were it not for one circumstance, would render it the first original poem in the English language. As it is, it is certainly the first in its kind ; but whenever the poet feigns a commerce between men and angels, he must, in spite of himself, give his productions too much of an imaginative character to create that intense interest, and unfeigned sympathy, which is excited by the loves of man and the fair sex. Here every thing appears real : we do not suspect that *Eloisa* expresses a feeling which she does not feel. The *Sorrows of Werter* appear real and unfeigned ; and we sympathize with him as much as if the imagination of Goethe had not thrown over it a single shade of fictitious colouring.

If it were not for the imaginative part of its character, this poem would be truly divine. In what poem is woman rendered more heavenly, more graceful, more captivating, more enchanting ? In what poem can we image to ourselves a more ardent intensity of youthful passion, and a more devoted attachment to the fair by which it was excited. The critics call this intensity impure ; and yet, wherever intensity of passion is wanting, they turn from it as cold and uninteresting. Now, as they require a certain degree of passion at least, as they will not endure a man that is only half in love, we think they would find themselves puzzled to point out the exact degree to which love should be carried. The fact, however, is, that they know it is all cant to talk of degrees in love ; and that the most celebrated descriptions of love are those where the passion is described most intense and ardent. Who has loved more intensely than Sappho ; and whose description of love, and of its ardent emotions, is more celebrated ? Mr. Bowles has placed Pope's *Eloisa* above all his original productions, in consequence of being more pathetic ; but surely if it be the pathetic that chiefly delights us in poetry, and there can be no

doubt of it, the greater the intensity of passion, the more pathetic it becomes. The critics, however, will neither have the pathetic, nor will they do without it. When they attack it, they put on the sanctified air of a preacher, and address themselves to those exquisitely scrupulous and evangelical souls who start at their own shadows, and would have us extinguish every natural impulse and propensity of our own nature: or, in other words, they would have us be such artificial beings as they would make of us, instead of such beings as the Deity created us. They imagine they know what manner of men we should be better than the great Architect of nature; and that we are better without those passions which he has unwittingly implanted in our nature. This class of religious enthusiasts are so numerous at present, that it is dangerous to offend their scruples; and some writers find their account in humbugging them, and not only entering into all their scruples, but affecting to be more evangelical and sanctified than themselves. It is these purified and unearthly beings, who, finding nature naturally corrupt, though they will not allow the author of nature to be the cause of it, and putting off the old or natural man, and becoming spiritual and very angels upon earth,—it is, we say, this angelic race that has converted the nineteenth century into a canting age. The cant of criticism is as old as Zoilus at least, but the cant of the religionist is of modern date, and is, of all other species of cant, the most infectious.

But to return to our subject. When the critics, forgetting the ex-

istence of this canting portion of the world, speak of poetry as they ought, and seek not to conceal the true source of poetic beauty and poetic preeminence; then, and only then, the greater intensity of passion is displayed by the poet, the greater he stands in their estimation. Then love cannot be too ardent, too impassioned, too devoted, too intense; and we cannot help saying that if Moore's angels were real men, we should deem the punishment with which they are visited for the intensity and sincerity of their attachments, too severe for the magnitude of their offence. But let us recal the expression: for if it were no greater sin in an angel to feel so ardent a flame than in man, we would say at once, that there was neither offence nor transgression, for there can be neither without intention, and surely nothing could be farther from the intention of these angelic youths than to offend the adored objects of their affections. They only yielded to a passion which they could not resist, as is evident from the strains in which they describe it: and though it may be argued that their superior intelligence to man must have shewn *them* the impropriety of indulging it in a clearer light than it could appear to *him*, it should also be recollected, that the man of genius and the dunce are equally blind when they are in love; and that, consequently, as passion extinguishes intellection, an angel must be as blind as either. Surely the angel who could thus address himself to the beloved object of his affections, could be conscious of no crime towards God or man.

Oh, but ~~see~~ that head recline  
 A minute on this trembling arm,  
 And those mild eyes look up to mine  
 Without a dread, a thought of harm!  
 To meet but once the thrilling touch  
 Of lips that are too fond to fear me;  
 Or, if that boon be all too much,  
 E'en thus to bring their fragrance near me.  
 Nay, shrink not so—a look ~~at~~ word—  
 Give them but kindly and I fly;  
 Already, ~~see~~, my plumes have stirr'd,  
 And tremble for their home on high.  
 Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—  
 One minute's lapse will be forgiven,

And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak  
The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!

This, however, is what the critics call tinsel and embroidery. What they would call feeling and passion it is difficult to guess; for the little fragments that remain of Sappho's writing, have immortalized her; and yet the only merit they possess is that of being as like the tinsel which we have just quoted from Moore, as twins can be to each other. It is amusing to see the absurdity of the views which have been taken of this work by the critics. Indeed, the cant of criticism has never been more powerfully called forth than by this beautiful production—a production that will be read after centuries of critics have glided into oblivion. This cant, however, could not be avoided; for he who takes a false view of a work, must of necessity have recourse to cant, to render his absurdities plausible and specious. We believe it was first reviewed in Blackwood's, in January 1823; and the month following, the London re-echoed the absurdities and the cant of Christopher North, esq., or his deputy.

This said Christopher is not only a formidable opponent, but such a quizzing, humbugging sort of gentleman, (for the great secret of popular writing in this blessed age is to be a blackguard or a religionist, that is, a saint or a devil), that the tremulous editor of the London feared, no doubt, to express a sentiment regarding the Loves of the Angels different from his; or, perhaps, he found it easier to copy the review in Blackwood's than to write one for himself, knowing that if it even led him into absurdity, it was an absurdity supported by the authority of this potent quizzer. But what says the mighty Christopher? Why, truly, he talks so much absurdity that we cannot think of reporting half of it to our readers. Omitting, therefore, the sublime rant, or unintelligible jargon with which he commences, we shall merely notice what most nearly concerns the genius of Moore. "If Milton," he says, "has spoken of Angels, can we not turn from him to the voice of Moore? If we do, we must at least prepare for a great change. Now,

we say this with many feelings of love and admiration for Moore's genius — (what hypocrisy!) But, bright and beautiful as that genius is, we have no doubt that most of our readers will agree with us in thinking that it *ought to keep to this earth*. Mr. Moore possesses fancy, sensibility, warmth of feeling, grace, elegance, ingenuity, *even passion and imagination*. But of all highly endowed and richly gifted minds we have ever known, his seems *most hopelessly bound down to this earth* by the chains of the senses."

It is, perhaps, difficult to meet with such a piece of rant, absurdity, contradiction, and cant, as we have here before us. The reviewer loves and admires Moore's genius, though it is "hopelessly bound down to the earth." Now, we beg leave to set him right a little, and to tell him that he does not know what he loves or admires, for certainly the object of his love and admiration cannot be the genius of Moore, nor yet his *earthly-mindedness*; for he cannot love that which is hopelessly bound down to the earth, without acknowledging himself an earthly-minded critic, which he certainly cannot admit when he applies the term "hopeless" to such an attachment. But all his readers, he says, will agree with him that Moore's genius *ought to be kept to the earth*, and in the same breath he tells us that it actually is "hopelessly bound down to the earth." Now, by saying it *ought to be kept to the earth*, he evidently insinuates that it is not, and that Moore attempts the sublimer regions of poetry when he ought not to do it; and yet it immediately turns out that he is actually what the critic thinks he ought to be, "bound down to the earth." But if he really be what he *ought to be*, what means the critic by "hopelessly?" If we understand this hopelessly, it insinuates, that Moore's attachment to the earth is an abandoned one, and that he ought to rise above it; and yet he thinks all his readers will agree with him "in thinking that he ought to keep to the earth." The sum of this argument is, that Moore ought to ~~keep~~ *keep* to the earth, but that

he is a hopeless wretch for doing what he ought to do.

But this embraces only a small portion of the absurdity contained in these few lines. Moore is allowed to possess grace, elegance, fancy, passion, and imagination, and yet he can never lift himself above the earth. What a strange being he must be indeed!—What an intellectual phenomenon!

"The first great and insuperable objection to the *Loves of the Angels*," according to this learned reviewer, "is one which may subject him to nothing short of a charge of blasphemy: we bring no such charge against him; but amiable, pure, and reverent, as he, no doubt, believed his motives to be in writing these verses, yet if the constitution of his mind be such as to prevent him from feeling and knowing when he is most blindly and presumptuously bringing himself and the creatures of his own earthly fancy into the presence of God, then, whatever excuses we may find for himself, it is impossible not to be shocked by his words; and we lay down the book in a painful wonder how so fine and even powerful a mind as Mr. Moore's should be so fatally and infatigably blind, deaf, and insensible to that voice which, in all human hearts, humbly whispers to us to bow down in fear before our Creator."

Here, then, we have the preacher and the critic, or the cant of the religionist and the cant of criticism, at the same moment. We put it to Mr. Christopher North, whether this article was not written by some fellow who took out a license for preaching. But by whomsoever it was written, can any thing be so absurd in an editor as to admit an article preaching up that "voice which humbly whispers us to bow down in fear before our creator;" and insert in the very same number of the Magazine several articles of his own, which evidently shewed that he had the fear of God before his eyes as little at least, to say the least of them, as Moore. Mr. C. N. writes like a pugilist; he writes à-la-Belcher, and kicks folks about in the same style; and a pugilist, surely, has too much bravery to listen to that humble "voice which whispers us to bow down in fear." No, no;

the pugilist knows nothing about fear, and will listen to no whispering. He must have every thing above board. Who could imagine that this admirer of fear and humility, and this detester of Moore's ungodliness, should write in the following strain in the very same number:—

"We have, we believe, given a few light, open-hearted slaps to that Paltry Periodical of Pisa—and no more. We hear people about us saying that it is quite beneath our notice; but we do not know that. It seems to be making mouths at us, and we shall probably chastise it. If it were merely that grinning idiot which it appears to be, we should let it alone,—but it is also knavish, and may therefore legitimately be kicked. It is not the first time (before gout and rheumatism) that we have turned to, and served out chaps who were insolent—à-la-Belcher. Many men would not have taken the trouble; but to us the trouble was a pleasure; and we enjoyed the sound of our manly on the frontispiece of the blackguards. Just so with such writers as these Liberals. Should we chance to be in the humour, we will knock them down, right and left, like so many Cockney nine-pins. There is one Cur among the set in particular, whom we must put down. A cankered turnspit must not be suffered to snarl at the heels of a good humour-ed mastiff. When we turn round upon him, he will wish his long wiry back, and turned-out toes, and hidden tail, out of the growl that will sound as if we were devouring him alive. But we will only cuff his ears—or perhaps hang him up by the tail for a while—or tie a kettle to him—or drop him into a horsepond; for he is not worth killing, his skin being mangy."

But let us examine the passage we have last quoted from this ab once holy and pugilistic champion, who punishes all who are not humbly afraid of their creator, and kicks very legitimately, that is, à-la-Belcher, every man who dares to make mouths at him, and then cuts off his ears, unless he chooses to hang him by the tail, or tie a kettle to him. If the reader, then, will look back to the passage which we have quoted,

he will perceive that "the first great and insuperable objection to Mr. Moore's *Loves of the Angels* is one which may subject him to nothing short of blasphemy." Now, unhappily, we know not what this first and great objection is, for the reviewer forgets to tell it to us, and immediately begins to preach about something else. Be it what it may, however, it is evident the reviewer charges Moore with blasphemy, and yet he tells us, in the same breath, "We bring no such charge against him." Now, if he really wished to bring such a charge, could he have possibly brought it in clearer, or more direct terms? Is there any difference between telling a man that what he asserts is false, and telling him that he is a liar? What other idea, then, can we form of this manner of speech, than that the reviewer wished to represent Moore as a blasphemer, and himself as a saint for not pressing the charge? that is, he wished to do ill without pretending to do it. So do all hypocrites; but here the hypocrisy is too barefaced, and exposes itself. This, however, does not embrace all the hypocrisy contained in this short passage:—"Whatever excuses," says the reviewer, "we may find for him-self, it is impossible not to be shocked by his words." The substance of this assertion is, that Moore may have no evil intent, but that his words, notwithstanding, are shocking. But, we would ask, how can words be shocking where there is no evil intent? for it is only the intention that constitutes crime. If words, abstractedly from intention can be shocking, it is shocking to become acquainted with any language, or to study the meaning of certain words; and yet without knowing the meaning of these shocking words, we cannot expose what is evil. We must not study Johnson's dictionary, for in every page almost we meet some word that is expressive of something evil; and we must, therefore, be shocked with Johnson for admitting these words into his dictionary, or explaining their meaning. Johnson, it is true, intended no evil by explaining them, but this avails no-

thing, if words be shocking without an evil intent. But what are these shocking words in Moore? Aye, "there's the rub." We have neither noticed shocking words, nor shocking intentions, and even the reviewer himself acknowledges there was no such intention. "We repeat," he says, "that such shocking impiety was manifestly unintentional." We again ask, how can that be "impiety," which is not "intentional." The fact is, that this canting reviewer wished to impress his readers with a conviction that it was intentional, but wished, at the same time, to appear himself a most charitable creature in not proving his impiety. "His piety," he says, "has a regard to the Row." Here the malice of the reviewer breaks out in spite of him; for if his piety had only a regard to the Row, there was a manifest evil intention. The *Row*, however, has become of late a cant word with critics, and whoever writes for the Row, must necessarily be impious. And yet, we would ask, what object have publishers in the Row, or authors who write for these publishers, different from the publishers in Albemarle-street, or Bond-street, or Conduit-street, or the authors who write for *them*? We should wish the reviewer to answer this question: we should wish to ask him, had *he* no interested object in writing this review, or had his employers no object in publishing it? But we know well that these are questions which he neither will nor can reply to without bringing himself and his employers on a level with the Row.

But to come at once to Moore's impiety, this blessed critic quotes two pages of extracts from the *Loves of the Angels*, in which he has selected those passages which he considered impiety. We do not intend to quote them all here, in order to prove the absurdity of considering them impious: we shall quote but one or two, and first the passage which, of all others, he considers most impious. The poet is describing the original creation of woman, and accordingly speaks of the time when

————— Woman's eyes  
First opened upon heaven and earth.

These words the reviewer puts in large capitals to designate more strongly the enormity of their impiety. We must, therefore, look upon this expression as the most

impious in the whole work. Now, if there be any impiety in looking upon heaven and earth, how impious must be that celebrated passage in Shakspeare?

“The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;”

and yet we are taught to admire this passage, and we doubt not, if the reviewer was making a selection from the beauties of Shakspeare, but

he would place it among them, and thus become a propagator of impiety. One other instance of impiety, and we have done :

Among the spirits of pure flame  
That round the Almighty Throne abide  
Circles of light that from the same  
Eternal centre sweeping wide,  
Carry its beams on every side  
(Like spheres of air that waft around  
The undulation of rich sound),  
Till the far circling radiance be  
Diffused into infinity.  
First and immediate near the throne,  
As if peculiarly God’s own,  
The seraphs stand.

Now, as we cannot guess what part of this passage he considers impious, we must leave our readers to discover it if they can. But indeed little can be discovered or collected from a writer who is eternally contradicting himself, and denying in one place what he asserts in another. The truth is that he writes by guess-work, and is merely feeling his way. At the commencement of this critique he tells us that the subject of the *Loves of the Angels* is legitimate. “There does not,” he says, “seem any thing incongruous or worse than incongruous, in divine beings of limited intelligence, and liable to sin like ourselves, being overcome by the beauty of creatures different from them in much, but made almost one and the same by common infirmities and participated guilt. The subject, therefore, we conceive is legitimate.” But this he denies point blank towards the conclusion. “If,” says he, “we admit the basis at all on which the whole poem is founded—namely, sexual intercourse between angels and human beings, we must admit also the desires of earth to belong to the sons of heaven. But surely we require something more than mere violence of passion. No more, however, is given.” Of what value then is the

opinion of a critic who commences by telling us that there was nothing incongruous in the passion of the angels for women, and ends by finding it totally incongruous because they are not excited by something more violent than human passion. And yet if the critic were asked what stronger stimulus than passion could be made to act upon them, he would require to live at least to the age of Methusalem before he could discover it, as a passion for woman must necessarily be human; for if it were super-human, it should have something super-human for its object, and this something could not be woman. The critic is equally confounded when he comes, in the very next page, to review Lord Byron’s *Heaven and Earth*. It is unnecessary for us to observe here that both poems are founded on the same basis, and consequently equally legitimate or illegitimate. The *Loves of the Angels*, as we have seen, is at one time legitimate, and at another illegitimate, according to the caprice and unfixed opinions of the reviewer, and it is so with his view of “*Heaven and Earth*.” At one time he says, “We confess that we see little or nothing objectionable in it; either as to theological orthodoxy or general human feeling: it might have been

published by Murray, and is proof against the Constitutional Association;" and elsewhere he says, in commenting on the same poem, that "spiritual beings, the inhabitants of the blessed abodes where there is no marrying or giving in marriage, never became the husbands to material creatures. It is an extravagant absurdity"!! Now, if we take our opinion of Moore and Byron from critics of this stamp, it is evident that their real poetical character must remain unknown to the present generation. Listen to another reviewer in the London, commenting on the *Loves of the Angels*, and you will find him still more stupid and malicious than this Boetian gentleman in Blackwood: they only differ, however, in the latter's having seized a double portion of the former's spirit—we mean, a double portion of his stupidity, and malignity, veiled under the soft guise, the sweet guise, the hypocritical guise of "*THE BEST INTENTIONS*," the title of a book just published, and put into our hands, in which we could not trace the slightest *intention* but that of making money. It can enlighten no man, and if it exercise any influence over the mind, it is that of bewildering it, or rendering it a prosolyte to hypocrisy. Let us see what the best intentions of the reviewer in the London are. One intention is very obvious, that he wishes to prevent his readers from purchasing the "*Loves of the Angels*," for he tells

them that these "*Loves* are told in about 120 expensive, narrow pages of glittering poetry." Here there are three inducements for not purchasing the book. In the first place, it is expensive; in the second, the pages are narrow, and narrow expensive pages are no bargain, but what is worse than all, it is a mere glittering bauble. Now, it so happens that the pages are as broad and as long as the "*London Magazine*," and we suppose the reviewer would not wish to see it so closely printed—at least if he indulged such a wish, it is only because he would wish to have an opportunity of exposing the bad taste evinced in getting it up. If it be too expensive, the fault rests with Messrs. Longman, and has nothing to do with a critique upon the work—and as to its being a glittering poem, we have already shewn that it is all instinct with fire and passion, which, of all the qualities of composition, are certainly farthest removed from glitter and outside. But then the language is beautiful as well as the sentiments, and this beauty is always glitter in the eyes of our new-fangled reviewers. There is no beauty in their own language, and accordingly they cannot endure it in another. They are complete Cocknies in literature, for they can neither perceive nor acknowledge merit higher than their own. They will not suffer the high-born poet to rise sublime to his native heavens, for the moment he does, they

—— "Grin, and look broad nonsense with a stare."

It is difficult to meet an instance of more horrible grinning and broader nonsense than to quote the following

passage as an example of Moore's hobbling verse:—

One evening in that time of bloom,  
On a hill's side where hung the ray  
Of sun-set, sleeping in perfume  
Three noble youths conversing lay.  
And as they looked from time to time  
To the far sky where day-light furled,  
His radiant wing, their brows sublime  
Bespoke them of that distant world,  
Creatures of light, such as still play  
Like notes in sun-shine round the Lord,  
And through their infinite array  
Transmit each moment, night and day,  
The echo of his luminous word!



If this be a hobbling measure, we must confess the reviewer has a great advantage over us, in the musical structure of his ears; but at the same time it would be difficult to convince us that he possesses this advantage: we should rather he

more inclined to think that he has the ears of an ass, and that braying would be more melodious to him than the harps of angels. He gives the following as an odd, whimsical simile:

And when he smiled—if o'er his face  
Smile ever shone.

But if he recollected one of the finest passages in Milton, he would, no doubt, cease to think it whimsical.

The other shape—if shape it might be called  
That shape had none.

Surely, if the one be whimsical, the other is equally so. The reviewer, in conclusion, tells us that "the poem is, in truth, not only badly conceived, but wretchedly written. And we are quite sure that if poor Lord Thurlow's muse had penned any thing half so gross and dull, Mr. Moore would have hung her up in the Edinburgh Review as a warning to all poetical murderers." On this passage we shall make no comment: it speaks for itself, and evinces pretty clearly what sort of judges preside at the tribunal of poetical merit. Here we have a critic who calls the Loves of the Angels "wretched, gross and dull," and calls all the passages he has quoted from it "*stuff*." But what authority have we for believing him: he does not point out a fault from beginning to end for which he assigns any reason, but that in defence of which we have quoted the authority of Milton. If then he choose to quote passages and call them "*stuff*," why not assign his reasons for the appellation with which he is pleased to honor them. Is he an authority in himself? Let him prove it, and we shall afterwards take every thing he says for granted: if he will not, then we tell him that

"Tis chattering, grinning, mouthing,  
jabbering all;"

and we would advise him, as he is evidently

"A cold, long-winded native of the deep,"

to creep quietly with Concanen, "true to the bottom," and remain

there "secure in his native night."

We have entered into this defence of Moore, because we consider that, of all poets of the age, he has been the most unfairly treated by the critics. There is no reader, who has either soul or feeling, can read him without interest, and Delille very justly observes, that

"Dans l'art d'intéresser consiste l'art  
d'écrire."

Feeling is the very soul of genius: without it the poet vainly seeks to confer interest on his productions. Without feeling and passion, all elegance and glitter of expression is mere tinsel; but when this soul of soul inspires his theme, the poet awakens his readers from the dull lethargy of "every-day life," leads him into a new world, and gives him a consciousness of higher and holier and sublimer emotions. Without this fire, poetry, it is true, may be highly polished and extremely pretty; but it is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal:

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata,  
dulcia sunt,  
Et quocumque volent animum auditoris agunt."

The orator, it is true, requires fire and energy as well as the poet; but it is a fire that possesses more of a physical than a mental character. It is rather animal than incorporeal spirit. It is only the incorporeal or poetic spirit that remains always in action, being a more, subtle and restless flame. This was not unobserved by Cicero and the ancients, though our new-coined critics seek

to extinguish it altogether, and to make poets as cold and lifeless as themselves. "*Sæpè enim audiui,*" says Cicero, "*poetam bonum neminem sine inflammatione animorum existere posse, et sine quodam afflatu quasi furoris.*" It is the possession of this living fire that characterises the poet of whose genius we now treat. The finest fancy, and the most refined pathos, wait upon him at all times, and in all places. He is not like those who occasionally light upon a happy thought, for he is all happiness. The pensive muse and her dull creations never approach him. Moore's happiness of expression and happiness of creation is not the result of study: he is one of those favourites of heaven whose mind can only rest, and whose pencil can only paint the brighter scenes and images of creation. And we doubt not but his pencil frequently sketches scenes that surpass in beauty his fondest expectation. "*Les saillies poetiques,*" says Montaigne, "*qui emportent leur auteur, et les ravissent hors de soi: pourquoi ne les attribuerions-nous à son bonheur puisqu'il confesse lui-même qu'elles surpassent ses forces, et les reconnoit venir d'ailleurs que de soi, et ne les avoir aucunement en sa puissance.*"

The poetry of imagination is evidently the poetry of the present age. Moore stands solitary and alone. He possesses, it is true, the finest ima-

gination, but then it is always grafted upon passion. His finest passages, however, have not a solitary image to adorn them: they are like those of Sappho, a simple, unadorned expression of his feelings, without shade or colouring. The passage,

"Oh, but to see that head recline,"

which we have already quoted, cannot be surpassed by any thing in the whole range of ancient or modern poetry; and yet there is not a single ornament about it: imagination lends no aid to its enchantment, but, like an ancient Greek statue, it stands naked and unembellished. How different from the poetry of the Scottish bard: to imagination alone he owes all the enchantment he possesses. Scott's poetry is all foliage. Passion is the fruit, and imagination the foliage, of poetry. Moore is rich in both, but Scott has contented himself with the latter. In mere description he is extremely beautiful; but unless the object described be more interesting than the robes in which it is arrayed, we soon tire of it: so that all poetry, purely descriptive, soon ceases to interest, and excites no desire of returning to it again. Moore's powers, however, are not confined to the pathetic: his descriptive powers are of the first order. We know few sublimer sketches than his portrait of the second angel.

Who was the Second Spirit?—he  
 With the proud front and piercing glance—  
 Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,  
 As though his far-sent eye could see  
 On, on into the Immensity  
 Behind the veils of that blue sky,  
 Where God's sublimest secrets lie?—  
 His wings, the while, though day was gone,  
 Flashing with many a various hue  
 Of light they from themselves alone,  
 Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew—  
 A breathing forth of beams at will,  
 Of living beams, which, though no more  
 They kept their early lustre, still  
 Were such, when glittering out all o'er,  
 As mortal eye-lids wink'd before.

'Twas Ruin—once among the prime  
 And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd

Spirits of Knowledge\*, who o'er Time  
 And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,  
 Second alone to Him, whose light  
 Was ev'n to theirs, as day to night—  
 'Twixt whom and them was distance far  
 And wide, as would the journey be  
 To reach from any island star  
 The vague shores of Infinity!  
 'Twas RUBI, in whose mournful eye  
 Slept the dim light of days gone by;  
 Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear  
 Like echoes, in some silent place,  
 When first awak'd for many a year;  
 And when he smil'd—if o'er his face  
 Smile ever shone—'twas like the grace  
 Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,  
 The sunny life, the glory gone.  
 Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,  
 A softening shade from sorrow came;  
 And though at times his spirit knew  
 The kindlings of disdain and ire,  
 Short was the fitful glare they threw—  
 Like the last flashes, fierce but few,  
 Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke  
 The silence that had come o'er all,  
 When he, the Spirit that last spoke,  
 Clos'd the sad history of his fall;  
 And, while a sacred lustre, flown  
 For many a day, relum'd his cheek,  
 And not those sky-tun'd lips alone  
 But his eyes, brow, and tresses, roll'd  
 Like sunset waves, all seem'd to speak—  
 Thus his eventful story told.—

To conclude our observations on the genius of Moore, we have only to add, that he is the only poet of the present day who has impressed upon his works that soul of soul, without which, mere effusions of imagination, the subtleties of reason, the playfulness of wit, the decorations of fancy, are mere tinsel; but

all of which are an ornament and embellishment to the productions of genius, while they are only the drapery in which true feeling and passion delight to clothe themselves. The poetry of imagination delights, but it is only the poetry of passion that captivates and enchants.

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The Cherubin.

## MAY DAY.

THE Ides of March have passed away, with all their rigours; they have rolled by peacefully, and have been succeeded by the month which, in some countries, gives us the rose and other sweet flowers; which yields aromatic fragrance, and puts on nature's gayest livery. But, in our sea-girt isle, the amorous advances of Zephyr towards his favorite Flora, are more distant; they scarcely amount to a flirtation with her charms. Our seasons have somewhat of our national character, the *bella madre dei fiori* is more reserved in her productions than in those warm climates where the glittering ethereal expanse is early irradiated with revivifying sparks, and where a succession of flowers and fruits crown the circling year. With us, winter treads upon the steps of spring, and invades her gentle dominion. She proceeds with slow step, and is often scarcely perceived, so short and uncertain is her reign. Summer comes on, with measured pace, and doubtfully; her rich day declines ere her influence is fully felt; and when the sickle reaps in the golden corn, the solar ray is of short duration, and the chilly evening breaks in upon the rural sports, and offers a sober lesson to thoughtless man. A few late, but ripe fruits reward the horticulturist's toil and anxiety. The hop circles round the spiral pole, and is got in merrily. The vine and the olive are strangers to our frugal soil; but our commercial importance procures the luxuries of the universe, since every where is to be seen our white sails, floating through the deep, together with our wooden walls, manned by hearts of oak adventurous in commerce and terrible in war.

So much for the year, in its general progress and effect. Let us now come to the merry month of May, to the rich flower which bears its name, to its sports and gambols. It is May—and splendidly it was ushered in. But we cannot vie with our continental neighbours in the richness of this month: with us, the retiring season, like a chaste virgin, puts forth little else in promise, but the snowdrop, crocuses, and some mo-

dest field flowers. The blossoms of May are more encouraging; and although we see not the loose kerchief and summer attire of warmer regions, there are still distinctive marks and sports of May, which welcome its approach and hallow its remembrance.

Icy is the heart to which the joys of the people are indifferent; base is the bosom which is a stranger to its comforts,—callous the soul which is dead to the sympathies connecting the links of humanity. May arrives and surprises purple pride in velvet and in ermine. A sudden revolution is (in general) operated in dress, just as we see the gaudy insect emerging to meet the coming ray of the sun. The garb becomes daily lighter; the bright orb grows rapidly of higher influence, and greater in his power; and the north rivals a more fertile clime, and advances towards the maturity of the shepherd's and the lover's happiness.—Let the southern part of the Continent enjoy her early feasts, her outdoor revels, her *bal champetre*, the rural concert, and the getting in of the luxuriant vintage; England has still her May-day, her harvest-home, her hopping time. The last two we shall notice in their due season; but *Maia* is our present goddess; and if she be not so richly gifted as Pomona, yet do her milk-white blossoms cheer the eye, whilst her cowslips, primroses and other early flowers are not without their enchantments: they have decked the garland, they have formed the simple ornament of the humble hat of straw: the prancing draught-horses have nodded out their pride, decked with lilac and laburnum, with may-bush and with daffodil; and the humbler classes have sported on the sunny lawn, in the presence of approving humanity. Let the people rejoice, 'tis one rampart more round the throne; give them freedom, 'tis one more link to bind all orders together, 'tis the bundle of sticks in the fable. Nor are the distinctive ceremonies of welcome May unworthy of attention. The Maypole is rendered respectable from antiquity: to suspend the blossoming wreath upon it, belongs

to the hand of youth; the rude dance around it pourtrays the olden peaceful, and goodly times; the jack-in-the-green, with leafy verdure and borrowed plate, evinces the partaking of the rich in the pleasures of the less affluent and successful members of the same large family of man; the milkmaid and the gardener call for our contributions, and they come in a merry mood, dancing round the verdant pyramid, with music to enliven the commemorative day!—lastly, the wretched sweep-chimney, slave of a tyrant master,\* and degraded amongst the children of the earth, and whose office sensibility calls for abolishing, and the legislature is cruelly tardy in not suppressing,—even he, on this festive day, capers away his few hours of cessation from toil and danger, dirt, half-suffocation and ill usage; with bell and salt-box, shovel and brush, he calls upon our charity; his tinsel ornaments seem to mock his abject state, but he enjoys his little carnival, in masqueradish tawdry, which sheds a momentary oblivion over his dark days. The reception given to these miserable creatures, orphans, or sold victims —(for an apprenticeship to such a trade is a minor murder of the human species), by the late Mrs. Montagu, reflects honor on her benevolence. The idea was odd, but it was

philanthropic; it must be recorded by many a suffering child of sorrow, and registered in many a sinking heart.

May is come; it is the month of promise, the season of soft hope;—*may* it often return to each youth and maiden, who peruses these imperfect lines, traced by the rude hand of untaught feeling; *may* the bud of expectation not be blighted by the cold blast of falsehood; *may* the plighted vow be redeemed on the altar of truth and constancy; *may* the spring-blossoms grow into summer fruits; *may* Flora and Pomona blend their gifts to all the unmarried and the married, who invoke these blessings from the creative power of Omnipotence. The former look, from an impatient spring, to the rich summer of united bliss; the latter trust that the autumn of their years *may* neither be unproductive to themselves, nor unavailing to those saplings which arise from the acorn of the native oak:—*may* their wishes not be fruitless! and *may* that stem produce and re-produce heroes and matrons worthy of past days, and of the old national stock!—such is the warm and sincere wish of a man, who is, in common with other men, scarcely more, in his brief being, than

A MAY FLY.

\* One of these poor little wretches, meagre, and cramped in his limbs, was about to mount my chimney, the other day: the unfortunate took off his shoes, reduced the number of his rags, in the way of clothing, then paused, and wept. The servant enquired the cause: he was wont to do so ere he commenced his unwholesome, perilous office. Alas, poor outcast!

## ALI.

*(Continued from page 324.)*

## CANTO III.

Now twilight slumbers on the ocean,  
 Lull'd by the cradling billows' motion,  
 Which, heaving yet from the recent storm,  
 Presents an earth of mimic form,  
 With mountains where the cold beams play,  
 And vallies that catch not a single ray.  
 Such varied face yon crescent wears,  
 Which, rising from the wave, appears  
 An island floating in the sea  
 Of fathomless infinity,  
 With hills and dales of light and dark,  
 Which oft the sleepless joy to mark,  
 And fondly deem that there the meed  
 Of holy deeds will once be given,—  
 On the Tooba's ambrosial fruit to feed,  
 And melt beneath the tones of heaven,—  
 Though all that strikes the idle gaze,  
 Is one unbroken, though cheerless, blaze,  
 Like the pale flash that lightens through  
 The heart from beauty's eyes of blue,  
 Still shining bright, though love be fled,  
 As meteor lights above the dead.  
 Night wears apace,—yon cloudless moon,  
 Though climbing so silent and slow, shall soon  
 Look down from the top of her viewless bow,  
 And leave not a spot unillumed below.  
 Oh! who would think—to see how brightly  
 Her beam on dome and turret falls,  
 While the gay motes, like fairies, lightly  
 Are footing it over the shining walls,  
 That gleam with such transparent hue,  
 As if the rays had melted through  
 That giant mass of hard grey stone,  
 And made its very heart their own;—  
 What deeds of darkness, and of ruin,  
 Within those moonlit walls are doing,  
 That stand as calm, and shine as fair,  
 As if nothing but stillness and light were there.

What flickering light is yonder stealing,  
 Like wisp along the dark morass,  
 Now half extinct,—now half revealing  
 A stately form, whose footsteps pass  
 Slowly and silently as creep  
 Eve's mountain shadows o'er the deep?  
 Still onward in its noiseless flight  
 That form with cautious tread advances;—  
 I see him now in the clear moonlight  
 Which through the breezy lattice glances;  
 His vest is of sable as dark as night,  
 And his silvery hair in the light wind dances.  
 Such garb the noblest only wear;  
 Then why that step of servile care,  
 That fears to wake the hireling guard  
 Who slumbers on his midnight ward?—

On him who walks with ill intent,  
 An eye through deepest gloom is bent,  
 E'en silence has a voice of fear,  
 And solitude a listening ear;  
 The echoing earth whereon he treads  
 Is prating of his guilty deeds,  
 Though none attend his evil way,  
 Save Sin, and her comrade, pale Dismay.

Those locks are white with the snow of years,  
 Those eyes are dimm'd with a film of amber:—  
 But is not yon a lady's chamber,  
 Which now the hoary lover nears?

Once he look'd out on the glassy wave,  
 But not a bark was gliding there;  
 No image its broad bright mirror gave,  
 But the spangled vault of the deep blue air;  
 Save when the night-gale swept across  
 The stirless waters' crystal gloss,  
 And made it seem as though 'twere given  
 Each faded star that falls from heaven,  
 Twinkling upon the ruffled main.  
 To shed its beam on earth again.  
 Still, still, I see that sunken face,  
 Where time hath left its furrowing trace:  
 Can youthful wish his thoughts engage?—  
 Oh! Love can melt the frost of age,  
 And make its very coldness grow  
 'To genial fervor, where he reigns;  
 As sunbeams thaw the winter-snow,  
 'To fertilize the vernal plains.  
 But can he bow the haughty soul,  
 That e'en in childhood spurn'd control,  
 When years, that offer up each hour  
 Fresh incense at the shrine of power,  
 Have swell'd with all the pomp of state  
 A breast by nature too elate?—  
 Love's lightest breath will soon destroy  
 The pride that soars above his joy;  
 As the first angry winds that blow  
 Can lay the o'ergrown turret low.  
 And though the heart from youth be steel'd  
 By the gaunt horrors of the field,  
 Where blood and toil full oft have made  
 The warrior ruthless as his blade,  
 Which quickly wears off the last red stain,  
 And flashes as brightly as ever again;  
 Yet as, when all with flame possess'd,  
 The hardest metals burn the fiercest,  
 So, trust me, Love, thou never piercest  
 A warmer than a soldier's breast,—  
 Than thine, stern Ali, though the course  
 Of thy affection is defiled,  
 E'en by its own impetuous force,  
 As the dark torrent, rushing wild  
 From crag or cliff, to vale or ocean,  
 Grows turbid with its violent motion.  
 That passion's might hath humbled down  
 The lofty Pacha from his throne,  
 To wander at the hour of shade,  
 Like midnight plunderer, through his halls,

Dreading the very slaves he paid  
 To wake and watch his palace walls!  
 Though the broad sun but thrice hath set,  
 Since Zella first his glances met;  
 Though, since that hour, but thrice hath sounded  
 The Muzzim's call to evening prayer,  
 His heart's mad wishes, rankering there,  
 Have sapp'd the base whercon was founded  
 Each thought that lifts high souls above  
 Inferior natures,—honor, pride,  
 That scorns deceit, a parent's love,  
 All sank beneath the whelming tide:  
 For while the youth who loved that maid  
 With all the warmth of earliest flame,  
 Still on his bed of pain was laid,  
 Still suffering for his father's fame,  
 That father mock'd his anxious ear  
 With words that breathed of rapture near,  
 Then flew to urge a tyrant's claim,—  
 Such claim as conquest's crimes afford,—  
 To all that Selim's eyes adored,—  
 Since vainly all intreaty strove  
 To rend the chain her faith had wove,  
 Uniting for ever, though ne'er they meet,  
 Her heart with his for whom first it beat;—  
 And now hath forged a lying tale,  
 As vows and threats would not avail,  
 Of Selim's death, a last resource,  
 With no alternative but force.  
 He deem'd the breast that once has known  
 The holy ardour love inspires,  
 Must ever burn, nor burn alone,  
 But mix its own with other fires.  
 He little knew, the eyes that shed  
 Pure passion's light on woman's heart,  
 For ever leave, though dimm'd and dead,  
 A lingering gleam when they depart,  
 That spreads its ray as fully o'er  
 The breast, though faintlier, as before,—  
 As the pale beam of midnight's moon,  
 Shines widely as the blaze of noon,—  
 Nor leaves one feeling unemploy'd,  
 For other love to fill the void.  
 When young desire hath pierced the heart,  
 It rankles like a barbed dart;  
 For easier 'tis to let remain  
 The point, than draw it forth again.  
 Yet onward still the Pacha hies,  
 In hopes, though vain his guilty suit,  
 To wither, by the false surprise  
 Of Selim's fate, her passion's root.  
 Through yonder door his entrance lies:  
 It opes—'tis closed;—the hinge was mute;  
 But a glimmering lamp was a moment seen,  
 Mingling its glare with the moonlight sheen,  
 Which again is all that illumines the scene.  
 Nothing is heard but the moaning owl,  
 Or the restless watchdog's distant howl:  
 Though the breeze for a moment sigh'd over the sea,  
 It was hush'd again as suddenly:  
 The wave that rippled against the shore,  
 Backward roll'd, and the sound was o'er.



Oh! that such spell as that silence might seem,  
 Should first be broken by woman's scream!—  
 'Twas a shriek so piercing, so dismally shrill,  
 So doubly dreadful when all was still,  
 Ringing along the silent walls,  
 And echoing through the empty halls,  
 That not a soul who slept but woke :  
 And who, thus waked, would sleep again,  
 When sound so dread had silence broke,  
 That clankless link of slumber's chain?—  
 The hum of those who quick assumed  
 Their garb, of which the hour bereft them,—  
 The clash of arms with speed resumed  
 By drowsy guards who long had left them,—  
 The step and word of haste and fright,  
 Swell'd on the fitful gales of night;  
 While through arcade and gallery rushing,  
 Like streams from adverse mountains gushing,  
 And murmuring hoarselier as they come  
 The nearer to their lowland home,—  
 Forth to the scene of tumult sallies  
 Each startled inmate of the palace;  
 And louder tread their hurrying feet.  
 Till in the harem hall they meet,  
 Where each his ebbing courage rallies,  
 Doubting as friend or foe to greet  
 The serf that bursts upon his front,  
 With fury like the battle's brunt :  
 For never bounds the charger-stead  
 With half the coward's headlong speed.  
 But soon by countless torches glimmering,  
 And the pale night-beam's mingled skimmering,  
 They see no armed foes to dread ;  
 Yet, bursting through the harem door,  
 There met their eager eyes, instead,  
 A sight that chill'd each bosom more ;  
 For there, upon a broider'd bed,  
 The fair young Zella lay extended,  
 In all but faint convulsion, dead,  
 And o'er her Ali grimly bended.  
 Brief time had they to mark his mood,—  
 Small care, indeed, if ill or good,—  
 But scarcely deigning, though their chief,  
 A slight salute and question brief,  
 They bore the sorrow-stricken maid  
 Where the cool ocean-breezes play'd  
 Through the wide casement of the hall ;  
 And every care that might recal  
 Her fleeting soul—which every breath,  
 It seem'd, would waft away to death—  
 Was to the fainting girl afforded :  
 And, though it ill with men accorded,  
 Not oft engaged for others' weal,  
 But readier far to wound than heal,  
 So well their rude attentions thrived,  
 That soon the suffering maid revived ;  
 And the first living thing her eyes  
 Lighted upon with vague surprise,  
 Was one, the very thought of whom,  
 When deem'd a prisoner of the tomb,  
 Had all but seal'd her own last doom.

Forth burst—but *hers* was check'd by fright,  
 And *his* yet weak from battle harms,—  
 One mutual cry of wild delight,  
 And she was lock'd in Selim's arms :  
 And when their bliss could utterance find,  
 What wonder if her guileless mind,  
 At such a moment over-joying,  
 Sought vent in words of girlish toying.  
 Such words it is that, from the tongue  
 O'erflowing, when delight runs high,—  
 Like spray from tossing billows flung,—  
 Give bliss an air of levity,  
 Suiting as ill the thoughts that sleep  
 Within the burning breast, their home,  
 As the dread grandeur of the deep  
 Is pictured in its feathery foam.

(To be continued.)

# ON THE INFLUENCE WHICH THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT AND THE CONSTITUTION OF A COUNTRY HAVE OVER DRESS.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR:—Having observed, in your last number, an article on Dress, by a very light and lively hand, I am induced to push the subject farther than the mere external habits and appearances of mankind, depending on dress, ornament, or fashion; and to make some enquiry into the causes which govern the many, yet uncertain laws of dress; and particularly to point out (as far as my slender abilities go) the influence which the form of government and the constitution of a country have over dress. It would be a loss of my reader's time, to state the varieties which climate and season must necessarily make in the clothing of a nation or people. And it does not suit the nature of my enquiry, to go into the trifling, conceited, or artful *arcana* of the toilet,—the oils, the paints, the dyes, the falsities and unguentous matter made use of for the embellishment of the person, or the concealment of its defects; nor to dwell on the torture of corsets, or other such effeminate matters. I only wish to introduce some degree of *reason* into the outward garb, and to assign a cause for some of the anomalies in the attire of the most civilized nations: causes closely connected with the government and po-

licy of each, and depending on the rise, progress and declension of a state; on its local situation, whether insular or continental; on the genius of its people; on its foreign relations; on peace, or war, and on the rank which it holds amongst other nations. For it may be prosperous, yet not eminent amongst the other neighbouring states: in which last case, alone, it can be looked up to, as an example in dress, or in any thing else of a courtly and ornamental nature. And it has often struck me that dress (when weeded of the folly of childish fancy and frivolous innovation) is a much more important article than it is considered to be by the book-worm, or the grave man of science.

In the first place, then, let us see what effect the government and constitution of a nation have on dress. Their influence is extensive. An arbitrary government, whether Oriental or European, will introduce magnificence, multiplied ornaments, official trappings, the regal mantle, the sweeping train, the rich texture of clothing, nodding plumes, the constant wearing of arms for aggression or defence, multiplied distinctions in dress, from the tyrant to the slave, nationality, and (in the instance of eastern and other remote states) a contempt for the garb and

habits of other climes. Amongst our continental neighbours, the more absolute the sway, the more splendid is the costume of the higher ranks, and the less assimilated is it to the humbler classes. The more prejudice in matters of dress prevails generally, the less graceful is its arrangement; clinging to the dark ages of rapiers, powder and peruques, of hoops, lace and embroidery, of stiff bodies, gothic forms and cuts of tailors, dress-makers, &c. In warlike states, a mixture of the military uniform must prevail; whilst every other costume is made up less naturally and with less care. But in peaceful states, simplicity is the order of the dressing-room; and the garb of office, or holiday suit, sits awkwardly on the wearer. We must never look for fashion in small republics, fallen or degraded states, or amongst woods, wilds, lakes, mountains, primitive (if I may use the term) or romantic spots. The rise and progress of a state will, consequently, raise the *ton* and appearance of its court and people. They will copy from imperial and regal courts, and will import the costly character in dress from other prosperous and leading nations. The declension of a state will bring sloth, uncleanness, neglect, anomalies, finery and slovenliness, in with it, as we see in Spain, Italy and Portugal. Fancy, that loves to dwell with the fair, will still mark its partiality to their persons; but the males will retrograde daily, in all that is correct and elegant in dress, and adhere only to what is effeminate, slothful and proud at the same time: and they will no more be imitated than the quaker of Pennsylvania, the slave-peasant of Russia, or the unclad savage of Africa's burning soil.

Local situation will introduce an interchange of fashions with neighbouring kingdoms, provided they are not at variance, for then the give and take considerably decreases; or with governments similar in form;—for the republican will not be the Lord Chesterfield in dress, or address; nor will the courtly-man have his broad beaver rivetted to his head, nor study cheapness and humility in his habiliments. Maritime states will have a dash of naval costume,

which is light and unincumbering. Their nobility and gentry will not despise the jacket and trowsers of the tar, and will delight and mingle in his perils and amusements in marine costume. And it is to be expected that they who have grazed with delight, with pride and profit,

“O’er the wide waters of the dark blue sea,”

will assume its colour for their clothing, and possess a certain manly freedom in dress, harmonizing with the succeeding line:

“Our thoughts are boundless and our minds are free.”

An insular country will add, to the maritime bent of the people, a degree of patriotic firmness and independence, acquired from bravery and borne out from success. Nor will these feelings ever be in unison with outward, or inward enervated habits; nor suggest the assuming of a garb to viliify the plebeian and to inflate the patrician with haughtiness.

The genius of a people is interwoven with all these circumstances and customs; so that a commercial nation is most likely to be favorable to the vagaries of dame Fashion, by importing the elegancies and ornaments of the whole world, and by blending them with the national character and stock; at the same time sensibly mingling and using them as season, taste, rank, and convenience require. And it is for this reason that I humbly conceive the present English mode of dress to be the most rational and decent existing. I do not say the most superb: the term suits but few circumstances and persons. Nor do I mean to take away from our neighbour, France, the inventive merits of the toilet, nor all that skill which she displays in lending graces and enchantments to forms and features by attractive shapes and contrivances, harmonious colours, robes whose pressure awakens pleasure, or hats and head ornaments to finish a coquet. But I obstinately maintain, that the English gentleman of fashion is second to none in the chastity, ease and propriety of his dress. The foreign relations of a country act as auxiliaries in the per-

fection of the toilet; and the English *moderates* only borrow what is good. An *ultra* in dress is every where the same, i. e. ridiculous. From the rivalry of polished countries, invention is stimulated, and excellence produced. Rome and Athens were rival cities; so are London and Paris: and if ever the latter should fall, like the former, adieu to taste. Peace and war have their dominion over dress. During our two last, nearly succeeding wars, our youth assumed the military stock, buff, tunic, &c. The soldier still looks nobly in them; but the peaceful shopkeeper, thus counterfeiting, is a detected idiot. Should the olive-branch long afford its protective shade, the spur and tunic will decline, and some other costume will supply their place. The Revolution of France brought

in the Brutus crop, the disuse of powder, and the abolition of the old style. After which, the imperial dream of power encouraged every thing that ruined the Roman Empire, her triumphs, and her characteristics. The pig-tail, and the pigeon's-wing curl, still linger with the emigrant; but a few years of peace will produce a total revolution in dress.

Having thus traced the influence which the form of government has over dress, I shall add no more; but, in the event of this communication's being welcome to your amusing and instructive Magazine, I shall, in my next, go into particularities, as to the graceful and becoming, the spurious and unnatural, in fashion.

I remain, sir,

Your humble servant,

FELIX.

### THE EVENING STAR.

The breeze of evening gently blows,  
Soft, whispering thro' the shady grove;  
The flowers their tender petals close  
Of finest, loveliest texture wove;  
The dews their liquid riches shed,  
Lest drought each floweret form should mar,  
That softly, slowly bows its head,  
To hail the rising evening star.

In yonder sky there seems a clime  
Far lovelier than our earthly one,  
Where scenes both beauteous and sublime  
Appear to view; and there the sun  
That grandly to its wat'ry bed  
Descends on glory's radiant car,  
Before it sinks, reverts its head,  
To gaze upon the evening star.

The bat from out yon sacred pile  
Appears as twilight spreads around,  
Mounts up on fluttering wings awhile,  
Or skims scarce seen along the ground;—  
Night hastens forth with noiseless tread,—  
The sounds of life are hush'd afar,—  
And silence decks her lovely head  
To welcome in the evening star.

D.

## BRIEF VIEW OF THE

## ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

THE origin of the French drama has been sought at an era much more remote than the true one. The annals of the old Troubadours have often been ransacked for the purpose of discovering some traces of the dramatic art in the dawnings of Gallic poetry. But the only relation which appears to subsist between them is that of rhyme. This novelty was brought into Europe by the Moors, introduced into France by the Troubadours of Provence, and employed many ages afterwards in the first theatrical compositions. And if there existed any order of succession from those celebrated poets to the first dramatists, it could not be in a direct line. We should find much difficulty in conceiving how this succession could have descended from William Count of Poitou, the first known Troubadour of the Oc dialect, and from the Count of Champagne, the first poet of the Oyl with whose name we are acquainted, to the *Confreres de la Passion*, the true founders of the French stage. We need only read the first attempts of both to be convinced of the difference of their origin. The delicacy of the former, and the coarseness which characterises the latter, notwithstanding the proximity of their era to our own, would be a sufficient proof of this difference, if even we could not find another in the subjects themselves. The first poets sung of love: the dramatic authors subjected religion and morality to the laws of representation. The objects of those was to please; of these to instruct. A more polished language, more refined ideas, and more chastened images, were the means which the former employed to penetrate and touch the heart: the latter endeavoured only to give additional interest to their subjects, and to impress them more deeply on the memory. Poetry, as an amusement of the mind, originated at the courts of princes: plays, the end of which was to strike the senses, were invented, and continued long to be performed for the people.

Long before the fifteenth century, a rude kind of dramatic poetry was well known in France. The compositions of that period were a species of romantic dialogue, which the poet, attended by a musician, sung at the houses of the great. His singing was accompanied by such tones and gestures as were judged necessary to produce a suitable effect. But as the ancient manners decayed, this strange race of performers fell into neglect. They degenerated into jugglers and merriandrews; and these, with the mountebanks, the bear-dancing, and perhaps the puppets of the Pont-Neuf, are all that remain of the spectacles which once charmed the courts of the Counts of Thoulouse, of Provence, and of the gallant Thibaut de Champagne. But the career in which Corneille, Racine and Molière acquired so much celebrity, had been opened to them by some of the lower orders of the people, who, having returned from the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, walked along the streets of Paris each with a staff in his hand,

“Et jouant les saints, la vierge et Dieu par piété.”

About the close of the fourteenth century this singular company of performers, the first which had ever been seen in France, arrived at Paris. But it must be acknowledged that the idea of their dramatic representations, in which scenes from the Old and New Testaments were exhibited, was not altogether new. It had long been customary, on great festivals, to amuse the people by representing in the churches similar subjects. But the pilgrims greatly improved them. Assisted by the more enthusiastic of the citizens, they consulted on the best means of perpetuating an amusement to which they were so strongly attached: and in the spring of the year 1398, they represented on a stage, and within an enclosed place, the *Passion of our Saviour*. This was a novelty at which all the spectators were enchanted. But the provost of Paris

unwilling to permit a proceeding unauthorised either by the church or the king, forbade the continuance of these representations. The parties concerned, however, soon perceived by what means they might obtain the approbation of government. They accordingly met again, not at their former scene of exhibition, but at Trinity church, where they formed themselves into a *fraternity of the Passion*; and they obtained, in 1102, permission from Charles the Sixth to represent, when and where they pleased, any subject selected from the lives of the saints, or from the holy Scriptures. Thus authorised, they hired a large room in Trinity hospital, near the Porte St Denis, and there they established their theatre.

It may, then, be literally said, that the French stage was born in the bosom of the church, and the latter acknowledged her maternity so well, that, when the theatre of Trinity hospital was established in a regular manner, some priests agreed that vespers should be celebrated at an earlier hour, that the people might not be prevented from attending performances so edifying.

The representation of religious

subjects was not confined to France. Their reputation flew into the north; and the *Passion of our Saviour* was the first dramatic piece represented in Sweden. As the king either of that country or of Denmark, with his court, and a great number of his subjects, was one day present at the performance of the Crucifixion, the actor to whom had been entrusted the part of the prætorian soldier, actually pierced the side of the unhappy wretch who was attached to the cross. The culprit was immediately punished by his sovereign.

In France, such fatal catastrophes were not known. At Metz, however, a poor curate, who represented Christ, was so much injured by the tightness of the cords with which he was tied to the cross, that the spectators were obliged to take him down scarcely half alive, and to supply his place by another. — In Flanders, where the *Passion* continued to be performed many years after such an impious amusement had been forbidden in the neighbouring kingdoms, an adventure which happened to the man who performed the part of our Saviour, gave occasion to an epigram of the poet Robbe.

Certains l'Amands dans leur farce tragique  
Du Fils de Dieu, jouaient la Passion  
Au naturel; et leur jeu pathétique  
Jusqu'à la croix conduisit l'action  
Dont il advint que chez Caïphe un diable,  
Qui hussut l'acteur du premier rôle,  
D'un fer soufflet appliqua rudement  
Et olaphisa le redempteur l'Amand,  
Qui de respect manquait chez le grand prêtre  
A ce coup là, dit il, "Ah! maudit traitie,  
" Je ne dis mot, mais de paï la corbieu,  
" Tu n'auras pas toujours affaire à Dieu."

We see, from the adventure of the curate, that priests had no objection to take part in these performances. Indeed, they signalized their zeal by establishing them in the great cities of France. The authors of these fantastic compositions did not always literally adhere to the text. To render them more imposing, they frequently ennobled the more important personages. Martha and Mary had each her castle. The latter, like other feudal proprietors, took her name from her possessions.

B. M. May, 1824.

as she informs us in this couplet.

J'en mon chateau de Magdalon,  
Dont on m'appelle Magdaleine,

Martha dwelt in her castle at Bethany. and Lazarus, who passed his life in hunting, never appeared without being followed by his falcons and their birds.

Neither the frequent irregularities committed at these representations, nor the immoral tendency of almost all of them, prevented the priests from contributing to the popular en-

tertainment. A bishop of Angers, who afterwards died in all the odor of sanctity, and upon whose tomb miracles were believed by the credulous multitude to have been wrought, composed one which was performed at that city with uncommon magnificence. The painter who had engaged to furnish a view of Paradise, acquitted himself so well, in his own estimation at least, of the task assigned him, that he could not avoid exclaiming, in the pride of his heart: "Here is the finest paradise you ever saw, or ever will see."

The chronicles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries faithfully describe the splendour displayed by different cities on these occasions. In a representation which took place at Metz, in 1437, the mouth of the dragon destined, according to custom, to figure at the gate of hell, was executed in a very satisfactory manner; but what particularly attracted the admiration of all, were its two enormous steel eyes.

The circumstances of disgusting impiety with which the performance of many of these pieces was attended, induce us to suppress them altogether. Our indignation rises against men who could be so devoid of all reverence for the Deity, as to represent him to the spectators under the most ridiculous forms. And this indignation is felt more strongly against the priests, from whom, notwithstanding the darkness of the age, better things might have been expected. Their conduct appears to have been very different from that of the nobility. But the revival of learning made them at length ashamed of the encouragement they had so long shewn to the wicked

amusements of the people. They were obliged to join the more enlightened of the laity in condemning these amusements; and they even went so far as to threaten with excommunication all who should in future venture to exhibit them. In 1548, the French parliament decreed that neither the Scriptures nor the lives of the saints should any longer furnish subjects for representation. But an impulse, too powerful to be arrested by either church or state, had been given to the public mind. The Parisian could as easily dispense with his religion as with the recreations to which his forefathers had been accustomed for a century and a half. This propensity must be gratified: subjects for theatrical compositions must somewhere be found; and as the literature of the Greeks now began to be more generally studied, it soon furnished models for general imitation. Every one read with wonder the Grecian history, where poets gain battles, where philosophers were the preceptors of kings, and where orators governed republics.

Some idea may, then, be formed of the admiration with which the Cleopatra of Jodelle, the first regular tragedy in the language, was received in 1552, four years after the prohibition of the religious mysteries by the parliament of France. Jodelle closely imitated the brevity, and observed the unities of the Greeks. Never was any dramatic author honoured with such applause by his contemporaries as this celebrated man. Of the estimation in which he was held, these verses of Ronsard, extravagant as the reader may consider them, are a sufficient proof:

Jodelle le premier d'une plainte hardie,  
Française ment chanta la Grecque tragédie.  
Puis en changeant de ton, chanta devant nos rois.  
La jeune comédie en langage François;  
Et si bien les sonna que Sophocle et Menandre,  
Tant fussent-ils sçavans, y eussent pu apprendre.

The *Cleopâtre Captive* was written before the author had attained his twentieth year. So great was the admiration with which it was received, that Jodelle was almost deified by the French people. On its first representation, Henry the Se-

cond rewarded him with a present of five hundred crowns. At that period women never appeared on the stage. Jodelle himself performed the part of the Egyptian queen; but though he was young and handsome, and took great pains to sup-

port the propriety of the character, Cleopatra appeared somewhat too robust, especially in the scene where, faithful to history, he represented her as furiously assailing Seleucus,

who had accused her before Augustus of stealing some of that prince's treasures. In that scene she exclaims :

Ah, faux meurtrier ! ah, faux traître ! Arraché  
Sera le poil de ta tête cruelle.  
Que plut aux dieux que le fust ta cervelle !  
Tien, traître tien.

This furious apostrophe is succeeded by as furious blows. The poor Seleucus beseeches Augustus to interpose in his favour; but the latter looks on, and remarks with the utmost composure, that "nothing is so fierce as an enraged woman." Here tragic dignity is somewhat sacrificed. Such a scene must make one smile, though the subject which Jodelle had chosen was not of a na-

ture calculated to inspire mirth. The action of the piece commences after the death of Antony, whose shade is introduced to develop the plot. The representation is afterwards conducted, without much art, to the fifth act, in which the chorus relate the death of the queen. The four verses which she ordered to be engraved on her tomb, are perhaps the best of the whole :

Ici sont deux amans, qui heureux dans leur vie,  
D'heur, d'honneur, de liesse ont leur âme assouvie :  
Mais enfin tel malheur on les vit encourir  
Que le bonheur des deux fut de bientôt mourir.

The numerous defects of this tragedy were not perceived in the infancy of the dramatic art. The subject itself has never since succeeded in France. The last attempt of the kind, the *Cleopâtre* of Marmontel, had little success.

The second tragedy of Jodelle was *Didon se sacrifiant*. The style of this composition is rather more vigorous than that of the *Cleopâtre*, as the author was here sustained by Virgil. But the cold, diffuse and

languid mode of expression employed in that age, is sufficient to sully the most splendid thoughts, and to disfigure the finest sentiments. Nor was this the only defect. The following verses, which are not without some degree of strength, furnish us with an example of the absurd taste of that period. They are taken from the scene in which Dido upbraids Eneas for his wishing to conceal his departure :

Les cieux sont ennemis de la mechanceté :  
La terre malgré soi soutient un homme lasche ;  
Et contre le méchant la mer même se fasche.  
Quand même ton dessein ce jour je n'eusse veu  
Ni entendu des miens, le ciel ne l'eut pas teu.  
Ma terre en eut tremblé ; et jusques à Carthage  
La mer le fut venu sonner à mon rivage.

No one can doubt that this verse :

Et contre le méchant la mer même se fasche,

has produced this apostrophe of Clytemnestra :

Quoi ! pour noyer les Grecs et leurs mille vaisseaux,  
Mer, tu n'entr'ouvres pas des abîmes nouveaux.

The *Eugène ou la Rencontre* of Jodelle, was the first regular comedy represented in France. Fontenelle prefers it to his two tragedies;

and we willingly acknowledge the justice of the preference: but the tragedies, procured for the author a greater reputation. Perhaps they



were better suited to the times in which he lived. The successive changes occasioned by the progress of the dramatic art, are less perceptible in comedy than in tragedy. A comedy should describe the manners of the times in which it is composed. If this description be just, however manners may change, the comedy which exhibits them will always possess a relative merit. It has in this respect a considerable advantage over tragedy. The latter often represents characters and sentiments above the ordinary standard of life. Thus an ideal language, and an artificial taste, are often prevalent in tragic compositions, and as often superseded by a different species of language and taste. Comedy generally describes real, tragedy often possible, nature. This is peculiarly the case with respect to the French and German stages; for neither is eminently distinguished for good tragedies. But when tragedy portrays the deeper passions of the soul, and faithfully describes their effects on human happiness, every heart is interested, and every tongue confesses its excellence. And as the principles of human nature are unchangeable, and as they operate in the same manner in all ages and nations, the interest produced by good tragedy must be deep and lasting.

Eugene, a rich abbot, and the hero of the piece, intrigues with one Alix, whom he had married to a simpleton named Guillaume. An old lover of Alix returns from the wars. He, furious at her infidelity, obliges her to restore all the presents he had made her; he also threatens to be revenged on the abbot. The latter sees no other means of safety than to prevail on his sister Helen to receive into her good graces the old lover of Alix, who had once been enamoured of Helen, and whom the coldness of the latter had driven from her. She readily promises to perform whatever her brother and Florimond (her lover) may require. By these means, and

by the assistance of the abbot's chaplain, to whom the conduct of the affair was entrusted, tranquillity is restored. Eugene sells a curacy to relieve Alix and Guillaume from the importunities of a creditor. When Guillaume expresses his gratitude to the abbot for so important a service, the latter informs him on what terms he stands with Alix, and requests that he (Guillaume) will oppose no obstacle to their meetings. The simpleton promises, and protests that he is not jealous, above all, of the abbot.

In another comedy of the same date, a young ecclesiastic exchanges a benefice for a mistress. The clergy, the nobility, and, indeed, all ranks are represented as sunk in the deepest profligacy. In the comedies which followed that of Jodelle, an *agrement* between two lovers serves the purpose of the plot as well as a marriage: and if marriage does follow, the priest has only to bless their union. When a young man wishes to obtain his *mistress* in marriage by the consent of her relatives, he takes care that some one may surprise him with her. In short, the disgusting immorality, and the gross indecency of the earlier productions of the French stage, have perhaps never been equalled, certainly never surpassed. We should not be inclined to judge very favourably of the virtue of an age in which such scenes were not only tolerated, but even applauded.

Jodelle's success produced a host of dramatic writers, many of whose compositions have met the fate they deserved,—they are forgotten. Grevin, however, must not be classed with the ephemeral authors of that period. In 1560 he brought forward his tragedy of Julius Cesar, the conduct and the versification of which appear to some advantage, when compared with such productions of that age as have descended to the present times. These verses of Calpurnia, on the enviable condition of an obscure man, have been admired :

Il n'est craint de personne, et personne il ne doute,  
Il voit les grands seigneurs, et contemplant de loing,  
Il rit leur convoitise et leurs maux et leur soing :  
Il rit des vains honneurs qu'ils battissent en tête,  
Dont les premiers de tous ils sentent la tempête,

Si le ciel murmurant les voit d'un mauvais œil,  
Accablant d'un seul coup leur bien et leur orgueil.

These lines, spoken by Brutus, have often been quoted :

Et lorsqu'on parlera de César et de Rome,  
Qu'on se souviene aussi qu'il a été un homme,  
Un Brute, le vengeur de toute cruauté,  
Qui aura d'un seul coup gagné la liberté,  
Quand on dira : César fut maître de l'empire,  
Qu'on die quant et quant Brute le sut occire :  
Quand on dira : César fut premier empereur,  
Qu'on die quant et quant Brute en fut le vengeur.

These ideas are well expressed, considering the imperfection of the language in the sixteenth century : but they do not agree to Brutus. It was not merely glory which animated him. In *La Mort de Cesar*,

Voltaire, though he cannot claim very high honour as a tragic writer, is more faithful to history when he makes Brutus exclaim, in precisely the same situation :

Qu'à l'univers surpris cette grande action  
Soit un objet d'horreur ou d'admiration ;  
Mon esprit, peu jaloux de vivre en la mémoire,  
Ne considère point le reproche ou la gloire :  
Toujours indépendant et toujours citoyen,  
Je ferai mon devoir : le reste ne m'est rien.

Grevin was also successful in comedy. But little ability was necessary to write the comedies of that period. Licentious manners, described in language still more licentious, were well calculated to make an impression on the vulgar. Old men in their dotage, young men libertines, women without modesty or decency, two or three disguises, three or four surprises, and as many recognitions, make up almost all the intrigues of the comedies to which we allude. The *Esbahis* of Grevin is so immoral that we pass it over in silence. His *Tresoriere* is not much better.

Garnier was the first, and indeed the only one of his age, who displayed any taste in imitating the ancients. In general he gives to tragedy the language which agrees to it. His productions may justly be considered as forming an epoch in the history of the French stage.

They are distinguished, not for excellence of plot,—for it would be vain to look for a good one in the sixteenth century,—but for noble sentiments, for a style dignified but never pompous, for great sensibility, and for an easy and harmonious versification. He is the first of the French tragic writers, the perusal of whose works may be useful to all who are preparing to follow the same career. It has even been asserted that his *Hypolite* was of great assistance to Racine in the composition of *Phedre*. In neither of these is there much originality. The former is but an imitation of the Hippolitus of Seneca.

A soliloquy, in which Phædra expresses her passion for Hippolitus, seems to have furnished Racine with some of the ideas which he employs in the declaration of Hippolitus to Aricia. Phædra says :

Hypolite m'espoint  
Et quand il est present, et quand il n'y est point.

Hippolitus says to Aricia :

Presente, je vous suis ; absent, je vous trouve.

Again :

Hélas ! vous voyez bien par mon visage blême,  
Par ma pâle maigreur, qu'ardemment je vous aime.  
Voyez vous pas mes yeux ne cesser larmoyans  
De verser en mon sein——  
Voyez vous pas sortir, comme d'une fournaise,  
Les soupirs, &c.

Racine says :

J'ai languï, j'ai séché dans les feux, dans les larmes ;  
Il suffit de tes yeux pour te persuader.

But it would be unjust to estimate the merit of Garnier by comparing him with Racine. He should be judged by the standard of the age in which he lived, not by that of our own. The following verses may give the reader some idea of Garnier's versification. They are taken from his *Troade*. Andromache resists Ulysses, who wishes to deprive her of her son

ANDROMAQUE.

Redouter un enfant !

ULYSSE.

Un enfant héritier

Des sceptres et vertus d'un prince si guerrier

ANDROMAQUE.

Dans un âge si tendre !

ULYSSE.

Il est tendre à cette heure.

Mais toujours en son âge un enfant ne demeure,  
Ainsi l'enfant faiblet d'un taureau mugissant,  
A qui ne sont encor les cornes paraissant,  
Incontinent accru d'âge et force, commande  
Au haras ancien sa paternelle bande,  
Ainsi d'un trône de chêne un scion renaissant,  
Qui va dans un hallier imbecille croissant,  
Egal en peu de tems de hauteur à son père,  
Elève vers le ciel sa tête boragère, etc.

These verses are fine. The whole passage, and indeed the greatest part of the *Troade*, is imitated from the *Troas* of Seneca. What follows is also from Seneca. Andromache, being pressed to deliver up her son, asserts that he has been killed in the siege. Ulysses, rightly suspecting that she has concealed him in the tomb of Hector, orders it to be demolished. Andromache, having vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, runs to the entrance of the tomb, and invokes the shade of Hector :

Sors Hector, leve-toi du Plutonique gouffre,  
Viens défendre ton corps de ce Laërteïen :  
Ton ombre suffira.

Seeing, at length, that all her efforts are useless, she falls at the feet of Ulysses, and implores him to save her son, in the same manner as Andromache in Racine supplicates Pyrrhus :

Ulysse, bon Ulysse, ores vos pieds j'embrasse,  
Qui fut d'un roi l'épouse et de royale race,  
Ces mains aux pieds d'aucuns ne touchèrent jamais,  
Et n'espèrent encor y toucher désormais.

She continues to conjure Ulysses by the names of Telemachus, Laertes, and Penelope :

Usez vers moi, et que mon fils ne meure ;  
Que pour mon reconfort, hélas ! il me demeure.

J'ai perdu père, mère, et frères et mari :  
 Royaumes, libertez, tout mon bien est peri.  
 Il ne m'est demeuré que cette petite ame  
 Que j'avais arraché à la Troyenne flamme :  
 Laissez-le-moi, Ulysse, et qu'il serve avec moi.  
 Hé ! peut on refuser le service d'un roi !

The reader may compare these verses with the parallel passage in Racine :

J'ai vu mon père mort et nos murs embrasés ;  
 J'ai vu trancher les jours de ma famille entière,  
 Et mon epoux sanglant trainé sur la poussière,  
 Mon fils seul avec moi réservé pour les fers.  
 Mais que ne peut un fils ? je respire, je sers.  
 J'ai fait plus : je me suis quelquefois consolée  
 Qu'ici plutôt qu'ailleurs le sort m'eût exilée ;  
 Qu'heureux dans son malheur, le fils de tant de rois,  
 Puisqu'il devoit servir, fut tombé sous vos lois.

The resemblance between the preceding passages may be easily accounted for, as they are both imitated from the same author. The last verse of Garnier is affecting. There is doubtless more refinement in the manner in which the Andromache of Racine expresses the same ideas ; but some regard must be paid to the circumstances of the same personage as described by each author. The Andromache of the *Troade*, is but just fallen from the dignity of her station : she still preserves the loftiness peculiar to greatness : she is still a princess ; and she hopes that the offered service of a king may flatter the vanity of a conqueror. On the other hand, the Andromache of Ra-

cine has been for a considerable time familiar with slavery : she speaks with the timidity natural to such a condition ; and if she has not lost the remembrance of her former fortunes, she causes others to recollect them, only that she may exhibit in a stronger light the barbarity of destroying a race of so many kings in the person of Astyanax.

The reader is presented with another passage from the *Troade*. Pyrrhus seeks Polyxena to sacrifice her on the tomb of Achilles. Hecuba having vainly endeavoured to divert him from his purpose, prevails on Polyxena to plead for her own life. But the latter thus addresses him :

Pyrrhus, ne détournez votre face en arrière,  
 Ne vous reculez point pour n'ouïr ma prière :  
 Je ne demande rien ; je ne vous requiers pas  
 Que me veuillez, chétive, exempter du trépas.  
 Rasseurez votre coeur ; vous n'aurez peine aucune  
 A rejeter, felon, ma demande importune.  
 Non, non, je vous suivray, n'en ayez point de peur.

Et quel plaisir pourrais-je avoir plus en ce monde,  
 De telle grandeur cheute en misère profonde,  
 Qui suis fille d'un roy, nourrie avec espoir  
 De me voir royne un jour, dedans un trône seoir,  
 Qui suis la soeur d' Hector aux armes indomtable,  
 Et maintenant servir captive misérable.

Or vous, ma douce mere, hélas ! ne pleurez point,  
 Plutôt egayez-vous de me voir en ce point,  
 Vous devriez maintenant, c'est votre vrai office,  
 Me présenter vous-même à ce dur sacrifice,  
 Afin que je ne souffre, asservie à leur loy,  
 Chose qui soit indigne et de vous et de moi.

The passage just quoted is wholly imitated from the Hecuba of Euripides. The noble simplicity of the original is well preserved. But Garnier cannot be expected to shew much taste, considering the state of the French stage in his days. We accordingly find that many of his dialogues are tediously long; that his desire of imitating the ancients has made him rely too little on the powers of his own mind; and that his style is sometimes deserving of censure, from his adapting the barbarous epithets introduced by Ronsard.

Garnier is the author of many other tragedies, some of which are entirely of his own invention. *Les Juives* is the best of his compositions. The subject of this tragedy is the captivity of Sedecias, whose

eyes Nebuchadonazar puts out after destroying his children in his presence. It is not conducted with more art than the other works of Garnier; but its style is superior to them all. The sentiments are affecting, and the characters pretty well supported, especially that of Amital, the mother of Sedecias. Her maternal tenderness, her grief, dignity, and resignation, are not the least remarkable parts of the picture. Perhaps no character, before the time of Corneille, was so well drawn. But our extracts from Garnier have been so copious, that we shall close our notice of this author by presenting the reader with the following verses, which form a part of the scene in which Amital intercedes with the Babylonian monarch for the pardon of her son.

O qui domteur du monde avez sous votre loy  
Ce terrestre univers, grand monarque, grand roy,  
Chéri de l'Eternel, qui de votre exercite  
Et de tous vos desseins est la seure conduite,  
Comme vous l'imitiez en courage indomté  
Et en toute puissance, imitez sa bonté.  
Tousiours il ne foudroye, et tousiours en menace  
Pour nos impietés il ne ride sa face.  
Souvent il se tempère, et rompant son courroux,  
Après la repentance il se montre plus doux.  
Ne vous refusez point; s'il n'était point d'offense,  
Un roi n'aurait moyen de montrer sa clemence.  
Sire, il est tout certain, le crime d'un sujet  
Sert aux bontés d'un roi d'honorable sujet;  
Et plus ce crime est grand que vainqueur il pardonne,  
Plus en le pardonnant de louange il se donne.  
C'est plus de se domter, domter ses passions,  
Que commander monarque à mille nations.  
Vous avez subjugué maintes belles provinces;  
Vous avez combattu les plus belliqueux princes  
Et les plus redoutez; mais vous l'étiez plus qu'eux,  
Tous ensemble n'étaient tant que vous belliqueux;  
Mais en vous surmontant qui êtes indomtable,  
Vous acquerez victoire à jamais mémorable.

La Rivey was the best comic writer of the sixteenth century. He was one of the first who wrote comedy in prose, and he was not unworthy of being imitated by Moliere and Regnard. The comedy of *Les Esprits* is, in part, an imitation of the *Andria* of Terence. It is much esteemed. He composed eight other comedies, many of which are tolerably executed. He is the first French author who had a glimpse of the true nature of the art to which he devoted his powers. His

morality is perhaps less exceptionable than that of the comic writers who preceded him. Unlike Jodelle, he does not bring the clergy into odium or ridicule. This body of men ceased about his time to be represented on the stage, at least in comedy. His married women, however, are not always described as models of virtue. It is odd enough, that in the early periods of the dramatic art in France, men are always punished for their unfaithfulness to their wives, while the latter escape

with impunity the consequences of similar crimes. But these intrigues are, in general, a kind of episode; and the chief interest of the piece is absorbed by unmarried persons, who often use their liberty in all the extent which can be assigned to the term. But La Rivey adopted other expedients for uniting lovers than the hackneyed one of surprising them together. Thus, in the comedy of the *Marfendu*, one of his best productions, an old man is amorous of a young woman, whom he is about to marry. But she, as we may readily conceive, has no great liking to the old gentleman: her affections are placed upon a more suitable object. A female servant, in concert with the mother of *Lucrecia* (the fond object of his affections), puts on the clothes of her young mistress, and under this disguise makes the old man believe that his affianced bride receives the nightly visits of a more favoured rival. This is a rare example of delicacy for the period of which we are speaking. Scarcely a comedy of the sixteenth century can be found, in which a courtesan is not introduced, and which does not present us with two or three intrigues undeserving of a better name.

Soon after Garnier, the French stage fell into great degradation. For several years, subjects of equal absurdity to those of the old Mysteries were represented in Paris. During that period, not one good piece was brought forward. In one of the precious tragedies then performed, the scene is laid at the north pole. A princess of that delectable region falls in love with a Frenchman, who has contrived, by some means or other, to reach a place which our Cooks and Parrys have sought in vain. Notwithstanding the opposition of her father, she ventures to meet her lover in one of the delightful woods with which her country abounds. Just as monsieur is bidding adieu to his accomplished princess (who speaks French as well as he), and is preparing to return to his vessel, which awaits him in the port, he is fiercely attacked by a rival. The combatants at length kill each other, and the heroine disdaining to survive her lover, puts an end to her existence.

E. M. May, 1824.

After the civil wars had in some degree subsided, a reformation of the stage was effected. Two companies of performers were established at Paris, the one in 1598, the other in 1600. The former subsists at the present day under the name of the *Comedie Francoise*. The latter, anxious to share with its rival the support of the public, engaged Hardy to furnish it with new plays. This man is said to have written eight hundred tragedies and comedies, forty-one of which are still extant. Many of these were composed, committed to memory, performed, and what is worse, applauded, in the course of a single week. Some of them were entirely of his own invention; others were taken from the *Iliad*, *Plutarch*, or the novels of *Cervantes*. The former were much inferior to the latter. He had been associated with a provincial company before he engaged with that of the *Hotel d'Argent*. By the terms of this engagement, which remained in force to his death, he was obliged to furnish the theatre with as many plays as might be necessary;—he became its sole author. Had Hardy been in better circumstances, he might have produced compositions not unworthy the notice of posterity; but his poverty would not permit him to devote sufficient time to them. His defects as a writer will not therefore surprise us.

The most tolerable of Hardy's tragedies is his *Marianne*, the outlines of which may be found in *Josephus*. The character of the heroine is not ill supported, though the author does not, like *Voltaire*, interest us by the picture of a virtuous mind submitting to duties which it abhors. The *Marianne* of Hardy expresses herself very freely about her husband, nor does she even conceal her desire to get rid of him: but her pride, her resentment, the deep grief which consumes her, and her hatred of life, are described with some degree of interest. Falsely accused by *Salome* of having formed the design of poisoning *Herod*, she is so far from attempting to justify herself in the opinion of that prince, that she says:

Destinée à mourir, nonobstant ma defense,  
 J'ayme autant confesser que de nier l'offense :  
 Il m'est indifferant : sur charges inventez  
 D'autres assassinats et pires attenter,  
 Je m'attribueray tout. le poison, l'adultère,  
 La conspiration du meurtre de ma mère,  
 Tant le jour me deplaist, tant le desir m'epoint  
 De sortir de vos mains et de ne languir point.

These verses may have given birth to the two following:

Quand vous me condamnez, quand ma mort est certaine,  
 Que vous importe, hélas ! ma tendresse ou ma haine !

The struggles of love and madness in the heart of Herod, and his despair after the death of Marianne, are well described.

Marianne defaite ! ah, je ne le crois pas ;  
 L' univers tout en deuil pleurerait son trépas.—

Egorgez, egorgez ces meurtriers sur sa tombe,  
 Et que moi le premier, plus coupable, je tombe.  
 Reduit au desespoir, furieux que je suis,  
 Vous me delivrerez d'un deluge d'ennuis :  
 Le ciel vous 'saura gré d'une telle justice.  
 Qu' au moins encoie un coup, chère âme, je te visse ;  
 Qu' au moins encore un coup je te pusse parler,  
 Ains, qu' hélas, ne me puis-je en ta place immoler !  
 Que ne puis-je me perdre en te sauvant la vie !  
 La vie ! eh dieux, comment ? qui te l'aurait ravie ?

Among a crowd of dramatic writers from Hardy to Corneille, Theophile, Rotrau, and Mayret, are the only ones worthy of enumeration. In 1617 the first of these dramatists produced his *Pyrame et Thisbé*, a tragedy founded on the well known story in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. It abounds with numerous instances of bad taste. It is also, on the whole, rather dull, and yet it is the only composition of that author which we could have patience to peruse. Rotrau, like Mayret, has been praised for giving to comedy a nobler and more elevated tone. The *Sophonisbe* of the latter appeared in 1635, one year before the *Cid*.

No country has been more fruitful in *farces* than France: but an examination of them would not be interesting to an English reader. Nor can much be said in favour of the *pastoral dramas*, in which Racan, the contemporary of Rotrau and Mayret, obtained considerable celebrity in his own times. But he is praised by Boileau for the comparative elegance of his versification, and for having contributed in no ordinary degree to the improvement of the language.

From the appearance of the *Cid*, the French stage is too well known to require any further observations from us. W.

## "AUNCIENT STORIES."

No. I.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR :—I beg leave to intrude on your attention a few moments, while I introduce to you the enclosed communication.

During the course of the last year, I have been making the tour of Wales; enjoying, on a furlough from college (if so we may term it), the *otium cum degnetate*, which is so delightful to the mind of an emancipated academic. In a considerable stay which I made on my tour, I had the good luck to be lodged in a very antique mansion belonging to my grandfather,

in which, by way of *seneschal* or *steward*, was a venerable old gentleman, of the name of Williamson. This man, being of a decidedly literary turn of mind, aided by an excellent education, during a many years' residence at Glenfellan, had employed himself in collecting such literary rarities as came within his reach. In an ancient kind of bureau, he found a bundle of papers, carefully sealed, entitled, "Ancient Stories, by that excellent scholar, Geoffrey Fluit." Their condition implied considerable antiquity; for the ink was in many places entirely effaced by the damp, the paper was very tender to the touch, and the date, as well as I can make out, appears to be '1710.' These, Mr. Williamson was so kind as to deliver into my hands, in order that I might copy them, and modernize the whole. He desired me to print them, if convenient, in one of the Magazines; and I mentioned to him several, which he rejected. Blackwood was turning Blackguard; the London did not suit the old gentleman; and the New Monthly was too 'trashy,' (his own term). The European, I suggested: "Aye, aye," answered he, "there you have it, my lord; that combines the *utile cum dulce*, and does not flounder in the mud of politics. Does it not come down to me from London, every month, in rare and gallant trim? Aye, sir, get them inserted there, and I shall be glad indeed."

Well, sir, it was settled that, on my return to London, I should send them to you, and request their insertion. The enclosed is a specimen of the eleven following; but it is metamorphosed, from an ancient legend, into a modern, readable dress, if I may so speak, without incongruity of metaphor. It behoveth me not to say any thing on its merits, since I am now, as it were, a joint author. I beg to say, in conclusion, how sincerely I hope that this may not be the last time of my subscribing myself,

Sir, your humble servant,

D.

## MARY THE SUICIDE:

FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Twas night: the winds were howling,  
And the north-risen tempest was scowling;  
The sullen tide was dashing,  
The briny waves were splashing;  
The moon withdrew her fitful light,  
And frown'd, 'neath clouds, upon the night.

A maiden stood on the lonely shore  
Listening to the ocean's roar,  
As its hollow sound  
Rode on the gale.

—Her lover gone,

She made her moan,

And the rocks re-echoed her plaintive wail:—

"Ah, wither dost thou ride

On the faithless tide?—

Where floats thy white sail,

Sporting in the gale?

Where do thy streamers fly

Fluttering in the sky?"

Every wave rolls the farther away,

As the smooth keel cuts through the foaming spray

From Mary.

The tempest's blustering noise

Mock'd her feeble voice.

The hurricane blew,

The scar'd sea-gulls flew,

The angry billows thundered on the shore—

Along the rocks dashing

The sandy shore lashing—

Dissonant was its roar!



The cold rock-beaten spray  
 All around her lay;  
 The briny waves foam'd far and wide;  
 The moon shed a dim, sickly light  
 On the watery mists of night:—  
 On the high waves reeling a body she descried,  
 Cruelly dash'd 'mongst the rocks by the tide.  
 "Ah, hapless mariner!" she cried,—  
 "The sea thy bed,  
 Rock'd to death's sleep, on the blue foaming wave!  
 Was there no one near to save?"

Eager she looked, and a mighty wave rose,  
 Curling, splashing, foaming, rolling,  
 Scornfully dash'd it, adown to her feet.  
 —She felt her life-blood beat;  
 With trembling hands she tore away the clothes,  
 His face to uncover,——  
 ——'Twas her long-lost lover!——  
 She shriek'd, and the winds bore away her groan,  
 And in agonizing sorrow she reclined on a stone.

"Each dashing wave," she cried,— "my death-bell tolling;  
 Ye bellowing winds, whose stormy rage I dare,  
 Be witness of the lasting love I bear!"

High on a weed-grown rock she stood,  
 Survey'd around the raging flood;  
 The rude wind whistled through her hair;  
 Her garments white waved soft in air:  
 Sadly silent a moment she stood,  
 Then headlong plung'd in the roaring flood!  
 And the vivid lightnings glanced along,  
 Gilding the edge of every wave.

Fierce anger darted from the skies,  
 Enrag'd the suicide to see;  
 Commission'd thunders in a moment rise,  
 And roll along the sea.

She struggled awhile in the tide,  
 For aid she with agony cried,  
 O'ercome at last she sunk, she died!

The sullen sea roll'd heavily along,  
 The bubbling wave betray'd her parting breath,  
 And pealing thunders o'er the heav'ns were flung,  
 And lightnings gleam'd along the scene of death!

Oft as I walk along the ocean's side;  
 Plead to survey the thund'ring of the tide,  
 I think on Mary's fate,—her cruel doom,—  
 Cut off in beauty's pride, and youthful bloom.  
 Roll on, thou greedy ocean! roll away!  
 Till earth consume, and thou disgorge thy prey!  
 Then shall they rise, their endless doom to know,  
 Pronounc'd by Justice on their deeds below.  
 Enough;—I quit the solitary scene,—  
 Pale grief stalks by me on the night-chad plain,—  
 I quit the shore, where curling billows play,  
 And view with tearful eyes the evanescing day!

## COUNTRY SKETCHES.

DAVE FRANK KEIR.

—"You're unco' fond o' fleecin' through the country, young man," was the commencement of the salutation I met, on entering my aunt's breakfast-room somewhat late, after an absence of three days, and a walk of fourteen miles that morning. "I say ye're fond o' fleecin' about, Davy," continued my aunt, "an' 'ill no rest till that rattlepat o' yours gets knockit to pieces o'er some craig, or you're found drowned i' the Loch or Devon-water. What wi' loupin' luns, and speelin' craigs, and wadin' burns, it's a wonder to me ye hae nae made your mither a bairnless woman lang or now. It winna do, this, Davy. I canna bear't;" and the moisture from her eyes suffused the spectacles which had been helping her in reading her Bible—"My dear aunt," said I, "you are taking the thing too much to heart. there is no fear of my coming to any harm; I do not perform such hair-breadth exploits as you mention; I am rather cautious than otherwise. Believe no reports which exaggerate so; I assure you there are no grounds for them. I have been at Pittown fair, seen some rare fun, and been very happy."

"Happy, say you, how can you be happy in dressin' an auld woman? You ken how it vexes me when you are awa; an' what for dinnae ye tell me whar ye're to, it wad aye be some consolation to ken that. But deed, David, ye maun gang hame o'er, or ye'll be the death o' me, that you will."

"Now it is provoking in you to be so camstairie this morning, aunt. You know your own old saw—'*What's bred i' the hane winna come o'ot o' the flesh*':—and you cannot have forgot the last phrenological conversation you had with Surgeon Probe, when the whole members of the household, from your old tom-cat upwards, had to submit their heads to an examination; and when you discovered that the sheep's head we had for dinner, and my 'rattlepat,' as you are pleased to call it,

had the organ of wandering most fully developed, and"—

"Your head's a calf's-head, Davy, and will play you a plisky if you dinna tak tent, tak my word for't;" said the old lady, in a less harsh tone than she had heretofore used.

"Well, well, aunt, we must take care of it; but, in the meantime, you must pardon me once more. I shall try to avoid offending in future, and will, if you have no objection, give you an account of all the wonderful things I have seen for these three days past; some of which, I am sure, will interest you much."

An ambiguous "umph" was all the answer, and I proceeded to give her, in sum and substance, what I now, to make the story intelligible, give you more in detail.

On the day on which my aunt had to complain of the disappearance of her "*hopefu' oe*," I had wandered to the top of Benartie, a remarkable hill on the south shore of Loch Leven; remarkable for its peculiar appearance, and for the almost unbounded prospect of the country which it commands. The views from its summit are of the most beautiful, most interesting, and picturesque kind. Mountains, lakes, rivers, towns, populous villages, country seats, and rich fields, stretching to the horizon all around, combine to form a series of as glorious scenes as the eye of man ever gazed upon. Man has done much, but heaven infinitely more, to render Scotland one of the most desirable resting-places on the face of the globe.

I see you smile, my dear sir, at this exhibition of national prejudice: but a glance from Benartie at the dark green Ochels, watering, with their hundred streamlets, the garden-like vallies that stretch from their bases to the shores of the river; on the right the thriving and ancient town of Danfermline, the birth-place, the residence, and the burial-place of many of our nobles; the lovely Forth, with

its proud castle-crested capital, far on the left, and the Loch of Leven, with its famed island and castle, now in ruins, sleeping on its bosom at your feet;—cannot fail to engender feelings, akin to those I have expressed, in the minds of all who have an opportunity of witnessing these views.

In the midst of my musing, the red and blue tiled roofs of Pittown, sparkling in the sun-shine, met my eye, and the train of thought was changed in an instant. "What," said I, "*Fordel's frolic* to-morrow, and I not there; that will never do, —I shall be there,"—and my descent was commenced next moment. "Good day to you, old wife," continued I, as the thin blue smoke which floated from the chimney, along the tops of the trees which surrounded her little cottage, brought my relation to my mind. "I am off again, I shall have a long account to settle with you when I come back; in the meantime, some '*fun at the fair*.'"

Air-building is a disease which attacks mankind at all ages, but more especially in youth, ere the actualities of life have taught the unwelcome lesson that "*all is vanity*." I am a castle-builder of no common description; possessed of a romantic disposition, imbibed and nurtured by a residence in a part of the country, where every step reminds you of the deeds of your forefathers; every valley tells, by its carnies, the story of a battle. I have passed the few short years since boyhood under the influence of that malady; and although I have of late been engaged among busy, worldly scenes, these romantic feelings still hold considerable dominion over me. On the present occasion, I had marched at double quick time,—creeped along like a snail, or run myself out of breath until I was like to drop, under each new impulse,—and had gone six miles of my journey without much more consciousness than that I was continuing still on the great north road.

The road which leads to Pittown, branches off from the abovementioned way, on the south-side of Cliesh Hill, a few miles from Dundee. After passing through a thick wood,

it runs westward by the bottom of a huge crag, the shivered rocks of which overhang the road in such a terrific manner, as to impress the passenger with the idea, that they are about to fall on his head, and crush him to atoms: thus they have threatened, I presume, since the world began. On the top a few stunted firs have spread their roots, and made a feeble attempt to emulate their more favoured brethren of the neighbouring plantation, in spreading their branches towards the skies. Such is the solitude of the place, interrupted but by the splashing of the little turbulent water of Ore, that a little stone, spurned from above by the foot of the goshawk as it bounds towards heaven, hurls with an appalling sound, till it loses its impetus in the water at the bottom of the precipice.

When about the middle of this strange, romantic place, my ears were assailed by a most unearthly and prolonged laugh, reverberated by the echoes around, accompanied by a trampling of feet, as if an elephant had been employed to consolidate the metal on the roads. The stamping and the laugh came nearer and nearer, and grew louder and louder: the birds of the place flew off, stunned, from their "places" among the rocks and trees. My heart began to beat strangely,—perhaps 'twas fear;—I grasped my staff a little firmer; and as the noisy party were approaching from behind, I faced about, and stood still; and, at last, with a shout, came on the view, a figure of a description hardly definable. I decided, on the instant, that the figure before me was that of a human being; but I shall leave you to judge, sir, if the appearance of a man of the following description was calculated to dispel any apprehension of bodily injury that may have arisen in my mind. His person was at least six feet high, of an athletic formation; his face horribly begrimed with soot, through which glared his large eyes, and his mouth distended, with what he meant for a laugh, as far as the muscles would permit: his head covered with a crop of hair of perhaps three summers' growth; his clothes hanging about his person in tatters; his feet bur-

dened with layer upon layer of leather, forming now, with what had some dozen years ago been a pair of shoes, two shapeless masses; on his back a large white bundle, which, contrasted with his other accoutrements, had the most peculiar effect; and last, not least, his right-hand armed with a strong iron rod of considerable thickness and length.

I do not give myself much credit for my courageous feeling on the occasion, for I confess my first thought was to be off; but I shall venture to say, that had any of the more immediate inhabitants of these parts met with this singular being, under the above detailed circumstances, they would have mistaken him for the legendary proprietor of a certain mill\* in the neighbourhood, made off and blazed the story about, and been ready to take their oath that they had had an encounter with the "evil one" on the king's highway.

Such was the rapidity of this being's motion, that I had scarce determined which course to pursue, when he was alongside of me, and had my hand grasped in his, just about as firm as it was when once I had the honour of a squeeze of the paw of a polar bear.

"*Tu-hu!* diinna be sae fleyed, man," said he with a grin, "we're auld acquaintance, you ken; mind that, lad; we're auld acquaintance. I ken you, and you ken me. You're daft, Davie loup-the-lyn, and I am daft, Frank Keir—*Tu-hu!*"

"I'm neither fleyed nor feared, Frank," said I, "but—"

"But I've seen ye feared afore now," interrupted he, accompanied with a loud gaffaw.

"That was lang ago, Frank, you ken, but we hae mair sense now."

"De'il a bit, Davie, de'il a bit: ye ne'er had muckle, an' ye'll ne'er hae mair, tak daft Frank Keir's word for't—*Tu-hu!*"

"Weel a weel, Frank, we'll tak your word for't, and—"

"Was it like a sensible chap, I say, to loup *Kittle Craigie*, when you were here last year, an' the deevil stanin' on theither side?"

"Aye, aye, but ye warnae far aff, Frank, and I was afraid ye intend-

"There noo, there noo, how lang is't sin' ye said ye warnae feared—*Tu-hu!*" said he, in his hurried manner, and with a grin of demoniacal exultation.

"No, very fear'd," said I, biting my lip; "or I wadnae hae loupit *Kittle Craigie*, Frank."

"That's true, that's as true, Davie; you're a guid laddie, Davie, and no like that cat o' a callant, auld *Dirillie's* oet wha plagues me sae, and then tries to shoot me wi' his gun. 'Od gin, I had his neck here," at which he squeezed my hand till I roared with pain. To beg my pardon was not at all in Frank's way, and he continued, "But do you see that man?" and he threw down his bundle with a crash; there's *Skirl-awa's* dinner, an' a' his china plates; I've frightened him opt o' his wits, an' killed his servant-maid,—*Tu-hu!*" and he set up such another tremendous laugh, that the rocks seemed more determined to tumble on our heads.

All my enquiries of where he had been, and what he had done to put himself in such a plight, were answered with—"Up the lum, down the lum, aff an' awa;" and that so often repeated, and in such a hurried manner, that the echoes of the place seemed tired of reverberating them, and gave the words in a very confused sort of way. In the meantime I had examined the bundle and found its contents to consist of the whole apparatus of a dinner-table,—knives and forks—cold lamb and cold fowl—pastry and pepper-box—salts and silver spoons—with a profusion of broken plates; and even the old fashioned hand-bell formed part of the chaotic heap.

After muttering a few sentences expressive of his regret that the plates were broken, as they "*wad dune fine to stick up beside Tib's auld tea-pots*," and enjoying himself with another exhibition of his risible faculty, excited by my astonishment on examining his bundle, he caught it up, and swung it upon his shoulder, sustaining it with one hand, while with the other he seized me by the arm, and began dragging me along. "Come along," said he, "ken what you're after, Davie,

\* The De'il's Mill, on the river, Devon.

† Nephew.

gaun to Fordel's hillibuloo the morn—I'm gaun too:—come hame wi' me the night, and we'll gang baith together up the morn—Tibb'll gie ye a bed, and we'll hae a whang o' Skirl-awa's mutton—Tu-hu!"

Resistance at the time might have tempted him to push me over the brae; I had therefore no other alternative than to continue onwards with him till he relaxed his hold, which he did in a short time, concluding I was accompanying him with my own will. But in a short time, an opportunity occurring to make good my retreat, I darted off through a wood on the right hand, and was clear of danger in a few minutes. I heard a tremendous Tu-hu, and another crash of the poor plates, which he must have again thrown down, with the intention of pursuing me.

The adventure which preceded the above meeting, was, in point of fact, as follows. Frank, who was prone to mischief, had set up one of his tremendous Tu-hu's! (an exclamation, by the way, which he used at almost every sentence,) whilst a gentleman was passing on a very spirited horse. The animal consequently took fright, and threw his rider: and for this the magistrates of D—— ordered him to be confined in their jail for a week. He bore two days of his confinement quiet enough; but the third morning, he set about devising means of escape. The chimney struck him as the most eligible way, and that moment he commenced operations. Two strong iron bars which were across the chimney, must have presented no common barrier to his escape: but it seems he had displaced them, and reached the top of the chimney in a very short time indeed.

The jail of D—— was not like other modern edifices of the same nature, detached and surrounded with a high wall. It differed but little from the adjacent dwelling houses, except in its iron-barred windows and nail-studded door. It will not appear incredible, therefore, that my demented hero, on arriving at the top of the one chimney, momentarily commenced his descent through another, and, in fact, safely landed in the dining-room of the clergyman of the town,

just at the time that the table was laid out for dinner. Notwithstanding his anxiety to escape, the display of good things here, was too tempting a bait for an empty stomach to resist, and he forthwith began a most voracious attack upon every thing eatable that lay in his way. Such after inch of the viands disappeared with the greatest imaginable rapidity; and the bachelor was like to have but a sorry dinner. Frank, however, was disturbed in his performance by the servant girl, who immediately, on seeing him, threw down the soup, and rushed down stairs, screaming that the devil was devouring her master's dinner. The minister, good man, reproved her for such an ungodly expression, and seizing his stout walking-stick, proceeded up stairs, determined to encounter the intruder, in whatsoever shape he should appear, whether corporeal or "with-outen substance."

While these matters were going on down stairs, Frank had determined that it was full time to make good his retreat; but not having yet satisfied his craving appetite, he, without hesitation, tucked up the corners of the tablecloth, and shouldered it, with all its contents, assumed his iron bar, and strode down stairs. On the way he met the little portly pastor, who had nearly reached the first landing place on his way upwards; and either designedly or otherwise, the corner of the madman's hucken coming in contact with his person, he was hurled to the bottom, giving Frank, who knew the way out well, a favourable opportunity to escape. His note of exultation, as he reached the street, was heard from end to end thereof, and his rapid retreat towards the country witnessed by many, not one of whom attempted to stop him, so astonished were they at his strange appearance.

Along with the usual accompaniments to a country fair,—say horse, ass, man, and pig racing, Pittown had to boast of the additional attraction of a fete, given by Sir John Fordel to his numerous workmen and dependants. The whole force, physical and musical, of the community, for miles round, forming the body of an immense

procession, which paraded at the baronet's seat, where they were regaled with bread and cheese, and ale, and afterwards returned to the fair, and spent the day in a happy and joyous manner.

In the very front of this procession walked, or rather stalked, my old acquaintance, Frank Keir. Since yesterday the most complete metamorphosis had been wrought upon his person, amounting almost to an improbability. His face was divested of its squalid appearance, having been scrubbed almost to cleanness; his tattered garments were exchanged for a cast-off suit of Sir John's; a hat stuck upon the starboard side of his head; much after the fashion of a sailor's, a shire with six months' pay in his pocket; his feet equipped in a better pair of shoes, and in his right hand, instead of the iron bar, was a walking staff of considerable dimensions, which he wielded with the same big look of importance that a drum-major does his baculum of office at the head of his band.

Immediately following this singular being came the band of the D— volunteers; then two emblematic flags, having the arms of Sir John Fordel beautifully emblazoned in the centre of each, and surrounded with emblems of industry, &c.;—after which, part of the main body of the procession;—next, a coal-wagon drawn by six horses, upon which was a most correct and beautiful model of a steam engine that had lately been erected at the baronet's coalyards;—after this came the members of a society of Celts, consisting of about twenty men, with little Peter Macrihanish, their piper, blowing and queezing out of his noisy instrument an highland quick step, at their head. The other half of the main body followed, and a legion of women and children closed the procession.

The spot whereon the fair of Pittwater was held, was an eminence a few miles from the town, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. It was tedious to see from this height the many groups of both sexes, with here and there a straggler, brushing with hasty steps their way through the heather towards the grand point

of attraction. Ever and anon came horsemen, and droves of sheep and of oxen, and carts, each containing perhaps the whole establishment, men, women, and children, of farm steadings, many miles distant; giving the most enlivening effect to the scenery, and a pleasing contrast to the every-day stillness of country life. On the hill itself, a number of tents were pitched for the accommodation of these visitors; to each of which was attached an extensive broth-cooking apparatus; and a peep into any of these tents, a little time after noon, showed ample cause for the existence of the well-known epithet "*the Kail suppers o' Fife*."

I need not trouble you with an account of the many ludicrous circumstances attendant on the ass and pig races, and other exhibitions; but will proceed to close this very long epistle with a few short notices of what occurred towards the finish of the day. I was invited to join the Celtic party and others in the principal house of entertainment in the town. Next me sat a person of a peculiar and weather-beaten aspect, indicative of having witnessed much of warfare, both of the elements and of men. He was apparently a seafaring man, and considerably above the condition of a common tar. He said little; few seemed to know him; and to the questions put to him by those that did, he answered with disjointed monosyllables, and altogether seemed lost in thought.

—Enter Frank Keir. The quick glance of the poor fellow's eye shot towards my neighbour;—he stood for a moment,—then hurried out of the room. He returned in a moment and strode towards us—we were astonished—the eyes of the sailor showed each a tear, and he rose up. Frank stamped twice with his foot, and uttered his usual exclamation, but in a subdued tone. "Willie," cried he, and next moment they were in each other's arms. They were brothers. Peter Macrihanish's drowsy pipe was long called for to dissipate the clouds that had arisen on the conviviality of the evening; and Peter being a poet also, he intimatedly and warily sung the following song, to the tune of "The hills

I'll gie you a verse frae the braes o' Balquihdder,  
 And gin you dont like it, I'll gie you anither,  
 'Bout the lads o' the tartan, the sons o' the heather,  
 That wyn by the braes o' Balquihdder so gay.  
 As cauld is the air o' their snaw-crested mountains,  
 The warmth o' their hearts is the mair worth recountin'.  
 O their souls are as pure as the crystalline fountains  
 That gush frae the rocks o' Balquihdder so gay.  
 So there's my first verse frae the braes o' Balquihdder,  
 And since that you like it I'll gie you anither,  
 'Bout the lads o' the tartan, the sons o' the heather,  
 That wyn by the braes o' Balquihdder so gay.

When Rome sent her legions the land to enslave,  
 Our lads boldly stood up, their birthright to save;  
 So a' that she got was a bit o' a grave  
 Far south o' the braes o' Balquihdder so gay.  
 O there's my next verse, &c.

As lang as the diamonds o' heaven shine out,  
 And the sun an' the planets gang whirlin' about,  
 May the flames of true love and true courage to boot,  
 Aye blaze 'mang the braes o' Balquihdder so gay.  
 So there's my last verse frae the braes o' Balquihdder.  
 I'm vexed for your sakes I have nae anither.  
 Here's a health to the lads and the lasses thegither,  
 That wyn by the braes o' Balquihdder so gay.

The fates seemed not to have yet done with us: for scarce had the cheering, which followed the above song, subsided, when the sound of the stentorian-tongued kitchen wench's voice came thundering along the passage, burdened with "Twa men i' the dam."

When we reached the spot, we found some drunken people pulling out a man by the legs on the one side

of the mill-lead, while others were apparently pulling out another man on the opposite side by the shoulders. In a few minutes afterwards a light was brought, when it was discovered that the drowning man on the one side and the drowning man on the other, were one and the same person.

D. H. WRIGHT.

Kinross.

### SONNET.

SHE moved across the waters cheerily,  
 And her gay pennant flutter'd in the sun,  
 Her white sails set and glitt'ring splendidly  
 In his last yellow rays, that had begun  
 To dip into the ocean:—there was glee  
 And o'erfill'd howls, and noisy ribaldry—  
 And riot reign'd ere yet his course was done.  
 A change came o'er the waters, winds and rain  
 Pour'd retribution on the staggering crew,  
 And the rock'd vessel, through the angry main,  
 Without command or helmsman, reeling flew  
 Till down she went, and ne'er was seen again—  
 The Lesson is a rich one for the gay  
 To ponder o'er, while "yet it is to-day."

I. F. STUART.

## SOURCES OF MENTAL PLEASURE.

"Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs."—SHAKESPEARE.

I HAD been much engaged, in different parts of town, during the whole of a day towards the end of March; and a little before dusk I reached my lodgings, intending to pass the remainder of the evening in tranquillity and solitude, and for that purpose had put on my dressing-gown and slippers. But

Mistaken mortals plan delusive schemes  
Of bliss, and call futurity their own,  
Yet are not masters of a single moment.  
The shutters were closed, and the window-curtains were drawn; I had placed my chair close to the fire, and was sitting with the poker in my hand varying the position of the burning coals, and taxing my imagination to convert the glowing particles into temples, rocks, seas, nay, human faces and human forms. At such moments as those, the thoughts flow on in an unbroken tide—calm, sweet and mild. Then is the time that fear, anxiety and grief dare not assail the imagination—wrapt up in our own delightful reveries. Then,

What to us is the world beside,  
With all its change of time and tide?  
—Nothing! All our feelings and passions, hopes and fears, are softened down to gentle peace and mild serenity.—I had been thus for half an hour enjoying all the delights of listlessness and idleness. I have heard it said, and truly then I found it so—that after a day of toil and fatigue, listlessness and idleness are the greatest luxuries human beings can enjoy. In the midst of all my fancy-created pleasures, the servant brought in the tea-tray and lights. The first gleam of the candles dissipated all the creations of my brain as suddenly as the first dawn of day sends to their secret abodes.

"The sprightly elves who dance around  
Some secret, fairy, myotic mound."

I had scarcely recovered from the sweet delusions of my fancy, when I was aroused by a loud knocking at the street door.

"Two men wish to speak to you," said Fanny, as she opened the parlour door. "Who are they? What is their business?" "They cannot

send a message: they must see you."  
"Let them come in."

They entered. One was dressed in black, with top-boots: the other was not quite so well attired. "Sit down, gentlemen, and let me know, if you please, the purport of your visit." "I dare say, sir, you will be aware of the business which brings us hither, when I ask you if you know Mr. Adams?" "Perfectly well! but I cannot conceive what he can have to do with your call." "Then, sir, I will trouble you to glance your eye over this paper. We call it a red-tail."

Good heavens! I was arrested. Lest my readers should imagine my own folly or extravagance had reduced me to this dilemma, I must beg leave to exonerate myself from censure on that account; for I have been guilty of too many errors, to be able to bear one more than I may be justly charged with. I had become surety for a friend: such, at least, he called himself. He became involved in difficulties, and left me to pay his debt. I, being quite unprepared to meet such a demand, was of course obliged to submit. I told the bailiffs that a bachelor's establishment was ever unprepared for visitors: but if they would employ in drinking a bottle of wine, the time requisite for putting up a change of linen and a book or two, I should feel infinitely obliged to them. I then rang the bell, desiring Fanny to pack up in my travelling bag what was necessary. I desired her also to put into it a French testament, which had been given to me by a most highly-esteemed relative, a pocket Shakspeare, and, though last, not least, a miniature engraving of—, which, till then, since it had been in my possession, had never passed the precincts of my study. Thus armed against *ennui*, I put on my cloak, accompanied the bailiffs, and for the first time in my life became the inmate of a lock-up house.

Perhaps it may be asked, why an engraving, which may be seen in almost every printshop window, should



have so large a share of my attention. I answer,—because I am in love. “What! with the creation of a painter’s pencil?” Oh, no; chance a short time since, for a few hours, introduced me to a fair daughter of —. It is true, she was but a child; yet I loved her more than I had ever loved any before: but not as men are wont to love; it was with a feeling pure, undefined, celestial. Earth and earthly things had no share in it. Had, do I say? they have no share:—for I love her now as much as when I first saw her:—when her lovely brow was adorned with all the kindness and gentleness of youthful innocence, when her unsophisticated mind imagined, and her tongue gave utterance to thoughts pure as an holy angel’s dream, thoughts which might teach love to a heart of marble. The remembrance of those sweet hours, and of her affectionate farewell, which, when we parted, sank upon my heart like the death-knell of hope and joy, is still as dear to my memory as at the moment which severed us, perhaps, for ever.

It is in vain that I seek pleasure by revisiting the scenes where I once saw her: she is not there, and—

She not there—’tis not the land I care for; [itself,

For where she is, there is the world  
And where she is not—desolation.

I can sit for hours with my eyes fixed upon this engraving, so like her, that a Lawrence, or a Reynolds, could not have produced a better likeness. I can hold imaginary conversations with this fair image—dwell with rapture upon each fair lineament—and fancy that the features at last will move. And besides all this, for its own intrinsic beauties the engraving deserves attention: the lovely allegory which it contains, will link itself with the imagination, and conjure up ten thousand pleasing visions; and then its beautiful and delicate allusions to the soul of man—so poetical, so refined,—this renders it a fertile source of delightful fancies which might soothe the soul in its last extremity.

Shakspeare is the book which best can feed these entrancing dreams. With this print before me, I can turn over the pages of *The Tempest*, or *The Midsummer Night’s Dream*,

and let my mind run riot in the voluptuous sweets spread forth in every line, until I become identified with the characters; and then, unconscious as it were of my terrestrial existence, I forget the world—myself:—my fancy wanders in a region of spirits. Titania, Oberon, Puck, and Ariel, become the cherished friends of my hours of solitude. In such times as these, I have sat and read Oberon’s description of *Love in Idleness*, until my very soul has dissolved, and I have no longer believed that I was still dwelling in this “working-day world.” Nevertheless, my dream passes, and I wake to the sad reality of my fate. I find the delightful reverie was indeed a vision; and though I have given to these forms of things unknown—these airy nothings—

“A local habitation and a name;” yet I find, at last, how fleeting all those lovely visions are. Yet such are the joys of human life—a shade—a fantasy—which escapes us most often, at the moment we think we have most secure possession of it. When I am thus recalled to life—to a sense of my existence—I find that I am still but an earthly being; that all my dreams of fairy-land are nothing, or worse than nothing—a lurid beam of disappointment; that I love one, whom I may never see again, and whom I may not tell how truly and how fondly. My reason, my fate, nay, even my frail sense of justice, all combine to deter me from such a disclosure.

As Shakspeare points out the varied scenes, ever changing, ever new, in the regions of fancy and fiction, in a manner never to be equalled: so, alas, has he given to those of nature and truth a charm whose potent workings upon the imagination and the heart leave us nothing to desire. Johnson has said of Shakspeare, that

“Each change of many-colour’d life  
he knew, [new,”

Exhausted worlds, and then imagined  
and he has well said, “there is no scene of life which he has not painted, and which he has not painted well.” This opinion, I know, is in opposition to that of some carping critics; but, admitting his faults and occasional want of delicacy, shall we condemn a

noble palace, because a spider's web hangs darkling in an obscure corner. How much soever I may differ from the Edinburgh Reviewer on other occasions, herein I am delighted to agree with him, "that all the blemishes of Shakspeare are nothing, and might be removed without injury to the general effect." To me they seem as particles of dust upon a mirror—a sponge will wipe them off, and leave the surface pure and spotless. Shakspeare was my companion in prison: he kept my mind at liberty. As I read his pages, I no longer felt the irksomeness of my confinement: whilst his page was open before me, it engrossed my whole attention; my mind was free as the wind, which goeth whithersoever it listeth.

What Shakspeare is to my worldly thoughts, such is the Testament to my spiritual meditations. When I peruse its divine doctrines, an innate feeling of veneration comes over me,—a feeling of hope, joy, and gladness, which, for worlds, I would not forego. Its instructions are so clear—so gentle—so amiable. It pours out words of comfort to the penitent; and although it threatens the wilful sinner, it calls him, at the same time, with a warning voice, from the paths of wickedness. Who can open its sacred leaves and not derive consolation and comfort from their contents? And then the pure style of eloquence which runs throughout every book! The noble simplicity of the *Gospels*, and the godlike reasoning of the *Epistles*, above all, those of Paul—the energy of his phrases, the convincing quality of his reasoning, the beauty of his composition, the force of his arguments, and the soundness of his doctrine—all these, any one of which might carry conviction, plainly demonstrate it to be the production of divine inspiration. Who can read, without mingled feelings of admiration and terror, of reverence and awe, of fear and gladness, the revelation of St. John—the sublimity of its descriptions, its lively representation of all that is fearful and terrible, of all that is lovely and agreeable—who can seriously consider these things, and not tremble for the fate of those beings who, reckless themselves, in the obdurate

pride of their wicked hearts, dare question the sanctity and truth of Christ's dispensation?

"Man, proud man!  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high  
heaven,  
As make the angels weep."

Alas! that things so excellent, so divine, should be thus despised by men for whose benefit alone they were contrived! But let me say no more upon this subject. If they believe not the Prophets and the Saints, will they believe me?

These were to me sources of consolation during my short imprisonment; though they were no doubt of a very opposite, and apparently of a very uncongenial character. That they were opposite to each other, is perhaps true; but that each of them was congenial to my feelings, is still more certain, or at least more certain to me. If we can talk of any thing with certainty, it is of the state of our own feelings. And, therefore, when I say that I received alternate pleasure from the contemplation of my engraving, and the perusal of my Testament and Shakspeare, I say what I am as certain of, as that I am now making the assertion. Some may tell me that the love of God and the love of woman cannot exist at the same moment, as "the master passion swallows up the rest." But does this prove that they cannot exist at successive moments? If so, it follows, that as two bodies cannot be in the same place, at the same time, two bodies can have no existence. Besides, the love of God, when cherished from our infancy, instead of being eradicated by any subsequent attachments, only serves to purify and ennoble them all, and to give them that direction which they always take in a well-regulated mind.

My residence in this abode of care and woe was of short duration. The next day my faithful servant, Fanny, exerted herself so successfully to procure me liberty, that before evening I left, I trust, for ever, the dreary confines of my prison; but not until I had formed an acquaintance with one whose sorrows deserve to be made known, and which will hereafter employ the pen of

W. HENRY LANCE.

## EXTRACTS FROM

## THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

*Who travelled through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Flanders and Italy,  
at the commencement of the last century.*

## No. I.

## LEYDEN.

LEYDEN is very ancient, and there are still left some marks of its antiquity; but that which at present renders it most famous is the university. They commonly carry strangers to the physic-school; and in the anatomy-hall you may see a great number of skeletons of men and beasts, many natural rarities, and other curiosities, as plants, fruits, animals, arms, strange habits, pictures, mummies, curious works, urns, idols, &c. I fear I should hardly be believed, if I related the story of a Prussian peasant, which is here painted. He had swallowed a very large knife, so that they were forced to cut open his stomach to get it out, after which he lived eight years. This knife is about 7 inches long, including the handle, and about an inch wide at the broadest part. At the side of it is written "*Andreas Grunheim Borossus, Annorum 22, deglutivit cultrum hujus magnitudinis, Anno 1635, 29 Maii.*" It is added, that Daniel Schuabius took out the knife the 9th of July following, in the presence of such and such physicians, whose names are there mentioned. The knife, to my knowledge, is still kept in a cabinet of rarities at Konigsberg.\*

In the midst of the hall are the bones of an unfortunate thief, whom they derided to extremity, after they hanged him; they fixed his skeleton a-straddle upon that of an ox, because he had been a cow-stealer; they put his feet into shoes made of the skin of another thief, and his body into a shirt made of his own bowels.

The physic garden is not far from hence. A great number of rarities

are still to be seen in the gallery of this garden, and in the cabinet, called the *Indian Cabinet*, to which this gallery leads. I observed, among other things, an ape and a cat, which came into the world with wings, the hand of a mermaid,† a starling with long ears, a monster which issued out of a hen's egg, a piece of money of pasteboard, made at Leyden, when it was besieged by the Spaniards in 1574, and a serpent brought from Surinam, on whose skin are several natural figures, which resemble some Arabic characters. I make this last observation because our guide very much admired this little wonder of nature: but, to speak freely, I find nothing singular in this, no more than on the back of common mackerels; or in the Greek letters which are formed, as some fancy, by the turnings and windings of the Meander. There is so universal and so odd a diversity of such conformation in the world, that it would be easy to find the like figures almost on the first thing we met with, if we would but look for them.

## HAERLEM.

Haerlem is very large and very agreeable; and the linen and fape which are made here have for a long time been its chief trade; but I hear that, at present, they have a great manufacture of silk stuffs. The great church (dedicated to St. Bavon) and the town-house are the stateliest buildings; and the wood of tall trees, with its long and straight walks, is one of the principal ornaments of the town.

Haerlem boasts of having given birth to *Laurence Coster*, who, if you will believe the people, was the first inventor of printing. But we

\* Instances of this nature are not, it is true, very common; but this appears to be too well authenticated to admit of doubt. There is another knife in the Museum at Vienna, which was extracted from the stomach of a Bohemian, in 1602. It had been in his stomach nine months.

† In the Museum of Mr. Brookes, the anatomist, there is the skeleton of the head of the mermaid, which is, in fact, a species of seal.

know that *John Gutenberg*, of *Strasburg*, disputes that invention with *Coster*; and that the pretended conjurer, *John Faustus* of *Mentz*, will give place to neither. This blessed invention is also attributed to *John Mantel*, and to *Conrad*, and *Arnold*, brothers, and burgesses of the same city of *Mentz*; as, likewise, to *Peter Scheffer*, *Peter Gernsheim*, *Thomas Peterson*, *Lawrence Genson*, one second *John Gutenberg*, and several others. It is strange that history is so intricate and entangled with fables, that we cannot discover the truth of so late a transaction; but if we consider the nature and circumstances of the thing, we shall soon perceive the cause of this confusion; for the reason why we find the names of all those printers at *Haerlem*, *Mentz*, *Spire*, *Strasburg*, and other places, is, because they were all partners; and those who contributed to the change resolved to have a share in the glory. For this reason, every one of them claimed the honour of the invention; and since the controversy could not be easily decided, even at that time, it is not reasonable to suppose that we should be able to give a clearer view of it at such a distance.

This new secret was quickly divulged, and the invention was communicated to the principal cities in Europe. I will not pretend to give an account of the persons by whom it was propagated; such an enquiry would engage me in a new labyrinth, for the imitators sometimes make more noise and disquiet than the in-

ventors. Nor is the time of this invention less uncertain than the author. I verily believe that every year is mentioned, as being the first *epocha* of printing, from 1420 till near the end of the same century. *Coster*, as far as I can perceive, had the greatest share in the first invention.\* But neither he nor *Faustus* was the author of the finest and most useful improvement of it: for they engraved their characters on wood, as it is sometimes used at present, so that every plate became useless as soon as the impression was finished, since the letters could not be separated. The way of casting letters was not invented till some years after; and I think the honour of this invention is almost unanimously ascribed to one *John Mentel*. *Aldus Manutius*, that learned Venetian printer, found out the Italic characters, which, perhaps, received that name from the country where they were invented. He was also the first who printed in *Greek* and *Hebrew*. I shall conclude this digression with observing, that as there is nothing so advantageous, which is not attended with some accidental inconveniences; so the invention of an art, which was so useful to the learned world, ruined the trade of those who lived by transcribing books.

Among the divers rarities which are to be seen in the town-house of *Haerlem*, they keep, with particular care, in a casket of silver, and wrapped in silk, the first book (according to those of *Haerlem*) that ever was printed.† Its title is *Speculum*

\* There are certainly no books of *Faustus's* impression so ancient as those which have been printed by *Coster*.

† The first book that was printed, with a date, is a Latin Psalter, in black letter; it was printed by *Faustus* and *Schoeffer*, in *Mentz*, August 14, 1457.—The first Latin classic ever printed was *Cicero's Offices*, printed in *Mentz*, 1645. The first Greek book that was printed is *Lascaris's Greek Grammar*, printed in *Milan*, January 30, 1476. A copy of this work was purchased for the King's library, at Dr. *Askew's* sale, in 1775, for 21*l.* 10*s.* The first Greek classic that was printed, was an edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, printed at *Florence*, in 1488, in 2 vols. folio. The first book printed in the English language, is the "*Recueyll of the Histories of Troye*," in 1471; an imperfect copy of which was sold in 1812, for the almost incredible sum of one thousand and sixty pounds! But the first book printed in England is the "*The Game of Chess*," in 1474; both printed in black letter, by *Caxton*. Down to the year 1540, the University of Oxford had printed but one classic, which was a book of *Tully's Epistles*, printed at the expense of Cardinal *Wolsey*. Cambridge had not printed any classic at this time. The first Greek book printed in England was the *Homilies*, printed in 1543, at the expense of Sir *John Cleeke*, who established the Greek Lecture at

*Humanæ Salvationis* : it hath many figures. The keeping of this book is entrusted to several magistrates, who have every one his own key of the place where it is, which renders it not easy to be seen. The statue

of *Laurence Coster* is also to be seen in this place. The following inscription was put in letters of gold, on the door of his house, with these verses :—

MEMORIÆ SACRUM.

Typographia Ars Artium omnium Conservatrix  
hic primum inventa circa annum 1470.

Vana quid Archetypos Præla Moguntia jactas?

Hæclemi Archetypos Prælaque nata scrias.

Extulit hic, monstrate Deo, Laurentius Artem.

Dissimulare Virum—dissimulare Deum est.

If what *Trigaltius* and other travellers have said, be true, that printing is of so ancient usage in *China*, it is very probable, that those who first made use of it in Europe, were but imitators after all. *Guy Panciroli* does affirm it, and Count *Moscado*, who quotes him, seems not to question the truth of it. *Mezeray*, a famous French historian, is also of the same opinion, in the life of Charles VII ; and all those who have written concerning the kingdom of *China*, agree in that point : and chiefly *John Mendoza Gonzales*, who tells, in his history of that country, that he has seen a *Chinese* book, printed 300 years before printing was known in Europe. Such is the information that I have been able to gather on the subject ; and I must feel vexed and grieved that my own native country had no part in the invention of this noble and useful art.

*Meyer*, *John de Beka*, and several other historians, do report, that in the year 1403 or 4, a mermaid was brought to *Hærclem*, who, by a furious tempest, was thrown on the neighbouring shore ; that they accustomed her to eat several sorts of meat, but her principal food was bread and milk ; that they taught her to spin ; and that she lived many years. Others write that this mer-

maid was sent from *Emdden* to *Hærclem*. *J. G. a Leydis* adds, that she would often steal away to return to the water, and that she had an odd kind of speech ; but "*Locutionem ejus non intelligebant, sed nec ipsa nostrum intellexit idioma*," that is, they did not understand her speech, nor she our language ; a very natural and likely consequence, I opine — They also affirm that she was buried in a church-yard, because she had learned to salute the cross

COLOGN.

They showed us, in a great chapel, near the church of St *Isula*, the bones of the eleven thousand virgins who were massacred by the Huns, in the year 238 ; they are hung round the church almost in the same manner as the swords and pistols are ranged in the guard-chamber at Whitehall. These bones have no ornaments, except the heads, which are honoured in a particular manner ; for some of them are put up in silver shaines, others in gilt boxes ; there are none which have not, at least, their caps of cloth of gold, or a bonnet of crimson velvet, wrought with pearls or jewels. And this is what, together with the pretended *Three Kings*, is the chief object of the devotion of *Cologn*, and from whence it takes the name of *Cologn the Holy*. It is also for the same

Cambridge. From these facts, England, with its two splendid Universities, together with all its resources of wealth and learning, was sixty seven years later than Milan in adding to Greek literature from its own press ; and after *Mentz* had printed a Latin Classic, Oxford followed at the respectful distance of seventy-five years. That commercial cities on the Continent, at this early era, should have so far outstripped us in emulation, is extraordinary ; when, in the nineteenth century, to collect the scattered fragments of early typography, without limitation of expense, and without discrimination of their worth, has been sufficient to confer distinction on men of the first rank and fortune, of our time.

reason, that the arms of the city are, *Argent, Eleven Flames Gules, with a Chief of the Second, charged with Three Crowns Or.* The eleven flames are in memorial of the eleven thousand virgins, and the three crowns represent the three kings.

In the church of the Maccabees there is a crucifix, that wears a peruke, which is a very particular dressing for a crucifix; but the most surprising and edifying circumstance of which is, that when the Hungarian pilgrims come to *Cologne*, they do each of them cut off a lock of hair from this peruke, and yet it never diminishes. The *Carthusians* (if you will take their own word for it) have the hem of *Christ's* garment, which was touched by the woman that had the bloody issue. When the women of *Cologne* are troubled with a flux of blood, they send some wine immediately to the *Carthusians*, that they may dip a piece of the relic in it; after which a draught of the sanctified wine is esteemed an infallible remedy.

I observed at the entrance into the church of the Twelve Apostles, a picture which represents a singular event. The wife of a Consul of *Cologne*, being buried in the year 1571, with a ring of some price, the sexton, the night following, opened the tomb to steal the ring: but I am mistaken if he were not frightened when he felt his hand grasped, and when the good lady took hold of him to get out of the sepulchre. However, he made a shift to disengage his

hand, and immediately ran away, without asking any questions. The lady, who was come to life, unwrapped herself as well as she could, and went to knock at the door of her house. She called a servant by his name, and, in a few words, told him the sum of her adventure, that he might admit her without any scruple. But the man thought her a ghost, and, in a great consternation, ran to tell the thing to his master. The master, as incredulous as the man, called him fool, and said he would as soon believe his horses were in the garret; and instantly a most dreadful noise was heard in the garret; upon which the man went up, and found six coach-horses there, with all the others that were fast in the stable. The Consul, amazed at so many prodigies, was not able to speak: the man was in an extacy or swoon in the garret; and the living deceased quaking in her shroud, and expecting to be let in. At last the door was opened, and they chafed and used her so well, that she revived as if nothing had passed, and the next day they made the necessary machines to let down the horses. And, as a confirmation of the story, there is, at this day, to be seen in the garret some wooden horses, which are covered with the skins of these animals. They shew, also, in the church of the Twelve Apostles a large linen curtain, which this lady spun after her return into the world, in which she lived seven years after.\*

\* Who would have expected to find this old story to originate in Germany? Our English version, however, does not contain the fact of the horses' expedition, which is, doubtless, a supererogatory embellishment.

## EXTEMPORARY LINES

ON HEARING AN EOLIAN HARP AT MIDNIGHT.

PERHAPS 'tis the welcome of some happy sprite,  
To worlds of glory, to regions of light;  
Or the lute of some fairy-wight, booming along  
To the bower of his love, 'mong the mountains of song.

R.

## TO HELEN.

"FARE THEE WELL."

FARE thee well, lov'd girl!—and ever,  
Ever happiness be thine!  
Fare thee well!—I love;—but never  
May I hope to call thee mine.

'Tis for thee my heart is burning:  
Love is *hopeless*, as 'tis true:  
Cruel Fortune's ever spurning—  
May she prove more kind to you.

May she show'r down gifts on thee, love,  
Till you press your last cold bed;  
May every pang that tortures me, love,  
Fall a blessing on thy head.

The "sunshine" of my life is o'er;  
With *thee* it vanish'd from my sight:  
My day hath set—the sky doth low'r,  
And now 'twill be eternal night!

What, tho' I sometimes *still* may see  
A star bright shining in the air;  
It serves but to "remember me  
Who passes this bright passing fair

On in my dreams thy form I see,  
That form in all its loveliness!  
Always my thoughts are bent on thee,  
In social hours—or loneliness.

Of rank and wealth were I possess'd;  
All earthly greatness could I prove—  
'Twere nothing all—not being blest  
With Helen's hand—with Helen's love.

But, who is *he* that shall possess thee,  
And call his own, such charms as thine,  
And raptur'd, tenderly caress thee?—  
May *his* love be as true as *mine*!

Would my death were worth your asking,  
Cheerfully for thee I'd die:  
My only wish t' expire, while basking  
'Neath the soul-beam of thine eye.

With *indifference* tho' you leave me,  
Never with *unkindness* view;  
Do not, as in fault, reprove me  
For thus too much loving you.

'Tis hard, most hard, to part, believe me;  
Yet awhile I'd linger still—  
A last kind word would much relieve me,  
Would you speak it—sure you will.

For *happiness* now past—a tear.  
Expiring *Hope* has heard her knell!  
Thus I relinquish all that's dear;  
My only love—Farewell!—farewell!

## SKETCHES FROM NATURE

## No. 6.

HELEN was the only daughter of a reputable tradesman, who had, by a series of misfortunes, owing to the failure of some whom he had largely credited, been reduced to bankruptcy.

Compelled to quit the little town in the heart of Cornwall, in which he had ever been esteemed and respected, he retired to an obscure hamlet, where, by daily labour, with rigid frugality, he was enabled still to procure sufficient for the support of his wife and daughter.

As age gradually reminded himself and his partner that they would shortly be unable to do any thing for their daughter, the mother yielded to his suggestions, to endeavour to procure a comfortable situation for her; and they were fortunate enough to see her placed as lady's maid in the family of Sir C——, through the interest of some friends, and in consideration of her excellent character and their former respectability.

For a short time the separation was scarcely felt, as there seldom passed a week in which she had not two or three opportunities of visiting the humble cottage by the park-gate. Her parents were now reconciled to the reverse of fortune they had experienced: their every joy sprang from the sweet and innocent presence and converse of their dutiful Helen; and they passed no morning or evening without a prayer for her welfare, and an expression of gratitude for that, in the wreck of every other enjoyment, she, the dearest and the best, was kindly spared.

One day, in the spring of the year, Helen, with unusual trepidation, and a look of sorrow, entered the cot, and, drawing her chair beside her mother's, said, "It's all decided, dear mother; they will go, and I—I must go too."

Her mother needed no explanation, for she had heard, some time before, that the family in which Helen lived had been talking about an excursion to the Continent. For a long time her parents rejected all

thoughts of their daughter's accompanying the family; but having been persuaded it might be to her interest, and would tend to her improvement, they at length yielded a reluctant consent. The day that saw their lovely daughter torn from their bosoms, brought with it the heaviest blow they had experienced since their union; and many were the parting blessings breathed, and many the fervent prayers addressed to heaven, in her behalf.

Sir C—— and his lady were fortunate enough to get on board one of his Majesty's cruisers, attached to the station off the south-west coast of Spain. The long and quivering farewells were over, and the tears which had for some time dimmed the meek lustre of Helen's beauteous eyes, became less frequent; but her countenance resumed not its wonted hilarity, and her spirits seemed to have lost much of buoyancy and peace.

Albert, the midshipman who had commanded the boat in which they first were rowed on board, had, from the first glance he caught of Helen, watched her with a peculiar interest. Although the voyage was short, his attachment reached the warmth, if not the maturity, of ardent love. Still he had not courage to declare his sentiments: there was a respect for her virtues which led him to fear she was far beyond his hopes; and he was also desirous to avoid leading her to suppose that, so lately after her separation from her dear parents, he was intruding on the privacy of her heart's sorrow. His marked attention to her, whenever opportunity occurred, could not but call forth from her kind bosom that feeling of gratitude which she felt she owed to a stranger, for attentions which she deemed she merited not. Whilst the loose language and bold glances of some of the older officers, disgusted her, the sentiments and simplicity of Albert only impressed her the more, and thus made the transit from gratitude to love easy and imperceptible.

The 25th of May, they made Cape



St. Vincent's, and, running down the coast, soon arrived at Cadiz, where the family disembarked.—Albert saw, with the deepest grief, the object of his affections seated in the boat beside him, and determined, in the interval between their leaving the ship and reaching the shore, to declare his sentiments to her. "I cannot part with you," said he, "with the thought that we shall never meet, and never know any thing of each other again; will you permit me, when far away, to pour forth my soul to one who is the arbitress of its future destiny?"

He could not get any further: he wanted words, and feared that, perhaps, he might already have said too much. She blushed, and was speechless. Her modest lips whispered, "You had better not: we may, perhaps, never meet again;" but her soft and tearful eye spoke an affirmative. Her tenderness and innocent manner only encouraged him; and, emboldened thereby, he procured a permission to correspond with her, and a promise that he should always receive an early answer. He was in extacies of joy: but as the boat struck against the landing-place, all his bliss vanished in the recollection that here they must part, and, as Helen had reminded him, "perhaps for ever." In handing her to the shore, where some of the domestics of the family, who had before been landed, were waiting to conduct her and the luggage to the hotel, he clasped her hand with fervor, and whispering in her ear, "God bless you! remember your promise—God, bless you!" whilst his head was reached forward to implant a parting kiss on her half-averted cheek, which, nevertheless, seemed not unwilling. But recollecting that her character might suffer, or her feelings be hurt, by the future *inuendos* of those who saw it, he checked himself, ere he touched her lips, and kissing her hand hastily, handed her on shore, and bade another short "Adieu!"

Soon after he returned on board, he sat down to enjoy the privilege of writing to his Helen; and having penned an epistle glowing with the full warm tide of feeling that was swelling in his bosom, his next

thought was how to get it delivered to her.

On board they had a lieutenant belonging to a regiment then stationed at Cadiz, who had not yet been landed, and to him he applied, requesting he would, when on shore, leave it with her. He was a gay and dissipated character; a complete man of the world, and yet very insinuating in his manners and address; fashionable in his appearance, and not wanting in personal beauty:—"Pshaw! nonsense; you don't mean any thing serious with the girl. Certainly she's a pretty little creature, only a little rusticated." On Albert's professing his honourable intentions towards her, he laughed outright. "No, no—don't tell me—it's only a little *amour* of your's—a sort of *penchant* for her rosy lips and bright eyes." "Think you," indignantly he replied, "think you I could thus wickedly and cruelly sport with the best and warmest feelings of an innocent and youthful female? no, I would rather perish." He was cut short by a hearty "Ha, ha, ha, sentiment to wit!" from the lieutenant; and perceiving it would be a fruitless task to convince him of his honourable intentions, he was silent. Some thoughts as to the propriety of trusting to such a man a letter to his fair, for a while occupied his thoughts; but as it was the only alternative, he suffered him to be the bearer, hoping all would be right. The same evening the Lieutenant went on shore, the signal was made to proceed to sea, and before it was dark the frigate was under weigh, standing out of port with a fresh and fair wind.

Seven weary months rolled away; and Albert, although he wrote several letters, from the vessel's being almost all her time at sea, never was fortunate enough to receive any answer. One evening they saw a sail to windward, and gave chase, but made very little progress; being a clear night, they managed to keep her in sight, and next morning were within about six miles of her; the breeze freshening, they soon came within cannon shot, when she hoisted American colours, and opened a heavy fire upon them. The British frigate kept on her course, without discharging.

a single gun, till almost close under her lee quarter, when she poured in a heavy broadside, and in a few minutes another, which were as quickly returned by the enemy. The English at length falling alongside, attempted to board, and after a gallant resistance on the part of the Americans, took possession of her. She was a privateer, out two months from Baltimore, carrying 24 guns, and 280 men.

Albert, who had been slightly wounded in boarding, was, after having his wound dressed, sent on board the prize, together with a lieutenant and 32 men, and were to proceed to Gibraltar; but, after beating about in the Atlantic for some days, in consequence of foul weather, they were at last compelled to seek shelter in Cadiz. The evening after their arrival, the wind being yet contrary, he procured leave with a messmate to go on shore to the opera. His first business, however, on landing, was to enquire after the family of Sir C——, and he was informed they had been gone about a fortnight. His hopes of seeing Helen were thus blighted, and it was a wearisome task to him to sit and witness the festivity, in which not a single sympathy of soul was engaged. The music, it is true, at times harmonized with the melancholy tone of his feelings; but it only served to render him the more thoughtful and sad.

In passing from the opera to the street, he thought he saw some one start aside as if to avoid him. The incident would have passed unnoticed; but he imagined there was some likeness, in size and figure, to his Helen, and therefore his curiosity led him to pursue her. She fled, and, turning up a dark passage, he lost sight of her, but could not discover where she had disappeared. He was bewildered in imagining who it could be that seemed so anxious to avoid him. It could not be the object of his affections; she was gone with the family: and yet he knew no one else in this great city. He was not left long to conjecture; for, in returning from his pursuit, he observed the passage by which she had disappeared, and entered it. In feeling his way up, his hand came in contact with a female shoul-

der. A wild shriek met his ear; and the female was on the point of falling to the ground, when he supported her, and bore her into the street, where, by the dim and scanty light of a crazy lamp, he looked on her face, and beheld the countenance of his Helen. He was horror-struck at the sight; the dreadful truth flashed with all its reality on his mind. Again he looked, and scrutinized each unconscious feature, as she lay supported on his shoulder. It was, indeed, the maid of his first and passionate love: but, oh, how changed! Her beauty's bloom was faded; her form was wasting away under the pining influence of a broken heart; and her eye, which once was beauty's meekest throne, shot from its sunken orbit the restless glance of desperation. Recovering herself a little, she fell on her knees, and exclaimed, "Oh, leave me—leave me—I am an undone wretch! I cannot bear the looks of one whom I have so cruelly, so basely wronged. Go, and pray that Heaven may pardon your poor, lost Helen: but, oh, never—never see me more."

He was unable to reply, her dreadful situation at once burst upon his mind—he stood for some minutes motionless, thinking of all she had been when in beauty's prime and spotless purity; some few short months ago beloved and respected, the joy of her friends, the admired of all, and the stay and support of her fond and aged parents. Her present situation how changed—she was now an outcast from all that is valuable and lovely in human society, a thing at which the finger of scorn perpetually points. His first impulse was to remonstrate with her, but the low state to which her sincere and deep repentance had reduced her made this a needless and a cruel task. He could not "break the bruised reed;" he felt that a heart like her's, though fallen so low, must still retain some of that softness of character which he had so admired in its days of innocence. His soul seemed to expand into benevolent feelings, and to encourage the cheering hope that the wanderer from the path of virtue might yet be restored, and the wounded heart bound up and healed,

and the childless parents made to rejoice over a repentant child, whilst the loud songs of angels tell their joys in nobler strains and with warmer feelings than over the ninety-and-nine that need no repentance.

Albert then bent to the poor weeping penitent at his feet, and, lifting her up, soothed her overflowing heart, and told her there was yet a hope. "Hope," said she, "Ah, no—no hope for me—no hope for my poor father—my ——" She again burst into tears. "Yes, but there is hope—you have not passed the barrier beyond which infinite mercy never comes; you are not consigned to the regions where a ray of hope never shines. Come with me this night, I will restore you to your parents—I will deliver you from the dreadful prospect which lies before you, if you remain here."

During the time he had been thus addressing her, she was in a state of hysteric agitation; but the hope he held out, and the thought that yet her parents might be comforted, roused her for a moment, but despair suggested the idea, and she replied, "No, no, I dare not meet the eye of my good old father, ungrateful wretch that I am to suffer all his kindness—all his care to be thus cruelly repaid. Oh, he will never, he can never forgive me—I, who shall bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Leave me, then, to perish here, as I well deserve."

"But," said he, "Heaven is ready, and has promised to pardon all those who repent; and man cannot refuse that mercy which he feels he shall one day need himself, and of which he has such a beautiful example in the scriptures."

She suffered herself to be led by him through the streets, and he procured a lodging for her for the night at a sort of inferior hotel, whilst he went himself to seek his comrade. He was proceeding along the Strada when he met him, and to him he communicated the circumstances which had occupied his thoughts so much. He thought it a foolish and romantic affair, and advised him not to go near her again. All Albert could say was lost on his friend, and he resolved to mention it to him no more.

Whilst the prize lay at Cadiz they received orders to quit for Lisbon, and as he had been given to understand that the family of Sir C—— had gone that way, he prevailed on the lieutenant who commanded her to permit Helen to be on board. Fortunately for Albert the lieutenant was a man who, although he had been much in the world, still retained those kindly feelings which are to the honour of those who cherish them; and with a little cautionary advice to his young friend, agreed to have her on board, and the more especially, as there was the wife of the American captain and her female servant.

It was with sentiments of exalted benevolence that he went on shore the next day to communicate this pleasing intelligence to his once virtuous but now fallen Helen. She had sunk into a sort of desponding tone of mind. The news at first elevated her a little; but again she sat down and sobbed. Her eye had ceased to weep, but her whole form appeared to be suffering under the heavy pressure of her mental sorrows. After some persuasion, she told him the melancholy tale of her seduction. The officer who had been the bearer of his letter was the wretch who had done it. He prevailed on her to go with him to the opera. She was out too late—feared to return—and by promises, and taking advantage of the drought of the season to ply her with more wine than her weak frame could bear, he wrought her ruin. He left her very shortly afterwards, and she had lived since with a poor woman, who, out of pure charity, had taken her in. But the idea of such a state preyed on her mind, and the other dreadful alternative disgusted her. She therefore had resolved to destroy herself, and but for the casual circumstance which brought her under the eye of Albert, would have been ere this a suicide.

They went on board in the afternoon, but not before he had sought out the humane old woman to whom Helen had been so indebted. He gave her three dollars; it was all he could spare from his scanty resources. She could scarcely credit her sight; such a sum appeared an inexhaustible fund, and her modesty

would not allow her to take that to which she did not consider herself entitled. It was in broken French she spoke with him, and therefore their medium of communication admitted but of little discourse. He left her, however, with her three dollars, and a young sailor's warmest blessing, and she poured forth on him a tenfold return.

Their passage to Lisbon was short, and without incident. Helen remained in the same dejected frame of mind, and appeared wholly inconsolable. At Lisbon the prize was condemned, and ordered home; this was cheering intelligence to Albert. But Helen seemed indifferent to all. As they drew nearer to the shores of England, her dejection appeared to increase; and the day they made the Lizard, when every one crowded on deck to cheer themselves with the sight of their native land, once more, she remained below, and appeared more than ever affected. Albert stepped down to fetch her upon deck; but she declined: in fact, her strength appeared gone, and he could not but notice the change that had taken place since her first coming on board. It was then he was on the point of cursing the wretch who had thus blighted one who else might have ornamented the circle in which she moved, and been the stay and the prop of her poor old father and mother. He was about to curse—"May he never"—but his lips refused to conclude, and he turned the deserved denunciation into a prayer. "May he never—never know the pangs in his own bosom he has so wantonly inflicted in those of another." But for the hope that before this he has repented, and sought that mercy which he observed not to another, his name should be given to the world to float in withering infamy down the stream of time, the detested, the abhorred, if not accused of future generations.

Helen was at last prevailed upon to go upon deck; but, alas! her limbs had refused their office, and she would have fallen but for the support of Albert. "I cannot, you see I cannot," said she, looking upon him with an eye of settled despondency:—"my soul is hastening to meet the great eternal Judge—

oh! mercy—have mercy on a poor wretch who has so ——" She was exhausted, and Albert laid her on the cot in the cabin, while he went to procure assistance. Every kindness was shewn; which although she did not refuse, she seemed indifferent to all.

At night they anchored in Falmouth roads. Next morning the boat conveyed Albert on shore, with the very wretched and feeble Helen; and he left her at the Rendezvous, till he went up to her father and mother's to prepare them for the shock they were about to experience. He found the little cottage: he saw every thing corresponding with the correct, natural delineations Helen had given him of the spot in her days of innocence. He tapped gently at the door, but received no answer. He tapped again and again—all was silent. He lifted the latch and stepped softly in.—"Who's there?" said a feeble voice from a pallet of straw in one corner. He seated himself beside the bed, on which was stretched a withered female, whose haggard eye gazed on him with peculiar interest.

"I am sorry to find you so very ill," he began; "I hope you are recovering." "I hope not," she gasped—"oh no! I could not live to tread my poor dear husband's grave; I could not live to look on my guilty Helen's face again. No, I am dying, and soon shall cease to mourn—oh! Helen! Helen!"

"Your daughter," said Albert—"your daughter is returning home again; can you see her, think you, when she comes?"—"See her! oh, yes! see her!—where? when will she arrive?" "She is arrived, and if you can compose yourself I will bring her to you." "Hasten to fetch her, before the last spark of life becomes extinct. I want to tell her what her dear father said before he died."

He promised to lose no time, and hurried from the cottage to fetch the returning wanderer. He found her trembling with horror. She strove to ask about her parents, but her tongue was powerless.

"Your father is no more," said the agitated youth: "but your mother yet lives, and her only desire is to see you once again."

"Murderer that I am!" exclaimed the hapless Helen—"Oh, Heaven! in mercy hide me from the wrath I merit." She was wild and distracted: her eye wandered from object to object, and for awhile she appeared as if her senses were entirely gone. At length she muttered "My mother! ah, my mother!" She took Albert's arm, and walked hastily away. He led her on—she spoke not—her face was bent towards the ground, and her rapid strides and hurried demeanour told her mind's sad malady.

They reached the cottage door: she opened it, but there stood without the power to advance or recede. Albert drew her in, and when the wasted form of her kind and affectionate mother burst on her sight, her first impulse was to cast herself on the ground by the side of her straw pallet, and catching the shrivelled hand that was extended towards her, to kiss and bathe it with her tears. "I will not—cannot curse you," said the poor, broken-hearted mother: "Heaven averts its

wrath, when we repent; and shall man demand more? Kiss me, my child, before I die. Your father only mourned he could not see you, and tell how freely he forgave. It was our own fault; we should not have cast you forth upon the world so young and inexperienced. But we were proud—too proud of you; and God has punished us for it." Then lifting her wand towards Heaven, whilst the other lay on her daughter's head, she said, "May the blessing of two old parents rest on thee when they are both beneath the clouds of the valley. May God record thy penitence and prayers, and these our humble blessings.—I'm dy—." She sank backward, and, although she remained several hours, never spoke more. The week after her funeral saw the new-made grave again opened to receive the hapless Helen. And thus one branch of a respectable family is for ever deprived of a name and a place among the generations of men.

## MAY MERRIMENTS AND MEMORANDA.

"Forget them, Isabel?

I swear the ring that tells our fadefull love  
Shall clasp a death-struck hand, ere the thick mist  
Of wilful hate shall cloud their glories dim."—OLD PLAY.

THERE is a fourteenth of February, and there is a first of April, and both of them may be cheerful notations in the year's calendar; they may bring us a love-letter, or lose us a heart; they may present us with a fool, or they may make us one, and that, too, without much especial disliking on our part, for custom is their armourer. But of "all the days in the year," commend me to May-day, that blooming mother of the summer, the very queen of garlands and milkmaids, the flower-bedizened patroness of anglers and chimney-sweepers:—her whose appearance is hailed by a thousand warbling, feathered choristers, whose kisses are life to plants and blossoms, whose breath is fragrance, and whose touch is healing; by whose smiles the wide earth itself is warmed, and by

whose tears it is refreshed; whose influence almost endows nature as a paradise, where no serpent is seen to coil, and no tree is forbidden. Oh, truly, of all the gradations of the year, commend me, my masters, to the "Merry, merry month of May."

Giddy and ardent, and, it may be, thoughtless as I am, and as my little essays have, I fear, abundantly noted me down, I yet do not forget, with all my likings, for the merrier portion of the month, to lift up my voice with reverence to the maker and finisher of all things, and who has clothed the lilies in beauty surpassing the glories of a Solomon, when I pluck a garland for my children, and rob my tulips and my polyanthus beds of a portion of their finery to decorate "my lady's chamber." Like Horace, I enjoy my

arbours and my hedges; but I hope the Falernian, which I quaff with my friends, under their shadows and in their fragrance, will never, like Michael Cassio, make me lose the immortal part of myself, or for-

get whose bounty it is that gives colours to the roses and the eglantines that embower the one, or decorate the green and spangled mantle of the other.

How oft, in bliss entranc'd, we while away,  
Fragrance and flowers around us, summer's day;  
And oft in ladies' bower, and lordly hall,  
Deem joy our hope, the present hour our all;  
Till the drain'd cup, and blighted fruit bestow  
A lesson man, with all his pride, must know—  
That as he plucks, and Nature's bounties drain,  
One voice alone can bid them bloom again.

In a less serious point, and as my humble lines but ill accord with the majesty of the view, May-day is a merry and boon-bestowing one, to a very necessary, but too frequently a very pitiable class of little people. Who can, with any thing like humanity in their hearts, look thoughtlessly upon the uncouth caricatures, and outrageous mirth and jollity, which London puts forth on the morning of the day, when we may almost call her a city of chimney-sweepers? Who can be so un-Samaritanly endowed as to cross over to the other side, when the proclamations for charity of these dingy children of dangerous labour, made with the badges of their hard service, *rattle* upon the ear? Who can purse the brows, and curl the nether lip, when, from out a gigantic apparition of finery and flowers, every hour discovering less gaudiness and more deray, a black and grinning countenance, like the Indian effigy's at a tobaccoist's, or a sable ferrier's from beneath a French bonnet, or—"the greatest is behind"—like the *mug* of the lamented, glorious Billy Waters, of fiddling memory, from under his gala cocked-hat, looks a solicitation for charity, or speaks an entreaty for a fee? For mine own part, I really prefer these of the *Montague faction* to the rival *Capulets* of Christmas; to the Yorkists and Lancasters, of Whitsuntide, with their red and white badges; and even to the gambollers and dream or omen diviners of Midsummer: and I dare say the kind-hearted, hospitable lady that created the Sweep's Jubilee, sleeps just as soundly, and rests as contentedly, as though she had given her cakes and

her pence to endow a monastery, or sent a hundred unfortunate vagabonds to the tread-mill. Of a verity, these dramatists of sooty properties, and begrimed faces, do enact a May-morning farce of never-tiring action and character; the modesty of nature might, it is possible, be a little overstepped in their performance, but, after all, I must be permitted to doubt whether they do not read us a lesson of pity and amusement, to the full as instructive as the equestrian performers' venatory annual ardour at Epping, or the variations of the quadrille—if the citizens have yet conquered its intricacies—at the Easter hall of *me* *Lor Maire de Londres*.

Then again, is not May the sweet prologue to the sportsman's drama; the overture to all his healthful and busy acts; the prompter's bell of preparation, as the curtain of thin and sun-ray'd mists rises, and displays those scenes—the river and the race-plain—so congenial to his feelings and his taste? Is it not sweet to lie to the shady glades, and the rippling waters, when the breath of the south wind gently curls the surface of the stream, and softly agitates, as doth an infant's sigh the toy-flag he handles, the scarcely-filled leaf of the drooping willow, or the thin, but aspiring poplar? There shall you see the old angler's contemplative face lighted up with the fires of success, as the speckled monarch of the watery realm lashes and plunges desperately, but uselessly against the practice and skill of his conqueror; and you shall behold the younger professor of the angle, joyous amidst "hope deferred," till, at last, a *very* lucky

and a more than accustomed skilful throw secures him a half-pound fish, and he pockets his prey, prouder than Alexander with his kingdoms, and Cæsar with his conquests; and you shall participate, *parvis componere magna*, good-naturedly with the *little* fisherman, as he chuckles and betrays his red dim-

ples, beauty's indentures, and from his crooked pin and thread line dangling from a two-foot rod, he disentangles the diminutive minnow, and then looks about him with the triumph and assurance of the great Isaac himself, and, as the *simile* expresses, we will not assert its infallibility, "as happy as a prince."

Oh, 'tis cheering to list the mellow horn's cry,  
And madd'ning o'er hill and through valley to fly;  
And the swift prey on foot, it is glorious to hear  
The staunch hounds cry commingle with our hearty cheer.

'Tis merry at feast-board, and lovely in bower,  
When dark wine is sparkling, and bright eyes have power,  
And gay youths and fair maidens the dance sweep along,  
And the fretted roofs echo with laughter and song.

But yet, to my fancy, the stream ripples by  
As clear as my lady's soft hand and blue eye;  
And the sigh of the south wind, just stirring the lake,  
Is as rich as the horn blown o'er field or in brake:  
And I leave to the feasters their bowls' ruby tide  
For my hour of content at the shady brook's side.

Beyond, however, its delights, its gambols, its charities, its splendours, and its sports, besides these pleasing and pleased scenes and beings, we owe to thee, fair May! a suit and service which life will not suffice to obliterate and repay. William Shakspeare—the poet of all nature—he that has no parallel—who was not of an age, but for all time—was warmed in thy sunshine, and cradled amidst thy flowers, thereafter doomed to be imitated, *naturalized*, and rivalled by his own. Were all else forgotten, thou shouldst live in our heart's core, and be dear unto us for this, crowned empress of verdure! fair handmaid of spring! Well mightest thou be the poet's favourite, when *he* that was and *is* the poet's master came hither to be his adoration; well mightest thou be nature's bounty-bestower, when *he* that was, and *is*, her high-priest, flung the incense of glory, light undying, for our guidance, from her altars; and well mightest thou gladden the sense, and warm the heart, and invigorate the hopes of man, when he waved his wand of inspiration, and bid the passions—hope and fear, love and hate, pride and charity—

stalk, as it were, in the complete panoply of buried days, and moulding all hearts with sympathy, or harrowing all souls with dread! Oh, truly, truly, thou shouldst be the Poet's Jubilee, and thy smiles and garlands be birth-day offerings to sweeten his decayless memory, to decorate and beautify his hallowed sepulchre. And you, ye beloved of genius, children of the Muse, woers of the Nine! hang not up your harps upon the willows, weep not by the waters of Babylon! he is not dead, but sleepeth, and it will not be for man to hear the dying strain of the swan of Avon. Imperishable and immortal his fame endureth, and his name fadeth not away. Come, then, ye followers of his, but not equals; ye whom poetry delights, and fancy enlivens; come with me, and o'er our flowing bowls be his proud glories freshly remembered. This is our day of Crispian, and well might we "stand a tip-toe when this day is named," and "yearly on the vigil feast our friends." Come, then, "kind friends, sweet friends," let us, in no inappropriate strain, give it, and him, who has no parallel,

A hundred thousand welcomes—welcome all!  
And by the faith of man, nor tide of pomp,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 Not all these laid in bed majestical,  
 Has the forehand and vantage of its worth.  
 Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,  
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,  
 We owe our bosom lord. It were all one,  
 That I should like a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it; he is so above me.  
 Do not smile at me, friends and countrymen,  
 For ye shall find he shall outstrip all praise,  
 And make it halt behind him. Pure respect,  
 The safety and the health of the whole state,  
 The inward service of the mind and soul,  
 The perfume and supplianee of the minute,  
 Hold it a fashion that we boast him of.  
 Oh! what a noble piece of work—in truth.  
 In faculty, in reason infinite,  
 The most replenished, sweet work of nature,  
 Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.  
 O brave spirit! he is fancy's midwife,  
 Ruling at will by his so potent art:  
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse,  
 That aged years play truant at his tales,  
 And younger hearings are quite ravished.  
 He's of imagination all compact,  
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones  
 The forms of things unknown his ready pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name.  
 Turn him to any part of poesy,  
 The ghordian knot of it he will unloose  
 Familiar as his garter.—————  
 Heav'n has him now—yet let our idolatrous fancy  
 Still sanctify his reliques; and this day  
 Stand aye distinguish'd in the calendar  
 To the last syllable of recorded time.  
 Sweets to the sweet, farewell!  
 For if we take him but for all and all,  
 We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

I have called my offering appropriate; answer, ye who have been willing to plunge me into the abyss of vanity, if it be not so? for it is the mighty magician himself that speaks, and I should have despised myself had I entrusted my offering to other poet; the mere tact of selection be mine, the glory his. Cynics and sceptics, are ye answered now?

Month of flower and blossom,  
 adieu! empress of verdure, farewell!  
 the proudest of thy votaries might  
 have spoken thy praises, and moulted  
 no feather of his renown; the hum-  
 blest has done so, without, he would  
 fain indulge the hope, adding a  
 quartering of disgrace to his, but  
 little achievement honoured, escut-  
 cheon.

I. F. STUART.

May 5th, 1824.

NOTE.—The old style of the calendar marks Shakspeare's birth-day to be the 23d of April, 1564; but this, by our modern computation, is the 5th of May; and, therefore, although pretty much of the old school in my likings, I conclude myself correct in founding my data upon modern precedents: besides, it is not to be thought of that the month of fools and showers should boast, now-a-days, the gigantic dignity of affording a birth-day to him who was all wisdom and smiles.



## STANZAS TO —

COME, tell me thy sorrow, young stranger,  
 Why strings the sad tear to thine eye?  
 Why, from thy companions a ranger,  
 Dost thou steal forth unnotic'd to sigh?  
 Why, flying from pleasure and gladness,  
 Dost thou wander thus lonely to mourn?  
 Come, tell me, young stranger, the sadness  
 With which thy young bosom is torn.

Have the clouds of misfortune o'ershadowed  
 Thus early thy life's rising day?  
 Have the sunbeams of pleasure all faded,  
 That promis'd to brighten thy way?  
 Has the friend of thy bosom betray'd thee,  
 And does thy proud heart overflow?  
 Come, tell me what sorrow has made thee  
 Thus early acquainted with woe.

Does one thou hast cherish'd deceive thee,  
 And are love's fairy visions o'erthrown?  
 Does he smile on another, and leave thee  
 To mourn o'er his falsehood alone?  
 Yet think not thy fate is uncommon,  
 'Tis the danger thy sex ever ran;  
 We weep o'er the falsehood of woman,  
 And are mute on the honor of man.

And friendship 's a soft budding flow'ret,  
 That blows in the sun's gleaming ray;  
 When the bright smiles of *Fortune* embow'r it,  
 Its blossoms spring thick in our way.  
 'Tis a lovely exotic just filling  
 The vase of the heart for a time;  
 But life's storms for the buds are too chilling,  
 And it pines for a tenderer clime.

Ah, think not, young maiden, that sorrow  
 Has only been placed to *thy* share;  
 Look round to the world, and there borrow  
 A solace to soften thy care.  
 There is *some* share of anguish oppressing  
 The happiest mortal thou 'lt see,  
 Then with gratitude number each blessing  
 That *Nature* has shed upon *thee*.

L. S. B.

## LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

*Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822. By Captain B. Hall, R. N. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1824. pp. 711. 11. 1s.*

Captain Basil Hall is already well known to the public as the author of a very interesting and popular description of the Liqueo or Loo Choo islands, on the coast of China, which he visited a few years ago, in command of one of his Majesty's ships: and the inhabitants of which he represented as living in a state of almost primitive simplicity and of moral excellence. The present volumes are descriptive of the state of society in the countries of South America, which the barbarous policy of Spain had kept from all communication with the rest of mankind, but which are now daily becoming better known to the nations of Europe. Captain Hall's work strongly reminds us of his former publication: it breathes the same amiable feelings, and evinces the same practical good sense and liberal notions; and, we are sorry to say, it displays the same subordination of knowledge to mere amusement, or to what, in the language of the general mass of readers, is called interest.

Captain Hall left England, in the command of the Conway frigate, in August 1820; and at Rio de Janeiro he received orders to proceed into the Pacific; in consequence of which he doubled Cape Horn, and arrived at Valparaiso, the out-port of Santiago, the capital of Chili, on the 19th of December 1820. Between this date and his finally taking his departure from the Pacific, in June 1822, on his return to England, he visited every port and material station, from the northern extremity of Patagonia to the port of San Blas in Mexico; and in his description of all he saw and heard, he may be fairly said to have observed Hamlet's directions to an honest chronicler, "Naught extenuate, nor set

down aught in malice." Our only fault with Capt. Hall is, that he has too superficially confined himself to the mere description of social life and customs, in a country which presented such a novel and extensive field for the observations and scrutiny of the philosopher and man of science.

The inhabitants of South America and of Mexico are necessarily in a state of greater ignorance than the people of Europe; but the lower orders of society, in all civilized countries, are, in point of information, pretty nearly on a par; and the principal difference in the manners or sentiments which arise from the state of literature, of science or of the arts, must almost exclusively affect the higher and more wealthy classes. We accordingly gather from our author's volumes, that the society of the gentry and of their families throughout Spanish America, is little calculated to afford any permanent satisfaction to a well-informed or well-bred European. To a traveller rapidly passing through a country, social intercourse is rather an object of curiosity than of participation; but our author appears to have possessed opportunities of becoming familiar with the domestic lives of the South Americans; and he bears witness to their general suavity of manners, to their hospitality, frankness and benevolence. The poorer people are cheerful and kind to each other, civil to their superiors, decorous in their manners, extremely humane, and decidedly superior to what is called the *canaille* in Europe.

It does not appear that the ladies of Chili or Peru are subject to those restraints, the emanations of jealousy, which are so celebrated in Spain. On the contrary, they seem to indulge in every freedom that does not trespass upon delicacy. The piano, guitar and lute are their chief accomplishments: but female education appears to be at a low ebb.

—On one occasion our author was

rather smitten with the sister of his host; a dark, handsome girl, "elegant in her manners, simple and unaffected in her behaviour, and, though much beyond all the people about her both in *knowledge* and in judgment, truth, however, bids me add, that this young lady could neither read nor write, and had probably never heard a book read out of church. But there was nothing uncommon in this." In what her superiority of knowledge consisted, our author does not inform us, and it is beyond our ingenuity to imagine. Captain Hall acquaints us that the ladies in these countries are superior to the men; but how much of this singular opinion is to be attributed to the author's gallantry, we will not pretend to say. The attention which the women, even of the lower orders, receive from the other sex, is not, as in Europe, the result of ceremony or politeness, but is evidently the homage of the judgment and the offspring of the heart, for it is evinced in the retirement of domestic life, and not ostentatiously displayed in public; for, on the contrary, "when abroad, the men were very negligent of good manners; and although actual rudeness was contrary to their nature, they were in general careless of the wishes of the women, and never sought opportunities of obliging them, nor seemed to take any pleasure in being useful on trivial occasions.

At Guayaquil, in the burning latitude of 2° S., the ladies are totally different from the Spanish females, or from the inhabitants of other torrid climes. They are extremely fair, with light hair and blue eyes. This is a fact of great importance in the natural history of our species, and is explicable on no general principles.—The one ruling passion of the female breast was never more strongly displayed than in a celebrated beauty of Copiapo. This lady had scorned the narrow sphere of influence which a provincial town afforded to her beauty, and she panted to enjoy the triumphs she was sure to reap at the capital. So strong was this ruling desire, that even the earthquakes did not distract her thoughts from the object. "I see," cried she, "other people running out of their houses, beating their

breasts, and imploring mercy; and decency, of course, obliges me to do the same: but I feel no alarm, my thoughts are all at Santiago." But even this extraordinary fact is, at least, equalled by the following story.

A renowned representative of majesty, a viceroy of Peru, solicited, with royal success, the love of a celebrated actress, named La Pericholé. The Senora dissipated large sums of the public money, and resolutely determined to enjoy, if it was only for one hour, a dignity that none but a grandee of the highest class had ever enjoyed in Peru, from the earliest days of the monarchy:—this was, to drive through the streets of Lima, not in a plebeian gig, calesh or balancin, but in a close carriage. In vain the infatuated Viceroy urged that such a trespass upon aristocracy would rouse the fury of all the *grandees* of the country; the affair would be reported at the court of Madrid, and he should be deprived of his royal office. But La Pericholé persisted. too great an abomination would it have been for her to ride in the Viceroy's own carriage; and to ride in a carriage without guards would have occasioned an insurrection. At length all things were ingeniously contrived. A new coach was built for the ambitious Pericholé: the devoted Viceroy went first in his carriage of state, with a window cut behind that he might keep his eye upon his mistress; the lady followed in her new coach; the usual train of carriages followed,—(oh, stain to Spanish nobility!)—and the body-guard and troops surrounded the procession. The delighted Pericholé passed and repassed through Lima, with thousands shouting at so wonderful a sight; and at length the triumphant concubine drew up before the cathedrale, declared her ambition satisfied, and devoted her coach to the service of the church, and desired it might carry the Host whenever the sacrament of extreme unction was to be administered.

The ladies of Peru are celebrated for their figures, and their dress consists of the *saya*, or petticoat, so tight, that, but for its elasticity, motion of the limbs would be impossible. Over this is a loose petticoat,

called, by a misnomer, the *manto* or cloak. So far all is very comely and decent. But, instead of this *manto* or upper petticoat hanging as all honest petticoats ought to hang, the ladies are in the habit of drawing it "over the head, breast and face; and it is kept so close by the hands, which it also conceals, that no part of the body, except one eye, and sometimes only a small portion of one eye, is perceptible."—Captain Hall argues like a grave philosopher, whether this outré trespass upon decorum is compensated by the display which it occasions of the fine forms of the Peruvian women, and of their very beautiful style of walking. For our parts, as grave critics, we must lay down an inviolable principle, that no compensation can possibly be sufficient to atone for a violation of female delicacy and decorum.

The drama, throughout Spanish America, is at a miserably low ebb. The clergy excommunicate or anathematize all members of the corps dramatique; but then they give their full sanction to the bull-fights.—These savage exhibitions are the principal, and indeed the only public amusements throughout Chili and Peru: but the structures for these national displays are mean, and the matadores unskilful; so that the contests display no dexterity: they exhibit scenes of clumsy butchery, and are described by Captain Hall to be sanguinary and cruel beyond what the average of Hottentots would endure to witness. And yet these brutal exhibitions are visited by all ranks, and by every age and sex. They are permitted by the clergy; and it is singular, that, though all classes are thus habituated to scenes of cruelty, the Chilians, Peruvians and Mexicans are decidedly a humane people.

We have two very excellent descriptions of the almost miraculous dexterity of the Chilians at Lassoing, to which the people are reared from their earliest infancy. The guasso, or horseman, attaches a rope of bull's-hide to the girth of his horse, at the other end of which is a noose with a running knot. This noose he whirls over his head, giving it a round or oval shape, as occasion may require, by a dexterous

turn of the wrist. The guasso then gallops over hedges and ditches, and trips up wild bull or horse, the object of his chace, by throwing the lasso with unerring precision over horns or neck, or even under any particular leg, as the animal might raise it from the ground in his flight. The chace thus caught, is either killed by the guasso, or, if it be a wild horse, he puts a bit into his mouth, and, mounting his bare back, flies over the country, taming the furious animal by fatigue, beating, and absolute mastery.

Captain Hall witnessed a great periodical slaughter of cattle for the season, at the house of a great Chilian cattle dealer. The bulls were all in an enclosure; and each animal being successively goaded, rushed through the barrier at which stood the guassos. The infuriated beast wildly tears through the opening, and rushes towards the fields; but his rage and velocity and strength avail him nothing against the irresistible lassos, "which, in the midst of dust, and a confusion seemingly inextricable, were placed by the guassos with perfect correctness over the parts aimed at." The noble beast is thus thrown down, and, snorting with fury, his breath drives up a cloud of dust; but a man on foot, with a sharp knife, instantly leaps upon him, and in one minute the powerful animal is a mere lifeless mass—so superior is mental to physical power.

The immense range of mountains which run longitudinally through both Americas, from about Cape Horn to the Arctic Sea, abound in volcanos, and the adjacent countries are consequently liable to frequent and most destructive earthquakes. The dreadful earthquake at the Caracas, in 1808, is yet fresh in the public mind; but in some parts of South America, we find earthquakes equally destructive, and expected periodically like the celestial phenomena. Copiapo, a town in Chili, is destroyed by earthquakes about every twenty-three years; but no sooner is the catastrophe over, than the remnant of the inhabitants again begin to build their massy habitations. The town was totally destroyed in 1773, 1796, and in 1819; and yet, in 1820, Captain Hall found the people busily

employed in rebuilding their houses on the same spot. The earthquake of 1819 lasted from the 3rd to the 11th of April, and the earth rolled like the billows of the sea. The town was totally destroyed, the walls being thrown down in every direction. In order to resist these shocks, these walls had been built from three to four feet thick, and never more than twelve feet high. The chapel, which was destroyed, had been built with large flat bricks, the walls immensely thick, and supported by buttresses so immense as to occupy an area considerably greater than the chapel itself. Earthquakes are confined to very narrow spots; for a village or suburb, only a mile and a half from Copiapo, was but little injured. Copiapo is 54 miles from the coast, and is adjacent to a silver mine.

The climate of Chili and of Mexico is beautiful; that of Peru is extremely warm. The staple objects of commerce or of exports from these countries to Europe, will be the produce of the gold, silver and copper mines, the latter of which are extremely numerous. What these countries have hitherto produced, forms no criterion whatever of the wealth they are capable of yielding; for the wretched system of the old Spanish government almost annihilated the produce of industry. The mines of Mexico are numerous and productive almost beyond credibility; and yet, such is the salubrity of the climate, and the immense fertility of the soil, that Humboldt calculates its mineral productions to be inferior to what the soil will produce under a free and equitable government. But, with respect even to mining, the old *regime* kept the people in so barbarous a state of ignorance, that their machinery was of the rudest description, the mines were worked to no great depth, and some mines had no machinery at all. Captain Hall visited one in which the miners had to bring the ore up to the surface on their backs. In point of either minerals or the produce of the soil, Spain, compared to Spanish America, is a mere barren speck; and yet all these vast regions have been kept by the Spanish Bourbons in a state of unproductiveness, merely to favor the mono-

poly of the mother country. Thus, Mexico found she could supply Europe with wine at the lowest price at which an article can become an object of commerce. The Mexicans therefore naturally began to plant vineyards; but the government of Madrid, in 1803, had all the vines rooted up, in order, as they said, that the merchants of Cadiz might sell the wines of Spain at a higher price. On one occasion, all the tobacco of the country was destroyed, on the same principle; whilst olives, hemp, flax, saffron, and many other articles, by the cultivation of which the people of America could have grown rich, were forbidden to be planted at all.

The whole political, commercial, and ecclesiastical system of Spain towards the colonies, was horrible in the extreme. The executive and judicial functions were entrusted to the same hands; all offices were bought and sold; and even the judgments at law were notoriously objects of bribery. Taxes were imposed at the arbitrary will of the government; the torture was rendered legal; and imprisonments even for life, in the most horrible dungeons, were imposed without even the form of a trial. The prisons were humid, filthy, and swarming with vermin; and in these were thrown offenders without any classification of crimes, or any distinction of rank, colour, age or sex. In Lima, with a population of 70,000 persons, there were but two prisons, and both of the description we have been just mentioning. In these, corporeal punishment was at the discretion of the jailor and his officers; the torture was openly applied; men, women and children were in a state of nakedness; and the virtuous matron unfortunately in debt, or the modest virgin the object of persecution, witnessed and participated in these scenes equally with the robber or assassin. "On opening one jail, after the expulsion of the kingly government, we beheld," says our author, "several hundreds of men in rags, or entirely naked, their countenances withered, so that they were more like spectres in chains than men; they trembled at the presence of the alguazil, who struck and insulted them. We examined

the food of these miserable wretches, worn to skeletons, and it proved such as the lowest beggar would have rejected with disgust." But not content with this, the Viceroy Abascal constructed subterranean dungeons in such a manner, that a man could not place himself in any natural position!—a close dungeon in the burning climate of Lima!—and this and a thousand other such horrors practised in a country where, not a function of government, not an object of municipal police could be pursued without the expressed or tacit approbation of the priesthood. On San Martin's opening Abascal's dungeons, all the prisoners were found reduced to decrepitude and idiocy. Must not the vengeance of heaven fall upon us, or upon any other country, that permits the eclipse of the colonies to either Spain or Portugal?

But the swarm of government clerics (all of them from Old Spain) occasioned a heavy weight of taxes; and whilst these, with tithes, were levied with the utmost rigour, the people, by restrictions, were kept too poor to answer such impositions without absolute ruin. Commerce with strangers was punished by death; no native could own any part of a ship—nor could they learn or practice any art or science relating to commerce or manufactures; they were prevented cultivating the soil, by being kept in large towns, that they might be more easily coerced by the military. The increase of population was checked as much as possible. Gunpowder, salt, quicksilver, tobacco, &c. were objects of close royal monopoly; and the horrible *alcavala*, a tax the most vexatious and ruinous that ever cruelty and stupidity invented, was enforced with rigour. To these came priestcraft and the inquisition, those eternal scourges of human nature. All the liberal arts, the sciences, and literature, were prohibited to the inhabitants; and such advantage was taken of the brutal ignorance which this system had produced, that every man who did not buy a certain number of the Pope's bulls, and particularly of the "*Bula de Confesion*," was denied absolution, the right of making a

*M. May, 1824.*

will, and his property at his death was confiscated.

Horrible as this system was, yet so predominant and un conquerable is the servility of human nature, that all these and other such insults and persecutions were tamely submitted to by the people for three centuries; and when, in 1808, circumstances favoured the breaking of their chains, all the upper classes and the majority of the lower orders were either favourable to the old system or indifferent to change: it has cost mankind half a million of lives to subvert this system of horrors, and to substitute a polity of justice and wisdom!! How absurd, how sinful is it, then, in those whom we daily see acquiescing in every abuse, and resisting every improvement of political, ecclesiastical, or social government, from a fear of engendering revolutions. History teems with the follies, the insolence, and oppression of the governors towards the governed, and yet how few instances have we of successful, or indeed of any resistance on the part of the oppressed?

Captain Hall's work affords both direct and indirect evidence of the immense advantages already derived to the Americans from their revolution. The oppressed citizen now finds himself a moral, an intellectual, a responsible being. Education is diffused—industry is called forth—commerce has sprung into being—the produce of America has increased twofold in value, whilst the people are supplied with the comforts of social life from Europe at one-fifth of their former value. Immense must be the benefit of this change to England. The real sinking fund of our debt, will be the wealth accruing to us from our trade with America.

Wherever the revolution has succeeded in America, the inquisition, the slave trade, and, in some measure, slavery itself, have been instantly abolished; the influence of the priesthood has decreased, knowledge has been diffused, useful exertions have succeeded to dissipation and to vicious sloth, and social virtues and moral conduct have succeeded to the senseless mummeries of superstition.

Captain Hall gives a very intelligible and interesting account of the revolutions of Chili, Peru, and Mexico. He bears witness to the most extraordinary sagacity, activity, and valour of our able countryman, Lord Cochrane, whose exertions in the Chilean service evince a union of those high and rare qualities which constitute the great heroes of history. The work, without containing much of positive knowledge, is full of amusement; it is replete with beautiful descriptions, and the volumes are rendered pleasing in the extreme, from the general prevalence of enlightened sentiments and of beneficent feelings. We must complain, however, of Captain Hall's total want of method and arrangement, although these deficiencies are, perhaps, implied in the title of the work, *Extracts from a Journal*.

*Travels in Brazil, in the Years 1817-1820. By Dr. Joh. Bep. Von Spix and Dr. C. F. P. Von Martins.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1821.

THE whole of South America, with the still more valuable countries of Mexico, New Biscay, New Leon, and New Navarre, have been hitherto kept, by political and religious tyranny, in a state almost equivalent to inexistence with respect to any species of association with the eastern hemisphere. Their emancipation will call forth their vast resources to their own immense benefit, and to the general improvement of mankind. So conscious of the importance of America, are the European sovereigns, that we here find the king of Bavaria, the least commercial kingdom of Europe, instituting researches into the states of the American continent, immediately the success of the revolutions had opened those countries to the traveller.

In 1818, the Royal Academy at Munich had, at the desire of the king, drawn up a plan of travels into South America, to be undertaken at the national expense. Dr. Von Spix and Dr. Von Martins were selected for this journey, and their route was sketched in the line from Buenos Ayres to penetrate into Chili, and from thence either to Mexico, or to return by Quito and the Carreras. But circumstances

gave a preference to a journey to the Brazils, and our authors left Trieste on 10th April, 1817; and arrived at Rio de Janeiro on 14th July following. They had sailed in one of two Austrian frigates which were conveying the Archduchess, the Emperor of Austria's daughter, to the Brazils, when she was to be married to the eldest son of the king of Portugal. We have rather too long a description given of this voyage, although our authors' marine adventures are rather amusing to an Englishman. No sooner had the frigates left Trieste, than, from the bad state of the rigging, and from bad management, one ship was dismasted, and the one that bore our travellers lost her bowsprit. Clear of the Straits, this Austrian frigate of 40 guns is thrown into a state of violent alarm by the suspicious manoeuvres of a strange vessel, which, *mirabile dictu*, turns out to be only a Portuguese slave ship. But Austria has charts as well as frigates, and the Austrian chart had marked a reef of rocks, where no other chart in the universe had ever thought of marking them, *i. e.* in the middle of the Atlantic. A loyal Austrian sailor would never think of disputing the authority of a government chart, and accordingly, when the ship was in the middle of the Atlantic, near the Equator, one evening, at nine o'clock, the man at the look-out cried aloud—"breakers a-head; at this cry, all rushed in despair upon deck, and ran confusedly together; some called *fire*, and others *shipwreck*," &c. At length this wild uproar is appeased, and the captain bethinks himself of a notable expedient, which is no less than to send a gallant lieutenant in a small boat, with a lantern, to look for these said rocks. A person searching for rocks with a lantern in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, is really an unprecedented occurrence in navigation.

After visiting all parts of Rio de Janeiro and its neighbourhood, our authors proceeded to the southern captain-generalship, or province of San Paulo, and from thence to Villa Rica, and the volumes before us contain their proceedings only to this last city. They subsequently penetrated into the remotest parts of

ries of the Brazils, and to the confines of Peru; and an account of this part of their journey is to be given to the public in a future publication.

Drs. Von Spix and Martius are by no means of opinion that "a great book is a great evil." The two volumes before us contain only the beginning of their personal narrative; and as to their scientific researches, they have already published separate works relating to the distinct branches of natural history. But of the present volumes, by far the most valuable parts are those relating to natural history, and which we suspect must be included in the separate works of science to which we have alluded. The volumes before us, therefore, exhibit some little tact at the art of book-making, the personal narratives of the authors being made the means of again printing what they have already published.

The present work, however, is of much interest; and although we cannot give our authors the highest praise for felicity of description, the volumes contain sufficient of narrative and incident to amuse, whilst its botanical and mineralogical data are very valuable.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, is estimated by our authors to have contained a population of only 50,000 before the arrival of the court from Lisbon, and which, on that event, was increased by an influx of foreigners, and of persons from the country, to 110,000. The city is built of granite, and is laid out in squares, and straight streets intersecting at right angles. The city stands on a tongue of land running to the north from the main land, and surrounded by hills, on one of which, the Corcovado, stands the striking object of the church of Nossa Senhora da Gloria. The houses are low, narrow, and deep, with old-fashioned latticed doors and windows; the streets are well paved in granite, having raised footways. The surrounding hills to the north-east are covered with large buildings; and the several squares and public edifices give the city a handsome appearance. There is a superb aqueduct conveying water from the Corcovado to the different

fountains of the city. The bay is spacious and well fortified; but the spring-tides rise about sixteen feet, and there is a current often dangerous to shipping; the trade, however, of the port is very considerable. The king, immediately on his arrival, reformed the public institutions, assimilated them to those of the mother country, opened the port to foreigners, established a library, and school and college of surgery and medicine, an academy of arts, a military academy, an arsenal, and various other public institutions. Encouragement was given to European ingenuity, and a liberal spirit pervaded the public measures; but the Brazilians were far from rejoiced at the arrival of the court, nor did they like the conversion of the country into an independent kingdom.

The arts and sciences are at a low ebb, whilst French literature predominates over all others; the Brazilians are passionately fond of the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, which accounts for the great prevalence of free-thinking or scepticism amongst them. The works of Klopstock and Gessner are but little known, but the modern metaphysician of Prussia, Kant, is generally studied and admired by the *litterati*.

The city is reckoned more unwholesome than any other in Brazil, the situation rendering the air moist and hot; but our authors neither considered it nor found it unhealthy.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of the capital is extremely beautiful, and agricultural experiments and speculations are pursued with laudable energy, whilst the people in general evince a taste and passion for gardening. The late minister, Conde de Linhares, invited into the Brazils several hundred Chinese, and he established a plantation of the tea plant. Our authors saw about 6,000 plants, yielding three crops of leaves in the year; the tea, however, was rather inferior to that brought from China. But experience may improve the mode of cultivating the shrub and of drying the leaves. And Europe ere long may receive an invaluable supply of this great article of commerce from the Brazils, instead of by the circuitous route to the coast of China. Amongst the many horticultural experiments made in the



vicinity of Rio de Janeiro, we find those of a priest who had succeeded in raising an abundance of figs, peaches, and grapes: but this enterprising ecclesiastic had also succeeded in an extensive manufactory of horse-shoes. Our authors' journey in the country surrounding Rio de Janeiro impressed them with a strong persuasion of the eligibility of European emigration to the Brazils. A European "who has secured a settlement in the beautiful country of Brazils will most willingly acknowledge it for his second home; nay, if he has again visited Europe, he will, with increased attachment, wish himself back again, and will celebrate Brazil as the most glorious country on the surface of the globe."

Our travellers left Rio de Janeiro on 8th December to proceed on their journey to San Paulo. The bad roads, the precarious accommodation, and the mosquitoes, were trifling evils compared to the restiveness of the Brazilian mules, which were for ever breaking loose, running wild, overturning baggage and dismounting riders, and showing the very reverse qualities of the patience, surefootedness and even obstinacy for which their tribe is celebrated in the three quarters of the eastern world. At the royal residence of Santa Cruz, upon the San Paulo road, notwithstanding very extensive pastures, several thousand head of cattle, and a thousand slaves, every thing continues in the neglected state in which Mawe described it many years ago; and in spite of an immense herd of cows, his most faithful majesty, say our authors, "must content himself with Irish salt butter." On this road there is a large Indian village situated under the tropic, and the name of it is an Indian word signifying "the place where the sun turns back," a proof that these savages, like the Chaldean shepherds, were observers of the celestial phenomena.

At one village they entered the church, where they found a superabundance of wooden saints of most execrable sculpture; and there was also an ornament of a large manger, with the wooden image of Christ, of the most clumsy workmanship. In the north of Brazil, there are a

set of itinerant priests who travel through the back countries with two mules, one having a portable altar fixed to the saddle, the other carrying the priest and his baggage. A boy attends him on foot, and when a mass is to be performed, the candles, the incense, and chalice, &c. are unpacked, and the price of a mass, or of a sacrament, is two shillings. These travelling priests are supposed to make a good income. The conduct of the Brazilian priesthood towards the Indian appears to us to be very sensible, and such as our own missionaries might copy with advantage. They conciliate them by kindness and instruction in the common arts of life, carefully avoid exciting their anger by any attack on their prejudices, and in the first instance endeavour to civilize rather than to convert them. Our authors describe all the Indian tribes that they saw, as ugly, slothful, unwarlike, stupid, and morose. There is a breed of the Aborigines with the negroes. This race is muscular, with features of the Ethiopic cast, of a dark copper complexion, and with extraordinarily thick hair, or a medium between wool and hair, which stands up in a stiff mass to a foot in height above the forehead, giving them a ridiculous and unpleasant appearance.

The city of San Paulo stands on a hill, surrounded by an extensive plain. The streets are broad, light, and clean; the houses two stories high, and very old fashioned and ugly, being built of wooden frames and wicker-work, plastered over. There are three monasteries, an episcopal palace, one library, a large convent, two nunneries, two hospitals, and a circus for the savage amusements of the bull-fights. The Paulistas are tall, robust, and hard-featured; social, lively, and good-tempered; industrious and enterprising; and, from circumstances connected with their history, they hold themselves in very flower and pride of the Brazilian population. The population of the city is 30,000 and that of the whole province was, in 1808, 200,478; and in 1815 215,021: a very slow ratio of progression, considering the climate, soil, and abundance of food. But the negroes here, as in almost all other slave countries, scarcely rep-

up their population. The Paulistas are ignorant of the arts and elegancies of life; their music was execrable, their theatre, or stage, contemptible. Their literature is confined to the classics and to monastic divinity; but the metaphysics of Kant, with their infidel consequences, were rapidly spreading amongst the gentry.

The province is admirably adapted to grazing, and it abounds with metallic ores. There are several iron-foundries conducted by Germans, at the royal expense, and their condition corroborates the old observation, of the ruinous policy of governments meddling with manufactures. The climate is beautiful, and the soil might be made, by industry, to yield almost *ad infinitum*. The mulberry tree comes to great perfection; the silk-worm breeds with rapidity, and produces a very fine thread. But there is another species of silk-worm, that breeds upon a laurel-shrub, and produces an extremely brilliant filament. This is a most important fact, for it is possible, by means of South America, to render raw silk as cheap in the European markets as raw cotton. The cochineal plant is also superabundant, and, ere long, may become an important article of commerce, and diffuse wealth throughout the province.

Our authors proceeded, on 10th January, 1818, on their journey to Villa Rica, traversing from 23° to 20° degrees of S. lat. The country from San Paulo to Villa Rica, is one vast mine of every precious and useful metal, and of every beautiful gem. So rich is this country in ores and jewels, that the plainest description of it assumes the appearance of fiction and romance. Diamonds, yellow, blue and white topazes, garnets, and amethysts, with gold, not only in dust and ores, but in large lumps, weighing many pounds.

Villa Rica, the capital of the province of Minas Geraes, is built on the eastern side of two hills, and on the river Oiro Preto; the streets are wide, long, well paved, provided with wells, and connected by four stone bridges. The houses are of stone, with slated roofs, and are of two stories high; there are ten cha-

pels, two considerable churches, a school, a theatre, prison, town-house, and a fort. The population of the province is 500,000, but that of the city only 8,500. The mechanical trades are flourishing in this city, and there are good roads in all directions, with a constant intercourse between San Paulo, Bahia, and the capital, which is distant 70 miles Portuguese (about 200 miles English).

The climate is temperate and healthy; but the soil is not very fertile: nor is agriculture much attended to, mining and smelting being the chief occupation of all classes.

Our authors proceeded from Villa Rica to the north-west, to visit a tribe of Indians on the Rio Xipoto. They passed through the city of Mariana, of 4,800 inhabitants, and the mines of S. Anna. In this route nature seems to have been profuse in her bounties. The mountains abound in every precious and useful mineral; the plains are fertile, and watered by numerous streams; herbage is most luxuriant, and immense tracts are covered with mighty forest trees, with varied and superb foliage, giving shelter to myriads of birds of the most diversified and beautiful plumage. Whilst millions are pining in Europe upon a scanty subsistence, wrung out of a taxed, a tithed, and high-rented land, America has unoccupied tracts, of the richest soil, sufficient to feed fifty times her present population. If political and religious freedom be but established throughout South America, what blessings will, ere long, accrue to mankind. The Indians visited by our authors were a gloomy, morose, intractable tribe, living in the lowest state of barbarity. Our authors returned to Villa Rica, and the second volume conducts them no further on their journey than through these two provinces of Minas Geraes and San Paulo.

The translation of these volumes is far from good; there are many inaccuracies of composition, and elegancies of style, with frequent change from the first to the third person, which looks, at least, suspicious. Thus, in page 3, the *us*, and *we*, and *our* are always

used, but in page 4 we find a sudden alteration to the "*travellers, they, their,*" &c. The work itself is highly useful: it contains so much of facts relating to the natural history of the country, that it must always be valuable as a work of record and of reference. Our authors do not deal much in political science, a circumstance not to be regretted, as their political notions are not very sound or generalized. We lament their propensity to herd with their own countrymen that are scattered throughout Brazil; the reader of such a work naturally expecting a description of Brazilian society and peculiarities, rather than an account of emigrated German officers, in the pay and employ of the Portuguese Government.

In perusing the various works that have appeared relative to Spanish and Portuguese America, a religious and humane mind cannot but lament that these immense and beautiful regions should have been so long a prey to the worst passions and prejudices of a privileged few; and every man capable of an enlightened thought, or a virtuous emotion, must sincerely wish that neither Brazil nor Spanish America may ever, under any circumstances, revert to their former possessors.

*Wolsey, the Cardinal, and his Times; Courtly, Political, and Ecclesiastical.* By George Howard, Esq., author of *Lady Jane Grey and her Times*. pp. 591. London: Sherwood, Jones, and Co.

THIS is an interesting production, and evinces great research in matters which, though of little moment in themselves, are of the first importance in the lives of public men. Chronological errors lead to such a multiplicity of mistakes, that we frequently form the most erroneous opinions of those public characters whom they immediately affect. The reason is obvious. The moral value of all actions, whether public or private, depends on the intention with which they are performed. Abstracted from this intention, there is neither good nor evil in actions; and, accordingly, the act that would be strictly moral in one agent, would be, not only immoral, but impious in ano-

ther. If, then, in the biography of public men, we date their actions at periods different from those in which they occurred, we cannot possibly trace the motives that led to them, nor, consequently, tell whether they do honour or dishonour to those by whom they were performed. The measure that would be not only impolitic, but cruel, this year, might be not only politic, but dictated by the purest benevolence the year ensuing, from a change of circumstances. Now, if some future historian, in recording the adoption of this measure, dated it in 1821, instead of 1825, he would necessarily conclude, and lead his readers to conclude, that those who brought it about were not only ignorant of the true interests of their country, but prompted by a spirit that could only be recorded to their disgrace. From the mode of dating historical events in the time of Wolsey, subsequent writers were frequently led into the errors which we have just mentioned. As this mode is very briefly related by Mr. Howard himself, we shall describe it in his own words.

"Previous to, and during the reign of Henry VIII. it was customary to begin and end the year on Lady day; but the modern mode of beginning the year on the 1st of January having then been partially adopted, the natural consequence was, that what happened in the months of January, February, and part of March, in any given year, by the first mode, was set down as in the year ensuing by those who adopted the second, so as to render necessary the practice afterwards so frequent, of dating thus:—1520-1, 1526-7, &c.

"Then came another class of chronologists, who date by the years of each king's reign—a mode more uncertain even than those previously noted: for though all began the reign with the day which included demise and accession, yet some ended the reigning year, the first being, of course, a broken one, on the 1st of January, and others on Lady-day; whilst a third class carried on their dates from anniversary to anniversary after the accession."

From the research which Mr. Howard has shewn in correcting these errors, and in tracing events to the real times in which they occurred, he enables us to view characters in a clearer light, and to

trace circumstances and events to the real motives that brought them into existence. The life of Wolsey is not only interesting in itself, but interesting as it stands connected with the history and politics of his time; and yet his real character seems to have been generally mistaken by all our later writers. It is not from them, however, that Mr. Howard has imagined to himself the true character of Wolsey; and we can only add, that if he be mistaken in depicting his character, we are mistaken ourselves.

*Le Littérateur, ou Morceaux choisis des meilleurs Écrivains Français, précédés d'un Traité sur la Prononciation, et d'un Traité sur la Versification—RÉCUEIL en prose et en vers, propre à faire connaître les Beautés de la Langue Française, ainsi que le Génie et le Style des Auteurs qui l'ont illustré; Par E. Mansart.*

THAT this work is not intended for the learned, the title sufficiently indicates; but perhaps the importance and interest of the work is not the less on that account. It is intended for youth who, if they are not learned, may become learned; who, if they betray no symptoms of early genius, may prove, by the future display of their intellectual powers, the fallacy of estimating talent by the unguided and wandering thoughts of the youthful mind. In a word, the work before us is peculiarly suited to those who would become acquainted with the elements and beauties of the French language, particularly the latter. The selections are principally from Fenelon, La Harpe, Bossuet, Fontenelle, Buffon, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Raynal, Volney, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Henault, D'Alembert, La Bruyère, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Delille, Boileau, Quinault,

and Marmontel. And they seem to have been made from a perfect and intimate acquaintance with the beauties of these celebrated writers. We do accordingly recommend the work to the parents and guardians of youth who would become acquainted with the beauties of French literature. We cannot, however, admit that the French language is capable of all the excellence which the author would attribute to it, in the following passage from *Sainte Palaye*, which he has prefixed to the work:—"La langue Française est élégante et nombreuse; elle joint la précision à la clarté, les grâces à l'énergie; elles se plie à tous les styles, et à tous les tons; elle sait tout exprimer et tout peindre; elle suffit aux besoins de la raison du génie et du sentiment." Some of these characters of excellence we readily admit: we admit that the French language is capable of the highest elegance, precision, perspicuity, and grace; that it is sufficiently copious to express and paint whatever any other language is capable of expressing and painting, and that it serves all the purposes of reason, genius, and sentiment; but then we deny that it is numerous or energetic, or that it adapts itself to all styles and to all tones. It cannot, like the English, make the sound an echo to the sense, when the description is of a sublime and terrific character. What sounds in the French language can resemble Milton's description of the opening of the gates of hell? It cannot, therefore, adapt itself to all styles, for there is a grandeur in style as well as in sentiment, of which it is wholly incapable. This, however, is not the fault of M. Mansart: an individual cannot mend the imperfections of a language. He has made his selections with great judgment, and to higher merit we believe he did not aspire.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ARCHITECTURE, AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

CONTRARY to custom, we shall, for once at least, begin our remarks on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy with the contents of the lower room. This order will be new in critical arrangement. Yet it is not from mere *love of novelty*, that we have been induced to adopt it: for since we regard this as quite an inferior passion, and which has little to do with the pleasures of taste, we shall hope to be found tolerably free from its influence. The truth is, we question the propriety—and can by no means bring ourselves to acquiesce in the wisdom of the economy—either of Johnny Bull's rushing upward to the picture-rooms, and only allowing the chinks and crannies of his ~~sated~~ attention to be occupied by sculpture, or of the less eager visitors just eddying for a minute, or two in the sculpture gallery, ere he allows himself to float away with the main stream.

*Sculpture Gallery*, have we termed this wretched, dark hole—so utterly unworthy of the works that have from time to time been doomed to its inefficiencies of light, space, and form? We beg to apologize, gentle reader, for the misnomer, and to return to our argument. We see no sound reason for

"Preferring chivalry's romantic hues  
To the chaste warblings of the classic  
muse."

We think that no partaker of this annual national treat, can do better than give his attention, in all the vigour of its freshness, to such statues as those of our friend *Watt*; the good *Dean of Christchurch*; Flaxman's *Psyche*; and Sievier's *Sleeping Bacchante*. Such works are not to be seen in any other of the current exhibitions; indeed such works are very rarely to be seen at all.

Nothing that we know of in commemorative sculpture has been more pertinently conceived, or is more skilfully wrought, than No. 1010, a *Statue of the late James Watt*, by F. CHANTREY, R.A. The subject

is here worthy of the artist, and, *vice versa*, the artist of his subject; for Watt was a man of genius, the benefactor of his country, and the friend of the human race. It is almost trite to say these things; but the reader has been apprised that to tell truth is our purpose, whether or not it should prove novel. The figure is reclined, unaffectedly easy in attitude, and seated on a chair of the antique consular form; nor is the likeness less "express and admirable," than the action is appropriate. We can speak of the former with some confidence, having been in Mr. Watt's company, and remembering him well. Who that has enjoyed that pleasure, shall ever forget the mild and unassuming cheerfulness,—the urbanity, with which he would condescend to please, and to be pleased, with the innocent cheerfulness and unpremeditated frolic of women, children, and men that were far his inferiors in point of mental endowment? Who but has been reminded of the felicitous expression of the poet, that he

"A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd,  
put on;  
And laughing, could instruct?"

But we here behold him studious and sedate, and as if revolving or fostering in his mind, some one of those vast inventions by which mankind has been so much benefitted. With confidence do we write thus, knowing—or at least firmly believing—that his fame, as the great adapter of the steam-engine, is but beginning.

To the sculptor of single statues, it is of the first importance that his statues should be characteristically employed: and if the statues of men of inventive genius happily become the subjects of his chisel, it is a point of great wisdom in the artist if he be able to direct or attract attention towards that by which the said genius has pre-eminently distinguished itself. Hence, in the celebrated statue at Cambridge, the immense value of the

prism in the hand of Sir Isaac Newton, which, as he holds, he looks upwards, as if contemplating the source of that *light* which he had discovered the means of analysing. This is a touch of the sublime in sculpture, rarely attained; and, when we come to reflect on the severities of the art, and its limited means, in fact rarely attainable. But in the present instance, the compasses which Mr. Chantrey has placed in the right hand of his philosopher, while his left holds the mathematical diagram, marked on a scroll, upon which his mind is intent, is nearly of equal value; and would be quite so, if geometrical and arithmetical combinations of ratios of operative machinery and horse-powers, were as simple, as well known, and as capable of being caught at a glance, by the generality of observers, as the use of the prism in the analysis of light. It is, however, full fraught with meaning, and as near an approximation to the grand thought of Roubiliac, as the nature of the occasion admitted. We hope we have heard rightly that this fine statue is to be placed in the saloon at Soho; where posterity, as we trust, will find it, a monument as well to the filial piety of the younger Watt, as to the philosophical attainment of the elder.

No. 1006.—Is a statue, by the same artist, of the late Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ-church; to be placed in the cathedral. A monument erected by subscription among the members of the college over which he presided for twenty-six years; and is not less admirable than the former either in design or execution; nor less honourable to all the parties concerned in its production. The good dean is attired in his sacerdotal costume, and seated *ex-cathedra*; his hand resting on that square-topped college cap, which we take for granted is as proper a part of the paraphernalia of a dean, as a mitre is of that of a bishop, or a helmet of that of a warrior. The whole dress, as Mr. CHANTREY has treated it, appears very sculpturesque; indeed the chiselling of the drapery is quite a masterpiece of executive art, and shews (in spite of the much that has been said and written against modern habiliments as subjects of

imitation for the chisel and the pencil) how very eligible such costume may become under the hand of a master. A fine broad mass of shade falling downward from the lower part of the robe, gives relief to the figure, which indeed is so well composed with regard to light and shade—a consideration to the full as important to a sculptor as to a painter—that it must have an effective chiaroscuro, placed almost any where, except in this dungeon; this purgatory, this inferno—of fine art. It may be some comfort, however, to those students over whom the worthy dean Jackson presided so long, and with so much honour, that a joyful resurrection in the Oxford cathedral awaits this superlative monument. A fine cast of feature, and a certain dignified air of conscious rectitude, cannot fail to strike the beholder as being in full harmony with the mild sense and kindness of character and expression, of the excellent prelate. In any cathedral, and however surrounded by other distinguished works, this sculpture must have an impressive effect, for probably so good a figure of the kind never was exhibited before.

A very charming little fellow stands next to the Dean of Christ-church, which, from the catalogue, we learn is *the infant son of T. Hope, Esq.*, sculptured by W. BEUNES, (No. 1006.) He is indeed a very pretty, innocent-looking boy, in an infantile action, pleased with a rabbit, which he has just taken out of a basket, and is caressing. The figure is well drawn throughout, and very carefully executed in all its details. A basket, which is supposed to have contained the rabbit, and a piece of drapery which has covered it; while they serve to support the figure, connect it very agreeably with the pedestal: but, a doubt steals on us here, which we shall not repress,—does not the little fellow lean rather too forward? If he does, it is very little, [the question is addressed to none but nice observers], and it may be; that to express the young idea—or sentiment rather—of cherishing something beloved, may have dictated this attitude. To those who may be thus struck with the artist's intention, it will, doubtless, be re-

garded as a merit of a delicate kind. But whether so or not, Master Hope is a very interesting and delicate little creature, in fine symmetry, abounding with hopeful, innocent, and joyous anticipations; and very like his mamma (Mrs. T. Hope), as all who have had the pleasure of seeing that lady will readily acknowledge.

No. 1005, and 1013, are marble busts by the same artist; the former of *J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P.*; the latter of *The Right Hon. Lord Stowell*: both excellent likenesses. The former a Romanesque sort of head of an independent character, with just so much of intrepidity about it, as art and nature know how to blend with the amiability and gracefulness of youth. The latter a fine countenance also, characterized by a certain air of firmness and judicial integrity, which seems well to belong to one who has so long exercised magisterial authority. Both these busts are executed in good style: neither laboured too much nor too little; and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Belmes on his display of the present year.

No. 1019--Is an admirable *Bust in marble of H. Fuseli, Esq. K.R.A.*, by E. H. BAILEY, R.A. A countenance of great character: very like that most original of original (modern) artists and scholars, the Professor Fuseli: the flesh and hair sculptured with great truth and feeling, and quite in a superior taste. We find here the indications of advanced age just as much attended to as they ought to be; that is to say, marked, but not so deeply as in any degree to impair the mental expression.

But our eye glances to the right-hand-ward, and we incontinently exclaim, Ha! friend Liston, art thou here? Do we behold thy first appearance on these boards? Verily, friend Liston, this is too like thee. The ideality of thy comicality is destroyed by this near approach. The modeller may consider this as a compliment, if he pleases: but Mr. JOSEPH too truly tells us what we had rather not know, namely, that thy midsummer *day's dream* is fast passing away: and this recalls to mind thy quaint question to a certain lady of our acquaintance, when speaking of that bewitching "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," in which all

London had ere while been lulled,—whether she had seen thy *Bottom*? Verily, friend Liston, the present exhibition, in one sense, savours of thy *Bottom*. There is something of the ass about it, superinduced, certainly, by thy *Robin Goodfellow*, or *robbing goodfellow* of an artist. Seriously—if we can be serious on such an occasion—if, in our last article, we commended the academician Bailey for confining himself to his adroit *indications* of age, and for his wise suppression of certain furrowed wrinkles and other awkward substitutes for

—“becks and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;”

we cannot do other than discommend Mr. Joseph for dwelling on the details and decays of Liston's countenance with that pertinacious, fac-simile, Denner-like, fidelity;—with that lawyer-like cross-examination, which, disregarding the adage, that truth is not at all times to be spoken, insists on the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and leading us to find a cast, where all the muscles are relaxed by the drag of the moulder's plaster—where we look and wish for an abstract idea of Liston; for, be it made known to those who know it not, that the chaste muse of Sculpture deals chiefly in abstract ideas. It is for this reason that she rejects colour, and confines her highest efforts to the pure marble. Liston's bust wants but the additions of colour, and a wire by means of which to move the eyes from beneath or behind, in order to become perfectly and vulgarly ridiculous. Everybody laughs at it, however, as it is. In fact, it seems next to impossible to dissociate the ideas of Liston and laughter. This performance is numbered 995.

Of *Doctor Gull*, the celebrated craniologist (as modelled by TURNERELLI, No. 989), we should have been glad of the opportunity of examining the cranium; but our academical hangmen (as they are jocosely termed), in their avidities for good places for their own performances and those of their friends, alas! think little of indulging others in these philosophical whimsies (as

Sir Anthony Carlisle, we believe, would rattle them), and Dr. Gall is accordingly perched up on the higher shelf, quite out of the reach of critical observation. The professor seems to possess a fine *os frontis*; "lips of persuasion," (as the classic poets were wont to sing); and a chin of energy (if the learned would permit us to say so): but his nose, being of the German pug kind, and foreshortened by its being viewed from beneath, is seen to every disadvantage. His occipital organs are, of course, entirely hidden. And now it is high time that we bestowed some notice on such of the more charming part of the creation, as are temporary inhabitants of this room. As it is, we are rather late with our attentions, considering the just claims of the sex.

No. 1008—Is a *Statue of the late Countess of Liverpool*, by F. CHANTREY, R.A.: a seated figure, in the act of religious musing, resting her cheek on her right hand. The face is, of course, a portrait of her ladyship (an interesting woman) as she appeared in the prime of life. Her attitude is easy, unaffected, and elegant. The attire of her head, new in sculpture, and simple in itself. Her drapery is cast in graceful folds, undisturbed by petty flutterings, as belonging to a pious and solemn occasion. The whole is worthy both of the high reputation of the artist, and of the character of the benevolent lady whom it represents.

We regret to observe, that in what is termed a "Descriptive and critical Catalogue to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy," the author has thought proper to write of this statue that it "is a very inferior production: there is an affectation about it, and want of dignity and expression that renders it mean and unimportant." Let him be told, and let the public be invited (if they will please to accept such an invitation from our anonymous selves) to compare the *extremities* of this figure (as the artists technically say) with those of the statue which stands next it, and which this critic singularly enough terms, "a singular chaste and beautiful specimen." The hands and feet are known to be among the most trying passages to a sculptor; and are regarded as affording the

surest tests of his academical qualifications. Now, then, let the finger, and the feet of Lady Liverpool's statue, be compared with those of our critic's favourite *Nymph*; and if we are not mistaken, a difference will, without much profundity of critical acumen, be discovered much in favour of the former. Heaven forbid that we should needlessly or heedlessly run down the beautiful *Nymph* from the chisel of Mr. WESTMACOTT, No. 1009: but when her feet are compared with those of the Countess, they really seem to be very deficient in nymph-like elasticity. Her fingers too are somewhat short. Subject to these deductions, which a comparison that seemed somewhat invidious, has reluctantly *wring* from us, we feel no objection, but the contrary, in heartily joining our feeble voice in commendation of this statue. We consent that it has a sweet character of virgin innocence (which is more especially observable in the upper part of the figure), and that "the outline is exquisite when viewed sideways in a line from Chantrey's statue of Dr. Jackson."

[By the way, we congratulate the accomplished artist of this statue on another account. We hear with great pleasure that HIS GRACE OF BEDFORD has lately possessed himself of Westmacott's Cupid. There is something *apropos* in this, to the old legend of Apuleius, and which dances gracefully in among our happiest reminiscencies. The Duke first gets possession of the beautiful Psyche, when, after her wanderings and persecution, she has obtained the mystic casket; and, having transported her to Woburn, he sends down the God of Love to that "bower of bliss," to consummate their nuptials and renew their felicity. This is a species of patronage that is at once classical, consistent, pertinent, poetical, and becoming a British nobleman of the first rank.]

No. 983—Is a *Bacchante asleep*, in marble, by R. W. SIEVIER.

"Amid the shady bowers o'ercome with sleep,  
Her tender form reposed,"——

is quoted (we suppose, from some poet, whose name is not mentioned), into the Academy Catalogue; and



is appropriate,—for the beautiful and gracefully reclined Bacchante is so entirely overcome, and so perfectly asleep, that a wanton or bold butterfly has ventured among the grapes and vineleaves which bind her brows, and appears peeping—(the statuary's mode of art did not admit, like painting, of its being represented as *hovering*) over, as if in admiration of her lovely countenance: which, when we associate the ideas that are bound up with the Greek fable of *Psyche*, and imagine an enamoured soul contemplating beauty, intoxicated with its charms—if so much poetry can flutter in a fancy pushed about in a dark and crowded exhibition-room—becomes an episode worthy of being carved in marble, as well as a novelty in the sculptor's art. From beneath this viny garland, flow forth, over the right shoulder of the Bacchante,

“ Her hyacinthine locks, divinely curling;”

and the whole figure is composed with the utmost taste and elegance. The pleased eye of the spectator wanders downward from her fine Grecian features, delighted among the delicacies of her swelling bosom, and the infinite\* varieties of female loveliness. The extremities are chiselled with much delicacy and feeling: indeed, the figure is exquisitely finished throughout: and, by the way, few subjects can in their nature be so eminently beautiful, and so thoroughly adapted to the wishes of a sculptor whose taste and talent have qualified him for the treatment of objects of pure beauty, as a sleeping Bacchante. Shall we confess here—why not?—that the episode of the butterfly, combined with the circumstance of the present nymph's being asleep, have more than half inclined us to fancy an *Iphigenia* in this charming figure. Those who delight in the luxury of highly ornamented garden scenery, where beautiful objects of art are mingled with the sylvan beauties of nature, and who can afford to in-

dulge it, will covet this elegant piece of sculpture for the sake of the pleasure of placing it in an appropriate arbour,† where grapes and vineleaves shall cluster above and around the figure; and where the accidental stains in the marble would not so much signify as in the stately halls of Wilton or Petworth. We nevertheless join with a contemporary in his “regret at perceiving that the artist has been unfortunate in his marble; and that the Academy have so placed the figure, that the finest part is hidden from observation. It should be moved out at the foot, to do it justice.”

We shall take for granted here that the reader's wishes and feelings will not be much unlike our own, and, consequently, that he will not be well pleased to remain standing and gazing too long at a time in one room, when he can voluntarily remove himself to another with the *hope* (that is all, in these early and crowding days,) with the hope of looking about him more at his ease. nor will he, probably, be well content without a peep into the GREAT ROOM, which is all we can indulge him in, until our number for June shall open to us a more sufficient space.

Books have often repeated that “great wits jump,” and certainly it is a remarkable coincidence that Mr. Mulready and Mr. Richter should, at the very same time, have taken *The Widow* for the subject of their pictures, and that these painted Widows should now form the centre-pieces at the rival Exhibitions of Somerset House and Suffolk-street East. There is as much difference, however, between widows, as there is between teapots, or philosophers, or the conceptions of rival poets, or painters; and that there is room for these differences without the necessity of invidious clashing, has been shewn—in letters at least—in the similar occurrence of Lord Byron and Mr. Moore unconsciously engaging at the same

\* Shakspeare makes Mark Anthony boast of his Bacchante, that “custom cannot stale her infinite variety.”

† In rivalry of the sculptured Nymph at Stowe, which has been so much admired.

time to poetize the loves of the antediluvians; and successfully accomplishing their tasks in perfect amity, though with very different views of the subject.

Accordingly, MULREADY'S *Widow*, No. 113, is quite another sort of Widow than RICHTER'S. The latter has put off her weeds; and, as we have before intimated, is all cock-a-hoop for another husband: the former being represented at a somewhat earlier stage of widowhood, has them on, and having but recently passed the paroxysm of her sorrow, is just in state of mind to derive consolation from a friendly call. Richter's, though handsome, is to the full as bold as any sincere wooer would wish: Mulready's is meek-eyed, modest, and her beauty abounding with the blandishments of sensibility. The suitor has advanced to the Widow, in Mulready's picture; in Richter's, the Widow is preparing to advance on some devoted bachelor. If you were to venture on marrying Richter's Widow, you would not much like to trust her at home, while you made a voyage to India, or even to the Isle of Wight. Mulready's you would still less like to leave at home under such a circumstance, but for a very different reason. You cannot look at, and think of, the latter, without thinking of her as a *companion for life*. Of this, her broad-faced and well-favoured suitor seems to be well aware, and there is wisdom in his wooing. The familiar terms which evidently subsist between him and the younger part of the family, shew that he is a privileged friend—one who well knows that, to please the children, is the broadest and most unembarrassed, if not the only avenue that delicacy has left open at present, leading towards the heart of the mother. Accordingly he jocularly puts his hat over the eyes of the younger boy—we shall not say to blind the Widow—while he allows the elder to draw from his side-pocket, one of those moveable manikintoes that are made to dance and play fantastic tricks by means of a wire or string jerked from beneath. There is also a daughter present, who, being somewhat older than the boys, appears to be more sensibly touched by the loss of her father. Ano-

ther stroke of our bachelor's generalship, and at the same time a specimen of the style in which he advances his lines of circumnvallation, may be seen in the friendly and familiar manner in which he has put his right hand under the widow's arm, in order to reach the favourite little dog that lies in her lap. This, and a little consoling chit-chat at a well-chosen moment, must be his *ne plus ultra* for the present, if he be as wise, modest, and wary, as we are willing to think him. The fair Widow, however, permits this familiarity, as she may without the shadow of reproach, for it may almost be construed into a casualty (the painter discovers great delicacy in this little item of *finesse*): nor is there anything forbidding in her countenance; on the contrary, there is as much of encouragement as may be thought consistent with decorum: nor is she at all insensible to the consolatory influence of the visit. Our heroine is evidently the widow of a tradesman, as the shop, well supplied with customers, which is seen in the back-ground, beyond the sitting-parlour, bears witness. A formal elderly female, whom you may guess to be either a prudish maiden aunt, or an old inmate of the family, affords a good foil to the handsome Widow: and perhaps the large egg that is suspended from the ceiling may not be without a touch of mystical and appropriate meaning. We have read in Mr. Landseer's "Sabæan Researches," and elsewhere, of the Orphic egg that is supposed to have been used in the Cyprian rites of Venus: but apart from this, an egg is perhaps as good an emblem as could be selected of *matrimonial hope*, without being common-place, and without any mystery at all. We own so much partiality for this Widow, that we think there is a shade of undeserved censoriousness in the verse which Mr. Mulready has caused to be inserted in the Academy Catalogue, and that, as an appropriate inscription, it would suit Mr. Richter's Widow better; not that we pretend to know what painters intend better than they do themselves. No: we only claim the privilege of looking at, and thinking of, widows, for ourselves, and of stating our genuine

impressions to those who may honour us with perusal. This picture has a powerful breadth of light; is mild and harmonious in colour; and is in excellent keeping. It hangs, with advantageous effect, between two small pictures from the pencil of D. WILKIE, R.A. Such pictures as these show off each other to advantage, like the topaz and amethyst in the display of the art of the jeweller. Mulready has painted broad day-light under its ordinary, but cheering appearances. Wilkie has chosen, in these instances, like Rembrandt, to teach

—"Light to counterfeit a gloom;"

which is equally well suited to such subjects as

No. 110—*Smugglers offering run goods for sale or concealment*; and (115) the *Early Cottage-toilette*, when

"The morning sun shines motley thro' the reek:"

both very charming little pictures, painted with masterly spirit, and

great truth of character. In the former, anxious and doubting smugglers, in appropriate costume, are entering a picturesque cottage, of which the inmates also are not without their share of apprehension. In the latter, the simple maidens of Allan Ramsay are dressing:

—"Peggy laces up her bosom fair;  
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;  
Glaud, by his morning ingle, takes a beek,  
The rising sun shines motly thro' the reek;  
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his e'en,  
And now and then his joke maun intervene."

The hangers of this establishment, like others of the fraternity, are not often praised for what they do. Let us, in this instance at least, be just to them. Heaven knows the Somerset-House executioners have too frequently been dispraised for what is, in fact, the fault of Sir William Chambers.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS IN SUFFOLK STREET EAST. (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 371.)

*A Squall off Ilfracombe, North Devon*, No. 215, is from the pencil of W. LINTON. Here the rain beats hard against a rocky headland, and a swamped boat, and other fragments of wreck are cast ashore. The tempestuous sky, in this picture, is ably painted, and the chiaro-scuro is powerful and impressively grand: but the raging waves seem to claim to have been more carefully pencilled. There are more elaborate works by Mr. Linton in the room, to which we promise ourselves the pleasure of attending presently.

A beautiful bit of English woodland scenery, No. 208, hangs near the above. It is entitled *Gipsies Encamped*, and is painted by J. STARK. A village church-tower and part of a hamlet, are here seen across a portion of unenclosed country, at about the distance that gipsies usually encamp from such signs of order and civility. The Gipsies themselves are characteristically employed, and their tents, &c. are on the skirts of a wood, through which

winds a waggon-road, such as we have seen about Norwood, and in some of Waterloo's etchings. The same geniality of light and colour which prevails in most of the works of this artist, prevails also in this; and here is considerable expression of space in the mellow grey of his shadows; and a certain sinuous art of conducting the eye and the mind into the picture, is displayed in the overshadowed road and its sylvan accessories. Mr. Stark has been often compared with Hobbima. In the present work there is quite as much of the mode of treatment which distinguishes the works of Theodore Rombouts.

Mr. LINTON's *View of Lonsdale*, otherwise *Lunesdale* (No. 149), we cannot describe better than in the words of the poet Gray, who possessed a fine taste for landscape scenery, and appears to have viewed Lunesdale from the very station chosen by the present artist, or from a station very near it. "The scene opens (says Gray) just three miles

from Lancaster, on what is called the Queen's road. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect: on each side of the middle distance rise two sloping hills; the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage: between them, in the most fertile of vallies, the Lune serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear through a richly wooded and well-pastured foreground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position."—[*Letter to Dr. Wharton.*] We need only add to this, that Mr. Linton has thrown an effect over the whole, congenial with the scene. It is just such weather as the landscape traveller delights in, when the clouds are thin, and a serene brightness pervades the face of nature.

We would here willingly have relieved the attention of our readers, as we endeavoured to relieve our own, by turning round to regale our eyes on some of that female beauty with which Sir Thomas Lawrence and a few others always treat us at the exhibitions of Somerset-House. Alas! here are none such. A pensive looking *Lady*, of whose name we are not informed, (No. 70.) from the pencil of LADY BELL, is the nearest approach, and a *Sleeping Beauty*, by HAYDON, (No. 219.) the solitary exception. Being painted with exquisite feeling, this latter is quite of a redeeming character.

On the same side hangs another portrait by the same artist (No. 204), which looks like an old master among young masters, when compared with the other heads in the room. It is entitled, in the catalogue, *Portrait of a Gentleman*, and is that of a cloaked foreigner (as we should suppose), in a dark brownish red drapery, and with a peculiar expression of countenance. A very Titianesque work in tone and colour. This, and the *Sleeping Lady* below, shew us with what consummate skill, and in a style how different from that which is the fashion, Mr. Haydon can paint portraits.—By the way, there is a sad blunder in our list, on the subject of por-

traits—a misprint, proceeding, most likely, from bad penmanship. Lonsdale's whole-length is therein termed that of Mr. Justice *Holroyd*, instead of Mr. Justice *Hullock*. Let us now step into the next room.

Having a touch of mysticism, our eyes incontinently turned from the word *Edipus*, at the top of the 14th page of the catalogue, towards Mr. P. E. STROEHLING's picture (No. 247), which is thus entitled: but, alas! with how little satisfaction!—*Edipus* is feebly painted, and far—very far, from creating any sentiment corresponding with the classic grandeur of that mystic legend, which so powerfully seized on the imaginations of the tragic poets of antiquity. The inefficient representative of this ancient hero stands, unconcernedly enough, at the foot of the rock, from the summit of which Sphinx is fabled to have propounded her riddles: but neither Sphinx nor *Edipus* has a whit more of dignity than, or quite so much as, that of the Siberian fox-dog, which seems to have no business whatever on the foreground, unless it be to shew that Mr. Stroehling could paint a fox-dog; and certainly the dog is the best of the three figures of which this composition consists.—No bones of the unfortunate victims, whom this chimerical monster is fabled to have destroyed, bestrew the ground to awe the presumptuous boldness of future expounders; nor aught else to excite either terror or pity. Nor is *Edipus* observably lame in the feet, from which circumstance he is known to have obtained his cognomen—for *Edipus* literally means *tumid-footed*: but he is lame enough, God knows, from feeble drawing, about the knees. In short, the great tragic hero of antiquity is nothing more than a pretty operaman, in a theatrical sort of *Phrygian* cap, notwithstanding that he was by birth a *Theban*: and he is obviously one who could never have vanquished Sphinx by his wits. If he has done her the least mischief, it has been with his sword; and all eyes may see that she has lost one of her wings.

At a short distance below, hangs No. 254, *The First Sight of Woman*, by CHARLES LANDSEER, of which the subject is taken from the follow-

ing passage in the old edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.—"We read, in the lives of the Fathers, a story of a child that was brought up in the wilderness, from his infancy, by an old hermite: now come to man's estate, hee saw, by chance, two comely women wandering in the woods: hee asked the old man what creatures they were; hee told him *Fayries*. After a while, talking *obitir*, the hermite demanded of him, which was the pleasantest sight he ever saw in his life? Hee readily replied, the two fayries hee spied in the wilderness. So that without doubt there is some secret loadstone in a beautiful woman."—According to another version of the story, the hermit is made to reply to the young man: "Those creatures are *geese*." "*Geese!*" returned the youth, "I should have thought they had been *swans* at the least."—There is an amenity of tone in this very agreeable picture, which is in good harmony with itself and with the subject. The story has been repeated, we believe, by La Fontaine, with the above variation from Burton, which we deem an improvement. It is told in the picture with that simplicity which is generally received as a good earnest of the truth, and, in fact, is its fitting concomitant. The hermit supports himself by a staff; and as the inhabitants of a forest, who have to provide themselves with subsistence, must occasionally use such implements, the youth very properly bears a javelin; and they are attended by a hound. The principal figure is that of the young man, startled to a certain degree of animation by the sudden presence of the novel and interesting creatures whom he beholds. You see at once, from the cast of his limbs and the vigour of his whole frame, that the youth is forest-bred, and brave, modest, susceptible, and energetic, as the *Emilius* of Rousseau; of which personage he conveys as good an idea as we have ever yet seen in a picture. The girls, with their flower-basket, are sufficiently rustic, handsome, blythe, and simple: and the expression of the hermit's countenance is much to the purpose. Although it exhibits latent caution, you see that his mind is thoroughly observant,

and actively and prudently engaged. He is a philosopher, witnessing an important experiment on human nature; in which he takes the deep interest of a trusty preceptor and a faithful friend. Nor in any of the figures, is the faintest shade observable of that theatrical overdoing, which in pictured representations is often so imposing on the vulgar. The draperies are well cast: the nudities, throughout the work, are drawn with a degree of academic proficiency which might challenge competition with any picture in the collection; the dog, too, is very ably painted; and the scene is not more nor less than sufficiently wild for the *dramatis personæ*. There is nothing like meretricious allurements in this whole performance. It is a picture that by no means insists upon being looked at: its merits are of a character too meek and modest. Yet the eye that is not insensible to the milder charms of art, and that is not glutted with picture gazing, will pause on it, perhaps with the more pleasure, on this very account: and will discover that a certain purity of sound taste pervades the whole; with that just subordination of parts to each other and to the general sentiment, which cannot but manifest a degree of refinement of judgment on the part of the youthful painter, well meriting encouragement.—Concerning its defects: the bole of the beech-tree is, perhaps, rather too large, and seemingly ponderous, for the place where it is rooted; and the picture altogether would have admitted, and probably would have been benefitted by, a little more enrichment of colour: but it is better (as well as more unusual) that a young candidate for historical honours should err on the side of temperance, than to be addressing the eyes of the groundlings (for the groundlings have eyes as well as ears) with his profusion of bright blues and fiery reds, such as are but too apt to be regarded as indispensable to the meridian blaze of a public exhibition.

By the side of the above, and over the chimney-piece, hangs Mr. Glover's *Rhiador Du*, near *Tan-y-bwlch*, *North Wales*, No. 248; where the eye traces with great pleasure the meanderings of a Welch river through

a noble landscape of rock and wood, until, arrived near a wild foreground, where a shattered tree is introduced with excellent effect, it gushes away in rather a grand cataract. This is a fine mountain scene, viewed under the influence of a partially clouded sky, with much of that delicate management of the air tints, which has mainly contributed to render Mr. Glover's landscapes so deservedly popular, and which, by expressing space in the most efficient manner, enables the eye to measure distances, and the imagination to take wing and fly about the prospect. We have heard it objected to the style of this artist, and by critics of no mean pretensions, that his pictures do not appear to be *painted*, but rather like needle-and-worsted work. This is mere hypercriticism, and the apparent deterioration (for it is no more than apparent) is in the invidious comparison employed. Divested of this, the simple meaning of the observa-

tion is, that his touches do not seem to be laid on in those shapes which fall in with the predilections of the critic, nor with a hair pencil. He never reflects that neither are those from the cunning hand of Nature laid on with such an implement. Now there is a certain richness and depth of tone in the shadows of Miss Linwood's worsted-work, that is superior to the greasy glare that often results from oil-painting, unless in the hands of its superior professors, and when placed in a particular light. We suspect, however, that the above observation *originated* in the envy of those whose colours do evidently appear to be laid on with the ancient and approved implement, and by recipe: for had they originated with a generous critic, who views each work of art with the same spirit that its author *painted*\*, he would have said the colours appear dropped by accident, rather than laid on by design, like the happy splashes from the sponge of Apelles.

A generous critic reads each work of wit,  
With the same spirit that its author writ."—POPE.

## 'THE DRAMA.

### KING'S THEATRE.

Madame de Begnis, after a long and tedious confinement, made her first appearance this month in Rossini's sprightly and delightful *opera buffa*, *Il Turco in Italia*. She was received with such enthusiastic applause, that she was evidently confused at the commencement, and her voice considerably affected. She went through the character of *Fiorilla* with all the comic, but genteel vivacity, that so much distinguished her at her first debut in this part. We were fearful, at the beginning of the opera, that her vocal strength was a little diminished by her illness, but in the *finales* she shewed a power that is not very usual with her.

The same of Remorini is well known in the modern musical annals of Italy: in that country he has been

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a singer of celebrity for many years past. He has latterly been attached to the Italian Opera at Lisbon, and arrived in London about a month ago to perform his engagement at the King's Theatre, where he appeared for the first time in the above opera, in the character of *Selim*, a Turkish Prince. He was exceedingly well received, and applauded throughout. Placci, who once performed the part of *Prisidocimo*, the poet, a character of some consequence in the opera, in so agreeable a manner is removed, and Signor Rosichè is put in his place. What the audience thought of Signor Rosichè was pretty clear; but the inferior performers should value him at a high rate—where he is tolerated, the others must be admired

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Mozart's grand opera of *Don Giovanni* has been selected, with singular good taste, for Madame Caradori's benefit. The house was excessively crowded in every part. The novelty of the performance, the opera not having been represented for some years, and the amiable character of the individual who on this occasion solicited the public patronage, united in producing a full house. Madame Caradori sustained the interesting part of *Zerlina* with unaffected simplicity. She looked the pretty modest country girl extremely well, and sang with considerable taste and feeling. We were happy to perceive that her voice, which was recently much impaired by a severe cold, has recovered in a great degree its natural sweetness and delicacy. Her duo with *Masetto*, "*Giovinetti, che fate all' amore*," and that with *Giovanni*, "*Lacrideren la mano*," were encored. They were both excellently sung; and her air, "*Batti, batti, o bel Masetto*," was equally good. It was playful and tender throughout. Signor Garcia's *Giovanni* was an effort of very superior merit. His picture of the thoughtless daring libertine was gay, without vulgarity—impassioned without

extravagance. He gave the lively air "*Fin ch' han dal vino*" with inimitable taste and spirit. It was full of mirth and jollity; but they were the mirth and jollity of a gentleman. *Donna Anna* was supported in the finest style by Madame Ronzi de Begnis. Her acting, when she discovers the dead body of her father, was replete with feeling. The adjuration of her lover to revenge the murder of her parent, beginning "*Or si chi l'onore*," was grandly sung. De Begnis was an effective *Leporello*. The song describing the various mistresses of *Giovanni* was given with great point and archness. Porto was a livelier *Masetto* than we expected. We did not think that he could have assumed half so much gaiety. He also appeared as *Don Pedro*, and was very successful in the cemetery and banquet scenes. A Madame Biagiolo made her first appearance on any stage, in the character of *Donna Elina*; but as it was announced, in printed bills, that she had for some days been labouring under indisposition, and as she evidently appeared to be greatly affected by her situation, it would not be strictly just to pronounce any opinion on her powers.

#### DRURY LANE THEATRE.

General Burgoyne's comic opera of *The Lord of the Manor*, almost entirely denuded of Jackson's pleasing music, was rehearsed at this theatre; for we cannot call that a performance where nearly the whole of the dramatic persona were completely at fault, introducing their own dialogue, and marring that of their author. Mr. Braham was the *True-moore* of the evening, and in the Scottish ballad, "*Let us haste to Kelvin Grove*," and the ill-written song of "*He was fam'd for deeds of arms*," from Cherry's opera of *The Travellers*, commanded an encore. He was not so successful in the air of "*Love among the roses*," the simplicity of which was injured by the superabundance of ornament which he bestowed on it. Mr. Horn's voice is not rich enough to give due expression to the songs, "*My Anna's urn*," and "*When first this humble roof I knew*." Miss Stephens, though rather too

demeure for the lively part of *Annette*, went through the character very pleasantly. Penley's *Young Con-stant* was the essence, not of frivolity, but of vulgarity. It possessed not a single feature of the eccentric man of fashion. Harby's *La Nippe* was laughable; and Liston's *Moll Flagon* inimitable.

Shakspeare's play of *Measure for Measure* was also revived at this house. Fond as we are of Shakspeare, yet we think this revival might well have been spared, even if those who supported the most prominent characters in the piece could lay claim to greater talent than they really possess. All must admit the lofty excellence of many detached passages, and of some entire scenes, in this drama; but all must turn with disgust from the circumstance out of which the action of the piece arises. Mr. Macready's *Duke* was a sensible performance; somewhat too precise perhaps, but on the whole

entitled to praise. The character is one in which an actor cannot hope to add much to his fame. It is all tranquillity: there is no passion, no agitation. He who can deliver measured sentences with good emphasis, and walk the stage with grace and dignity, must succeed in it. The former quality Mr. Macready displayed in a very eminent degree—in the latter he was rather deficient. Mrs. Bunn appeared as *Isabella*. It was a correct performance; and, like all merely correct performances, went off rather heavily: study and industry were in every scene the substitutes for genius. Mrs. Bunn seemed to repeat what she had learned—not to utter what she felt. Mr. Terry played *Lord Angelo*. His comedy is very laughable; but his tragedy is a still greater provocative to merriment. He ought, surely, to be content with exciting our risibility in one walk of the drama. Mr. Liston's *Lucio* was full of humour. He took special care that none of his *double-entendres* should remain in *dubio*. The "poor Duke's officer," *Master Elbow*, was excellently supported by Mr. Knight. We have never seen him play a character with greater effect. An apology was made for Mr. Harley, who was to have appeared in the character of *Pompey*. It was, in his absence, played with considerable success (shortness of notice being taken into the account) by, we believe, a Mr. Mercer. The play was coldly received.

We visited this theatre, in consequence of the notification contained in the bills, that Mr. Munden would appear as *Old Dornton*, in the comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, being "the last time of his ever performing that character." If this annunciation be not a theatrical trick, we most heartily regret it. The character which it is stated Mr. Munden is about to

give up, is one that he has made peculiarly his own—it is a character, also, the interest of which is increased, not diminished, by the ordinary infirmities of age. It is the precise part to which Mr. Munden ought to adhere, as Macklin did to *Shylock*, even when he abandoned every other; for, we believe, the *pathos*, the deep paternal feeling which he displayed, and which he continues to display in every scene, have done more for his fame than even the exhibition of his comic powers, rich and unique as those powers confessedly are. His acting was as natural and affecting as we ever recollect it. No part of his performance could be pointed out as affording any ground for the determination which was announced in the bills. He marked every passion and affection of *Old Dornton* in the strongest manner. He carried the feelings of the audience with him throughout the evening; and the heartfelt plaudits with which he was cheered, will, it is to be hoped, induce him again to represent a character to which he does such perfect justice. Mr. Elliston, though somewhat too much "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," for the youthful spendthrift *Harry Dornton*, sustained the part with an easy and pleasant vivacity. Mr. Harley renders the character of *Goldfinch* even more *outré* than the author has drawn it. This is quite unnecessary: broad, however, as Mr. Harley's colouring is, the praise of being extremely laughable cannot be withheld from his performance. Mr. Knight, as *Silky*, delineated the meanness, fraud, ingratitude, and avarice of the old usurer, very ably. Miss S. Booth supported the half-sentimental, half-hoydenish character of *Sophia*, with much *naïveté* and spirit.

#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The first part of *King Henry the Fourth* was revived at this theatre. It has been got up in a very splendid manner with respect to scenery and decorations, and the dressing of every character in the precise habit of the period, for which they claim credit in their bills, assists the dra-

matic illusion materially. But the principal object of curiosity was, Mr. C. Kemble as *Falstaff*, a part which he had never before sustained on the London boards. The public expectation has never, within our recollection, been much excited by the announcement of any perform-



as *Sir John Falstaff*. With respect to this effort, we will confess, at once, that we have seen some better and some worse. It was impossible that a performer of Mr. C. Kemble's talents should not feel a high relish for the exquisite humour with which Shakespeare has so profusely supplied the comedian in this inimitable portrait; but, perhaps, the very admiration which a man of taste must feel, may have some tendency to depress him in his first essay. Whatever the cause might be, certain it is that Mr. Kemble's mirth had the appearance of being forced and artificial. We thought, too, that he laboured to give the character more of the corporeal feebleness of age than seems to be consistent with extraordinary intellectual qualities. It is not improbable, however, that his future representations will exhibit more spirit, as there was a great unevenness in the one of which we speak, and his last scenes were by far more vigorous and effective than his commencing ones. He made some excellent hits in the course of the evening; but his manner of expressing the words, "there's Percy for you," to the *Prince*, was decidedly the most triumphant. Upon the whole, it was an effort such as few could make, though we cannot say that it is calculated to add much to such a reputation as Mr. Kemble had already acquired. Mr. Young's *Hotspur* is not one of his best undertakings, nor can we say that we approve much of the attempt to give the Northern accent in the

comic parts, and omit it in those where the peculiarity might injure the effect of the fine poetical passages. The partial effect was sometimes good, but the general inconsistency was too palpable. He succeeded, however, as he always does, in exciting applause. Mr. Cooper, as the *Prince of Wales*, succeeded much better in the serious and declamatory scenes than in the light ones. *Falstaff* might have easily found a more lively companion, though the *King* had every reason to be satisfied with the spirit and dignity of his repentant son. Miss F. H. Kelly, as *Lady Percy*, performed the only scene in which she appears with the most interesting simplicity, and was much applauded as the conclusion. It is to be regretted that the managers of this theatre should persist in keeping this young lady in the back-ground; or that, when they do bring her out, they should select her for a performance in which she has so little to do. If, however, their object be to extinguish every energy and exercise of mental power, that can lead to excellence on the stage, they certainly must be allowed the credit of having adopted the most certain and effectual means of accomplishing their end. Mrs. Davenport, as the *Hostess*, abounded with spirit and humour. The subordinate parts seem to have been utterly neglected. There was a good deal of applause on the announcement of the piece; but we must confess, we entertain no very sanguine hopes of its success.

## VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

CONSIDERING how very little the measures of the Continental Governments are affected by public opinion, or by the science and philosophy of the age, the foreign news of the month may be pronounced of, at least, an average importance. In France, the chief measure of the government has been the reduction of the interest upon the *Rentes*, a measure which has been effected by stratagem and manœuvre. To reduce the interest of the public funds, before the utmost possible retrenchment has been made in the national expenditure, can scarcely be called

equitable; but to effect that object by paying off the dissentients with a fresh issue, or new creation of government securities, is palpably dishonest, and a breach of the spirit of the terms upon which the public creditor lent his money to the government.

Spain continues to suffer all the evils which can arise from political tyranny and religious intolerance. Ferdinand has at length issued his decree of amnesty; but the exceptions are so numerous, that it would be nugatory and useless, even were the executive government under any

control that could compel an adherence to its provisions and enactments. But of what consequence are decrees, proclamations, or laws of any sort, where the administrators of government are not amenable to public opinion, or to a national representation? Ferdinand continues to refuse his acknowledgment of the constitutional loan, an act of such flagrant dishonesty, that, coupled with the general measures of his government, and the unhappy state of his country, has prevented the capitalists of England or France contracting any pecuniary engagements with that monarch.

On the 30th of April, a most unnatural revolution against the King of Portugal was attempted on the part of the King's consort and second son, Don Miguel. The plan was, to assemble troops in Lisbon, to confine the King's person, and to imprison his obnoxious ministers, with all persons suspected of holding liberal opinions. The plan succeeded; but the King was released from confinement by the protests and exertions of the foreign ministers at Lisbon. What may be the ultimate result of this revolution, it is impossible to devise, until more is known as to the degree of countenance which Don Miguel and his mother may have secretly received from those members of the congress who are the most zealous in their efforts to resist all improvements in any of the continental governments.

Baden, Hamburg, and several other states of Germany, have passed decrees, giving a thorough tolerance and an equality of civil rights, to all sects of Christians, without any distinction whatever.

Our blockade of Algiers does not appear to have produced any favourable result, whilst, on the western coast of Africa, the English settlements have, unfortunately, been forced into a war with the Ashantees, the most powerful of all the neighbouring tribes of negroes. The accounts from Cape Coast Castle represent that the English governor, Sir Charles McCarthy, advanced against the Ashantees in three bodies, himself commanding the right division, which consisted of but ten or twelve Europeans, and about 4000 of our allies, the Fan-

tees. This division was surprised, and entirely defeated by the enemy, and Sir Charles himself was wounded and taken prisoner. This disastrous news, though substantially true, has yet to be confirmed in its details. The next arrivals will, most probably, acquaint us with the subsequent operations of the other divisions of the English force.

The United States of America have abolished, throughout the Union, the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt. No news has been received of the military operations in Peru, whilst we regret to state that, in Mexico, the spirit of faction seems to render hopeless the tranquillizing of that fine country. The partizan, Iturbide, has left England for Mexico, but whether in the interest of old Spain, or upon any factious and ambitious schemes of his own, it is impossible to conjecture. In either case, it is to be hoped that his career will be short.

The Alien Bill has passed the House of Lords, the division, upon the second reading, being 60 to 35. The bill for relieving Unitarians from the marriage ceremony of the established church was lost, by a division of 105 to 65. This bill was supported by Lord Liverpool, and pertinaciously opposed by the Lord Chancellor, whilst the two Archbishops, and seven Bishops, voted for the measure. Lords Holland and Lansdowne spoke forcibly in favour of the bill, and argued, with Lord Liverpool, that its effects would merely be to place the Unitarians on the footing on which they stood prior to Lord Hardwicke's marriage bill of 1756. The proceedings of the Legislature, with respect to toleration, whether right or wrong, are, at least, inconsistent, to a degree of ridicule. Thus, in England, the Unitarians are compelled to submit to the marriage ceremony of the established church, whilst in Ireland they are free from any such compulsion; the Lord Chancellor argues that such compulsion is an essential part of the established religion, whilst he acknowledges that it was created only by an act of parliament, and so lately as the year 1756; lastly, whilst the house refuses to relieve the Unitarians in England from this compulsory ceremony, they are

passing the Newfoundland Judicature Bill, which extends the exemptions to the Unitarians of that island. Mr. Hume brought forward a motion for an inquiry into the state of the Irish church, which was lost, by a division of 152 to 79; but a motion by Lord Althorpe, for an inquiry into the general state of Ireland, was so well received, that although the ministry resisted it only by an amendment restricting the inquiry to the disturbed districts, yet his Lordship's motion was supported by 136 members, the majority for government being only 48.

The House of Commons successively rejected motions for repealing the Assessed Taxes and Leather Tax, and a bill for putting the Catholics of England upon a parity of civil rights with those of Ireland.

The principal financial measure of the month has been that of reducing the interest of Exchequer bills from 2d. to 1d., and the interest of the four per cents. to three and a half. The fours amounted to £75,000,000, and of these the holders of between 6 and £7,000,000 have refused to accept the diminished rate of interest, and their stock is to be paid off by an issue of Exchequer bills. We trust that government will, at least, reserve this 6 or £7,000,000 of stock, instead of buying up that amount by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt.

In order to relieve the extremely distressed state of the West Indian colonies, government has given its sanction to the establishment of a West Indian Company, with a capital of £1,000,000, divided into 40,000 shares of £100 each. The principal design of this company is, to advance money to planters upon

mortgage, at a lower rate of interest than is exacted of them by individuals—to exact a lower rate of commission upon consignments and supplies—and to sell the produce of mortgaged estates only when the prices in the colonial markets are not depressed. If the sugar and coffee trade of the country were thrown open generally, there could be no objection to this scheme, but, considering that the duty upon East Indian sugar already gives a monopoly to the West Indian planters, this joint company will be able to force its own prices upon the consumer, and thus inflict a further tax upon the people of England. The annual consumption of sugar in England amounts to 1,130,000 cwt. The amount exported annually is 560,000 cwt.; and upon this there is a bounty, or drawback, of £168,000. This sum of £168,000, and the extra duty of 5s. per cwt. upon East Indian sugars, are a tax paid by the people of England in support of the West Indian planters. The establishment of any company that will have the effect of still further increasing the price of colonial produce, cannot, therefore, be supported upon any principles of equity or of sound policy. The people of England ought not to be further taxed to support the West Indian interest, more especially as the difficulties of the planters arise, principally, from two causes: first, their pertinacious adherence to a system of slave labour; and secondly, their continuing to produce articles with which the markets of Europe are too much glutted to afford a remunerating price, instead of changing their cultivation to articles for which there is a greater demand.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

W. Buchanan, Esq. has in forwardness at press, *Memoirs of Painting*, in two vols. 8vo: containing a chronological history of the different collections of pictures of importance which have been brought to Great Britain since the French revolution; together with remarks, historical and critical, on the art in general, designed to assist the amateur in forming a correct taste and judgment in regard to painting, and to

aid him in the knowledge of the genuine works of the great masters.

Shortly will be published, in a pocket volume, with an elegant frontispiece, *Letters between Amelia in London and her Mother in the Country*, from the pen of the late William Combe, Esq., the popular author of the *Three Towns* of Doctor Syntax.

The *Assolutes*.—We understand that Mr. Dubois. late his Britannic Ma-

jeſty's Envoy and Conſul at Aſhantee, is about to publiſh a Journal of his reſidence in that kingdom, which is expected to throw conſiderable light on the origin and cauſes of the preſent war. It will comprize alſo his notes and reſearches relative to the Gold Coaſt; and the interior of Weſtern Africa; chiefly collected from Arabic M.SS. and information communicated by the Moſlems of Guinea.

Mr. J. H. Sprague has in the preſs an Appendix to the Pharmacopœias; containing a Critical Examination of the London Pharmacopœia of 1824; with an extenſive Supplément of approved Formulæ, &c. To which is added a correct tranſlation of the laſt edition of the London Pharmacopœia, with explanatory notes.

Mr. T. L. Buſby's firſt Number of the Coſtume of the City of London will ſhortly be publiſhed; dedicated by permiſſion to his Maſteſty. The firſt Number will contain a portrait of Sir William Curtis, Bart. (father of the City) in the Lord Mayor's coſtume.—Size, imperial folio.

In the preſs, a Key to the Science of Botany, comprised in a familiar and pleaſing converſation between a mother and her daughter. By Mrs. Selwyn. With plates, either plain or coloured.

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Dodſley's Annual Reſiſter for 1823 will be publiſhed early in June.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

### London Markets, May 21.

**COTTON.**—The India ſale of Cotton this morning went off with ſome briskneſs, nearly the whole ſold. Bengals at an advance of 1d a 1d per lb. the Surats and Madras at the previous prices.

By public ſale this forenoon—976 bags Egyptian Cotton 9 1/2d a 10 1/2d, nearly all withdrawn—25 bales Bourbon do. withdrawn—and 21 bales Egyptian Cotton 10d a 10 1/2d—142 Smyrna do. 7 1/2d a 8d—Alſo 70 bales Demerara Cotton 12 1/2d. and 12 1/2d—Carriacou do. 11d.—2 bags 5 ſerons Jamaica do. 8d.

**SUGAR.**—The ſupply of Sugar at market this week has been more conſiderable than for ſome time paſt, but chiefly of the inferior browns, which are ſo preſſed upon the market, that a farther reduction of 1s. per cwt. muſt be quoted, dry brown Jamaica being ſold at 53s; the good and fine qualities,

60s. and upwards, are on the contrary rather higher; they are ſtill very ſcarce.

The wholeſale grocers have been conſiderable purchaſers of Refined goods during the preſent week; very little alteration in the currency can, however, be ſtated; Lumpa and Loaves 78s. a 80s. are ſcarce, and generally the ſupply of Refined at market is very limited.—Molasses 25s. a 26s. 6d.

The quantity of Havannah and Brazil Sugar brought forward at public ſale has been conſiderable.—Havannah, 256 cheſts, a ſmall portion ſold—white, good 30s. a 31s. 6d.—Brazil, 582 cheſts.—Rio, white, low to good 29s. a 34s.—Yellow and brown 20s. 6d. a 29s.—Peruans low to middling 27s. a 30s.

By public ſale this forenoon, 57 cheſts Rio Sugars, ordinary to good white 31s. a 35s; good Havannah 30s.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales brought forward this week have been very extensive, an advance of 2s. per cwt. was obtained on the coloury and fine qualities; but at yesterday's sale the request appeared to give way, and although no reduction in the prices could be stated, yet the market was heavy, and a considerable proportion of the quantity brought forward was taken in.

**TALLOW.**—The demand for Tallow continues limited, new yellow candle Tallow is more firm to-day at 34s. 6d.

**RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.**—The Rum market continues without variation as to prices; the holders are, however, more firm. — Brandies are higher, free on board to arrive 2s. 9d. — In Geneva there is no alteration.

**FRUIT.**—By public sale this forenoon, 54 butts Currants, sound sold 98s. a 100s.

*Corn Exchange, May 24.*

**CORN.**—The supply of Wheat and Flour in the course of last week was only moderate; the quality of which was, in general, very middling:

and such not being in request, remained over for this day's market, when the fine samples were taken off at quite as high prices.

The quantity of fresh up this morning was very small; the prime qualities readily supported the terms of this day's night: in some few instances a trifle more was made for superfine.

Flour is unaltered in value; the sale is entirely confined to the fine fresh sorts.

Although the Ports are open for barley imported previous to May, 1822, at the duty of 8s. 6d. per quarter, we cannot observe any depression in its value; the few prime samples of barley that appeared to-day, reached the terms of last week.

We have had a tolerably good supply of Oats, notwithstanding which, there has been a brisk sale; an advance of 1s. to 2s. per quarter may be quoted from last Monday.

Beans and Pease remain nearly the same; if any thing, the former command rather better terms.

## LIST OF PATENTS.

To Jean Henry Petelpierre, of Chalon-street, Somers' Town, in the parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, engineer, for his engine or machine for making the following articles from one piece of leather without any seam or sewing whatever; that is to say, all kinds of shoes and slippers, gloves, caps and hats, cartouch boxes, scabbards and sheaths for swords, bayonets and knives.—Dated 20th March 1824.—2 months allowed to enrol specification.

To James Rogers, of Marlborough, Wilts, Surveyor, for his method, or an improved instrument or instruments for determining or ascertaining the cubic contents of standing timber.—20th March.—6 months.

To John Lingford, of Nottingham, lace machine manufacturer, for certain improvements upon machines or machinery now in use for the purpose of making that kind of lace commonly known or distinguished by the name or names of bobbin-net or Buckinghamshire lace net.—20th March.—6 months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devonshire, lace manufacturer, for his improvements in certain parts of the machinery used in spinning cotton, wool or silk.—20th March.—6 months.

To Henry Berry, of Abchurch-lane, London, merchant, for certain improvements on a machine or apparatus for

more readily producing light.—20th March.—6 months.

To Jean Jacques Stainmarc, of Belmont distillery, Wandsworth-road, Vauxhall, in the parish of St. Mary, Lambeth, Surrey, distiller, who, in consequence of communications made to him by certain foreigners residing abroad, and discoveries by himself, is in possession of an invention of improvements in the process of and apparatus for distilling.—20th March.—6 months.

To Charles Demeny, of Paris, but now residing in Fenchurch-street, London, merchant, who, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, with whom he is connected, is in the possession of an invention of an apparatus containing within itself the means of producing gas from oil and other oleaginous substances, of burning such gas for the purpose of affording light, and of replacing the gas consumed.—22d March.—6 months.

To Joseph Spencer, of Belper, Derbyshire, nail-manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of furnaces or forges for the preparation of iron or steel, and for the process of manufacturing of nails and other articles from the said materials.—7th April.—6 months.

## LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS.

FROM SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1824, TO TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1824,  
INCLUSIVE.

*Extracted from the London Gazette.*

N.B. All the Meetings are at the Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

**BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.**

C. Bayley, of East I:ean, Sussex, farmer.  
J. Haselden, of Grubb-street, horse-dealer.  
J. Holbrook, of Derby, grocer.  
R. Roby, of Radnor-street, City-road, tailor.

**T. Kelson, of Combe-Down Somersetshire,**  
farmer.  
**J. Urmon, of Liverpool, ship-chandler.**  
**R. Williamson, of Ipswich, merchant.**

## BANKRUPTS.

Bath, W. Copenhagen-house, Islington, victu-  
ler. (Whitton, Great James-street, Bedford-row.  
Barker, J. Butler's-alley, Little Moorfields,  
silk-manufacturer. (Bowman, Union-court,  
Broad-street.  
Bentley, J. Leeds, stuff-merchant. (Batiey,  
Chancery lane.  
Bott, W. P. Wimbome-Minster, Dorset, grocer.  
(Swain, Stephens-place, and Co. Fred-  
rick's place, Old Jewry.  
Netts, J. T. Temple-pieces, Blackfriars-road,  
rectifying-distiller. (Ru-hury, Carthusian-  
street, Charterhouse-square.  
Brown, T. Chelmarsh, Shropshire, farmer.  
(Williams and White, Old-buildings, Lin-  
coln's-inn.  
Browe, J. Battersea, carpenter. (Brooking,  
Lombard-street.  
Buchua, N. C. Bryanstone-street, Portman-sq.,  
musical-composer. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.  
Barnett, C. Barlow-mews, Bruton-street, near  
Broad-street, horse-dealer. (Reynolds, Car-  
martien-street, Fitzroy-square.  
Broadly, W. Old Jewry, woollen-warehouseman,  
(Fisher, Bucklersbury.  
Clark, W. H. and R. Clement, High Holborn,  
linen-drapers. (Green and Ashurst, Sam-  
brook-court, Basinghall-street.  
Cooke, H. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton spin-  
ner. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.  
Critchley, M. Crooklands, Westmorland, coal-  
dealer. (Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
Corfield, C. W. Norwich, currier. (Taylor,  
Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.  
Clerk, T. S. Leith Town, bookseller. (Steel  
and Nicke, Queen-street, Cheshide.  
Cooke, T. Banbury, Oxfordshire, mealman  
(Tims, Banbury.  
Crole, D. Old Broad-street, stock-broker. (Ton-  
linson, Bennell, and Cooper, Geythall-court,  
Throgmorton-street.  
Corbett, B. O. Friday-street, linen-draper. (Par-  
ken, New Bowdell-court.  
Davis, W. Lewisham, Kent, corn-dealer. (Flem-  
ing, Old Jewry.  
Dawe, J. Hellington-works, Devonshire, miller.  
(Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row.  
Douthwaite, C. Pinneras-lane, wing-merchant.  
(Smithson, Old Jewry.  
Durham, J. New-court, Lambeth-march, oilman.  
(Leigh, Charlotte-row, Manby-house  
Dacre, & H. Jerusalem Coffee-house, mer-  
chant. (Riunt, Roy, and Riunt, Broad-street-  
buildings.  
Davis, S. Devonport, Devonshire, grocer. (Sale,  
St. Andrew-square.  
Dawson, T. H. H. coach-master (Whitton,  
Great James-street, Bedford-row.  
Ellis, S. Mark-street, shoe-dresser. (Steel and  
Nesbit, Broad-street, Cheshide.  
Eggs, J. St. Andrew's-cross, Golden-horn-keeper.  
(Carpenter, Finsbury-lane, Golden-horn.  
Eggs, G. J. St. Andrew's-cross, Golden-horn.  
(Carpenter, Finsbury-lane, Golden-horn.  
Ekin, W. Barnsbury-row, Golden-horn-stations.  
(Brook, St. Andrew's.  
E. J. H. 1894.

Fisher, F. Austin-frairs, merchant. (Bolton, Austin-frairs.  
Flashhorn, E. Wakenfield, victualler. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.  
Foster, J. Tring, Hertfordshire, victualler. (Grover and Smith, Hemel Hempstead.  
Featherstonhaugh, M. G. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, merchant. (Blakiston, Symond's-lane.  
Groves, S. Sheffield, Yorkshire, saw-manufacturer. (Batty, Chancery-lane.  
Grumelson, C. Lower Cunningham-street, Pentonville, merchant. (Paterson and Peile, Old Broad-street.  
Gilbert, J. A. George-lane, Betsolph-lane, merchant. (Rush, Crown-court, Threadneedle-st.  
Graham, M. Union-street, Bishopsgate-street, glass-dweller. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.  
Harris, T. Egg Buckland, Devon, butcher. (North and Smart, Temple.  
Holgate G. and F. Holgate, Burnley, Lancashire. (Milne and Parry, Temple.  
Hodson, J. Liverpool, timber-merchant. (Shade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.  
Haselden, J. Gub-street, horse-dealer. (Isaacs, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe.  
Hollbrook, J. Derby, grocer. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.  
Hoyden, W. Liverpool, coach-maker. (Hunt, Surrey-street, Strand.  
Jackson, W. High Holborn, victualler. (Browning, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street.  
Jackson, W. Horsforth, Yorkshire, corn-miller. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.  
Johnson, W. Workshop, Nottinghamshire, coal-dealer. (Hall and Brownley, New Dowell-court.  
Jepson, J. Congleton, Cheshire, spirit-merchant. (Clarke, Richards, and Megdall, Chancery-lane.  
Kerby, O. T. Finch-lane, Cornhill, stock-broker. (Taylor, King-street, Cheapside.  
Kennedy, H. Brighton-lane, Sussex, carpenter. (Faithful, Birch-lane.  
Keast, J. East Loos, Cornwall, money-scriven-er. (North and Smart, Temple.  
Lee, J. and P. Sanders, Cobb's-yard, Middlesex-street, Whitechapel, rag-merchants. (Isaacs, Manasseh-street, Goodman's-fields.  
Lansley, W. Andover, Hampshire, carpenter. (Hicks and Baikenridge, Bartlett's build-ings.  
Manifold, J. Kendal, Westmorland, stinner. (Addison, Vernaln-buildings, Gray-lane.  
Morgan, J. Bedford-row, Commercial-road, London, Cycle-works.  
Narraway, J. Broad-street, (William and White, London).  
Nelson, J. Chelmsford, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer. (Evans and Shagham, Hatton-street.  
Paw, J. New Kent-road, grocer. (Watson and Sons, Surrey-street, Fleet-street).  
Perry, R. Manchester, cotton. (Adlington, Gre-ory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row).

Falling, W. New-road, Kennington-lane, Vauxhall, merchant. (Steel and Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside.  
 Proctor, J. Wardour-street, Oxford-street, wine-merchant. (Maedougall, Lincoln's-inn New-square.  
 Ramsden, A. Wandsworth, coach-proprietor. (Fisher, Bucklebury.  
 Roberts, T. A. Montford-place, Kennington-green, coal-merchant. (Pownall, Staple-inn, Holborn.  
 Rees, B. Haverfordwest, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn.  
 Roscow H. Pendleton, Lancashire, brewer. (Clark, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.  
 Rhodes, J. Heywood, Lancashire, house-carpenter. (Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn fields.  
 Rutt, N. Coleman-street, paper-hanger. (Gregson and Fennereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.  
 Shackles, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper. (Ellis, Son, Walsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.  
 Sandison, W. Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, tailor. (Tanner, Fore-street, Finsbury-sq.  
 Saigent, G. F. Mailborough-place, Great Peter-street, patent leather dresser. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.  
 Smith, P. Petticoat-lane, spirit merchant. (Fox and Prideaux, Austin inn.  
 Sloggett, J. Jun, Bath, hosiery. (King and Lukin, Gray's inn-square.  
 Smith, A. Beech street, timber merchant (Robinson and Hine, Charterhouse-square.  
 Sawtell, T. Somerton, Somersetshire, inn-keeper (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.  
 Sutenis, W. P. Langbourne-chambers, merchant. (Birch and Gaith, Martin's lane, Cannon-street.

Sudbury, W. Reading, coach-maker. (Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho.  
 Scholesfield, R. M. Bradford, Yorkshire, manufacturer. (Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies-inn.  
 Tomkinson, S. Burslem, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.  
 Townshend, R. and S. Nottingham, cutlers. (Briggs and Mould, Lincoln's inn-fields.  
 Tweed, J. Darby-street, Rosemary-lane, cabinet-maker. (Isaacs, Bury-st. St. Mary-axe.  
 Twaddle, W. C. Hertford, draper. (Sharp, Essex-court, Temple.  
 Welsby, W. Manchester, innholder. (Appleby and Sergeant, Gray's-inn-square.  
 Wreake, J. Sheffield, saw manufacturer. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman street.  
 Wild, J. Burslem, Staffordshire, victualler. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-st. Cheapside.  
 Wise S. and C. Brencley, Maidstone, paper-makers. (Ashaldston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.  
 Whiting, T. Oxford, mercer (Miller, Ely-place, Holborn.  
 Wall, J. Brentford-Butts, broker, (Blake, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road.  
 Whitehouse, J. Jun, and W. N. Whitehouse, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, factors. (Wimburn and Collett, Chancery lane.  
 Wood, H. and J. Wood, Chandos street, Covent-garden. (Beverley Garden-court, Temple.  
 Wilson, T. Little Queen street, Lincoln's inn-fields, undertaker (Whitton, Great James-street, Bedford-row.  
 York, A. Birmingham, baker, (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.  
 Yates, J. C. Rosemary-lane, innman. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.

## DIVIDENDS.

Avery, J. Barnstable, shopkeeper, May 27.  
 Ayton, W. Macclesfield, Cheshire, cotton-spinner, June 14.  
 Batterbee, P. F. Norton Suffolk, handy merchant, May 18.  
 Beaumont, J. Hunter-street, Brunswick square, May 25.  
 Bradbury, G. Hadley, Shropshire, maltster, May 25.  
 Bridgman, E. L. Fish-street-hill, undertaker, May 29.  
 Bligh, W. C. Bath, grocer, June 8.  
 Brennand, T. Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman, May 29.  
 Bradley, W. Louth, Lincolnshire, linen draper, June 17.  
 Crowther, W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, May 1.  
 Clark, R. Newport, Isle of Wight, brewer, May 15.  
 Cunningham, J. Birmingham, linen-draper, May 31.  
 Cuming, A. Claines, Worcestershire, draper, May 22.  
 Chadwick, J. Holborn-hill, watch-maker, May 25.  
 Capon, J. B. Bishop's Hull, Somersetshire, woolstapler, June 4.  
 Coleman, R. Liverpool, baker, May 26.  
 Colston, D. E. Islington-road, upholsterer, May 25.  
 Cook, W. and G. Canterbury, wine-merchants, June 8.  
 Chambers, T. Liverpool, grocer, June 8.  
 Daw, W. High Halden, Kent, potter, May 26.  
 Dawson, G. and J. Walsley, Liverpool, merchants, May 27.  
 Davenport, J. Stockport, Fishells, Cheshire, publican, May 31.  
 Dowling, W. King-st. Tower-hill, grocer, May 29.  
 Elves, J. Canterbury, ironmonger, May 22.  
 Evans, B. E. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, June 5.  
 Emery, J. Rosemond-street, Clerkenwell, victualler, June 5.  
 Eastwood, R. Leeds, draper, June 2.

Firmin, J. Balmer, Essex, farmer, May 21.  
 Farrell, J. Prospect-place, Newington-causeway, May 8.  
 Greetham, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler May 24.  
 Gompertz, A. Great Winchester-street, merchant, May 22.  
 Grant, J. Coleman-street, merchant, May 29.  
 Green, J. and J. Warminster, Wilts, glovers, May 31.  
 Gray, T. March, Cambridgeshire, brewer, June 3.  
 Garra, W. Grassington, Yorkshire, glover, June 7.  
 Goulden J. Goulden's-place, Hackney-road, carpenter, May 22.  
 Glover, D. Gutter-lane, London, merchant, June 12.  
 Hatfield, H. Abingdon-row, Goswell-street-road, May 1.  
 Hopwood, J. Chancery-lane, bill-broker, May 1.  
 Horn, H. Cherry garden-street, Rotherhithe, merchant, May 29.  
 Honeyborne, J. Moor-lane, Staffordshire, coal-dealer, June 1.  
 Hawkins, J. U. Star-corner, Bermondsey, carpenter, May 25.  
 Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, merchant, May 26.  
 Hamilton, W. New City Chambers, merchant, May 29.  
 Hicks, H. and S. W. Woodward, Bankside, Southwark, June 5.  
 Hollander, L. A. Winchester-street, diamond-merchant, June 5.  
 Hosking, V. Walton, Bucks, builder, June 12.  
 Hewson, J. and W. Robinson, Carlisle, manufacturers, June 17.  
 Jones, D. Brighthelmston, Sussex, stone-mason, May 17.  
 Joseph, M. Liverpool, woollen-draper, June 4.  
 Keast, W. St. Mary, Goswell, Lamb-barnes, May 19.  
 Leigh, G. Wincham, Cheshire, coal-dealer, May 19.  
 Lyncey, J. Jun, Limehouse, salt-maker, June 12.

- Littlewood, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, stationer, May 22.  
 Levitt, Q. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, June 12.  
 Mackie, J. Watling-street, merchant, May 29.  
 McNair, A. Abchurch-lane, merchant, May 22.  
 Minchin, T. Verulam buildings, Gray's-inn, dealer, May 29.  
 Nightingale, T. Watling-street, warehouseman, June 12.  
 Oldfield, J. Edgeware-road, coachmaker, May 25.  
 Parry, T. R. Seaton, and J. Armitage, Manchester, May 17.  
 Potts, T. jun. Sunderland-near-the-Sea, May 17.  
 Plaw, H. R. Riches-court, Lime-street, merchant, May 4.  
 Parker, J. G. and J. L. and T. Roberts, Birchin-lane, May 22.  
 Peet, G. and J. Gutter lane, Cheap-side, May 25.  
 Piercy, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, edge-tool-makers, May 28.  
 Pile, M. jun., Sidmouth, Devon, cabinet-maker, June 1.  
 Phillips, T. A. Ardwick, Lancashire, brewer, May 26.  
 Pinkerton, T. Nuneaton, Warwickshire, merchant, May 25.  
 Patrick, J. Mary-le-bone-street, Piccadilly, linen-draper, June 12.  
 Rooke, J. Bishopgate-street without, woollen-draper, May 18.  
 Robertson, G. Wapping, ship-chandler, May 18.  
 Rivolta, A. Brook-street, Holborn, May 22.  
 Roach, R. S. Bishop's-Waltham, Hants, tanner, May 24.  
 Robson, J. H. Sunderland-near-the-Sea, Durham, mercer, June 24.  
 Smith, J. W. and T. Townley, Manchester, cotton-spinners, May 19.  
 Street, J. F. and W. Bucklersbury, stationers, May 11.  
 Spitta, C. L. F. and G. Molling, and H. A. Spitta, Lawrence Pountney-lane, May 4.  
 Stevens, D. G. Harlow, Essex, linen-draper, May 18.  
 Slaughter, T. Seal, Kent, tanner, May 22.  
 Sharpus, R. Davies-st., Berkeley-sq. May 22.  
 Sanners, J. Duke-street, St. James's, surgeon, May 22.  
 Stanforth, W. Little Eastcheap, wine-merchant, June 5.  
 Sanders, J. M. Ipswich, Suffolk, ironmonger, June 9.  
 Sayers, J. Little Yarmouth, Suffolk, wine-merchant, June 25.  
 Thiesen, A. H. Bernard-st., Russell-sq., May 15.  
 Townsend, E. Maiden lane, Covent-garden, May 8.  
 Thurbon, J. March, Cambridge-fire, June 3.  
 Whellier, T. Exeter, spirit-merchant, May 17.  
 Walker, B. West Smithfield, tailor, April 27.  
 Wilson, R. and F. Oxford-street, linen-draper, May 22.  
 Wade, D. P. Hadleigh, Suffolk, tanner, May 22.  
 Weeks, J. Exeter, currier, May 22.  
 Wilkins, C. Tower-street, oilman, May 22.  
 Warren, P. Warminster, mealman, May 26.  
 Walley, T. Liverpool, merchant, May 26.  
 Williams, L. Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, merchant, May 29.  
 Webster, J. Tower-street, merchant, May 22.  
 Williams, L. Fenchurch-st., merchant, May 29.  
 Whitaker, W. Wakefield, and J. Whitaker, Lee-green, Yorkshire, June 10.  
 Wetton, J. W. James, and T. Payne, jun. Wood-street, ribbon-manufacturers, June 12.  
 Wathen, C. Salter's-hall-court, merchant, June 5.  
 Willington, J. and E. Birmingham, cabinet-case-makers, June 8.  
 White, M. Finsbury-square, Middlesex, merchant, June 12.  
 Wortley, V. Henry-street, Hampstead-road, Middlesex, June 12.  
 Wall, J. Broad-court, Long-acre, Middlesex, tailor, June 12.

## BIRTHS.

- May 2.—Mrs. T. Deacon, of Skinner-street, of a daughter.  
 8. Mrs. Brown, of the Old Bailey, of a son.  
 10. In Judd-street, the lady of A. Delisser, surgeon, of a son.  
 14. The lady of the Rev. R. H. Millington, of a son and heir.  
 16. At Upper Clapton, the lady of L. C. Miles, jun. esq. of a daughter.  
 18. In Highbury-place, Mrs. J. Morgan, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- May 1. Mr. J. Pemberton, of Worcester, to Mary Johnston, daughter of Mr. J. Johnston, of Pudding-lane, Lower Thames-street.  
 — At Aldgate church, by the Rev. D. Hatt, W. H. Pilcher, of New Broad-street, to Miss Duff, of America-square.  
 3. At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Major-General Smith, to Amelia; widow of the late J. Leopold, esq.  
 6. At St. Paneras new Church, Lieutenant Arthur Davies R.N., to Elizabeth, daughter of G. Malcham, esq.  
 11. At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by the Rev. T. F. Lutteral, the Rev. A. F. Lutteral, Rector of East Quinlockstead, of Somersetshire, to Jane, the daughter of Wm. Leader, esq., of Putney-hill, Surrey.

14. At Tenderden, Kent, by the Rev. T. Wood, T. U. Hammond, esq. of Brixton, Surrey, surgeon, to Maria, daughter of the late J. Neve, of Tenderden.  
 19. Mr. T. Churchyard of Spital-square, to Miss Gell, of Nottingham.  
 20. Mr. F. Garford, of Poplar, to Anne, daughter of G. Pringle, esq., of Stoke Newington.

## DEATHS.

- May 1.—Margaret, wife of C. Adams, esq. of Spencer Lodge, Wandsworth-common, daughter of Sir L. Maclean, M.D., of Sudbury, Suffolk.  
 2. Mrs. West, aged 80, wife of the late Mr. West, King-street, Deptford.  
 4. At his house in Judd-street, J. Shaw, formerly of Bath, aged 74, universally regretted by a large circle of friends.  
 7. Mr. T. Jordan, of Whitechapel, druggist.  
 9. Hannah Maria, wife of J. G. Simcox, esq., of Harborne-House, near Birmingham.  
 12. Robert Davison, esq. of Islington-green, in the 57th year of his age.  
 14. After an illness of two days, O. Max, the son of J. West, esq., late Captain in the 18th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Portuguese Army.  
 19. At Chatham-place West, Hackney, Mr. Jafferis, aged 55.  
 20. In Tavistock-square, Mrs. Sharp, widow of the late W. Sharp.



## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 26th April to 25th May, 1824.

Day.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	3 Pr. C. L. bds.	3 Pr. C. E. bills.	Consols. for acct.
26		95	96	102	101	109	21	299	82	54	96
27	244	95	96	102	102	106	9	299	82	54	96
28	211	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
29	244	95	96	102	102	106	9	299	82	54	96
30	244	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
1	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
2	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
3	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
4	241	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
5	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
6		95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
7	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
8	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
9	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
10	242	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
11		95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
12	241	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
13	241	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
14	240	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
15	210	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
16	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
17	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
18	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
19	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
20	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
21	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
22	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
23	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
24	243	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96
25	242	95	96	102	101	106	9	299	82	54	96

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to April, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.  
JAMES WYENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Thiegnorton-street

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From the 20th April, to 19th May, 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co., Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

April.	Mo.	Rain Gauge	Therm.	Barom.	De Luc's Hygr.	Winds.	Atmo.	Variations.
		9 A.M. Max. Min.	9 A.M. 10 P.M.	9 A.M. 10 P.M.	9 A.M. 10 P.M.	9 A.M. 10 P.M.	9 A.M. 10 P.M.	9 A.M. 10 P.M.
20		130 53 57 47 30	16 30 10	61	67	SE	E	Fine
21		54 60 50 29	96 29 73	67	69	SE	SE	Fine
22		57 60 51 29	74 29 76	69	70	WSW	W	Fine
23		54 57 49 29	37 29 27	75	87	N	NW	Rain
24		50 55 51 29	81 30 82	80	NW	W	Fine	Fine
25		53 58 45 30	00 29 75	70	76	SW	S	Fair
26		53 57 51 29	55 29 37	75	80	SSW	W	Overc.
27		58 59 54 29	61 29 77	76	77	W	SW	Fine
28		57 57 54 29	80 29 60	79	80	SW	SW	Overc.
29		55 55 53 29	65 29 51	75	70	SW	SSW	Fine
30		54 55 54 29	52 29 65	60	65	WSW	SW	Fine
1		57 57 50 29	80 29 88	62	65	SSW	SSW	Clo.
2		55 51 47 29	73 29 65	69	85	N	NW	Rain
3		49 53 49 29	40 29 34	90	90	NW	NW	Fine
4		49 54 50 29	47 29 65	85	90	W	WSW	Overc.
5		53 60 53 29	72 29 74	90	85	SW	SW	Rain
6		55 60 50 29	74 29 70	93	90	SW	S	Rain
7		57 62 55 29	73 29 85	84	80	SW	NNW	Fine
8		60 63 54 30	04 30 12	73	80	NW	E	Fair
9		56 61 46 30	12 30 04	80	75	ESE	E	Fine
10		55 63 49 29	88 29 80	79	60	E	E	Clo.
11		47 52 44 29	80 29 80	84	85	ENE	E	Clo.
12		41 56 58 29	75 29 74	90	80	ENE	NE	Rain
13		39 48 41 29	68 29 52	91	92	NE	NE	Rain
14		48 49 44 29	37 29 38	95	97	ENE	NE	Fine
15		44 48 43 29	33 29 32	98	98	NE	N	Fine
16		44 46 46 29	60 29 80	83	80	NE	NE	Clo.
17		55 57 48 29	87 29 80	70	70	WNW	W	Fine
18		53 67 46 29	80 29 78	65	70	WNW	WSW	Rain
19		55 50 56 29	65 29 65	78	78	NNE	NNW	Fair

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of April was 1 inch and 35. 100ths.

[F. Warr, Printer, Red Lion Passage.]





*Mackintosh*

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

JUNE, 1824 :

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF JULY.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

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[TWO SHILLINGS.]



## EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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FROM the change which has taken place in the printing department of the European Magazine, some delay and inconvenience has occurred, which has led to the omission of several articles, which the Editor intended to insert; among these are "Ali," "My Birth Day," "The Pleasures of Perplexity; or, Delights of Authorship," "A Vision," on "Results and Consequences;" which will all *appear in our next*, as also our intended Essay on the Genius and Writings of Lord Byron.

Any communication from the author of 'Young Authors,' will find a ready reception in the European Magazine.



THE  
**EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,**

AND

**LONDON REVIEW.**

JUNE, 1824.

**SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.**

JAMES MACKINTOSH was born at Alldowrie in Inverness-shire, on the 24th of October, 1765. His father, John Mackintosh, Esq. of Kellachie, in that county, during the first years of a long military life, served in the same regiment in the German war, with Major Mercer, since well known as the author of a small volume of elegant poetry, and to his memory the following testimony was borne by that gentleman, in a letter to Lord Glenbervie, in 1804, sixteen years after the death of his friend and fellow soldier:—"We lived together for two years in the same tent, without an unkind word or look. John Mackintosh was one of the liveliest, most good humoured, gallant lads, I ever knew."

The clan of the Mackintoshes appears to have been a considerable tribe in Inverness-shire, about the end of the thirteenth century. A younger son of their chief, in the last years of the fifteenth century, acquired Kellachie, an estate of more extent than value, which was possessed by his descendants until 1801. One of them, Angus Mackintosh, a chief of no small note in provincial tradition, is mentioned in the very curious account of the Earls of Sutherland, lately published, as the leader of his clan during the reign of Queen Mary. Another of them, Donald Mackintosh of Alldowrie, was appointed one of the Commissioners of Supply (i. e. land tax) for his county, in the first Parliament which assembled after the Restoration.

Sir James Mackintosh received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Fortrose, in Ross-shire, and passed through the usual course of academical study, at King's College, Aberdeen, where the Rev. Robt. Hall, a person equally distinguished by genius and virtue, was his most intimate companion. He afterwards spent three years at the University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of doctor of medicine, at a time when the living examples of Smith and Robertson, as well as of Clark and Cullen, taught youth to aspire to eminence in science and literature; when the bold speculations of Browne diffused curiosity and the spirit of independence, though with some sacrifice of docility and industry; and when the persuasive and philosophical eloquence of Stewart was employed in inspiring that love of knowledge and virtue, which he has kindled in more minds than perhaps any other public teacher of his age and nation.

His voluntary studies were more directed towards literature, morals, politics, and speculative philosophy than to the medical profession, which he never practised, or to the physical sciences connected with it, which, at no period of his life, he very diligently cultivated.

In 1789, he visited the continent, and in 1794 he published an answer to Mr. Burke's "Reflections," which introduced him immediately to the acquaintance of Mr. Fox, and, in a



few years, to that of Mr. Burke, whose opinions he had attempted to controvert, but for whom he never ceased to entertain that admiration and reverence which were among the earliest feelings of his youth.

In 1790 he indulged his first inclination, by applying himself to the study of the Law of England, and was called to the Bar in 1795.

In 1799, he published a Discourse on the Study of the "Law of Nature and Nations;" introductory to a course of lectures on that subject, delivered in that and the following year, in Lincoln's Inn hall. This Discourse had the somewhat singular fortune of having been approved before publication, by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox.

In 1803 appeared his speech in defence of Mr. Peltier, for a libel on Buonaparte. In the same year he was appointed Recorder of Bombay, where he remained till November, 1811, when he was compelled to return to England by a severe illness, not yet removed; which has both retarded the composition of a History of Great Britain, in which he is engaged, and prevented his frequent attendance and active exertions in the House of Commons, in which assembly he took his seat in July 1813, for the county of Nairn, in Scotland.

By his first marriage, with Miss Stuart of Edinburgh, he has three daughters; of whom the eldest is married to Mr. Rich, Resident for the East India Company at the court of the Pacha of Bagdad; the second, to Mr. Erskine, of Bombay; and the third, to Sir William Wiseman, Bart. captain in the royal navy. By his present lady, the daughter of the late J. B. Allen, Esq. of Cressly, in the county of Pembroke, he has two daughters and one son.

These brief particulars of the life of the distinguished patriot whose portrait embellishes our present number, we have collected from a selection of biographical notices and prints, pub-

lished by Cadell and Davis in 1814. Our limits will only permit us to add to these particulars, that he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in 1822, by a great majority, after a contest, in which Sir Walter Scott was his opponent; and was re-elected in 1823.

In 1823 he took a prominent part in promoting the extension of all the benefits and privileges of the British Constitution to the free inhabitants of New South Wales. Of his political and parliamentary career, however, we can say so little in the space which happens to be allotted to us, that we prefer being totally silent on the subject, at the present moment. In our next number, we propose entering fully into the subject; not that we can make the political course which he has pursued, nor the great and important objects which he sought to accomplish better known than they are already, but that we think it due to him to enter into a philosophical examination of the talent and genius which he brought to the subject. Of the integrity of his principles—of their unbending, uncompromising, undeviating character we need say nothing—they are equally known and equally appreciated by the learned and the unlearned; but these are moral qualities, which have no necessary connection with genius or intellect. The most ignorant man in society may be as moral and religious as the most enlightened; and had Sir James Mackintosh never rose above the narrow grasp of vulgar apprehension, he might, so far as regards all the moral and social affections, be the same man that he is at present. We shall, therefore, in our ensuing number, report the most important of the public measures in which he engaged the talent which he exercised in their attainment, and the philosophy of the principles by which he supported them.

---

## ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF HOMER.

"De hoc multi multa, omnis aliquid, nemo satis."

We have already treated of, and attempted to point out the distinctive character of Homer's genius: we shall now conclude by treating of the judgment which he has exercised in the construction and plan of his *Iliad*. Before we do so, it is necessary to distinguish genius from judgment, for they are frequently confounded by our ablest writers and most profound metaphysicians. The author of a late essay on genius has actually written a laborious essay on judgment; for what he terms genius is judgment in the strictest sense of the expression. Genius and judgment, it is true, run into each other like light and shade, and in many cases it is difficult to say whether genius or judgment predominate.

Judgment is exercised in constructing the plot of a poem, genius consists in its execution; but the author of the work just mentioned tells us the very contrary. Genius consists in the discovery and expression of ideas that warm us to rapture and enthusiasm, or make us acquainted with things of which we were already ignorant. The former is a poetic, the latter a philosophic genius. Judgment is totally different from either of these, and has, in fact, no alliance whatever with the latter. Perhaps we can make judgment more clearly understood by describing than by defining it. We shall therefore call it the Mentor of Poetry. When the poet discovers those ideas that captivate and enchant, it is the office of judgment to enquire whether they be in perfect harmony with each other; for images, sentiments and associations that are pleasing in themselves, become disgusting when improperly connected. The disgust is created not by the things themselves, but by the manner or impropriety of uniting them. For instance, if things which are beautiful in themselves be associated without any sufficient reason, without our being able to perceive why they are associated, the mind revolts at so unnatural a conjunction. A beautiful female pleases us in the street, in the ball room, the theatre, and wherever we can per-

ceive a reason for her appearance: but if, (a perfect stranger,) she knocks at our door, enters our apartment, and sets herself down without formality or introduction, let us like her person ever so much, we cannot help, in spite of our politeness, being displaced at so unexpected and unmeaning an intrusion. It is so in poetry—a sentiment may be, not only just, but beautiful in itself, but if it have no relation to the subject matter, we treat it as an intruder. Genius then consists in the discovery of ideas, judgment in examining their application to our subject. genius is madness without judgment, judgment lifeless and abortive without genius.

But though judgment is exercised in devising the plot of a poem, the sublimest description of poems requires no plot whatever, as Homer's *Iliad*, Virgil's *Eneid*, Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and every epic poem founded in history. The subject itself regulates and determines the plot: the poet describes things as they happen and in the order in which they take place. He may not, it is true, begin at the beginning, for the beginning is frequently of too trivial importance to be otherwise noticed than as something related to that part of the action, or what critics call the "main action," which alone the poet is desirous of celebrating. What led to the main action is of minor import; and frequently, or rather generally has nothing in it that can either interest or entice. What is there interesting in the early histories of Greece or Rome, but what they derive from their subsequent grandeur. The epic poet then commences his poem where the interest commences, ends it where the interest ends, and relates not only what precedes this period, but whatever is of minor importance, by way of Eploude. He has accordingly no plot to invent, he relates things as they happen, or as they are supposed to happen, and if he describe what precedes the period at which he commences, he treats it in the same manner; that is, he relates the facts in the order of time in which they happen. The

poet then has no plot to devise, where historic events become the subject of his muse, and yet the critics of ancient and modern times have perplexed and confounded each other in labouring to discover what was the plot or argument of Homer's *Iliad*. Mr. Penn has lately written a laborious dissertation on this subject, in which he examines the clashing opinions of the ancients and the moderns, rejects both, and substitutes in their stead a theory of his own. But Mr. Penn might as well have written a dissertation on the primary argument of Hume's *History of England*. Hume had only one object in view, to relate events as they occurred, and make such reflections upon them as their nature and character either suggested or required. He differed from Homer only in beginning at the beginning and ending at the end—whereas Homer threw away both beginning and end, because neither was of sufficient interest, because neither could excite that patriotic enthusiasm, that sacred flame, which the heroism of his countrymen, and of their no less heroic opponents, awakened in his own breast, and which he wished to excite in the breasts of others. "We may in a few words," says Sulzer, in his *Illustrations of the Theory and Principles of Taste*, "describe the fable of the *Iliad*. During the siege of Troy a violent dissension arose between Agamemnon and Achilles, which occasioned the latter to separate himself from the army and retire to his tent. By this the besiegers were so weakened, that it appeared as if they would be obliged to raise the siege. They in vain sought by supplications to alter his resolution, but a particular accident brought him back and again set his warlike genius on fire. This occasioned the death of Hector, by which the conquest of the place was facilitated, as this hero was the strongest bulwark of the Trojans." Thus, according to Sulzer, was the fable of the *Iliad*; but it was also what the critics call the argument of it, for what is the argument of a poem but the subject of it. The critics, however, will have it, that Homer, in writing the *Iliad*, intended to celebrate some particular circumstance, different from the general subject. Accordingly they maintain, or, at least, the greater part of them main-

tain, that Homer intended only to celebrate the consequences arising from the wrath of Achilles, occasioned by his dispute with Agamemnon; but these consequences end with the seventeenth book; for Achilles takes part with the Greeks in the eighteenth, in consequence of the death of Patroclus. The events which take place in the several last books did not, consequently, arise from the wrath of Achilles, more than from that of any other of the Grecian chiefs. The simple fact is, that Homer wished to celebrate whatever occurred of importance from the dispute between Achilles and Agamemnon to the death of Hector, because this was the only interesting part of that famous siege. It is true Homer does not exactly describe at the opening all he intended to do, for if he had, there would be no room for all the dissertations that have been written on the primary argument of the *Iliad*, but he did so, simply because he never thought of any fixed plot. Instead of governing circumstances, and adapting them to his own views, he intended to be governed altogether by his subject. He never thought of beginning, middle and end, or of any of the celebrated epic rules laid down by the Stagyræite. He wrote as he did, because nature instinctively guided him into the proper way; and Aristotle perceiving it was the proper way, deduced from it the rules by which future epic poets ought to be guided. If Homer then talks at the beginning only of Achilles' wrath, it is only because it was this wrath that led to the important events which he celebrates in the *Iliad*. He first describes the circumstance that was *uppermost* (if we may so express ourselves) in his mind, and then relates, in their proper order, the events resulting from this circumstance. If then it be asked, what is the primary argument of the *Iliad*? or, in other words, what is it Homer had in view in writing it? we reply, a relation of all the events that resulted from the contest between Achilles and Agamemnon to the death of Hector. To any person who views the subject simply, and seeks not, with the critics, to find meanings in Homer which he never meant, and designs which he never designed, must, on perusing the entire of the *Iliad*, instantly perceive that the celebration of these events, of the contests between the rival warriors,

\* See Sulzer, p. 16.

and the valor and prowess which they displayed in the field, were all Homer had in view. And we should ask the critics, we should ask Mr. Penn, what nobler subject could he propose to himself? What more calculated to rouse all the summing energies of the bard, the warrior, and the patriot, than the wars of his countrymen with the Trojans? But it will be said that Homer did not carry down his relation to the destruction of Troy, and that therefore he left part of the Trojan war unsung. We admit it; but we have already observed that Homer omitted both beginning and end, because neither was of sufficient importance to become the lofty theme of the epic muse. After the death of Hector, the fate of Troy was decided. With him all her warriors dwindled into insignificance, the soul that animated, the boldness that inspired, the headlong impetuosity that urged her forward to victory or death, had mingled with the thin shades of the visionary world, and left her fallen, spiritless and forsaken. What then had Homer to sing after the death of Hector worthy of his muse? What could support him in the bold and adventurous flight which he had taken, or enable him to waft his sublime course along those "azure deeps of air," through which he had hitherto "sailed with supreme dominion?" The moment Homer laid Hector in the grave, he closed his Iliad. He saw that the interest was at an end, that there was nothing left to inspire either him or his readers, nothing to excite that rapture and enthusiasm, which the presence of Hector is of itself calculated to inspire. Homer perceived instinctively, without consulting the rules of art, that when the interest is brought to its highest pitch, all that follows is lost in the blaze and splendour of what went before, and accordingly he wisely closed his subject the moment the interest ceased.

Aristotle tell us, that *the main subject* or fable which Homer contemplated, which is, in other words, "the primary argument" of the Iliad, is *simple or single*. He does not, however, tell us what this "main subject" was, deeming it so plain and obvious, that no person could mistake it. In saying that the action was *simple, or single*, he merely meant that the main action was the contest between the Greeks and Trojans. In the progress

of this main action, it is true many engagements took place, but they were all subservient to the main action, that is, they all aimed at that final conquest which each party contemplated over the other. Aristotle is therefore right in saying that the main action was *simple or single*.

We perfectly agree with the greater part of what Mr. Penn says, in his observations on all the critics, who have treated on the primary argument of the Iliad.

"It is agreed, he says, "by all these critics, that the primary argument constitutes the rule by which the poem of the Iliad must be tried, and by which it was tried by Aristotle, but in stating what they conceive that primary argument to be, they immediately betray great uncertainty, and are divided among themselves, some assuming the *Anger of Achilles*, and some his *prayer*, incorporated in the *Prayer of Thetis*. These are the *only subjects* which their judgments have been able to take boldly, as constituting the primary argument. The consequence of either of these assumptions, was, however, obvious and inevitable, those who assumed the *Anger of Achilles*, found that argument fail them at the opening of the eighteenth book, leaving *in excess* of the poem of nearly seven books. Those who assumed the *Prayer of Thetis* found that argument fail them after the twenty-second book, leaving thus an excess of *two* books. All immediately hastened to draw this precipitate and illogical conclusion, that the poem therefore exceeds the measure of *its truth and proper primary argument* in those different proportions, and they proceeded to deduce this further corollary, that Aristotle had *therefore* not sufficient sagacity to discern that excess.

"But has Aristotle any where signified that he regarded either the *Anger of Achilles*, or the *Prayer of Thetis*, the primary argument on the Iliad? or that by which he measured the poem? He has no where said, or implied any such thing. As therefore neither of these subjects form an argument possessing the properties which he ascribed to the main argument and action of the Iliad, the only inference that reason ought to have drawn, or which it can logi-

timately draw from those premises is simply this; that *Aristotle did not consider either of those subjects, as constituting its primary argument.*"

With all this we perfectly agree, except in the assertion that Aristotle tried the poem of the Iliad, by the primacy argument. Perhaps we do not know what Mr. Penn means by *tried*; but we should suppose it to be the rule by which Aristotle investigated the merits of the Iliad. If this be what Mr. Penn means, we entirely disagree with him, for Aristotle was not so weak as to suppose that the merits of the Iliad depended on its primary argument. The fact is, that Homer can claim no merit whatever from the primary argument, for the subject pointed out this argument of itself. His object was to describe the most interesting portion of the Trojan War, and here the subject of itself guided him in the path which he was to pursue. It may be said, that he did not confine himself to the relation of what exactly happened, but embellished it by the creatures of his own genius, as in the introduction of celestial agency; but it should be recollected, that Homer believed in this agency; that this agency was handed down to him by tradition, and that he merely reported in poetic numbers, and poetic imagery, the traditions of his ancestors. An Irish poet describing Saint Patrick baptizing Ossian, tells us that during the ceremony, the Saint's staff, which was painted with iron, fell from his hand, and pierced the foot of the heathen convert, who, believing this to be part of the ceremony, endured it without a murmur, or rather took no notice of it, though it cost him a great portion of his life's blood. The saint after perceiving this accident, expressed surprise at Ossian's silent endurance, and on being informed of the cause, told him that his faith had baptised him. Now this is evidently a fiction, but it is not the fiction of the poet: he received the report from tradition, and described it accordingly. The merit of the description could not therefore consist in the invention of the fable, but in the happiness of the description. It is so with Homer; he had no merit in inventing his plot, because it was invented at his hands, not in bringing the Gods into action, for he and all his countrymen believed that celestial agency was actually

and really exercised in the accomplishment of the destruction of Troy. Homer's merit as a poet, must not therefore be ascribed to his invention of the plot, or primary argument of the Iliad; but to his delineation of character, boldness of imagery, happiness of description, glowing energy of expression, in a word from doing justice, to a subject which was already formed and fashioned to his hands; but this is not Homer's peculiar ease; it is the case of all the great poets that ever were, or ever will be. Their merit entirely consists in the execution, not the plot or outline of their poem. Nothing is easier than to invent fables, which are, properly speaking, only plots; it can be done by almost every old nurse and gossiping midwife. We know a poet of very great merit, who is extremely slow in the invention of his plots, but extremely happy in his execution after he has once fixed upon them; while his wife can invent plots and fables, with as much facility as if they were ready made at her hands, but beyond this she cannot proceed. The most interesting story, in her manner of describing it, would be lifeless and abortive. In fact she could invent more plots and fables in a day, than he could write in a year, and than she herself could write in fifty years, to do them any justice; so far then as regards the judgment which Homer has exercised in inventing the plot of Iliad, we think it next to nothing; and we must look to the execution alone, in training those qualities of poetic excellence, in which he has excelled all mankind.

If then Mr. Penn in saying that Aristotle "*tried*" the Iliad, by its primary argument, means the merits of the Iliad; we certainly cannot agree with him, for, besides the arguments just adduced, Aristotle does not even give a hint of what the primary argument was; but with regard to the two primary arguments which he examines and rejects, we entirely concur in his judgment. Beyond this however we cannot go, for if in rejecting them, we were to adopt the primary argument, which he substitutes for them, we would, in our own opinion, adopt the most absurd view of Homer's original design, that could possibly enter into the human mind.

In the first place, Homer is not all writers; the least trifling of obscure

instead of attempting to conceal, he seeks to make his meaning as clear as the sun at noon-day. He justly considered, or, if he did not, he was guided instinctively by the feeling which such a consideration would create, that hidden beauties, and concealed meanings, have neither beauty nor meaning whatever. To whom are those fancied beauties,—those beauties over which certain writers wish to throw a light veil of obscurity, beautiful? To whom, in a word, is, concealed beauty, beautiful? To none certainly, for such beauty can have no existence; as beauty depends as much on the percipient as on the object to which the term beautiful is applied. It is the same with concealed meanings, of which some writers are so extremely studious. What is concealed can have no meaning, except to him who conceals it. Nor even to him, properly speaking, has it any meaning; it merely suggests the meaning which he intended to attach to it, for if the expression did really convey this intended meaning, it would convey it to all readers as well as to him. Homer belonged not to this class of writers; he placed perspicuity among the highest virtues of composition. Now if the primary argument of the

Iliad was what Mr. Penn supposes it to be Homer, instead of proposing at the beginning the subject of his muse, has most religiously concealed it, and proposed quite a different subject, for no other possible reason than that of leading us astray, and preventing us from seeing what was the real subject of his song. In fact, the primary argument of the Iliad, according to Mr. Penn, is as replete with absurdity as the belief of the Southseotonians, and could only be framed by a hunter after hidden meanings, who imagines that great writers always say one thing, and mean another. The primary and governing argument of the Iliad, he says, "co-extensive with its extent, running through all its length, and reaching to its extreme termination, is the sure and irresistible power of the divine will over the most resolute and determined will of man; exemplified in the death and burial of Hector, by the instrumentality of Achilles, as the immediate preliminary to the destruction of Troy." From what we have already observed, it would be idle to add another word in proof of the absurdity of such a primary argument as this ever entering into the mind of Homer.

## THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

THERE is some twaddling writer connected with Blackwood's Magazine, who, instead of confining himself to his trade, and turning up his goggling eyes in mockery of devotion, writes reviews, and affects to be a critic. This sainted critic has the happy art of turning every writer into ridicule whom he happens to dislike, and of exalting dunces to the skies, provided they be chips of the same block with himself; that is, provided they be as great dunces, and as hypocritically religious as he is. Indeed, if we estimate the orthodoxy of the tenets held by the religious profession, of which he is a spiritual guide, by the orthodoxy of his criticisms on subjects that do not belong to religion, we can have no hesitation to say, that he is the blind guide of a blind flock, and "when the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." This poor critic has, we believe, been in

the ditch since he was born, or, at least, since he first began to exercise an opinion of things.—He has been always a dunce, and if he possess any merit, it is that of drawing others into the same snare with himself. That one dunce should guide another is, however, nothing wonderful, for, as the Latin poet justly observes, "*Pares cum paribus facile congregantur*," a dunce will sooner be guided by the opinions of his brother dunce than by those of the first writers in Europe, and therefore the proverb is verified, that "one fool makes mairy." The fool in Blackwood, we doubt not, has converted as well as others, and it is not our intention to withdraw them from their errors, for we know the folly of arguing with a fool. We therefore notice this fool, not as worthy of notice, but as connected with a imagination which makes very strong pretensions to literature. In the review of

Captain Rock, he commences by observing that,

"In one of D'Israeli's entertaining volumes, an account is given of a French comedy, the scene of which is laid in a madhouse—all the persons of the drama—lovers and ladies—fathers and children—physicians and servants, are insane; and the interest of the piece arises from the zeal with which each pursues his respective interests—regardless of the effect of his conduct on the fortunes or opinions of any of the others, because of their madness he forms a perfectly just estimate, though incapable of perceiving the exhibition, or acknowledging the existence of disease in his own mind. The story is skilfully told—some incidents are so managed as to excite much laughter; and the play, considered as a work of art, deserved the success with which it was rewarded. Yet an Englishman may be allowed to express his joy, that in our literature, fantastic as it occasionally is, there is no such work, and in honour to human nature, it should perhaps be also a subject of congratulation, that the writer who could thus deliberately sport with the most grievous calamity to which man is subject, was himself a lunatic."

"When we read of Captain Rock's Memoirs, and remembered the scenes of blood which for three years have desolated the fairest provinces of Ireland—while, with fear and trembling, we at this hour think of the insincerity of our friends there, the first feeling excited by the book, was sorrow that any one could be found to jest with such a subject. The next feeling of natural consolation is, if this be a fit subject for jesting, thank God the insult to a degraded country is not offered by a native of Scotland or England—that the author of this weak and very wicked book is an Irishman. Again, thank God that the writer who has given such offence and pain, who ridicules the distresses of the peasantry, while he justifies their crimes, and does what he can to perpetuate their ignorance, is a Roman Catholic."

The reader will observe that this brother of the Dissolved fraternity, after acknowledging that the story is skilfully told, that some incidents are so managed as to excite much laughter, and that the play, "considered as a work of art, deserved the success with which it was rewarded," yet thanks his God that there is not so wretched a work, (or no such work) in the English language. Now does he really believe that there are not thousands of works in the English language which, though intended to excite laughter, produce an such

effect; that there are not many works in the English language which do not deserve the success with which they are rewarded, and the greater portion of which are neither rewarded with success, nor deserve to be so rewarded? Why, then, does he "thank God that there is no such work in the English language," when he is obliged to confess that there are in that boasted language, or that language of which he affects to boast, some thousands, perhaps some millions of works, far below it in character, we mean intellectual character; but if he mean to thank his God that we have no work of so impious a character, we could refer him to some hundreds, at least, which not only the world, but he himself, must acknowledge infinitely more impious.—But why do we say more—there is no impiety whatever in the work he mentions.

But to what do these stupid observations lead. Indeed it would be hard to divine if the subsequent part of the article were not before us. But it is before us, and therefore we can inform our readers. Moore has lately written a work called "The Memoirs of Captain Rock," and the present critic has reviewed this work, and the present precious critic has related this mad account, to prove, we suppose, that Moore was a madman, or to prove something at least, of which we acknowledge ourselves ignorant, for we really cannot see what relation it has to Captain Rock, except its being the introduction to a review of it. But let us come to what we can more clearly understand. The critic first expresses his sorrow that one could be found to jest with such a subject, that is, with the misfortunes of the Irish. How hypocritically—and this hypocritical critic is to the poor unfortunate Irish. But we beg leave to tell this "fox in sheep's clothing" that he would, if we mistake not, subject the Irish to heavier bonds than they have endured, and we beg leave to tell him that Moore has sympathized with their misfortunes, and that, when he says so, he is either mistaken, or "the truth is not in him." Whenever Moore jests it is not at the Irish, but at the absurd arguments brought forward against them by their oppressors. He therefore cannot be regarded as a malicious hypocritical writer.

not at his poor countrymen. The critic—it is a pollution of the term to call him by the name—thanks God, that the insult was not offered by an Englishman or a Scotchman—that is, he thanks God that it was offered by an Irishman. Now, we ask this mean, petty, bigotted, narrow minded, stupid, unfeeling critic, why he thanks God that an Irishman should do an evil act? Is not an Irishman the creature of that Creator, to whom he traces the origin of his existence?—And are not all nations equally dear to that God whom he thanks for creating Irishmen worse than either an English or Scotch man? But whether is this critic an Englishman or a Scotchman? We suspect the latter; for we believe Englishmen in general prefer Paddy, with all his faults, to Andrew—with all his running. As a Scotchman, however, it

was natural that he should flatter those by whom he lives; but away with such prostitution of talent, "*Odus profanum vulgus et Oros.*"

Of this most despicable and stupid critic we shall make only one observation more. He thanks God that the writer, who has given this offence, who has turned the peasantry into ridicule, and encouraged them in crime, is a Roman Catholic. Now, we tell this critic that he is either a liar, or too stupid to understand the work on which he comments. We say that, instead of ridiculing the distresses of the peasantry, he ridicules those who cause the distress, that is, such hypocritical knaves as put others in bonds, and then affect to sympathize in their distress.—The critic on whom we are commenting knows whom we mean.

## YOUNG AUTHORS.

But (well-a-day) who loves the muses now?  
 Or helps the clymber up the sacred hill?  
 None leaves to them, but strive to disallow  
 All heavenly dewes the goddesses distill.

WM. BROWNE'S SHEPHEARD'S PIPE, Eg 5.

### GENIUS.

GENIUS! however great may be thy gifts, they are fully counterbalanced by the miseries which reduce thy favorites to a level with, and too frequently beneath, the common standard of mankind. A man of genius is not made for the world, and therefore he becomes its sport and prey. His soul rises above the grovelling of the rest of his fellow-creatures, and will not descend to the petty methods of acquiring their knowledge. He therefore lives and breathes in a sphere of which he knows nothing; his mind continually occupied in the pursuit of immortal creations, will not permit the common cares and wants of the present to enter within the scope of its operations. A delicious light is constantly glimmering on his soul, as he pursues the *ignis fatuus*.—It leads him over flowery and fertile plains, but when beckoning within his grasp, the phantom *Star* is his, and

ray of hope is gone for ever, and he finds himself plunged in the slough of despondency.

The fallen ruins of empires, the shattered fragments of all that was great and noble in art,—the overthrow of the "cloud cap towers and gorgeous palaces;" individually awaken in the mind feelings of veneration and sorrow; but there is no sight in nature so heart-rending, so calculated to inspire the soul with awe, as that wreck of genius, forced by the waves of disappointment, and shattered on the rock of despair. Adversity is the only birthright of genius. For he who is the most abundantly endowed by nature is too frequently the poorest in the world's wealth. Fortune and nature are too jealous of each other for the same individual to share plentifully their favors. How sad to think that men whose ever-living efforts have descended from generation to generation, delighting and improving mankind,



whose name sheds a sacred halo round the age in which they flourished, and an honor to the humblest of their contemporaries, were suffered, when delighting the world with their presence, to be enveloped in the dark clouds of obscurity; that they, the fruits of whose minds spread balm and solace, and lifted the soul above the bitterness and vexation of the earth, should have known all the petty cares and anxieties attending a precarious existence, that the heat which delighted all, and shed a brightness everywhere around it, should be in itself dark and miserable, that its possessor should, when living, know all the contempts of indigence, all the privations of want, and at last, when sorrow and despondency pressed too hard, have sunk into an untimely grave! The world, in regard to its favorites, is like a mother whose unloved child is suffered, while on earth, to feel all the scorns and pangs of neglect and want, till its injured soul takes flight, when its virtues and beauties come flocking to the memory, and whose wrongs are deplored when it is too late to relieve or redress them.

The public are not so much in fault as generally imagined. They have been blamed too frequently for not upholding those who were deserving of their countenance. Genius, by more than one author, has had the attribute of charity bestowed on it—of covering a multitude of sins. That intellectual gift was never bestowed as a weapon to inflict crime, nor as a shield to protect the vulnerable parts of our nature.

Young authors have in general only themselves to thank for their disappointment. As soon as a young mind wakes to a consciousness of a feeling more intellectual and refined than what it has yet known—as early as a son of genius feels the spirit-stirring power of intellect glowing in his bosom, instead of fanning it as a perishable flame—of cherishing it as a sickly offspring in the deepest cells of his

bosom, till it has acquired strength and vigour, he bars it at once to the open glare of day, and exposes it to the humid air—the withering breath of criticism; and the infant, instead of becoming a child of light and grace, is blasted in the first bloom of its glory, and sails into the grave of obscurity unpitied and unknown. The Parnassian hill is not so steep, but what it may be ascended by degrees, but he, who in one flight expects to gain the flowery summit will fall headlong amidst the derision and scorn of the witnesses of his presumption. Before the adventurer wings his flight towards the ethereal skies of immortality, he should feel confident that his pinions have strength enough to bear him from the face of the earth.

That the page of history is filled with melancholy instances of unrewarded talent, of the unhappy fate and untimely death, of nature's favorite, is a melancholy truth—Yet, as sparks fly upwards to the sky, so man is born to mortality.

And, as the most affluent, and the most aptitude are not without drawback to their felicity; it may therefore be presumed that the calamities which have befallen some individuals have acquired in equal hate of celebrity with the efforts of their genius. That history in bringing forward the light of their life has not thrown into obscurity the shades. Yet if such is the fact, who can tell of the sufferings of the many unfortunate beings who have passed through the world, without feeling its smiles, or caresses, and have hid in a nameless tomb the light of their genius. A light which might have blazed in the hemisphere of immortality, and exalted its possessor beyond the confines of earth.—Such a spirit it is kind of Providence to take unto himself, and translate to a sphere where the coldness and selfishness of the world cannot enter, and where its best feelings, like the flowers of Paradise, will live and bloom in unfading lustre!

## THE LOVERS.

"Oh, Venus' god of love,  
We own thy sovereign sway."

ANCIENT DITTY.

*Extracts from the Journal of an English Gentleman*—(No II)

It was on a fine evening in the month of June, that the two daughters of Mr. Williams, an opulent farmer in the village of ———, were seen crossing the grounds towards a neighbouring hill, which commanded a fine view of the Severn. "We are too early for them," said Ann, the eldest sister, "they were to be here at six: we have half an hour to prepare for the meeting."

"A deal of preparation is certainly required," said Mary, "you will be boied with the philosophy of Phillips, while I shall be equally entertained with the songs of his brother."

"But still, my dear, we have the most learned lovers of my girls for some miles round us," said Ann, "and though they give us rather too much of their knowledge, we surely ought to be obliged to them.—I am sorry we told father of the appointment."

"I am glad of it," said Mary, "I trust he will give them such chastisement as will rid us of such conceited fellows. I would not for the world Tucker knew of our meeting them, I certainly should not have done so if they had not so pestered us. But here they come."

The persons of whom they spoke now approached. They were the sons of the village schoolmaster,—they seized the hands of the ladies and walked in opposite directions. James, the eldest, began—"I am exceedingly obliged, dear Miss Williams, for the honour you have done me in thus favouring me with a meeting; to declare the passion which fills my heart, and affects all the veins and arteries thereto belonging. I have been attracted towards you as to a focus or centre of motion, and so great is my affinity for you, that were we once compounded, no substance could

analyze us, till this 'vile earth' is decomposed to its elementary principles."

"Oh, Sir," said Ann, pathetically, "you compliment me more than I deserve, but a girl like me cannot take a lover without knowing what he has to recommend him."

"True, sweet maid," returned Phillips, "my facts are not exactly according to Mr Burke's theory of beauty, as it does not possess the essential qualities of smallness, roundness, and smoothness, in any great degree; but I flatter myself that my knowledge will make up for it, although I do not wish to be thought an egotist. I have a knowledge of the principles of mechanics, and the other parts of natural philosophy, with chemistry, astronomy, &c."

"Will you excuse my interrupting you, Sir," said Ann, "to answer one question—To what cause do you attribute the heat of the sun?"

"It is the opinion of many philosophers, among whom I may name Newton and Herschel, that the sun is surrounded by an atmosphere of the nature of carbonated hydrogen gas."

"I really do not understand, Sir," said Ann.

"A similar gas to that by which shops and streets are lighted in towns."

"Then mayn't we call the sun the great gas light, Sir?" said Ann innocently. This question somewhat disconcerted the philosopher, but he answered—"You are witty, Miss Williams, but we will call it as you please—I was only speaking of what I knew." "I am quite satisfied with what you have already told me," said the lady, "but you must first speak to my father."

"Madam! bid me do any thing rather than that—bid me solve any problem—find the altitude of the moon—measure an arc of the meridian—or the distances of the fixed stars—

any thing but see your father—how unkind! you know I cannot approach your house, and that when I have occasion to pass near it, I am obliged to describe a circle, or revolve in an orbit of twelve and a half degrees to avoid the fiery wrath of your brother, whom I have named Boanerges."

"But still, Sir, it would not be prudent for me to enter into engagements of which my father may disapprove. But we will now join my sister."

In the meantime, the brother had prosecuted his suit with Mary; and thus began—"You have done me the greatest favour, and laid me under an eternal obligation in taking the trouble to meet me,

'Dear maid by every hope of bliss  
By love's first pledge, the virgin kiss,  
By heaven and earth—I love thee.'

But I need hardly say how much I love you, but assure you of my constancy,

'Be mine, dear maid, this faithful heart  
Shall never prove untrue;

'Twere easier far from life to part,  
Than cease to live for you.'

"This is all very fine," said Mary, "but my father must first approve your suit, or I shall get his anger."

"Alas!" said the lover, "I run more risk in calling on your father, than ever Ulysses did in venturing to call on the Sirens. You know the antipathy of your father and brother to our family, and it is unkind to urge me to such a proceeding."

"It would not be proper for me to receive your addresses without his consent, and I will be candid with you, I love another."

"Another!—distracted—damme—lord—teach me to swear—but no—'I'll be calm, calm, very calm, They shall be surprised, I will be so calm.'

"I certainly cannot stay listening to your poetry, Sir," said Mary, "and must request you will let me join my sister."

'Well be it so—I'll not offend thee—no, By heaven I'll not offend thee.'

The sisters now joined arms, and although the party was thus united, the lovers continued the conversation, which on the part of Ann and the philosopher had now ceased to be on love, that lady having enquired the

explanation of some natural phenomenon, as well as I can collect it from the incongruous jargon caused by the poetry of the one being mixed with the philosophy of the other, and which could only be heard as either voice predominated. But I cannot forbear giving the reader as much of it as I have received, as I flatter myself it will be found amusing.

"I did not think you would have been so unkind as thus to deprive me of the happiness I anticipated, but 'such is the fate of man!' unfortunate fellow! 'my days of love are over.'"  
"I certainly agree with you in the metaphysical part of your proposition,"

"That love's a tyrant I can prove,  
'For I alas! have felt its sway;"

"for nothing can be more natural than to suppose that the perceptions of the reflection of rays are not clear, are like"

"Ah luckless I  
Thus doomed to sigh for love!"

"but still I think if you take it on mathematical grounds, you will be able to bring a fairer conclusion—suppose a segment of a circle to be equal to"

"The heart that beats for you, love,"  
"this gran'd, a line drawn perpendicula to the centre, will describe"

"How like a poor bird I was caught!"  
"Then if the angle  $a$  be equal to  $b$ , follows immediately that  $a + b$  will produce,"

"A love that ever lasts,  
A plant that's ever green:"

"if to this we find that the angle of incidence is to the angle of refraction as  $a$  to  $b$ , we then conclude that it only wants"

"To bloom unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

"Here I have explained the proposition, I hope satisfactorily, for I should not like"

"To love and not be loved again;"

"and I have no doubt that you have perfectly understood all I have said on this interesting subject, for I would not wish you to imagine that I"

"Love and love for ever."

"But with respect to your brother, I assume you have no greater opposition

in our natures, than there is between oil and water; will you be the alkali to unite us?"

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But—"

"an alkaline body will unite the two." "I grieve, Madam, that 'heavenly poesy' has engaged so much of your time, I cry—Enter Boanerges," roared Phillip, as young Williams sprung over a hedge, followed by another man. "adieu, adieu, remember me," said the poet, pressing the hand of his mistress, then addressing Williams "I'll fight till from my very bones the flesh be hacked, 'and raising his stick, he stuck a blow with

such force that the foremost man was laid prostrate, Williams, 'however, collared him, and gave him a sound horsewhipping, till at last he cried "have pity though you have not love." The philosopher had gone off in a straight line, parallel to the scene of action, with motion much accelerated through fear, and which was not retarded till he arrived at his house. When Williams had exhausted himself with thrashing the unfortunate follower of the muses, he loosened his hold, and the poet, looking towards where the ladies stood (much moved with this serious ending of the affair) cried aloud, 'remember me when far away,' and running down the hill soon arrived at home. T W.

## LIFE, AND ITS STAGES.

"Qui stultici opulatum cursu confingere metam,  
Multa tulit lectique pueri, sed avit et abijt,  
Abstulunt venire et vino, &c."

HORAT.

It has often struck the writer of these pages, that the life of man, resembled very much the septennial session of parliament, and although a shorter period has been deemed a desideratum by some politicians, yet there are many convincing proofs that this space is limited enough for the senator who performs his duty to his country, to his constituents, and to himself; the number seven has a variety of associations attached to it, and might be made use of in an infinity of shapes, a few, however, will illustrate what has been stated of a seven years representation, and are particularly applicable to *what is called* the age of man, namely, three score and ten years; all that is short of this, appears to us, finite beings, premature, all beyond it, a rare gift, and an exception to the observations, physical and historical, which mark biography in general; a good man can scarcely live two longer an example

to others of a bad one the very reverse may be said, which applies to the legislator as much as to any other public character. But to return to the number seven, this number of years is deemed absolutely necessary for the acquirement of numerous arts, sciences, professions, and trades; in the former it is a mere insight to the page of wisdom and experience, in the latter only an apprenticeship. The learned professions demand a very long and arduous study; even the honourable profession of arms produces little else but novices in so small a time. Why then should not the senator require as long a period *not to learn*, but to fulfil the weighty duties of his office? (*supposing* that he has, previous to his election, gained extensive information on the laws, rights, privileges, and interests of his country.) Taking the numerical figure seven with us, it will not be amiss to draw the parallel betwixt the septennial session and the

age of seventy in man. In the latter, the first ten years constitute childhood, the second ten lead to manhood, the third to his perfection, the fourth and fifth to his experience, the sixth and seventh to preparing for an honourable and exemplary retreat, to leaving a name behind him, to promoting and giving place to a worthy successor; (trained perhaps by his own hand, or modelled by his approbation of his predecessor) during the penultimate ten years man becomes an instructive copy to youth; in the ultimate ten he may stand as a revered veteran, gracefully adjusting his robe ere he fall from his seat amongst men; the age of childhood borders on innocent folly; the acclivity to youth is a giddy path; manhood acquired, demands much tempering, refining, softening, and steadying; passion will mislead, views will alter, the progress in wisdom will yearly point out the errors and insufficiencies of a former year; added age will cool, reconcile, blend, destroy prejudice, and neutralize the poison of self-love; nor will thirty years of progressive good, of stability, of firmness, of trials, and of maintaining an unaltered station in honour, in rectitude, and in knowledge, be too considerable a time to acquire an imperishable reputation. Instruction and advice, pacification and foresight belong to the succeeding ten years, the last may

“ ——— Little else supply,

But just to look about us and to die.”

Yet they are but a brief *otium* to one retiring from the praise-worthy labours of life, and it is encouraging and solacing for the juniors of the septuagenary to look up to him, and to pay him those marks of duty and respect which they may fondly anticipate the enjoyment of. What a venerable object is the living image of the patriot and sage! the aged hero, or the consummate, yet irreproachable statesman! the novice, the recruit, the apprentice, the youth, cannot in the chapter of possibility, attain to such elevation. In the senate, as progression, similar to that of the eras of man, is highly discernible. A parliamentary session is a little life! it stamps a character which no time can obliterate; it decides the fate, (often the fortune) always, the fame of the man; his taking his seat, is one

period; self-satisfaction, ambition, or interest mark this point in time; the candidate, spotless (as the word implies) is but the candidate in the immediate after period when he *sees himself* in the House, and has taken the oaths; thirdly, he must either have a course to shape, or has one marked out for him; of the *lost* contempt may trace the record,—let us speak of *man*. The fourth period is the trepidating hour of emulation and effort, the eaglet on the wing of endeavour; should that pass off well. The fifth is the time of trial; it is big with temptation; it is a feverish, fluctuating season; reason and the highest sense of feeling are required to weather this strait; steadfastness alone is necessary to do justice to the sixth, and triumph must crown the last—the seventh duties are now performed, to the all-seeing eye of the Omnipotent legislator, to the good of mankind at large, to the country of our nativity, to the present interests of the people, to the particular ones of constituents, to the dignity of the House, and lastly, to posterity, to whom the unimpaired, unswerving constitution is to be handed down, honoured, preserved in its integrity and enriched by the blessings of added wisdom and of added years. A senator who has passed like gold through the crucible, and has stood such a test, may be elected and re-elected, raised and promoted, may go from the lower to the upper house, each step will advance him towards a higher and immutable abode, just as a long life of virtue must lead to a death of glory and of security; and those great ends can no more be achieved in a few years, than a man can become a champion, or an orator, by looking on at a combat, or by rising occasionally in the fore-end of a session. But how differently do men in general, and young ones in particular, act, both on the stage of life and in the forum of their country; all is bustle and conceit to be elected, promises and plans of the candidate, party spirit or negligence, whilst the occupant of a place in society or in the state, self interest and corruption, in health and in power, ignorance and errors when the age of learning and experience are thrown away, guilty success or failure towards the close of the act, the censures and contempt of posterity for its last scenes! The pure patriot and loyal Briton will

and the senate's seven years too fleeting for his desires, for the advantage of his country, for the glory of his flag, but, above all, for the interests of humanity, he will still have exertions in mind, hopes to realize, warm wishes to effect; just so will it be with the great and good man, the slope of time will overtake and precipitate his steps in the path of equity, he will have still something to perform and much more to wish for the benefit of his fellow creatures; but composure will mark his features in the last scenes of life, when the sable curtain is about to announce its conclusion; to look back to it is impossible,—the account of it belongs to other hands, and that too when it can neither be revised or corrected. This subject might be enlarged upon extensively, by proving that there is a time in life which is occupied by forms and ceremonies, that it is expended in vain projects and idle verbiage, just as some attention is required in getting acquainted with the forms of the house, with prece-

dents, &c. &c. and that there is a time for the imitative and declamatory, as well as for vigorous energy, and for, the dispatch of business; a comparison may be made between rising conscience, and the speaker often rising to as little purpose, and between motions made and negatived, bills brought in and failing to pass, which operations are rendered abortive from a majority of circumstances (or voices) against us, or which are defeated by a prorogation, withdrawn from indecision, or lost in a session; the necessity for reformation, or reform in physical and in political bodies may be equally assimilated, and it might be jocularly admitted that every man has been called to order either by the speaker Reason in *foro conscientia*, or by the speaker of the house:—in the representative tribunal it is not ours to sport with such imagery, but merely to hope that the figures here drawn, may be found resembling life, and not wholly useless to the living, in and out of parliament.

## FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF A SCOTCH PEDLAR.

"A GUID new year to you, Mr. Editor, an' mony o' them," and long may you enjoy your high literary reputation: I might have said brother Editor, and perhaps, were I speaking instead of writing to you, I might be tempted to whisper in your ear, with some degree of exultation, Author also;—but my misfortunes have taught me to be humble and modest.

"My father was a travelling merchant, or 'chapman,' a good enough man in his way, and as honest as most men in his profession: he bred me to follow in the same line. Before commencing my public life, I had received, at a school in the neighbourhood of the cottage where I was born, the usual branches of education required in those days; viz. as much of the English language as to enable me to fight my way through the Old and New Tes-

taments, a little notion of the common rules of arithmetic, and 'a quarter or two at the writin'.

For a year or so after leaving school, I accompanied my father in his perambulations through the northern counties, carrying part of his pack; and at the same time getting a little insight into business."

"The time at last came when I was considered capable of travelling on my own account. An entire new box, for holding the pebble brooches, watch-chains, tea-spoons, and other valuables, was constructed under my own superintendence, with broad brass mountings and patent lock, and a spacious bag of green baize for the showy muslins, prints, and ribbons, and other such matters which were in vogue at the time. On the morning upon which I set off, I was habited in a span new suit of corduroy, cut in the newest fashion, with

a smart great coat of grey cloth (my travelling companion for many years afterwards) covering the whole, my box slung over my left shoulder, the green bag overtopping that, and a good hazel walking-stick in my right hand, completed my travelling equipage. My first essay on my own account was through parts of Perthshire, of Fifeshire, and of Stirlingshire; and well do I remember how happily the eight weeks of this journey passed among the farm steadings where I was previously acquainted. It was harvest time: I had taken care to stuff my pockets with a quantity of the most approved of these cheap publications yclept 'ballands,' among which 'Sir James the Rose,' 'Chevy Chase,' and such like, shone conspicuous. These, judiciously distributed among the lasses, a penny whistle to the 'bairns,' and a little sacrifice now and then upon the profits, brought me a pretty abundant harvest.

"Among these avocations, I managed to pass some ten years of my life agreeably and happily enough; not amassing money, indeed, but keeping myself alive, and laying up a penny or two now and then.

"In my wanderings I sometimes fell in with little out-of-the-way incidents, which helped to vary the monotony of this migratory life. I have met, and passed many, many happy hours, with men far above my condition in life,—honours to society and to human nature; men whose talents shone then, and in many instances shine yet, at the bar and elsewhere; some of these have gone down to the 'narrow house;' those that remain, if ever this meets their eye, will perhaps spare one thought on the '*little man with the grey coat*.' In looking over my note-books, I find hastily scribbled down, notices of many of these occurrences, interspersed among orders for 'auld wives' napkins, road expenses, epitaphs, lines copied from inn windows, ribbons for marriage presents, 'bits o' remnants for frocks to the bairns,' and now and then broken verses, and scraps of *original poetry*. One incident out of the many I shall here narrate, as it has materially affected my after life, and

turned out to be, indeed, a God send to me.

"Some ten years ago I set out, on an autumnal morning, from a farm house in Stirlingshire, where I had passed the night, with the intention of reaching home by the evening. The weather, when I came away, had but a so so appearance, betokening rain; but a breeze springing up in the course of the morning, partially cleared away the clouds which had hung like 'pocks' over head for two hours, and given hopes that it would continue fair through the day. These hopes were blasted; for scarce had I proceeded seven or eight miles on my way, when the rain began to fall in torrents, compelling me to take refuge in a 'change house' on the road side, which had often afforded me shelter on similar occasions; at that time kept by a garrulous old wife and a gay,—Margaret Parker. (Poor Maggy was some years ago 'raked i' the mools,' much regretted.)

"'Wha's that again, Jenny?' says Margaret to her daughter, in an audible whisper from 'ben' the house, as I was proceeding towards the huge wood and peat fire that blazed in the kitchen: 'Ou it's just the chapman wi' the grey coat, that aye comes.' 'Gudesake, James!' cried the old lady, as she rolled next minute into the kitchen; 'but you maun be unco wat; it's an awfu' plump, man; let me help ye aff wi' the coat,—it's wat through and through, I declare!' This kind office performed, a glass of strong Glenlivet, and a 'glaze o' the ingle' put all to rights again.

"The rain continued almost unabated through the day, and I took my landlady's advice to make my quarters guid, and be contentit.

"Towards afternoon, just as I had got into the slough of despond, with Christian, in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, (a book, by the way, I had often read before, but here there was no choice), a gig, with two gentlemen in it, preceded by another on horseback, drove up to the door, and the party were not long in establishing themselves round the kitchen fire, which finished with an additional of dry fir on the occasion.

"Dem and blaster weather indit

country of your's, Mr. White,' said one of them to another in a foreign accent. 'Then von travels here, dey would need to carry deir house on deir head to keep out de vet blaster.' Ha, ha, ha-a-a! heard von e'er the like o' that, Mr. White, heard you e'er the like o' that,' roars a little elderly gentleman from the other corner of Maggie's spacious fire-place, his face peering out from the smoke of his wet clothes, which was ascending in volumes far above his head: 'It'll mak ye grow, man,' continued he, addressing the foreigner, 'It'll mak ye grow; ye're' no just strong enough to carry the grand house ye *had to rin awa frae* o'er by, that ye ta'k sœ muckle about, ha, ha, ha!' 'Dem and blaster, I say; by de George and Julius Cæsar, I am strong enough and long enough, though, to be de lamp post to hang you for plot against de King, dem and blaster, he, he, he!'

"The above and such like conversation continued till Margaret had got her arrangements for dinner completed in the ben end, and her daughter Jenny rigged out in her Sunday's accoutrements to attend the gentlemen. During the hour which passed whilst this party sat round the fire, Mr. White, the third person of this curious trio, said little; he was employed in disencumbering himself of his wet shoes and wig, and rubbing his bald pate with Mrs. Parker's double distilled, and toasting his toes between the ribs of the grate; and when he had finished these necessary preliminaries of comfort, he pulled out a newspaper, and in a few minutes got deep into the New-street report, apparently unconscious of the merriment that was going on around him. Margaret Parker's announcement of dinner being ready, was the first thing which aroused him from this abstraction, and the alacrity with which he obeyed the summons, evinced that the natural appetite had been considerably whetted by the previous intellectual feast. The Aberdonian and I had got into conversation, in the meantime, upon sundry local subjects; politics, too, had their share in the discourse. He was assailable to the bone,—admitted the opposition—lauded their attacks against ministers to the skies, while

at the same time he included the latter, their measures and supporters, in one sweeping anathema. I professed to hold no opinions on either side, and our conversation ended in an invitation to join in discussing the old lady's country fare. White, from motives which I afterwards discovered, seconded Mr. Portable's invitation, and the Italian cut short my excuses by pushing me forcibly into the room. During the repast, and through the evening, I had an excellent opportunity of observing the characters of Mr. W. and the foreigner; the latter was the most outré animal I ever met with,—talking sensibly and absurdly, wittlesly and wittily, in the same breath. I found the other a man of very profound judgment and general information, well acquainted with the leading topics and passing events of the day; a genuine wit, and excellent mimic, and, take him all in all, a being of no common stamp, endowed with a fund of natural talent which seldom falls to the lot of one person. He seemed to take great delight in setting his friend Portable and Monsieur Gull-ye, as he facetiously termed the Italian, together by the ears, and I had ample specimens of his skill in that line; indeed when I retired to bed, I left the whole party in high dispute on some political point, started by White purposely to afford a little sport.

"I had been in bed, I believe, about two hours, when I was aroused from a very sound sleep by a piercing and prolonged cry, proceeding evidently from a chamber at the other end of the passage, accompanied, in a moment afterwards, by a heavy fall, and then a volley of oaths and imprecations, in two of the most opposite dialects that can well be imagined, and in which I discerned the voices of the two friends—the Italian and Aberdonian.

By the time I reached the door of the room, White and the landlady, with the whole strength of the household, had reached the landing-place with lights, &c. On entering the room, the first thing that presented itself to our eyes was the two combatants rolling together upon the floor, Portable grasping the foreigner by the throat, whilst the lat-



ter was beating his opponent most unmercifully about the head. 'Got dem and blaster you. you dem little feller, vat you cut my toot for vid your dem nail? By de great George, if you don't let a me go, blaster I vill tear out your dem eye. Hulloo! Mr. White! take dat fretch away, or a vill murder him, by Got!' 'Murder me,' cried the other, 'that's just fat ye intended to dee, ye villain ye!' White and the landlady separated them, and the Aberdonian continued. 'Oh! Mr. Fhite! Mr. Fhite! I'm killed, I'm a dead man; did ever ony body see the like o' that? see fu he's gruppert me, and beaten me, Oh, dear! I tak ye a' to witness I'm a murdered man; dear me! oh dear me! oh!' and it was with some difficulty he was restrained from again pouncing on the Italian. 'I'll tell you vat, you little devil, you better keep deie vere you are, or by de George and Julius Cæsar, come von step near, and vill knock your brain out vid dis chair, blaster!' With some difficulty and trouble we succeeded in getting the parties to bed. Next morning it came out in evidence, that Mr. Portable had gone to bed, shortly

after I left them, in a pet, leaving the foreigner master of the field; that he and W. had drank rather deep after this, and when he was about to retire, White offered to accompany him to his bed-chamber; that W., who knew not, nor cared ought, whose room it was, pushed the Italian into the first they came to, shut the door, and left him. The foreigner groped his way to the bed, and as he was wont, threw himself upon it in his clothes. The Aberdonian, who was coiled up in a corner of the bed, enjoying a profound sleep, was aroused by a heavy weight falling upon him, and the affray which I have attempted to narrate above was the consequence. The affair, as most mistakes of the night are, was made up at breakfast, and the party drove off immediately after as joyous as they had arrived, while I set my face towards home by the more humble conveyance of 'Shanks Naggie.'

"The rest of my adventures you shall have in due time, and remain in the interim,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES INCHE."

## TO ———

WITH A VOLUME OF POEMS.

'Tis a dark page with which I greet  
 Thee—gentle maid—a gloomy line—  
 For thy good spirit all unfitted,  
 Unfit for breast so calm as mine

Yet if a purer light have brought  
 A long bewildered wanderer home—  
 Wilt thou not cherish e'en a thought,  
 That breathes of better things to come.

To me—a world's applause were vain,  
 Should thou a cheering smile deny;  
 And what to me, a world's disdain  
 If soothed by thine approving eye.

The griefs that darken'd every day!—  
 The sleepless hours of sorrow's night—  
 One smile of thine would best repay,  
 One tear from thee would well requite.

SELECT BRITISH TALES.

No. 1.

THE MYSTIC MESSENGER.

"Who is this dark unbidden guest,  
That dares intrude upon my hours of slumber,  
When horrid midnight clothes the world in darkness?"

WARREN.

ON the borders of a large forest in Northumberland, there stood an ancient and gloomy building, which was called Claronville castle. It was of gothic construction, and seemed equally adapted to the purposes of defence in time of war, and of family residence in time of peace. Its situation commanded a noble prospect of the surrounding country, rich in vegetative luxuriance, and, more particularly in front, the stately fabric frowned in sullen grandeur, on the majestic forest, which peculiarly contributed to the magnificence of the scenery.

In the year 1614, the hero of our tale was suddenly summoned from abroad, to take possession of the castle, together with his family honours, on the demise of the Earl, his father, who was stated to have fallen in a skirmish, while attempting to reduce the Welch, who, at that period, were refractory to the authority of king James. At the time of his succession, Earl Harold was in the prime of life, of an agreeable person, and martial air; yet his disposition was strongly tinged with superstition. A few months after his arrival, he married a widow lady, whose personal attractions were less the objects of the earl's desire, than the splendour of her rank, and the attractions of her riches. He retained all his father's domestics, among whom was a man of the name of Jacques, than on whose countenance, nature had never on any of her sons, more strongly imprinted the marks of consummate villainy. His eye brows met, his eyes and sharp, and their hollow greatly increased by the bony eminence of his cheek bones. man having worked himself into the confidence of his former master, at  
E. M. June, 1824.

tended him to Wales; and by him was the account brought home of the Earl's death, which circumstance he declared he witnessed, as he fell by his side.

There was a nobleman of the name of Ferdillan, who inhabited a castle about three miles distant from Claronville, of a haughty, gloomy, and revengeful disposition. At his calmest moments he was morose, but terrible indeed, when enraged. An intercourse had formerly subsisted between this man and Earl Harold, which was terminated by the former, owing to a quarrel between the Noblemen, which, being laid before the king, he decided by commanding Ferdillan, to beg pardon on his knees of Earl Harold. The ignominy of so public a degradation, could never be endured by a man of Ferdillan's disposition; and their former coldness degenerated into absolute hatred, so bitter on the part of the former, that he vowed the direst revenge on the earl and his family; especially as his son, following the example of his father, had insulted him.

Previous to the insurrection in Wales, to which Ferdillan also went, several of the servants noticed with surprise, the constancy of Jacques's visit to Ferdillan's castle; and, when questioned by them concerning it, he swore he only visited a servant maid there; but the day preceding their departure to Wales, Jacques was entirely at Ferdillan's castle, and returned home just in time, with another servant, to attend his lordship; and, it was noticed, that the same day that Ferdillan returned home, Jacques also returned, bringing the news of his master's decease.

These circumstances, added to a conversation in the servants' hall, in which Jacques bore a part, and was

observed to waver in his account of his master's death; as also his turning pale when one of the servants mentioned, that during the Earl's absence, casually passing in that quarter, he heard a loud groan, issue apparently from under the ground, and succeeded by a noise of scuffling, —contrituted to throw something like an air of mystery on the circumstances attending the Earl's death. About two months after this conversation, the servants being all retired to their apartments, together with the Earl and his Countess, the night being clear and frosty, the Earl, absorbed in thought, was sitting by his bed room window some time after his lady was asleep. On turning to go to his bed, in a distant corner of the room, he beheld, to his mingled terror and amazement, a figure, dressed in a shabby suit of soldier's clothes. In a low voice, it exclaimed, "Earl Harold! Earl Harold! follow;" and motioned to go. The Earl, overcome with fear, hid his face in his mantle; at length, heartily ashamed of his pusillanimity, he ventured to look up; but the figure was gone. All the ghostly legends of his youth crowding on his memory, he hastily undressed, got into bed, and courted sleep; but it was banished from his couch. In the morning he rose feverish and unrefreshed; but, to the repeated interrogations of his Countess, he answered that nothing ailed him. The next night, he again saw the mystic appearance; it repeated the former words, but receiving no answer, again disappeared. He instantly awoke the Countess, and abruptly asked, if she had seen anything? On her answering in the negative, he informed her of the cause of his terror, on hearing which, she was equally alarmed, but could suggest no plan to discover the cause of these anxieties. A few nights afterwards, they both beheld the same appearance. With considerable asperity, it repeated its former mandate; the terrified couple, unable to answer, remained still; and, after a few moments, it again disappeared. On the Countess's suggestion, that perhaps it might be merely a trick, they both searched minutely the wainscot, but could find no entrance; they were now convinced that it was supernatural, and their terrors increased.

Still they mentioned not a syllable to the servants, except one; who offered to sit up in that room by himself, and report accordingly. Having fortified himself with a bumper of brandy, he entered the room, while the Earl and Countess remained below in anxious expectation. In half an hour, he ran down stairs, breathless, with terror on his countenance, exclaiming "Oh my Lord! I've seen it; 'it was fifteen feet high! large saucer eyes, and was gulping flames of blue fire!" The poor fellow sunk fainting on the floor; when he recovered, he persisted in his account, and swore he would never again enter the cursed room. They spent the night in another chamber, and rose in the morning seriously indisposed, from terror and want of rest. At last, the Earl determined to go up to London, and acquaint the king; knowing him to be curious in such matters, in order to request his advice. Accordingly he set out that day, attended by a splendid retinue for L———. His rank and splendid attendance, insured him an immediate admission to the king. He found James whistling a favourite Scotch air, at the same time playing with a favourite mastiff. Bending his knee, he addressed the monarch, saying, "Earl Harold presents his duty to his sovereign." "An' wha' ma'ye be?" said the king. "Your gracious majesty's liege subject, John, Earl Harold, of Northumberland." "Weel mon, rise: how goes game in your country, whilk is scarce wi us?" Having respectfully satisfied his curiosity, he continued, "that impressed with a sense of his majesty's great wisdom in abstruse affairs, he made bold to request his advice on an affair of great moment." "Bide a wee! bide a wee!" suddenly exclaimed the king, who was looking through the window,—"Bide a wee, an' I'll ma' be hear ye; but, there's Somerset's mon, wi some braw game, an' I just want to tell the cuik how I'll ha' it dress'd." On his return, the Earl, after stating the first appearance of the figure, proceeded, "and it was dressed in a suit of shabby soldier's cloaths." "Hold a wee! hold a wee!" hastily interrupted the sportive king.—"Mind ye Harold, mind ye, a soldier's a sworn servant o' mine, so ye suldn' say shabby soldier."

whilk, d'ye see is insulting me, but shabby *suit* o' soldier's claes." The Earl bowed, and proceeded till he finished. The king, after a little thoughtfulness, suddenly interrogated Harold, "Didna ye say i' the name of the Father, Sune, an' Holy Ghaist, what ma' ye want?" The Earl answered in the negative, that fear prevented him. "Tut man!" said James, "what suld ye be feared o'? However, ha' no ye seen our Treatise on Daemonology? its cost ourselves mickle labour and deep thought i' the making out; maybe ye'll fin summat that ma' ye want?" "Please your majesty," answered the Earl, "I have not seen it." "Weel ye soon shall! Charlie! (calling his page,) Charlie! ye ken a mickle buik, that's standing anent our royal bed room; ye'll bring it to us." Charlie soon returned with the book in question, which James presented to the Earl, saying "Gang awa hame Harold, and I dinna doubt that ye'll fin' in that buik; what will teach you how to manage this deidfu' ghaist." The Earl kissed hands and departed; the king adding, "if ye deanna find aught to suit ye in that buik, and the ghaist appears again, ye'll set out for Loudon and tell me."

When the Earl arrived at Claronville, to his extreme vexation, he found the affair noised all over the castle; and, on enquiry, he found, that the fellow who had been so much terrified, was the author of the report; which was confirmed beyond a doubt in the eyes of the servants, by the positive refusal of the Countess to sleep in the chamber in question. Consequently, no one since the Earl's departure, had witnessed the nightly visits of the *Mystic Messenger*. Peace was banished from the castle; for, in those days, the minds of the lower orders being grossly uncultivated, gave in ghostly legends, the servants found in every casual occurrence, so many confirmations of their terrors. Every lamp burnt with a blue flame, every fire shot out coffins; each sigh of the wind was changed into groans, and every distant noise was the tread of the ghost. The Earl carefully perused the treatise of James, but found no resolution of the cause of his fears. His solemn conjectures on spiritual visitations, and demoniacal influence, with his ghostly admonitions

to wizzards, witches, &c. rather enhanced, than removed his superstitions. However, he resolved once more to sleep in the room; and, should it appear without his summoning sufficient resolution to question it, to return and seek the further advice of James. Accordingly, at night, he secretly bent his way to the mysterious chamber, his Countess sleeping in another room, and the servants inwardly wondering at their master's boldness. Jacques, for certain reasons best known to that worthy servant, felt more terror, yet disguised it better than any of them. At the "witching hour" of midnight, the Earl, hearing a rustling noise, and turning to the usual place of its appearance (for one thing appeared singular to him, it always was stationed in one particular spot,) he again beheld his mysterious and unwelcome visitor. However, he was sufficiently composed to record that it spoke in a tone of anger, whilst repeating its mysterious mandate, "Harold! Harold! follow me." Unaccountable fear again sealed his lips, and closed his eyes. On opening them,—his mysterious guest was gone. The Earl, exceedingly vexed, turned into bed, and, after a sleepless night, resolved to visit the king, and claim his promise. Accordingly in the morning, having summoned his domestics, he took leave of his Countess, leaving them involved in an undefinable terror of they knew not what. After a speedy journey, and the ceremony of introduction, he again found himself tête-à-tête with James, and immediately commenced the subject in hand, mentioning the re-appearance of the mysterious intruder, and his perusal of the king's treatise, without obtaining the wished for satisfaction. As soon as he had mentioned this latter circumstance, the king, with a rueful length of visage, exclaimed "Deil take it, Harold, ha' ye read it a', from beginning till end?" The Earl assured him he had most religiously perused the volume in question, from beginning to end. "Did ye na abjure the fallow?" "No your majesty." "Would he frighten one to look on? Is na his face ghastly and corpse-like?" The Earl replied, "He believed not, but he had not particularly noticed its countenance." "Weel, then," said James, after a long silence, "D'ye see, Harold, if I

were sure it wadna put me in *bodily* fear, whilk d'ye see is no ways pleasant, perhaps we'd gang down our royal selves wi' you." Harold rejoiced to hear his monarch speak thus; for he really had got it confidence in the physical energies of the king, independent of the consideration of the singular condescension and honour done him. He immediately returned a shower of thanks to his sovereign, in which the words, *courage, leaning and generosity*, were plentifully mingled. Well, it was settled that James should accompany the Earl to Clarouville, disguised under the title of Earl Glennoch. The king fixed the next day for the commencement of this *spiritual* adventure, and, concluding his absence would not extend to more than two days, merely mentioned to his lords, that he wished to travel incognito on a short journey. On Thursday, September the 11th, 1610, the noble couple proceeded on their journey; and, though the conversation of James was no doubt interesting and amusing, we shall forbear noticing it here, and proceed to matters of more importance. When they arrived at the castle, James waived his distinction, and commanded the Earl to speak to him in the language of a friend to a friend; in which character he was introduced to the Countess, who was informed, that through curiosity, he would watch in the *haunted* chamber. After supper, the Countess retired, and the Earl proposed to his royal companion to enter on their adventure. James was very far from evincing his former readiness; however, to spare himself the appellation of a coward, he essayed to perform his part with a good grace, and, accordingly, walked, preceded by Harold, with great solemnity, to the chamber in question. They had not gone many paces, when James, in something not very far from a downright fit of trembling, whispered to the Earl, "Dell take me Harold, if I think God would let the awil ane come to plague good christians!" turning with an anxious look to the Earl, who, though inclined to be serious enough, could scarcely avoid laughing at the incipient terrors of James. He answered in the negative. "Weel," he replied, "weel gang and bring a sword and pistol, and the holy bak, each, and then watch for

this ghast," attempting to smile, but with "a countenance so rueful, that the Earl could scarcely refrain from real laughter. Having retraced their steps to the supper chamber, they obtained the above mentioned articles, and again, with anxious steps, bent their way to the mystic chamber. Eagerly they watched the hours, ten, eleven, twelve, flit away; just as the latter had finished chiming, with sul'ca roar, the Earl pointed to the fatal spot in silence, and they both viewed the floor, apparently open, and the figure slowly stood upright, and, approaching James with solemn step, let fall at his feet, a letter, sealed in black, directed to "His GRACIOUS Majesty King James," and then as slowly retreated to its former place and remained stationary. In the mean time, James, at the table, the very picture of horror, his teeth chattering, and his knees knocking together. The letter remained unopened at his feet, till the voice of the Earl, recalling his scattered senses, urged him to take it up and read it. "Ah mon," said James, in a low tone of voice, "Wha would taught to read fra the evil ane? Bide awae, I'll tak a soup of wine, and maybe I'll read it." The Earl waited till James had refreshed himself, he then took up the letter with a trembling hand, ever and anon casting a fearful glance on the mysterious figure before him, and with horror and amazement, read as follows -

"Has your sacred majesty forgotten your ancient hege subject Henry, Earl of Northumberland?" The astonishment of James, at finding himself recognised, knew no bounds especially, when the person who mysteriously stood before him, was his quondam friend and associate, the old Earl of Northumberland. He instantly assumed the monarch, and while he contemplated the figure beheld it throw aside the cloak in which it was enveloped, and display to his astonished spectators, the fine majestic towering figure of the old Earl of Northumberland, reported to have fallen in the skirmish with the Welsh. The few grey hairs strayed gracefully over his wrinkled forehead and betokened the sorrow and distress to which he had been subjected. "Come forward," said the king "and by touching our royal hand

convince us you're neither dead, nor a ghaist." The Earl, majestically stalked forward, did as was directed, and then walked to his astonished son, hastily saluted him, stood back, and exclaimed, "Follow immediately, or we are all lost." "Weel," said James, "You wadna, I think, betray our sovereign majesty into the hands of ghaist, or other frightful beings; so we'll e'en follow you. He accordingly grasped a sword and pistol, as did the young Earl; and after being informed by their noble conductor, that their lives depended on their silence and cautiousness, both followed the Earl to a large trap door, through which he had entered, and carefully descended. They found themselves in darkness not "visible" when they reached the bottom. They were conducted silently along a narrow walk, and came to another flight of steps, which having descended, led them into a kind of vault. Here their guide stopped them, and solemnly informed them, "whatever you see or hear, speak not a syllable; but when I point with my hand, silently rise and follow me back again, or we all perish." James, in an agony of terror, silently imploring his merciful father in heaven to tak' pity on him, leaned on the Earl's arm, and again they proceeded till, at a distance, through an aperture in the wall, they saw a light, and heard the low murmur of voices. The Earl once more put his hand to his lips, and they proceeded to the spot, and anxiously listened. "When two o'clock strikes," said a voice, "we will all proceed along the vault and passage, to the Earl's bed chamber." "Yes," answered a voice which was instantly recognized as the villain Jacques's,—"only the Earl is in his room; for he sees a ghaist every night, he says; so we'll e'en fire at mortal and ghost." "Aye" responded the first voice, "Ferdillan's anger, shall rest only when Northumberland is in the adjoining vault." The Earl gave the signal for retiring, which they instantly obeyed, and soon found themselves in the chamber which they had quitted. After a short consultation, they settled on the following plan; they extinguished the light, drew the curtains round the bed, called up six of the men servants, and armed them. They then brought them into the chamber, with

their shoes off, and stationed them at proper distances round the wall, as the darkness would shade them. They were to approach behind each man who should come up to the bed, and seize and bind him, the moment they heard the report of a pistol, which they rightly enough conjectured would be fired by Ferdillan himself. The servants, by the king's own order, were not to proceed to extremities, except their own personal safety absolutely required it. Thus cautioned, they proceeded to their ambush, and remained in profound silence, till the castle clock struck two. In a few moments the trap door opened, and a man arose, with a dark lantern in his hand. Four others, masked and armed, followed him. They slowly proceeded to the bed and stood round it. The Earl's servants silently came from their ambush, and each took his station behind one of the assassins. Ferdillan drew aside the curtains, as did the rest, and all fired their pistols into the bed. Instantly they were seized, thrown down, and firmly bound, back to back: the bell was rung, lights were called for, and the prisoners carried to the castle dungeons without having spoken a syllable; for horror, amazement and passion, choked their utterance.

When they were safely secured, the Earl called for refreshments to be laid out, and then ordered the remainder of the household to bed. He shortly detailed to his anxious auditors, that, "after the before-mentioned skirmish with the Welsh, he was returning home, and had arrived, late at night, at the great gate of the castle, when he was suddenly seized by two men in masks, and, together with his servant, thrown from his horse. He immediately drew his sword, and defended himself with desperation; but was at last overpowered, and his servant killed on the spot. He was bound hand and foot, carried to a dungeon under the castle, and his victuals brought to him every day, and pushed through the iron grating, by the villain Jacques. In this horrible situation several years had expired, when one day, walking round his solitary dungeon, he chanced to tread on a spring, and immediately a trap-door started open. This was the interesting discovery not to be proceeded

in; he accordingly descended, and groped his way through dark passages and vaults, till he found himself at the door of a subterranean chapel; and here he heard the voice of Ferdillan and Jacques consulting together, on a plan of murdering him and his son, when the title and estates were to be seized by Ferdillan. The agitated and horror-struck Earl hastily retired to his dungeon, and ruminated on what he had heard. What could an insulated prisoner like himself do to counterwork their machinations? He resolved to leave it to time, till his son came home, and, in the mean time, to find some means of communication with the bed chamber usually occupied by the owner of the castle. This, in the course of one of his subterranean peregrinations he found. Soon after, he heard that his son had arrived at the castle; and immediately commenced his endeavours to converse with him, and counteract the malice of the Earl Ferdillan. The first day that he made his appearance, we have seen that he retired unsatisfied, in a few minutes: the reason of his abrupt departure, at his several appearances, was, that he feared his enemies, finding his cell empty when they came to bring his food, might at once murder him: and, in order to prevent the danger which would be incurred by the joy and astonishment, which no doubt his sudden annunciation would occasion to his son, and knowing his nature to be superstitious, he chose that manner to unfold it gradually to him. To his infinite vexation, his son was too terrified for him ever to succeed; and he always returned a few moments after his first speech, cheerless and disappointed to his cell. As he lay concealed one night, previous to his appearance, he heard his son inform his countess of the King's intended visit; and when the room was untenanted, owing to his son's being gone to meet the king, he went into the room, and taking the requisite materials, wrote a letter and sealed it, taking it with him, and concluding that if he found on his next visit a stranger with his son, that stranger would be the King, he resolved to drop it at his feet; which he accordingly did, as we have seen. The Earl's purpose thus satisfied his auditor's curiosity, the King grew very merry. "Faith, d'ye see, its

nane but siccan a' fule as clod" (the merry andrew) "as would fear a ghaist. Aye, I'd cut in twa a hun'ed thousand o' them dreadfu' ghaists! Belike, Earl, you thought for to fretten your sovereign lord King James; na' such jokes for the future, or I s'all cut ye in twa d'yese;," which, it appears was his favourite phrase. The fatigued party, after wishing every joy to the restored Earl of Northumberland, retired to their separate chambers, to court that repose to which each had so long been a stranger. In the morning, the King commanded the conspirators to be brought before him, as he was determined himself to sit in judgment upon them; upon which they were all committed into the charge of the Earl's servants, and brought before him. The King addressed Ferdillan, who was heavily ironed,—"Rascal! what ma' ye ha' te say for yourself? We're your Royal Master, James; and were i' the same room in which you made your traiterous attempt, close anent you?" The Earl remained speechless. "You, Jacques, murdered your fellow servant, who was attending his lord, now list! Ferdillan there's proof positive anent you, a murder committed with malice aforethought; whilk, by the law o' England is death; so, d'ye see, Ferdillan and Jacques will be hangt i' the morn, opposite this castle; and your companions s'all ilk leave the country; that is our royal sentence, an' may God ha' mercy on your sauls!" "Oh damnation!" exclaimed the frenzied Earl of Ferdillan, "die with Jacques!" He fell into the most ungovernable rage imaginable, and was carried out. During the day, a scaffold was erected opposite the great gate, where the old Earl had first been seized; and, in the morning, going into Ferdillan's cell, found him stretched along lifeless on the ground, covered with gore. With a concealed and poisoned dagger he had committed this horrid deed. Jacques was immediately executed, and his body, together with Ferdillan's thrown into a hole in a cross road, without Christian burial; their associates being less guilty, were banished for life. The Earl again lost possession of his castle to which was annexed, by the King's command, Ferdillan's estate and title to be assumed by the Earl of Northumberland and his heirs for ever. The next day,

the King returned to London, and ratified his promise to the Earl concerning Ferdillan's estate. The old Earl lived to a good age, honoured and admired by all around, while the name of Ferdillan was never mentioned but with detestation and contempt. The Earl erected a small

stone across on the spot in which the wretched couple were interred, merely mentioning their names, with this solemn motto:—"He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

CLIO.

## LEAVING TOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HERMIT IN LONDON."

"Solvitur acris hyems."

HORAT.

IN the olden times, the passing away of the severity of winter, and the milder influence of spring's approach, might prepare the nobleman or man of fashion for a journey to his estate, and might remind him, that it was time to give up the pleasures of town, and to sojourn amongst his tenantry in the country; the coach-and-six would be ordered to the door, with a suitable retinue, and the cavalcade would move, in ordinary time, and arrive in stateliness at the family mansion, in a given period, proportioned to its distance from the metropolis. The leaving town is now a matter of more difficulty, the season is much further advanced, and the departure more like a retreat than a journey. Seldom is it orderly, sometimes it is a complete race; obstacles not unfrequently present themselves on the day of march, so that the London campaign ends in a hostile scene; family disagreements form a part of the skirmish, regret is attendant on the footsteps of past pleasure, whilst the exhausted purse and wounded heart bear a memento of the winter season. The better to elucidate this statement, let us take a scene in the living romance of life.

"The Ostler is come from New-man's, Sir, to know at what hour you will want the post-horses," says the first footman of a man of fashion in the autumn of life. "Tell him that I shall give him a crown for his trouble, but that I cannot leave town to-day; he may come at two o'clock

to-morrow afternoon, or — let him call at twelve for orders; but stop John, let me have the four greys that I always have, and his master may send in his bill at the same time; and — hark ye, John! take this down to Drummond's (a letter), and bring back an answer." John obeys, — "The devil's in the people! there is not a single bill here before me (the number being immense) that is not five times what it ought to be, John!" "Sir." "Send up the housekeeper." She comes — "Pray what is this bill of Gunter's, as long as my arm? what! all that for fruit and ices? One hundred, two hundred, — brought forward two hundred and forty, what! more still? why the man's mad; he takes me for a natural." "No, indeed! Sir Charles, it is all right." "All right! Yes, I suppose, as it is with a mail coach, 'all right!' so drive on; but that won't do, what is it for?" "A supper, Sir Charles! a supper ordered by my Lady." "It never came into the house." Yes, indeed! it did Sir, it was whilst you were at Newmarket." "Ay, that's another memorandum of ruin; but go on, pray who in the name of wonder is Mr. Greenfield, the nurseryman? Nursery maids are destructive articles enough, but what is this claimant upon four pages of paper?" "Evergreens, rare flowers, and shrubs, for my Lady's first party; it has been owing these four months." And, (interrupting Mrs. Harrison) shall for as many years, I have not the least recollection of it." "Sir Charles,



here is an account from the musicians." (Sir Charles in reply)—"Not very likely to increase the *harmony menage*; I have been prettily fiddled and diddled by these performers this spring, but they must just be so good as to wait my time, or I will never employ them again. Let me see your account Harrison; by Jove, this can never be right; it must be cast up twice over. What! a hundred and odd pounds for items and sundry things forgotten in last account? I wish that your memory had not served you better in the present one. Postage of letters! ah! that's a hum, —Money lent Miss Sophia—what! twenty pounds in crowns and sovereigns! Then again—'paid for messages:' pray have we not six tall, long-sided footmen; a porter, like two single men rolled into one; and nearly as many grooms as horses?" "Yes, Sir Charles, but then Miss Sophia and her sister would often not take patience until some of them came in, and would despatch a chairman to her dress maker for fear she might send some article of dress too late, and the *like of that*." "A pretty *like of that*, to come to such an amount! and pray where is the poodle puppy for which you make a little *modest item* of five guineas?" "Oh! Sir, he was stolen three days after we bought him; I advised Mistress not to take him, as I know that *they* fellows who sell them, always entice them back again, but she would have her way." "You may say that Harrison, and so I must pay five guineas for a puppy that I never saw, to my remembrance, and which is now running up and down the streets, with many other puppies that I wish I had never seen?" "If you please, Sir Charles"—"I cannot say that it *pleases* me very much, but come up again when I send for you, and in the mean time order Atkinson (the house steward) to come to me;" (he arrives)—"I see in Monsieur Ladron's account, liqueurs, Florence wine, and Macaroni, charged twice over, the same articles on the same day." "No Sir, there is a mistake in the date; but the articles were *paid*, it's all right." "All right, *hai* why, this seems to be a cant word amongst you, and—turning over a mountain of bills, here's an account of Marton, the wine merchant, in which he charges me for the cham-

pagne which I returned to him."

"No, Sir, that wine was returned; but it is other wine that was sent, it was certainly had Sir." "Yes, below stairs, I suppose, and I am *had* if I pay it, but I will see about it to-morrow, tell my daughter to come here." "Yes, Sir Charles, I'll speak to her maid." "I dare say you will —" "Sophy love, I thought you told me that Madame Tournetete's bill was one hundred and six pounds, and I here find it one hundred and sixty-six." "Yes Pa, it's all right." "D—n the all right." "Indeed it is (smiling), I had a robe of *gros de Naples* and a ball-dress of *tulle* since that." "Well, Sophy, it is no laughing matter to me, but it must be paid; recollect that you must not ride the grey horse to-day, as he goes off to-morrow." "What horse then?" "None, my dear girl; you know that I am forced to put off my departure on account of the heavy bills which have come in, and pray let the horses have one day's rest, and give me one day's quiet after four months high fever." "Very well, pa."

But Miss Sophia rides the black horse, for she has Horace Wildair to meet, and many a tender adieu to give and take, besides an arrangement to make as to where his letters can be directed to. John returns without money, the banker being greatly overdrawn upon, and the next day a power is given to sell out, to make up which, the woods at Clover-hall will groan in a few months. Dun follows dun, on the morning of departure, until irritated nearly to phrenzy, Sir Charles tells the postboys to drive like h—ll! a pretty *cool* way of setting off! her Ladyship pants all the way at the *jobation* (as she calls it) which her losses at play produced; and fair Sophy "looks and sighs, sighs and looks, looks and sighs, and sighs again," as she passes the lodging in Piccadilly where her favourite Lancel sleeps out his noon-day slumbers, in debt, in love, and in the dumps. Such is the state of father, daughter, and dear *maison*. With how little comfort or satisfaction can the family behold the summer already far advanced, the flowers of spring faded away, the dreams of delight vanished on airy wing, cares and miseries multiplied, purses and pocket-books dwindled into delicate form, &c.

empty as the imagined joys of the season; or as the emptier heads of those who pursued them.

Such is *one* leaving town; o' hers are still more difficult. It is an important hour for the spendthrift; the idler; the romantic female of *ban ton*; the exquisite of feeling, or of dress. The blood hounds of the law hunt the former out of town; the second can find no charms in nature and in rural scenes; the third is in mourning for past scenes, if not past sins, and has no resource but the circulating library to solace her until her return to town. The exquisite of feeling has had her little fluttering heart flattered and flirted, waltzed and quadrilled away, the void is insupportable; the last must have a neck and neck race with his tailor to Dover, thence to embark for the continent,—or will leave town, for a blind, and rusticate three months afterwards in the prospects of the Obelisk and in St. George's Fields, where he will wait until he meets his old friends, with long faces, in the persons of his jeweller, his perfumer, his horse-dealer, his livery-stable keeper, with all his other quality serving tradesmen, not forgetting the Jew, the attorney, and the hotel keeper.

Happy the man, who, having resided in town for moderate recreation, or for the discharge of his senatorial or other duties; can calmly quit his town-house, and post it down in good health and spirits to his family seat, there to gladden every heart; to improve a property transmitted to him

by his ancestors, to promote the interests of agriculture and of patriotism; to maintain the character of hospitality of sire and grandsire; to provide for the working poor by furnishing them with industrious employment, and to relieve the aged and infirm. The harvest-home and autumnal sports will be enlivened and honoured by his presence, and the old English Christmas festivities will close the period of his residence amongst kind neighbours and prosperous tenantry; when he may again meet the high circle of his town mansion, without fear of having it run down by creditors; pigeoned by birds of prey; winged in an affair of folly, growing out of some gaming-table, tavern, or playhouse quarrel; or bring the retributive sacrifice to unlawful inclination, or to the transgressions of gallantry in high life: there will be no slipping off, edging off, making off, or moonlight march; no Sunday's departure, or unperceived disappearance; all will be honest and above board, a kind farewell will be uttered by esteeming acquaintances; and the Morning Post will notice his Lordship, or the Baronet, or the independent wealthy Commoner's *leaving town*, for his manor, or a watering-place, without dread of exposure to those who have him in their columns in the shape of a debtor; and who wish to have him out of their books in the way of payment instead of the form of ill-report.

# LINES

IMPROMPTU ON HEARING A LADY LAMENT THAT HER HUSBAND  
MUST SAIL FOR INDIA TO-MORROW.

LADY dry thy tears, believe me  
Thoughts of future ne'er should grieve thee,  
Bright with joy or big with sorrow,  
Who hath ever seen to-morrow?  
Little count I of my bliss,  
When she will postpone her kiss;  
Of my friend, my nurse would borrow,  
Pledg'd to give it back to-morrow.  
Glad, sweet lady, smile, be gay,  
All of life is but to-day;  
Death, the grave, and what may follow,  
Making up our last to-morrow.

E. M. Jones 1824.

## LETTER FROM FLIRTILLA TO PRUDENTIA.

MY DEAR PRUDENTIA,

Paris.

TIMES are sadly altered, our departure hence is positively settled, and I have nothing to regret but my own imprudence, my error in judgment, and my ingratitude to poor honest Ballantyne. I have been deceived in the Countess, in my worthless Lancer, and in every body. He has married a Dutch girl, as ugly as sin, but with a great deal of money. It was the idea that I had a good fortune which drew his flattering attentions on me; and I am now the sport of his rakish comrades, one of whom dared to address me in a tone of very unbecoming gallantry. Poor Helen ——— has fallen a victim to her credulity, and is lost to her family. I am very lightly (although undeservedly so) spoken of; and Mamma has been fleeced at cards. I find that the Countess has made a complete convenience of us, having turned our circle into a place of assignation, and our conduct into ridicule. We have been brought into unnecessary expence; and, had I possessed a fortune, she expected to derive benefit in a pecuniary way, by promoting my marriage with the companion of her *cher ami*: besides, amusement is as necessary to a French woman as air is to fire, so that we have been acting the *Comedy of Errors* for herself and friends, and, were it not for the watchful eye of honest Ballantyne, it is difficult to say how far we might have been drawn into the snare laid for us. My *once* dying swain has treated me with something like half pity, half contempt since his marriage; and even since it has been ascertained that we were not the rich people imagined, the Countess has been more than cool to us. She was informed that Ballantyne had made himself master of her history, and she has removed from the hotel, setting him down for a *triste bete*, and us for a set of beings unworthy of her friendship. How dangerous it is for foreigners to form their own opinion of persons or of things; how absurd to suppose that good appearance and a little expence can purchase esteem, services, or friendship. Yet did I indulge in such like empty chimeras. I seemed to myself, de-

tined to fix my abode here, to live a life of varied and varying felicity; I had vainly fancied my youth to be beauty, and my artlessness fascination. I had persuaded myself that some uncal superiority had won me a deserved preference over my countrywomen; and that a pretty woman might command every where, and more particularly where gallantry is at its highest pitch. Like the child at a theatrical representation; or a novice intoxicated by the first draught of pleasure, I was dazzled by lights, amazed by deceptions, enchanted by soft music, and misled by voluptuous imagery. I seem just to have awakened from a profound sleep, like one lost in the regions of fancy, and startled by the stern existence and presence of upbraiding reality. I had forgotten home and country, because the vantage ground upon which I thought that I stood, made me look down upon both. I was, comparatively speaking, nothing in either, but a character, an object, a something flattering and flattered abroad; I anticipated a new world of delights; I expected to become a little potentate over hearts; and thought it probable that, after reigning absolutely for a short golden age, I might make a match with some titled and eminent youth, which would eclipse my ancestry, and astonish all who knew me. Poor simple, vain, guilty Flirtilla! how art thou fallen, fallen! how hast thou slighted worth and sincerity to become the subject of pity and of ridicule! I shall now return to the North with a few French dresses, with an altered and disadvantageous view of life, and with a wounded heart and depressed spirits. It is in vain, my dearest Prudentia, for a stranger to expect to find in another country, what he or she cannot claim at home, in weight, in esteem, or in captivity. Other interests and other feelings oppose such an attempt, curiosity, novelty, mercenary views, or more degrading passions, may induce a native of another soil to lean to our weakness, or to encourage our pretensions. Urbanity will give us a preference, for a time; hospitality even, is but of short duration; like the gorgeous banquet, it ends and evapo-

rates when the cup is drained to the dregs, and the costly viands grow cold:—when the taper sinks in the candelabra, and the sun of truth drives the guest from the revel, and consigns the host to his couch or to his account book, the generous expenditure, either in entertainment or feeling, sinks before the calculating giver, and is, sooner or later withdrawn for ever. The case is still worse, where a poor and proud set of youths look out for strangers, as the sportsman does for game; the latter destroys them for his food or enjoyment, the former feeds upon them first and leaves them afterwards to oblivion or destruction, as circumstances may occur. I have only one consolation, namely, that the publishing this account may be of infinite service to young females situated as I have been, and may stop them in a mid career betwixt ruin and mis-

anthropy. They may learn, by my example, how to value well-timed and, therefore, more pernicious adulation, and to use, without abusing, the short empire of elective sovereignty, that brief, uncertain, and dangerous reign of a woman in fashion, either abroad or at home, but most particularly when unknowing and unknown, in a warmer climate, and surrounded by persons, habits, and taste, less circumspect, and under less controul than those of Caledonia stern and wild; and of circles, centrally placed betwixt gilded greatness and humble mediocrity. I have only just time to conclude, and to pack up my increased wardrobe, every thing being ready for our journey to-morrow, Adieu, my dear Prudentia, but I hope not for a long time.

Your reclaimed  
FLIRTILLA.

## THE RACE COURSE.

"Are you for a list of the horses my noble sporting gentleman? names, weight, and colours of the riders?"

RACE COURSE VOCABULARY.

I HAVE not the keenest relish in the world for the atmosphere of sports, particularly field sports, but still I love a race course; as a spectator—I beseech you mark me, my friends—as a spectator—I love it only, and not as a participator, to speculate with my eyes and not with my pocket. It is one of those bustling scenes which are not made for aristocracy alone. A plebeian may jostle a senator, and fear not the licitor's axe; the aproned artizan, the frocked plough-boy, may breathe its liberties, and chuckle delight, within a foot's space of the untolling noble, or the independent gentleman. It is one vast community of excited spirits, kingdom of delights, and hopes, and anticipations, uniting even to the initiated, and to the untaught, the seldom holiday-keeping looker-on, a perfect paradise of moving wonders, a panorama of pageantry and bustle. Signs and tears

—excepting such as the gale breathes, or the summer cloud drops from its bosom—are here unheard, and unseen, and even the intemperate loser of thousands is ashamed, amidst the general picture of sunshine, to soil it with his frowns, or darken it with the tints of his disappointment. Arrayed in all the diversified styles of habit and character, hither come the sons and daughters of nature—the dowager in her coronetted carriage, and the labourer in his bough ornamented dust cart; the squire on his fiery steed, and the villager on his humble donkey;—Sir Charles with his tandem pacing tits, cartier John with his master's team, and "Dobbin," and "Smiler," and "Lightfoot," dragging a wagon, full of grinning bumpkins. Here the feathers plucked from the lordly ostrich, adorning the brow of beauty, wave to and fro from the elegant laroche box, and here the new

ribbon, and the new sash, the gift of some delighted sweetheart, bedeck the beautiful face and shape of the country maiden, as she trots, supported by her knight *errant*, over the thickly pressed green-sward. Here, are rich and glowing materials for the contemplatist: these, and this, borrow little illustration from art. Here no gilded domes display nature as it is not. No painted pillars, and glittering canvas smother reality in illusion. No decorations of other days, no pomps and vanities of buried centuries, mask that which *is*, in the costume of that which *was*: it is one bright representation of nature's holiday, when she bids her students go abroad and be joyful, relaxing them from their daily task and duty, herself smiling all the time at their drolleries, and from her it is a mighty delegation of lappy souls against the empire of care, a crusade to set down the Saracenic dynasty of assuming lamentation, a grotesque union, as it has been excellently observed "of all the orders of life," overcanopied by the great master of the universe.

There are three or four public assemblages, or convocations common to most of our counties. There are the assizes, sometimes the elections, the music meetings occasionally, the races generally;—accuse me not of vandalism if "my Lord Judge," "the Knight of the Shire," and "the Catalani," the mere means of collecting life and interest about them at the periods I have mentioned, are less my favorites than the "high mettled racer," and the scene of his exploits.

Bustling, and cheerful, and profitable, too, to many that are engaged in its duties.—of advantage as is its recurrence in a worldly point of view to the citizen and the tradesman—congregating as it does the magistracy and power of the county; there is yet that in the prosecution of an assize that falls chiefly upon the spirits—trammels up the heart, and the very bells that clamour a joy they cannot feel, seem a mockery rather than a rejoicing, the sigh of despair rather than the shout of hope, touching a chord at which the fetters of the felon vibrate, ringing a note which shall by

and by find a union in the screech of the condemned, or the hysterical sob of the banished. The very javelin-men that guard the avenues, and approaches of the court—that parade beside the Sheriff's carriage, gaily caparisoned and ornamented, appear, in their gaiety, to mock the occasion, and instead of adding solemnity to the procession which should look of graves and epitaphs, and wear, at all events, the semblance of a sorrow, seem but an official impertinence, a necessary mal-appropriation—a very worthless piece of bedizened embroidery, heedlessly sown to the pall and the winding-sheet of their lost fellow-creature, upon whom the dread sentence of remandation, "whence he came, and thence ————" is then being pronounced by a weeping but just judge. Of a truth, the jockies silken jacket is better than their livery.

Then the elections, those proclamations of promise, those homilies of flattery, those nurseries of feud, those parents of ill will—the very executioners of friendship, and sacred ties, and old alliances—littered with their many coloured banners, under which violence, and rudeness, and ribaldry, and blows and wounds are tolerated; whose coat of arms is a mask, and whose supporters are missiles and bludgeons, and whose crest is a cracked pate; who breed ills that years cannot allay; who inflict wounds that time cannot heal.—About them, too, the universe of freedom throng, and the great and little opinionists, the suffrager of ten thousand, and he of forty shillings, are busied. There is a huge muster, but no fellowship, a levy *en masse* but no community of sentiment; a deal of promise, and a world of performance—but then these are neither sensible nor elegant, and the "sweet voices," are a very confusion of tongues striving in vain to exalt their separate Babels, and building air-castles which shall terminate with the shutting of the poll book, the installation of the member. What were your York and Lancaster feuds—your contests of the Montagues and Capulets, to these of the hustings; the white and red rose quarrels to those of the party-coloured badges of an election

festival. Really the "colours of the riders" are more seemly than such my gentles.

But ye will talk to me of the concord of sweet sounds, of gay dames, and glittering company, of the assemblage of the rich, and the powerful, of taste, and talent, elegance and beauty; of the solemn cathedral reverberating of mornings with holy harmony, of choirs filled with tuneful spirits, of pillared aisles peopled with airy creatures, of tombs surrounded with angelic forms, as though their tenants had burst their cements and appeared in the smiles and graces of renewed mortality; and ye will tell me of the jewelled beauties, and tripping forms, and cheerful melodies, and flowing glees amidst illuminated halls, and decorated theatres; and I shall participate in your warmth in describing of a music meeting; but I shall also whisper to you, that it is interdictive in its principles, a mere banquet for fortune's favourites, and privileged pockets; that its glitter, and its parade are sealed things to the humbler of nature's family; that its magic doors and portals are closed to the simple pilgrim; that its skillful warblings reach not the sojourners in modest dwellings—the wood note wild, the airy sound of feathered choristers being their feast of harmony. Of a verity a Catalani may astonish, but my "horse and rider" are more sociable companions, my masters!

Well then, come with me to the race course: enter into its jollity, its unsophisticated heartiness. Here from this hillock survey the passing wonders, and interest, and merriment of the ever varying, untiring scene. Here is a school of character to satisfy the most ardent student; here are essays of life enough to allay the greediest professor. See the horses are in the lines, their sleek bodies, uncovered previously to receiving the weighted saddle, and shining in the silky brightness of health in the resplendent sun-beam; their pulsating veins prominent with life, their hoofs, like a Bucephalus, stirring the turf and clearing the anxious ring of gazers about him; the blood-red nostril expanding with energy, and as if

the instinctive and noble animals were conscious of what a world of interest was depending upon their labours, in what a spirited contest they were about to engage. Look! the riders are mounted—they too dressed in their smartest livery—red—blue—green—the uniform of their several employers, the "noble sporting gentlemen" of the turf—the rein is gently tightened, the stirrup firmly pressed home, the easy posture is assumed, the graceful canter performed, and they which are to contend for the prize, at the starting post.

And now who would be that Timon to shut himself up in caves and forests from the sight which now bursts upon us; and what is the accomplishment of that joyful hope which has been for a brief time deferred—the fulfilment of that delightful agony of suspense which had for awhile subsisted upon promise. To see thousands of one's fellow creatures, their bodies holiday adorned, and their countenances dressed in expectation, stretching forward to, and intent upon, one object; to observe the commingled hues and gradations concentrated like a tributary encampment in one focus—to hear the buzz of anticipation—to see the strivings of curiosity, to feel the workings of instantly-to-be-gratified delight, and best of, all to list the one long, frenzied, hearty, consummating shout of "they're off—they're off," with its embellishments of tossed up caps, uplifted arms, clapped hands and waving handkerchiefs: to see, to feel, to hear all this, is to vindicate nature's omnipotence, to proclaim the perfection of the Creator of the passions. Heaven forefend that the spirit of ancient puritanism should ever arise from its time-honoured sarcophagus to dissipate the delightful delusions of such a moment's extasy.

It is the same all over the world; but on a race course, you shall find more particularly, people affected in their likings by the most trifling circumstances, and taking different parts at the first view of the objects before them, without being able, very logically, to define their presentiments; and therefore it is not a matter of much surprise that my red, and blue, and green jackets

should each have their several and separate partizans, and that the posse comitatus, the αὐτοκρατορία of the scene, should place their expectations, and wager the shillings and sixpences, and their bottles of wine, and their new hats (a cockney bet) and their quarts of ale upon the man and not the horse, upon the colour that pleases the eye, and not upon the physical properties of the animal that should satisfy the sense. I don't know why it was, or is—for I still retain it—but I ever had a predilection for blue, and have occasionally been a few half-crowns the poorer or richer, and a half-crown is my gambling maximum—from my too often, I fear, indiscriminate passion for the colour. Perhaps it is that I have from childhood been a complete enthusiast in every thing that appertains to my country, and that therefore "*true blue*," significant as it is of its triumphs and of its defenders, as the glory badge of the conquerors at Waterloo—the uniform of the heroes of Trafalgar, appears so sightly to my vision, or it might be that I contended and was victorious under it at an election, and when our trophies, our "*Wellington blue*" trophies, flattered cheerily over the rival ensigns of power and influence that would have crushed our independence, and fettered our suffrages—and all this, to return to my course, but adds life to the moment, whilst the vociferations of the rival plebeians, the favourers of the decorated Buckle's and Goodison's of the contest—like the trumpet blasts, and drum roll of a more serious struggle, give an effect at once animating and effective to the panorama. Then the run in, that inimitable moment of suspense and agitation, the neck and neck strivings for profit and honour, the final exertion which has cost hours and days of speculation to be finished in a breath. Who can describe the lightning flash of the run in, the variable, frenzied emotions, that resemble tossed billows or the flight of clouds that encompass it? Are there not the rush of the horsemen and the pressure of the pedestrians? are there not the fears of some, the hopes of others, the anxieties of all? Are there not the foaming steed and the heated rider, each standing upon

faculties to the verge of execution, and panting with exertion? And finally, are there not the alternate and struggling changes of red, and blue, and green, each occasionally winning the ascendancy, till the goal is reached, and the final triumph of blue—for I must have it so—is proclaimed amidst the throng and huzzas of assembled thousands? And is not all this beyond the most ecstatic moment which your other holidays can give us, above all the glittering pageantries, better than all the professional pomp and the technical vanities which your other periodical and anniversary institutions and amusements can produce?

Such is only a partial and restricted notation of the life and spirit of a British race-course, animated and peopled by the satellites and creatures of sport. I might, besides all the delightful things which it has been my "acceptable service" to chronicle, have told you of many supernumerary and facetious wonders which form accompaniments to the principal spectacle—of the suttler's booth, and the showman's caravan—of the eaters of fire, and the drinkers of "strong waters,"—of funny tragedies by "Richardson's company," and real comedies by nature—of drolls and clowns reeling upon their heads from compulsion and for "filthy lucre," and of clowns reeling upon their legs from necessity and for "Barclay's entire"—of the sociable partnership of country squires and town gentlemen; the unschooled Tyro and the knowing blood; of the steward's ordinary, where the gold cups are exhibited, and the silver bowls handed about, and old stories of the turf are told, and old successes rehearsed, and old—no not always old—wine is drunk;—and I might say, something of the race-ball, where no *reservé* is required to purchase a privilege, and no ballot requisite to enjoy its merriment, tell of its cheerful and happy admixture of life, its once-a-year un-aristocratic classification, where the landlord's lady has as her sister quadrilles, the tenant's daughter, and where the Countess of A. actually "*moves a square*" with Mrs. (Draper) B. who has only but

a few hours ago in the computation of her ladyship's satin. All this, and more, could I, my friends, most edifyingly detail unto you; but as this "eternal blazon must not be," I pray ye be content, this evening, with the pen and ink sketch which

I have dashed off, and to-morrow put yourselves into your tandems, or across your horses, and witness the assured reality, and huzza for the success of the heir presumptive, at Ascot Heath.

June, 1824.

J. F. STUART.

## THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE.

"With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose."

SHAKESPEARE.

PENYTH, the shelter of a hedge, in a meadow, a short distance west of Cardiff Castle, may, (or *might* at least a few years ago,) be seen a small mound of earth, ornamented during the months of spring and summer, not only with the choicest flowers of the field, but also with many others which serve to decorate the gardens of the peasant; the cowslip, the primrose, the violet, and the wall-flower, flourished in wild, but neglected luxuriance; while the rosemary and southernwood, and thyme, loaded the air with their powerful perfume, and served to embellish the spot during those months when the charms of their less hardy companions had shrunk before the chilling blasts of winter. No person claimed them as his own, or attended to them as they appeared; and both the flower and shrub seemed to spring into existence, apparently for no other purpose than

"To waste their sweetness in the  
Desert air."

It is true they escaped not the sharp eye of the school-boy in his daily rambles, but they remained unmolested even by his thoughtless and all-plundering hand. He would admire them as he passed, or, mayhap, stoop down to inhale more effectually the odour which they emitted—it was all he dared to do, for some invisible being seemed to whisper, "thus far shalt thou

go and no farther." Obedient to the voice, he left them where they were, nor ever ventured to gather them, to give them a place in his nosegay. Thus, in the place where they first blossomed, they withered and decayed, no one being found so irreverent as to pluck them, for they were guarded by the spell which superstition frequently casts around the final resting-place of man. The spot was known by the name of "the Traitor's Grave," and the circumstances connected with it are thus preserved in the records of tradition.

During the civil wars when the victorious Cromwell, after having brought nearly the whole of England into subjection, by the matchless prowess of his arms, was proceeding with his accustomed vigour to chastise the few bold spirits who were still firmly attached to the cause of the king, in the principality, he met with an unexpected opposition from the Governor of Cardiff Castle, who, notwithstanding the terror of Cromwell's name, sent a bold defiance in answer to the herald, who, in the name of the Parliament summoned him to surrender,—"I hold my Castle from the King" exclaimed the haughty Beauford, "and to him only will I give it up." Cromwell enraged at this answer, and still more so at the unlooked-for obstacle, thus suddenly starting up to check, as it were, the rapidity of his conquest, commanded his officers



instantly to commence the siege of the place. The command was hardly given ere it was obeyed. The trenches were dug, and batteries erected, with the rapidity which always marked the movements of the rebel army, when headed by the commander, who this day led them on. The works were not begun till some time after sun-rise, yet before noon the siege had regularly commenced, and the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle rung with the sounds of the invader's cannon as they

"Roar'd aloud,  
"And from their throats with flash and  
cloud,  
Their showers of iron threw."

The massy walls of the Castle however resisted stoutly; and suffered no very material injury, from the repeated discharges of the enemy's artillery, which failed in every attempt to make a breach: thus passed the first day.

On the morning of the second day, the parliamentary general again sent his challenge for them to surrender, but the herald returned with an answer of similar import with the first. Cromwell was not a man who could be induced to waste his time in fruitless parleys; and when he found that threats were unavailable, he instantly had recourse to more powerful arguments. These therefore he ordered once more to be brought into action against the enemy, in hopes that his cannon would accomplish that, which his flag of truce had failed to do,—to bring the garrison to reason. The second day however closed, without bringing with it any greater hopes of success, than that which had preceded, at least it appeared so to the besiegers, who having of late been accustomed to sudden and easy surrenders, began to despair of being able to reduce a fort that had thus for two days gallantly withstood their hitherto irresistible artillery. Even Cromwell himself grew fearful of the event, and could ill brook that a single castle should thus be able to retard his march, and occasion him such loss of time, men, and ammunition. Nor was this all: he beheld with no small degree of chagrin, that the friends of Charles, taking advantage of his present stationary position, were preparing for a vigorous defence, and strengthening their respective castles for this purpose, against his approach.

The unsuccessful attempt of the second day had indeed so far emboldened some of the more daring royalists, that they ventured under cover of the night, to attack his very camp, succeeded in driving in the pickets, and caused such confusion among the troops, that it was not until Cromwell himself came forward, that the intruders were driven back, and order restored. This unfortunate incident, made him sensible of the awkward situation in which he was placed; and convinced him of the absolute necessity of altering his present plan of action as speedily as possible, as he saw that by occupying his present position, unless the garrison very shortly capitulated, the longer he remained there, the greater would be his disgrace, if, from any circumstance he should be at last compelled to give up the undertaking. He therefore formed a determination in his own mind, of raising the siege on the succeeding night, in case he proved as unsuccessful on that (the third) day as he had hitherto been. He determined however by his conduct, not to give the enemy any ground to entertain such hope, and obedient to his command, upon the appearance of day-light, the batteries were again mounted, and every gun put into requisition. Nothing could possibly have withstood the fire of this day, except the most determined bravery on the part of the besieged; this they happily possessed; and, the military skill shown by their engineers was such, that ere sun set, they had effected the destruction of nearly the whole range of batteries, which had been erected by the enemy, in order to effect a breach. But, unfortunately, this was not done until their own walls were in such a shattered condition, that another such day must inevitably have sealed their fate, by compelling them to surrender whether they willed or willed not.

Under these circumstances, on the part of the garrison, Sir J. Beaufort consented after much solicitation, to call a council of the officers who composed it, in order that some measures for their mutual safety might be speedily adopted in the present emergency; for the ramparts had given way in several places, and it would be vain to attempt a resistance, should the enemy endeavour to force an entrance, as breaches were visible in

every part of the fortifications. The approach of night was the only thing which prevented them taking immediate advantage of these circumstances. At the time appointed, the council assembled: despair was plainly depicted upon the features of those who composed it; but at the same time their bandaged appearance, told that they had resolution even in despair. Though each person was in his place, yet no one ventured to break the ominous silence which reigned in the apartments. At length Beauford himself addressed those around him—"Fellow Officers," said he, "This Castle was confided to my keeping by the King, and it is my intention to be faithful to the trust. We have assembled here to consult further means for its safety: to *this* point confine then, your observations and advice, for mark me! the first among you who counsels, or even hints at submission, shall be shot, though that shot were the last in the garrison! We have met here to *defend*, and not to *betray* our trust! and, while two stones hold together, let no one talk of yielding!"—Struck by these remarks, and by the manner in which they were spoken, every one remained silent; for each had, in his own mind, come there for no other purpose than to form some plan for the preservation of their lives, and if no other could be found to agree to the terms for capitulation, should the Castle be again attacked, as it was utterly impossible to defend it longer, and madness to attempt any resistance farther than was necessary, in order to obtain from the victor as favourable terms as possible. The passionate Beauford, as the silence still continued, turned to those around him, and knitting his eye-brows, until his countenance appeared to put on the look of a demon, giving vent to his rage, exclaimed aloud,—"*Was I summoned here to be made a fool of, or, cowards as you are, think you that like yours, my heart labours thoughts which my tongue dares not express. Begone, I say, to your posts, and leave the care of providing for the Castle's safety to me, since you appear to have forgotten the respect which you owe to your governor, as well as your duty to your King! Begone, I say, be gone!*"

B. M. Jan. 1821.

Stung by such unmerited reproaches a young, but intrepid looking cavalier instantly started from his seat, "A truce to your reproaches Sir John. That they are unjust, the wounds and scars we bear will testify, and vindicate our honour from the false charge of cowardice. We have neither forgotten our duty to our King, nor to our Governor; but when the latter so far forgets himself, as to accuse those falsely who have cheerfully shed their best blood, at his bidding, and neglects to provide for their safety in the hour of danger, it is time they look to themselves. Hear me then, I care not for the effects of your threatened vengeance. I have hitherto fought as becomes a loyal subject of King Charles, but will fight no longer, unless the terms of a surrender be first agreed on, in case the rebels venture to renew the attack to-morrow. Agree to this, and my sword is again at your service, else never. These are my thoughts, nor do I *fear* to utter them; now do your worst!" Beauford, who had with great difficulty retained possession of his seat, till the speaker had concluded, no sooner perceived he had done, than he drew his sword, and rushing forwards, proceeded to put his threat into immediate execution; and most likely Walter Sele would have paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity, had not those around wrested the weapon of death from the hands of the Governor; who, enraged at being thus thwarted, darted from the chamber, swearing he would have every soul of them shot for rebels.

At this time, when the enemy from without, and faction from within, threatened the Castle with certain destruction, there were, besides the military who composed the garrison, within its walls, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger, upon the approach of the rebel army. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old Cavalier. No more is known of the maid, than that she was fair, whether in the opinion of the world or not, it matters little, it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele. To him she was "*the fairest of the fair.*" He loved her, and would like every true lover, have naked his life to

serve her. To her little chamber it was he repaired, when released from the duties of the day, and in her company he was glad to forget, for awhile, the dangers which surrounded him. Here, therefore, it was that he hastened upon his escape from the council-room; and here he determined to remain patiently, until informed that the savage rage of the Governor was cooled, and time, by replacing reason upon her throne, should have made him sensible of the error which he had committed. A time, alas! that Walter was not fated to behold.

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged, who was sensible of the charms of the fair Deva. The commandant himself, who, to his unshaken loyalty, (almost his only virtue), added all that licentiousness and profligacy which characterised in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stuart line; had also beheld and admired her charms, but alas! beheld, and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favourable moment, when the officers were engaged on more important matters, to gratify his lust; glorying in the idea that he should, at the same time, by this means, inflict the most cruel of all punishments upon the unfortunate being, who had offended him; and blast for ever his brightest hopes, by ruining her, who was far dearer to him than his own life.

Having gained admission into the apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain. Her virtue was alike proof against both; she upbraided him with his baseness and villany, and replied to his remarks, with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force, both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but the echo of her voice were the only answer she received. Spite of the resistance which she made, one minute more would have decided the struggle, and the fair Deva would have been—fair no longer. At this crisis the room-door yielded to the strong nerves of Sele, who snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon

the villain, whom he saw before him, and presented it to his head; but even at this critical juncture he still retained presence of mind, sufficient not to discharge it, lest, by any accident, the contents should injure her to whose rescue he had thus opportunely arrived. Beauford, on feeling so rude a grasp, let go the hold of his intended victim, and turned round to oppose this sudden and unlooked for enemy. It was now no time for parley. In an instant the sword of each had left its scabbard. "Coward and slave, by heaven you shall not again escape me!" "Neither slave nor coward," exclaimed the injured youth, as he recognized the well-known sound of the governor's voice, "and that Beauford will soon discover too." Flinging the pistol from his hand, he prepared instantly for the attack. The weapons met with the quickness of lightning, and though the event seemed to all appearance to depend most upon which was the strongest arm, yet the blows, however irregular and fierce, were frequently parried off with great skill, as each in turn became the assailant. The combat lasted but a few minutes, for the foot of Beauford striking against an iron-ring in the floor, he stumbled, when putting out his sword to prevent his falling it snapt, and of course occasioned that which it was intended to prevent. The issue of the strife seemed now determined; but it was not so: for on Sele's springing forward to disarm his adversary, he received the contents of a pistol in his left shoulder, and fell prostrate beside him. A party of the guard who had been alarmed by the noise which the combat had necessarily occasioned, now rushed into the apartment, when Beauford, springing up, commanded them to raise his wounded opponent, and to do as they were bid. He was instantly obeyed, and the soldiers, having bound him as well as they were able, at the moment, followed the steps of their governor, who led the way to the foot of the staircase, where, opening a low and narrow door, he descended a few steps, when a similar barrier opposed them, which was also, with some difficulty opened; and the interior of the castle keep presented itself to their view, darker, if possible than the sepulchre of the dead. Here, just within the entrance, Beau-

ford commanded the men to lay down their prisoner. They did so, and retreated. The door grating upon its rusty hinges, closed again; and the unfortunate Sele found himself left in a dark, damp dungeon, far from the reach of any human being.

Not having been severely wounded, the coldness of the dungeon soon brought the ill-fated youth to himself again, where seating, (for the place he was in, would not allow of his standing), himself upon the step on which he had been left, he proceeded to bind up the wound, as well as he was able, with his handkerchief: after which he felt relieved. Perfectly aware from the situation of his prison, that it would be in vain to attempt either by the loudness of his voice, or any other means now in his power, to make his friends acquainted with his fate, he made up his mind to bear manfully his present confinement; encouraged by the hope, that the garrison would soon be obliged to surrender, when, in all probability, he should regain his liberty. But the thought of his Deva being in the power of one whom he was now forced to rank as his bitterest enemy, rushed across his recollection, and almost drove him to distraction. The pain of his wound, and the dampness of his habitation, however, soon made him sensible of his utter inability to be of any service to her by his lamentation; and reason again assuming her dominion, he began to reflect upon the possibility of his being able to escape. At this instant, he fortunately thought of an old tale, which he had heard when a boy, respecting an outlawed chief, who, according to tradition, having been taken prisoner by the lord of Cardiff Castle, and confined in the cell he then inhabited, had effected his escape by means of a secret passage, which he had accidentally discovered. Walter Sele not being of a disposition to give way to despair, while the least glimmer of hope presented itself to his mind, seized eagerly upon this legendary account; and, though not very sanguine in his expectations, determined at all events to attempt the discovery of the reported outlet, well knowing that the strong holds of the feudal barons, frequently abounded with a multitude of secret posterns, and subterranean passages, for which

any person except the original proprietor, would be puzzled to find an use. Groping therefore his way, as well as he was able, he proceeded slowly along, carefully examining with his hands the wall of the dungeon, which ere he had gone very far, became sensibly larger; and he was enabled to stand erect. Still keeping the wall for his guide, he had not proceeded much farther along his dark and dismal track, when he was greatly surprised on finding himself come in contact with a strong current of air. He now became confident that he could not be very distant from some opening, and the castle clock, which he distinctly heard striking the hour of ten, confirmed him in this opinion. Following the direction of the draft, he soon found that his course was considerably impeded by heaps of rubbish, and large fragments of stone, which had evidently been forced out of their proper place: and he rightly judged, from this circumstance, that here, at least, the enemy's artillery had accomplished their intended purpose. With a light heart, he cautiously removed the huge masses which obstructed his way, and in a short time had the happiness to find himself safe in the moat, on the north side of the castle.

Once more at liberty, he surveyed, as well as the darkness of the night would permit, those parts of the fortress which were near him. Burning with a desire of being revenged on the person who had so basely injured him, in an evil moment, he formed the fatal resolution of betraying the castle into the hands of the enemy; and this resolution was no sooner formed, than he proceeded to carry it into execution. The moat was soon cleared, and finding himself once more on *terra firma*. "It shall be so," exclaimed he,—"Yes, this very night is Cardiff Castle; Cromwell's. A few feet of earth removed, admits him to the postern aisle—and once in, Beauford shall then oppose in vain—Deva I yet may snatch thee from the tiger's jaws, and I *will* do so, though I die a traitor." Having with these words turned his back upon the walls, which but a few hours before he had gallantly defended, he sought with hasty strides the camp of Cromwell.

The distance being but short, he soon arrived at the enemy's piquets,

by whom, as he did not endeavour to conceal himself, he was of course seized. Having designedly thrown himself within their power, he now merely demanded that he might be led into the presence of the general; with which demand the guards, after first blind-folding him, in order that he might not distinguish the disorder which prevailed around, proceeded instantly to comply.

When ushered into the tent, and permitted again to make use of his eyes, he perceived the ambitious Cromwell seated at a small table, gazing intently upon some papers which lay thereon. On the entrance of the prisoner, however, he raised his head, and attentively surveyed his appearance; and having satisfied himself, in his usual harsh and abrupt manner, he addressed the following laconic question to him,—"How now, betinselled royalist! your business here?"—"I came to act, and not to parley," replied the unintimidated Sele, to offer to a foe what most he wishes, possession of our castle. If he accept the offer, let him get ready instantly, and trust to the guidance of one who is willing to be his friend to-night, even at the expence of honour!" Cromwell, who scarcely knew whether he ought not to look upon his prisoner as a madman, paused, ere he made any reply. However, as the chances, judging from the resistance which the garrison had already made, were so many against his being able to take the place by force of arms, he determined, as a *dernier* resort, to embrace the opportunity which thus offered itself, be the consequences what they might. "Be it so," was the answer; "he whom you address is always ready, lead on then, but harken haughty cavalier, should you belie your promise, your life shall be the forfeit." "Had I been the subject of fear," replied Walter Sele, "I should not now be in the tent of Cromwell—a truce then to your threatenings! nor think that I betray the royal cause thus basely. Hear then the terms; Nay, frown not! I'll not be frightened from my purpose by the frowns of any man; and unless my two conditions are agreed to, not all your threats shall make me *even now* turn traitor. My life is in your hands, and you may take it now, at midnight, or to-morrow; but *that* is all you have

within your power. Hear me then—I ask but for the life and freedom of the garrison, for every living soul, from the person of the governor, though he is now my foe, down to the meanest soldier that treads along the battlements. That the few females, one of whom is dearer to me than life, shall be secure from the gross insults of your rebel troops. On these conditions only I become your guide!" "Cromwell will pledge his word," was the reply, "that life and freedom shall be given to all at present, within the castle walls; and as for the women, the soldiers of the Parliament, rebel or not, are not the licentious cavaliers of Charles, who need be under no anxiety for the safety of their courtesans. We come to fight with men, and not with women! now are you satisfied?" Sele replied in the affirmative, observing, as he concluded, that he "would trust for once to the *honour* of a roundhead, if such a thing existed." Cromwell scowled as it seemed as if his guide suspected his intentions, but prudence bade him conceal his rage, and he merely remarked, as he took his pistols from the table, that he might do so safely.

With a chosen body of men, upon whose fidelity he could depend, the usurper committed himself to the guidance of Walter Sele, whom, however, he kept close beside during the march, which, without occupying much of their time, brought them unseen to the opening from which the betrayer had escaped. The men having entered the breach, and being provided with the necessary implements, immediately commenced removing the earth from the spot pointed out to them, while Cromwell and his guide kept watch without. With such secrecy were their operations carried on, that no person within was in the least degree disturbed by them. Once only, (and, that by mere chance) had they any occasion to be alarmed. An officer, marching to relieve guard, perceiving from the rampart some persons in the moat below, hailed them in the accustomed form—"Who goes there?"—"Friends!"—"To whom?"—"To Beauford and the King."—Sele's presence of mind thus extricated them from this danger, for the officer on hearing the last word, not doubting but they were sent there by the command of the governor, passed on his

way, and left them to proceed with their undertaking, without any further interruption.

The soldiers after having effected an opening in the ground above, were enabled with very little trouble, by means of a temporary ladder, which they formed of the implements, to enter into the postern aisle, described to them by their guard. Here they had both time to rest, and also room enough to prepare themselves for the attack, which it was to be expected they would still have to undertake. At the end of the passage in which they then were, a narrow door was now the only barrier to be removed, ere they effected the object they had so long wished for—an entrance into the heart of the fortress. From its situation, as they could not hope to penetrate this, however trifling it might appear, as silently as they had done the first, they proceeded by one sudden effort to force it open, and by the rapidity of their subsequent movements, to terrify the garrison from making any resistance. Nor were they disappointed, for the door yielding to the first assault, they found themselves in possession of the castle, before many of its inhabitants were even aware of their approach.

When morning dawned, the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles, was not seen floating, as heretofore above the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle; and those who had defended it so stoutly, and so gallantly, had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress, that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained, and he with beating heart and anxious look had twice already explored the intricacies of each apartment, which the castle contained, in search for the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend despair, he was in the act of doing so for the third time, when summoned, and upon his refusing to obey, forced into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant, with such a noble and majestic mien, as awed all those around; and even the

mind of Cromwell seemed for an instant to be undecided. But that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated. "Now then, proud cavalier," cried he, "has not the promise which I made been kept? Has either maid or courtesan, for whom you dared to insult the troops of Cromwell been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and has been granted. Remember when my word was pledged to this, *thou* wast not one among them, therefore I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenge, and not from love to me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other motives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I *hate* the traitor. Take then a traitor's just reward!" Quick as thought, the pistol of the tyrant left its belt,—flashed,—and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring, at the spot alluded to, in the commencement of this narrative, all that now remained of the once brave, but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work, by the unlooked for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward, flung herself upon the lifeless corpse as it lay, in the dress it wore while living, upon the green sward. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to soothe her afflictions. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of all his entreaties, she still clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp; and even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while they unfeelingly consigned it to its "mother earth." But immediately on the departure of the soldiers, after their having closed the earth, she returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had "*found* Walter," but alas! fair maid, she had *lost* her reason.

Poor Deva lived for many years,—lived to decorate the grave of him she loved, with the choicest shrubs and flowers which she could gather together. When the frosts of January threatened them with destruction, she

would carefully cover them with straw, to be blown away perhaps by the next gust of wind; and when the clouds of Autumn withheld their accustomed tribute, *she* did not forget to water them. Summer and winter, day and night, sun-shine and rain,

were all alike to *Deva*: she appeared equally insensible to each, as she sat upon a stone, which her own hand had placed at the head of the grave, and sang her favourite and never-varying ditty of

### GALLANT WALTER SELE.

O'er Walter's bed, no foot shall tread,—  
Nor step unhallowed roam,—  
For here the brave has found a grave,  
The wanderer a home.  
This little mound encircles round  
A heart that once could feel,  
For none possess'd a warmer breast,  
Than gallant Walter Sele.

The primrose pale from Dyfrain vale,  
Through spring shall sweetly bloom,—  
And here I ween the evergreen  
Shall shed its death perfume;  
The branching tree of rosemary  
The sweet thyme shall conceal,  
But both shall wave above the grave,  
Of gallant Walter Sele.

They brand with shame my true-love's name,  
And call him traitor vile,  
Who dar'd disclose to Charlie's foes,  
The secret postern-aisle.  
But tho' alas that fatal pass  
The traitor dar'd reveal,  
He ne'er betray'd his maniac maid,—  
My gallant Walter Sele.

Reader, if thou believest not the above account, search. I beseech thee, the pages of history, and be convinced for once of the truth of Tradition!

HAL.

### A COFFEE SHOP.

"Avaunt ye midnight hags!"

SHAKESPEARE.

At the dreary hour of three, what a scene does a coffee shop present! It opens its gates to the pauper and the profligate, to the hireling Cyprian, and the libertine bent on fun, and on seeing what is called life! What a prostitution of the term! does *life* consist in sleeping away the day, in visiting the five's court, the billiard tables, in taverning it, and rioting it; in adding

to the crimes of the mercenary frail one; in dissipating a fortune at the hells and other gaming-shops, and in making Rowbottoms, or some other coffee shop, the *Finish* of the idle twenty-four hours, the close of one space of existence, the links of which are dropping imperceptibly from the chain which binds us to the body of clay? But let us pass a moment,

and look at the company:—here a roofless prostitute, foot-sore from walking her weary round, unhealthy and miserable, pennyless and unsuccessful in vending her perilous and hack-nied embraces. She cannot face the old fury in whose house she had lodged: her week is up, and with it her game is nearly the same; but she must rest her limbs, chilled with the damp air of night, for a few hours. "Will you treat me to a cup of coffee?" she is saying to a youth sitting near her. She obtains it—degraded nature is somewhat refreshed: perhaps the next comer may give her what will pay her lodging, or she must again commence the march of infamy for a bit of bread. There you may behold the distracted apprentice gulping his dose of tea and sorrow together; the plunder table has just closed its wicked work, and he is told that they can play no longer. His purse is reduced to his last shilling, and that shilling is not his own—he has to encounter a master, and must soon account for the money he has embezzled. Yet pity lurks in his wounded bosom, and he pays the night-walker's breakfast for her. "Alas!" he may say to himself, "we shall soon be two outcasts, homeless and without a friend, may worse, the refuse of society, a character for the finger of scorn to point at, bring under the suspicious eye of the police. "Well, and what comes next? a prostitute of fashion, motionless, too drunk to get home, he must sleep it off; the eye of another cyprian is on him, will she steal his heart? no, the powers of enchantment have faded away with her, palsy gain, and the grosser passions are all within her power: if the prostitute's purse is not already gone, it is in danger. Near him is a face of concealment, a doer of dark deeds; he must not alarm the neighbourhood with knocking at his gate, yet must he not meet the broad face of day, a glimmer of twilight must conduct him to his abode, and a whisper at the window must gain him admittance: he has done his work, and he is jealous of every glance falling on him from the surrounding circle. A shivering beggar whose trade is begging occupies that nook; and in another sits a spy. Now the door opens to a self-destroying thing, who had once

"Four score acres of land,  
With corn and cattle in store;  
And though he has none at command,  
Yet still he's as gay as before."

Is he gay? that appearance is assumed: he laughs with the girls of the town, offers his snuff to the early cove, jokes, banters, makes ten times told puns, and depends upon his good humour,

"To clothe and feed him."

He is seen to approach the bench where youth and inexperience sit, where the outward garb bespeaks the gentleman. His face wears a smile on seeing half-a-crown changed by a young man, who looks as if he was *let out* from a house of intrigue, and cannot yet be *let in* by his aunt's house-maid,—this is a hit, a *dead hit*. The ci-devant gentleman quotes Shakspeare, Pope, and Addison, nay even speaks French. A place is made for him, he now sports a quotation from Horace, this gains him a cup of coffee; good, he rubs his hands—an anecdote, a second cup,—a worse pun than ever. But he has been schooled at Eton, and it is evident he has seen better days. His dress is that of a sporting man, but its hue and texture partook of the spider's web, and the faded leaf, the least rough usage would bring it to ruin. The day approaches, he has had rest and slender food, and with his comb-case and shirt collar, his pencil and decaying tablets in his pocket, long a stranger to coin, he must remove his *trunk* (that of his body, and the *only-one* which he has), and with it his little fortune. Has he a home?—I think not. An occupation?—None. An income?—The wheel of chance. Perhaps he may borrow some silver of a green-horn; he is asked to dine by an eccentric, who can blame and pity at the same time; a happy anecdote may produce a pledged cup at a public house; or an act of urbanity to a fair cast-away may bring an invitation to call at her lodgings, to partake of a cup of tea, and a drop of jackey.—He must pay for both with a dish of flattery, or take her part if a watchman, insolent in office, should overstep his authority, and use her ill. What a fortune it would be to him, should a street-accident deprive him of a patron, to whom in saving the man



of money from being run over, he may tell his case—i. e. that his fortune is spent, and extract a pound, slowly and reluctantly parted with. Is this life? 'tis daily death. Lastly, there lies a troubled spirit, he cannot sleep; how brief and disturbed too, is the short repose of the many here; Without the shop, the plaintive voice of "Will you go home with me my dear?" comes from a haggard, graceless, wayward sister. The watchman yawns out the remnant of his task;

and the market gardener cracks his whip, impatient of the day. He can sleep, his rosy cheeks evince a calm contented mind, industry and toil smooth his pillow for him; but the gamester, and the night-robber, the spendthrift and the prostitute, the outcast and the ruined, each of them

"——— doth murder sleep,  
The innocent sleep, sleep that knits up  
The ravel'd sleeve of care."

### THE TRIUMVIRATE; OR, DIDLING DANDIES.

We prize an honest, merry heart,  
That mirth and humour can impart,  
But still are bent to ridicule  
The frolics of the knave or fool.  
Then gentle reader, would'st thou know  
The different shades of high and low,  
You'll find a well-bred cheat of fashion,  
Resolv'd through thick and thin to dash on.  
Can nothing do that's foul or mean,  
Provided that he cozen clean;  
And that 'tis sport, mere sport to rob,  
If there's nought vulgar in the job.  
But more this truth to elucidate,  
The following story I'll relate.  
Three bucks there were, of what degree  
Matters not much to you or me;  
High bred Corinthians, or not quite,  
Or else of order composite:  
Perhaps their tailors thought them so,  
And made their persons quite à la mode;  
N'importe, they left their haunts unknown,  
Resolv'd to spend the day in town,  
Upon the strength of half-a-crown.  
Too well they knew the lack of pence,  
Must be supplied by immediate cash,  
And faith they had an ample share,  
Enough for each and some to spare,  
So all was settled for a revel,  
Pitching the dials to the devil.  
They cock'd their castors, twirl'd their switches,  
Beat time on glassy boots and breeches;  
With arms inlock'd they join'd Pall Mall,  
Look'd down on party, and took the wall.  
No path appear'd but the wide,  
For clattering heels and with a stride,  
A terror both to man and beast,  
Alike avoiding him, each a spur,  
And brassing their white surface count,  
Was quite a stranger to a horse,  
Quite worthy of the head and foot  
Of walking jockies of the street,  
And which too made these revels complete.

Now in the tavern parlour seated,  
With Chronicle and Times they're treated,  
Jack read, whilst Tom stirred up the fire,  
And Jerry tugg'd his small-clothes higher  
Says Jerry, "Jack and Tom, I say,  
I'll tell you what's *the time of day*;  
I've thought," said he—they got their cue,  
"Enough," cried all, "the trick will do."  
Then all sat down with glee to dine,  
On choicest fare and best of wine;  
Prime fellows seldom soon give o'er,  
When bent on bilking double score.  
So stoutly, o'er they took their leave,  
They pass'd it copiously till eve.  
Then pledg'd each other with delight,  
From eight at eve 'till twelve at night  
The potent fumes had strove in vain,  
To get th' ascendant of their brain,  
Which was so hard, so dense to find,  
They could have drank Solinas blind  
At length they rang, and in a trice  
The bill was brought—the point was nice,  
For faith you well must know the town,  
If pounds you pay with half-a-crown.  
"Quoth Jerry," with a vacant stare,  
"We're all contented with our fare,  
And with the wine, so no more fuss,  
I'll pay,"—he draws a swinging purse,  
Of huge dimensions, weight and length,  
Who could have doubted of its strength?  
"Not so," cried Tom, "'Tis not your turn,  
I've got a *Henry Hase* so torn,  
By carrying it unchanged about,  
That half the impression is worn out  
Jack swore that it was unpolite,  
To pay for him another night.  
The waiter star'd with all his eyes,  
And patient waited with surprise,  
To see them struggle for a day  
That brought them but a bill to pay;  
From this and the expensive feast,  
He thought them Baronets at least;  
When Jerry, turning to him, spoke,  
"Waiter, we'll end it with a joke,  
'Tis trifle is not worth a curse,  
The joke's a guinea in your purse."  
The waiter brighten'd up at this,  
"A golden joke is not amiss,  
And now I wait your honor's pleasure,  
To see the joke and touch the treasure."  
Then quick before the varlet's eyes,  
A doubled napkin Jack applies.  
And now, he cries, around the room,  
Three times you'll turn, and then on whom,  
Your hand you lay, be who it will,  
Shall pay the money and the bill.  
The waiter, laughing, said, I guess,  
I've walk'd a dozen miles for less.  
Then cautious took his sable rout,  
As cautiously they tip-toed it out,  
And left the fool to grope about.

Thence towards the door they softly stalk'd,  
 Return'd the landlord's bow and walk'd.  
 The parlour then he soon survey'd,  
 And wonder'd why the waiter stay'd,  
 Then stared to see him blinded thus,  
 Blund'ring a circumbendibus,  
 And like a statue on the way,  
 Was tapp'd with—you're the man to pay.  
 As sudden to his senses brought,  
 "By Jove," said he, "and so I thought,  
 I'm *had*, the devil take the three  
 Sharp diddling blades who ere they be."

## EXTRACTS FROM

## THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

## No. II.

## MENTZ.

As we parted from *Baecharach*, a furious storm arose, in which a large boat was cast away, and ours was also in some danger. We went ashore, a little before we came to *Rudisheim*, where the bad weather constrained us to stay awhile; and pass by an old ruinous house, which they said belonged to that wicked Archbishop of *Mentz*, who was eaten by rats. The Rhine makes in that place a little island, in the midst of which is a square tower, which they call the *Tower of Rats*: and it is commonly reported, that this prelate, who was the most wicked and cruel man of his age, fell sick in that ruinous house I speak of: (some say it was in another, a little further off, which is not material to the story,) and that, by an extraordinary judgment of God, he was environed with rats, which could by no means be driven away. They add, that he caused himself to be carried into the island, where he hoped he might have been freed from them, but the rats swam over the river and devoured him. An ingenious man, whom I saw in this place, assured me that he had read this story in some old chronicles of the country. He said he remembered that the Archbishop was named *Renald*, and that this accident happened in the tenth century. I would have willingly given credit to his relation; but I fear there is some mistake in it; for, I know that about this time, there was a certain priest

named *Arnold*, who fraudulently dispossessed the Archbishop Henry; and that this *Arnold* was massacred by the people, which may have occasioned some confusion in these histories. The name of the Archbishop was not *Renald*, but *Halton* II. surnamed Bonosus; and it is said, that, in a time of famine, he caused a great number of poor people to be assembled in a barn, where he ordered them to be burnt, saying, "*these are the unprofitable vermin which are good for nothing but to consume the bread which should serve for the sustenance of others.*" This story is related by a great many grave authors, and generally believed here, though some look upon it as a fable. Some are too apt to give credit to any prodigy, and others deserve to be censured for their obstinate incredulity. Since the Holy Scripture describes a *Pharaoh* pestered with lice and frogs, and a *Herod* devoured by worms, why should we hastily condemn an event of the same nature, for a fable? History furnishes us with several instances of more surprising accidents, which were never controverted. And I remember, I have read two such histories in *Fasciculus temporum*. The author says, that "*Mures infiniti convenerunt, quandam potentem circumvallantes cum in convivio, nec potuerunt abigi donec devoraretur*;" that is, a multitude of mice compassed a certain man about, strongly assailing him at a banquet, nor could they be driven

away till they had devoured him. This happened about the year 1074. He adds, "*Idem cuidam Principi Poloniæ contigit.*" (The same thing happened to a certain\* Prince of Poland.)

The ornaments in which the Electors celebrate mass are extremely rich; and the canopy under which the Host is carried, on certain occasions, is all covered with pearls. I remember, I have read in the chronicles of the Abbot of *Usserg*, that they had formerly in the treasury of the vestry, a hollow emerald of the bigness and shape of half a large melon. This author says, that on certain days they put water into this cup, with two or three little fishes that swam about in it; and when the cup was covered they shewed it to the people, and the motion of the fishes produced such an effect as persuaded the silly people that the stone was alive.

Every Elector bears the arms of his own house; but the Elector of *Mentz* quarters, *Gules, a Wheel Argent*, which are the arms of the electorate. It is said, that the original of these arms came from the first Elector, who was the son of a cartwright. In the great church there are several magnificent tombs of these princes, who usually are buried there.

#### FRANCFORT.

In the town-house we took a view of the chamber in which the Emperor is elected, and where they keep one of the originals of the Golden Bull. This Golden Bull is a book of twenty-four sheets of parchment, in 4to., which are sewed together, and co-

vered with another piece of parchment, without any ornament. The seal is fastened to it by a silken string of many colours, and it is so covered with gold, that it resembles a medal. It is two inches and a half in breadth, and a large line in thickness. Upon the seal is the Emperor Charles IV. seated and crowned, holding a sceptre in his right-hand, and a globe in his left. The scutcheon of the empire is on his right, and that of *Bohemia* on the left, with these words round the whole "*Carolus Quartus divinus faventeclementis Romanorum imperator semper Augustus;*" and on each side near the two scutcheons, "*Et Bohemia Rex.*" On the reverse there is a kind of a gate of a castle between two towers, which apparently denotes *Rome*, this verse being written about it;

"*Roma caput mundi regit orbis fræna rotundi.*"

And over the gate between the two towers,

"*Roma aurea.*"

The famous treacle of *Frankfort* is made by Doctor Peters, who is very skilful in pharmacy, and in other respects a very curious person. There are more than a hundred several drugs that enter this composition, which are all ranged in pyramids, on a long table. The Doctor hath many antiquities, and other rarities, among which he highly values a nephretic stone, which is as big as one's head, and cost him sixteen hundred crowns.

There are in this place a great number of *Jews*, but they are as beggarly

\* Pliny, upon the testimony of Varro, relates, that the Isle of Gyara, one of the Cyclades, was abandoned by the inhabitants because of rats. He adds, that a city of Spain was overthrown by rabbits: one in Thessaly by moles: one in France by frogs: and another in Africa by mice. The prince above alluded to was Pappel II., surnamed Sardanapalus, who, with his wife and children, was eaten by rats, Anno 823. Chron. de Ppl. Garon, says—that the rats gnawed the name of Hatton, which was in many places in the Tower of the Rhine. The history of Hatton is related at large by Tuthemius in his *Chronicles*, by Camerarius in his *meditations*, and by many others. Calvinus reports, that, in 1013, a certain soldier was eaten by rats. See also, 1 Sam. ch. vi. ver. 4 & 6.

† Wilegise, or Villigese, the country of Brunswick. The chapter is wholly composed of gentlemen. There are forty-two, of which twenty-four are only capitularies. Two-thirds of their suffrage are required in the choice of an elector. (*Hist.*) The university was founded by the archbishop Oithems, Anno 1492. (*Calvis.*)

as those of *Amsterdam* are rich. They wear their beards picked, like Charles I., and have black cloaks with puffed ruffs. They go from tavern to tavern to sell things to strangers: but being reputed thieves, one must take heed of them. They are obliged to run and fetch water when any fire happens in the city.

#### WORMS.

As we took coach at Francfort to proceed on our journey, we observed the coachman to put a little salt upon each of his horses, with certain little ceremonies, which made part of the mystery. And this, as he told us, was to bring us good luck, and to preserve us from charms and witchcraft, during our voyage.

I took notice of a picture upon the altar of one of the chapels of the church of St. Paul, in which the Virgin is represented, receiving Christ as he descends from the cross, while several angels carry the instruments of the crucifixion to heaven. But, either the painter was mistaken, or else the angels have since\* brought back all these instruments that are now preserved as relics.

There is another very curious picture at the entrance of the church of St. Martin, over a moveable altar. This picture is about five feet square. God the Father is at the top in one of the corners, whence he seems to speak to the Virgin *Mary*, who is on her knees in the middle. She holds the little infant Jesus, hanging by the feet, and puts his head into the hopper of a mill. The twelve apostles turn the mill with their hands, and they are assisted by the four beasts of *Ezekiel*, who work on the other side. Not far off the Pope kneels to receive the hosts, which fall from the mill ready made into a cup of gold; he presents one to a Cardinal, the Cardinal gives it to a Bishop, the Bishop to a Priest, and the Priest to the people.

There are in this city two houses that belong to the public; one of which is

called the Bugar-house, in which the Senate assembles twice every week about affairs of State. The other is for the magistracy, and is the place where common causes are pleaded. It was in the first that *Luther* had the courage to appear on an occasion which is known to all the world, in the year 1521. They tell us that this doctor, having spoken with a great deal of vehemency, and being besides heated by the warmth of the stove which was before him, somebody brought him a glass of wine, which he received; but he was so intent upon his discourse, that he forgot to drink, and, without thinking of it, set the glass upon a bench which was by his side. Immediately after the glass broke of itself, and they are firmly persuaded that the wine was poisoned. I will not make any reflections upon this story, but I must not forget to tell you, that the bench on which he set the glass is at present full of holes that were made by cutting off little pieces, which some zealous *Lutherans* preserve in memory of their master. *Luther* speaks pretty large of what happened to him at *Worms*, in his *Colloquia Mensalia*, chap. 1, 28, and 52.

We went also to see another house, which they call the Mint; in which among other things, I observed at skm of parchment in a square frame, upon which there are twelve sorts of hands, written by one *Thomas Schuvelker*, who was born without arms, and performed this with his feet.

They also shew another little round piece of vellum, about the bigness of a guinea, upon which the Lord's prayer is written, without abbreviations; but this is no extraordinary thing. I know a man who wrote the same prayer six times in as small a compass, more distinctly; and even, without the help of a magnifying glass. This house hath a long portico, between the arches of which hang great bones and horns. They say the fur-

\* The Romanists' churches, chapels, &c. are full of multiplied laurels, nails, thorns of the crown, sponges, &c.

† These two verses are written on the top of the leaf.—

"Mira fides, pueri juvenis facit omnium recta;  
Cui patiens mater brachia nulla dedit."

mer are the bones of giants,\* and the latter the horns of the oxen that drew stones with which the cathedral is built. And are not these very curious and venerable pieces? The outside of the house is full of several paintings, among which there are many figures of armed giants, which, in the inscription below, are called *Vangiones*. It is well known that the people who formerly inhabited this part of the *Rhine* were called *Vangiones*, as we find in Tacitus and others; but I cannot tell the reason why they would have these *Vangiones* to be giants. Nevertheless, these tall and big men make a great noise at Worms, where they tell many fine stories of them.

I have a mind to add here, a singularity which I take from Monconys, and of which also I have some remembrance myself

"Over against the Bishop's house," says that traveller, "there is a little place, in which they pronounce sentence of death against criminals. And they shew, at about ten paces distance from the door of the said house, a short stone pillar set into the ground, like a boundary, round which they make the criminal take three turns; that if, during that time, he can touch this stone; or else, if a young woman can come at him, and kiss him three times, he be delivered; but there are appointed persons," saith the author, "always ready to hinder both. Let every one judge as he pleases of the

origin and use of this ridiculous and cruel custom."

I must mention here, also, another particular about *Worms* that I met with by chance, a few days ago, in the Commentary of Mr. *Huldricus's* supposed history of the pretended *Rabbi Juchanan Ben Saccai*, concerning Jesus Christ; (a book which, by the bye, is truly detestable in itself; and in my opinion, would have been much better not to have been published in Latin). This fool of a Jew, (I mean *Juchanan*), who was born at *Worms*, as we have very strong reasons to conjecture: this Rabbin, I say, pretends that there were Jews at *Worms* a long time before the coming of our Messiah; and that *Herod* sent expresses to them, to consult what should be done with him; and that their synagogue at *Worms* voted all for the saving of his life, whence he concludes that the Jews of *Worms* ought to be distinguished from the others, and favoured by the Christians. And, indeed, Mr. *Wagenseilius*, who is cited by the commentator, says, that "there are some Jews at *Worms* that have better notions of Jesus Christ than the rest of the Jews have." Mr. *Huldricus* says, also, (in quoting *Rabbi Gedalia*) that the Jews of *Worms* believe that the *Tetragrammaton* is written (invisibly) in the roof of their synagogue; which is the reason why they never touch it with a broom, to wipe off the spiders and cobwebs.

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\* Camerarius writes, that in his time some of the bones of those giants were kept in the arsenal.

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## THE HEBDOMADAL PRESS.

THIS subject may appear at first sight very trivial, but we cannot view it in any other light than as an important one, and for that reason intend taking a glance at the various periodicals with which the press teems. We consider these little periodicals as having a vast influence over the minds and dispositions of the lower ranks of society; that it is a beneficial

one we entertain no doubt. They have superseded the various trash in the shape of political and religious, or, more properly speaking, irreligious pamphlets, that once found their way into the hands of our artisans and mechanics, for no other reason, than their being the only publications that were within their means of purchasing. That the energies of so useful and in-

telligent a class should be misled, and all for the want of a better guide, was a serious cause for regret; and we observed with so much satisfaction the avidity with which these little periodicals were bought up, on their first appearance, that we could not refrain from examining into their merits. As the *Literary Gazette* and *Chronicle*, and the *Somerset House Miscellany*, do not precisely belong to that department of the press we are at present investigating, we shall dismiss them with the character of being individually respectable journals, and conducted by men fully qualified for the undertaking.

The *Mechanics' Magazine*, we understand, enjoys a great share of public favour, and we really think it is not undeserving of such, although we do not exactly coincide with Dr. Birkbeck, "that it is the *most* valuable gift that was ever placed in the

hands of an artisan." It is chiefly composed of descriptions of mechanical inventions, and contains a variety of useful and domestic hints.

The *Literary Magnet* is a publication of considerable merit; and, unlike the generality of its contemporaries, composed of original matter, evidently originating from men of talent. Altogether, the *Magnet* is a very *attractive* little work, and what no literary man need be ashamed of placing on his table.

We perused the first numbers of the *Literary Sketch Book* with much gratification, it being, as we understood, the production of a few young men of very promising abilities. We hear it has got into different hands, and has since lost its character. The poetry in particular is a *caste* above the twopenny run, as the following sonnet will testify:

"I have beheld the summer cloud flash o'er,  
The twilight waters gleaming;—I have seen  
The watch-fire glimmering on the long-left shore  
Of my nativity; and mark'd the sheen  
Of morn re-kindling the night-faded green  
Of those dear meadows where my childhood play'd;  
And fate hath giv'n me once again to look  
On Heaven's veil'd radiance in the shadowy brook;  
Where oft, in manlier years, I pensive stray'd,  
Till the last roses on its face decay'd.  
But ne'er on sea or shore, mead, stream, or sky,  
Shone aught so lovely as the glistening eye  
That hail'd my wish'd return, and charms me still.  
'Twas lightning sheath'd—a beacon blaze, not warning,  
But welcoming;—'twas dawn without the chill,—  
Eve with the freshness and the hope of morning."

The *Mirror*, *Hive*, *Gleaner*, and *Portfolio*, assimilate so nearly together, that they may be grouped together. They are, in general, composed of selections, neither very new or striking, but upon the whole form rather amusing miscellanies, and are well adapted for the class of people into whose hands they fall. The *Portfolio* has lately got into different hands; and certainly, as far as *external* appearances go, affords a hope for something better. The *Adventurer* had run his race, but we understand is again "upon his legs." He must, however, quicken his pace, or get something to accelerate his progress, or he will never arrive at the Par-

nassian Hill. There are many reprints also published under this form, but are, in general, of very little intrinsic merit, either in regard to their character, or the method in which they are "got up." We must, however, make one exception, which is, an edition of Hume and Smollett's *History of England*, and Hooke's *History of Rome*, published under the title of *Dolby's Universal Histories*. These two standard works are sent forth to the world at a price which is within the ability of the poorest members of the community, and in a style which would make no gentleman ashamed of placing them in his library. The embellishments are from the classic

pencil of Mr. Brooke, and afford a very convincing proof of the perfection wood engraving has arrived at in this country. We hope Mr. Dolby will find the *history* of his country more deserving of his attention than its *politics*. Goldsmith's Animated

Nature is also very respectably and economically reprinted. Twenty-four octavo pages of closely printed matter, and two embellishments for *three-pence*! "There's a time for all things:" surely this is a time for *cheapness*!

## THE FOREST OF ROSENWALD.

CORA.

WHERE can he stay? why lingers yet my love?  
I must amerce this wanton truancy,  
Devise some penalty.—Oh! easy creditor,  
A look, a smile, will cancel the account,  
And his first kiss-print paid upon my lip.  
Unkind Alberto! 'tis a trick he hath,  
Coquetting with my fond solicitude,  
Conjuring doubts t' amuse him with dispelling 'em,  
And make bright joy be born of boding fear.  
This is his home and way, I'll on and meet him.  
[Another part of the Forest, ALBERTO wounded.]  
Oh! I am hoarse with shouting to the winds.

ALBERTO.

Is there no friendly hand to close my eyes?  
No stranger to receive my parting blessing?  
Cold, cold, and faint, my red life stains the sod;  
Farewell to all—Oh! Cora—mercy Heaven.

CORA.

The moon hath lit her silver lamp on high,  
And bright eyed stars are out to look for him;  
Yet, yet he comes not. Hark! what sound was that?  
What piteous moan?—another—hold, what's here?  
Poor weary traveller—Great God, my husband!  
Wounded and dying! was this his lingering then?  
Speak to me love, sweet spirit speak to me;  
Here lay thy pallid cheek upon this bosom,  
And in these arms thou'lt learn to live again.  
What have I done to merit this affliction?  
Was Heaven grown jealous of our happiness  
That came too near its own, and must be crush'd?  
Say, dost thou know me sweet? Aye, by that pressure—  
Soft! life revives.  
The evening breeze, that blows so fresh and balmy,  
Doth seem to fan the embers of existence.

ALBERTO.

All hope is vain, my Cora, we must part:  
Mine hours are few my ———



CORA.

Not so, not so ;  
 I'll batter heaven's blue wall with my petitions,  
 For thy most quick return to health and vigour.  
 Oh ! could I put a pulse into thy heart,  
 Transfuse into thy veins  
 The quick vitality that throbs in mine.  
 Where doth the perfume of the flower lie hidden ?  
 Where doth life lodge in all this fleshy frame ?  
 So I may pluck it out and plant it elsewhere.

ALBERTO.

Oh ! Cora ! oh ! my wife.

CORA.

He sinks, he dies. Is there no help at hand ?  
 Alone, deserted in this hour of need,  
 Where, where is he,  
 The being where nothing is but where he is.  
 No ; I will conjure up some power of darkness.  
 Aid me ye fiends ! Ho, here thou evil one !  
 I'm sworn to mortgage my eternity,  
 And pawn ten thousand years of my hereafter,  
 To buy a little present breathing space  
 For my belov'd Alberto. Soft, he lives—  
 Gently, ye gales.—Hush, thou untuneful bird,  
 That idly carol'st in thy leafy home,  
 Thy dismal song sounds like a requiem.  
 Up, up to heaven, and tell high Providence  
 His creatures perish, left of his kind care.  
 How fares it with thee now, my gracious lord ?  
 Oh ! there is some dumb message in his eye,  
 The eye's Love's telegraph, alas ! alas !  
 I cannot read, the characters are dim  
 Oh ! it was but the last convulsive throe,  
 A faint explosion of the elements,  
 The earth and air that go to make up man.  
 Now—now—and now 'tis gone ! where is it gone,  
 Where ? Which way did it pass ? Stay, shadow, stay.  
 And take me with you !——  
 Oh ! cumb'rous flesh, that weighs me down to earth.  
 My heart is swell'd ; so sore distent with grief,  
 With this sharp pointed sword I'll pierce this breast,  
 Using it as a leech doth use his lancet,  
 To let the noxious humour forth and heal it,  
 Oh ! dead, dead, dead, oh ! sweet, unconscious clay,  
 The precious jewel's taken from the casket.  
 Death, like a dextrous thief, hath picked it out,  
 Whilst I sat watching by. What rout comes here ?  
 What torches glare, and busy footsteps tread ?  
 Too late—past help—past cure—oh, my Alberto !

[Falls on the body.]

# LONDON REVIEW.

—AND HIT BUTLERHAM QUID IURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON—

**THE OUTCASTS.** A Romance, translated from the German. By GEORGE SOANE. 2 Vols. Whittakers

MR. SOANE, in his preface to these volumes, solicits himself and the public on the assurance which the work holds out of the gradual demolition of that taste for German horrors, mysticism, and sentiment, which has pretty generally pervaded the commonwealth of letters, and which has of late developed itself under the garb of tales, criticism, and poetry, even in that vast and accumulating portion of it, the periodical literature of our times. The circumstance of the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué having taken the author of the "Scotch Novels" as her model, both in the style and character of her "Outcast," seems to have led her translator to this comfortable conclusion, and therefore it is not, he says, "the least of our obligations to the Great Unlown, that he has roused the goblins of mysticism as well as those of the church yard.

This, though in the main, justifiable praise, is not, we would observe, by the way, strictly allowable, for, without citing the novelists "Lays," his elfish Spites, his mysterious Dwarfs and Pages, until his "White Lady of Avoncl" in particular, and many other fanciful and unsubstantial creations of his prose glories shall have passed away and been forgotten, it that which is made for immortality can be, we cannot admit his exclusive right to that title of ghost ejecter, and spirit destroyer, which his panegyrist has here proclaimed. Be that however as it may, the work before us is decidedly a copy of the celebrated romances, whose fame have not been bounded by the watery wall that runs in the country that gave them birth, and the history of which country is now eagerly opened by a gifted foreigner, in the hope of, ere it is a century, attaching some portion of that author's inspiration and power, from making that history the foundation and the vehicle of her talents. We participate with Mr. Soane in his approval of this, inasmuch as instruction, interest, and delight, are fruits which

it is more easy to gather, and more profitable to cultivate, from the stem which we have long and ardently watched, than from a source which appears decorated in wildness, and surrounded with mystery, and assuredly the general features of the literature and taste of Germany, and of its writers, are of the latter character.

The story commences with the marriage of Lady Jane Gray, and Lord Guildford Dudley; and the greater portion of the first volume comprises the history and lamentable conclusions of their fortunes, interspersed with the historical occurrences of the day, pretty faithfully narrated, and without much false colouring; the death of Edward VI., the accession of Mary, the restoration of the Catholic religion, and the sanguinary measures adopted against the Protestants on the success of that event. Among the prominent of that period, and by far the most interesting personages of the story, are Sir Richard Bertie and his wife, the widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and who had died previously to the marriage of her cousin, the Lady Jane. These live in retirement, beloved and loving at the duchess's castle in the Barbican, and which the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué strangely enough furnishes with a neighbourhood of forest, and hill and verdure; till on the sentence of death being passed on the duchess, the lady quits her privacy, and makes an effort to save Jane by soliciting the intervention of a powerful Spanish relation, Donna Laura, de Aquila, who was an especial favourite with the vindictive Mary. She there meets the Queen, and the Baroness. Mr. Soane, himself, shall tell the rest.

"It is doubtful what an answer she might have been expected to by the Bishop's (a faint glances) had not, at the very moment, an unusual noise in the court-yard, excited the attention even of the dull Godness, who, with her eyes wide open, and full of expectation, seemed to ask the meaning of the tumult.

"It is beyond doubt the Queen," said Day, bending over to Donna Laura. "The Queen, and to-day."

E. M. June, 1824.

"She purposed passing a night here in her way to Kenning Hall, whither she intended to go after signing the death-warrant of the rebels. Although as a Queen and a Christian, she may be resolved, yet the heart of a woman suffers in events of this kind."

"The Duchess shuddered with fear and horror at these words, and was on the point of rising and taking her leave of the impenetrable Countess, when the grey-headed servant opened the door, announcing in a voice that trembled with joy,—"Her Majesty the Queen!"

"An old wasted figure now entered with hurried steps, greeted all without observing the objects of her greeting, and immediately crossed the room to Donna Laura, who seemed to revive in her presence. The Queen, for it was the Queen, presented her hand to the Countess to kiss, and laboured out a few kind words, whereupon they both seated themselves, and Catherine had an opportunity of examining more narrowly her morose and gloomy features. Her heavy attire, rendered still more burthensome by fur and jewels, seemed to press almost painfully upon her long narrow shoulders, while the veil and other parts of her head-dress, covered the greater part of her face, and her sickly eyes threw cold uncertain looks about her.

"She spoke much in Spanish with Donna Laura, and then calling to the Bishop of Chichester by name, said something to him, but in too low a tone to be understood by the Duchess. It was evident, however, that she was the object of the whisper, for after the Queen had again turned to the Countess, and put several questions to her in her native tongue, she made a slight motion of the hand, which Catherine immediately understood, and hastened to kiss her garments."

"I did not know you at first," said Mary, with a gracious inclination; "it is besides long since I have seen you; but they tell me you have renounced the traitorous Suffolk, even to the abandonment of their name, and married a young nobleman, Sir Richard Bertie, I think. I am glad, moreover, to meet you in a house like this; it is a favourable pledge of your intentions."

"Catherine was on the point of answering with all that frankness which was swelling every moment more strongly in her bosom, when the Queen suddenly broke off, and turned to Day: "The Suffolks are condemned; tomorrow Bradley and the pretender, Jane, will be executed; and soon after, the Duke and the traitor, Wyatt."

"Catherine heard no more; she dropt down senseless, and, at the time, it was the last thing that could have happened for it took her from the further of the

Queen's presence. On recovering, she found herself alone in another room, the open windows of which allowed the fresh air to stream in upon her.

"Away! away from here!" she cried, after the first moments of stupefaction—"Jane! my sweet Jane! But I will once more,—only once more—look on those gentle eyes, ere they are closed for ever!"

Subsequent occurrences compel the necessity of flight, and the Duchess, with one only attendant, a female, succeeds in quitting her patrimonial halls in safety; and, after many "moving accidents by flood and field," and "hair breadth escapes," she is landed upon the Flemish coast, whither her lord had gone before. We should here mention, that at a fisherman's house, and during her journey, she had discovered a female infant, which had been mysteriously deposited under his protection; she bears it with her; and this child afterwards becomes a great cause of her dangers and privations, being hunted by the emissaries of the powers that were, under the supposition that it was the daughter of the Lady Gray. Sir Richard Bertie, after some anxieties, is joined by his wife, when a new trial awaits them in the absconding of a servant with nearly all their property; and this is soon followed by a greater, the necessity, through persecution, of seeking another and a safer asylum. Here is the passage, and it is creditable to the powers and feelings of the authoress.

"In this disposition, which hangs like lead on the activity of man, and takes away all vigour from his mind, it happened a few days after their re-union that Catherine persuaded her husband to a short excursion on the Rhine. Both were allured by the mild influence of the waters and the warm March air; and, forgetful of all place and hour, continued rowing up and down till late in the evening. At last the approach of night made the Duchess anxious; and with a feeling of alarm, for which she could assign no reason, she urged and hurried on the boatman to make for the land. In her disquiet she promised the man a handsome gratification, without reflecting how little money she had left. When, therefore, they had reached the shore, and he stood beside her with open hands, expecting his reward, it was not without a blush that she left in the little leathery purse, which she wore at her girdle, and drew thence a two-penny piece, offering with a beating heart, but a single guinea.

made up the whole of her possessions; while the loafman, seeing the gold, and, confounding it with his paltry present, uttered a hearty curse. She hurried on to avoid his abuse; and, that Sir Richard might not see it, hastened along the narrow foot-board to the bank. Here a man offered his hand to help her up to the shore, which she readily took without observing who it was that proffered it, when a voice, close to her ear said, "Fly, if your safety is dear to you; in the boat is the Bishop of Arras, who has long been tricking you, and I am certain that the arrest is made out which delivers you into his hands." The Duchess looked round quickly after the speaker, but he drew his head back, and she could discover nothing in the figure, which was closely muffled up, but a certain motion of the neck, that reminded her of Lord Hastings.

"It must be Hastings," she said to herself; "all so exactly agrees. His way to Rome leads immediately through Flanders to the papal legate, Reginald de la Pole; and beyond all doubt, the object of his mission brought him in contact with the Bishop of Arras, whose designs against the exiles he might guess without much difficulty. I cannot hesitate! Our day is east, and we must leave Zant this very night."

"Confirming herself in the resolution thus hastily adopted, she entered the house arm in arm with Sir Richard, and drawing breath for a moment, said to him,—"My friend, we must not allow ourselves too much time for consideration, for hasty measures alone can save us. We have no choice: the danger is rushing upon us with the speed of an arrow; Hastings has informed me of it."

"She now, in a few words, discovered to him what had passed; adding, that she would rather hazard every thing than tarry here in uncertainty."

"Sir Richard cast a sad, despairing look at the helpless condition of the Duchess, and measured, in gloomy hopelessness, the difficulties of a situation which held out no prospect of safety. Giving way to his fate, he said, "Why should we think of farther flight, when every place exposes us to the self-same dangers? How can we, besides, expect to escape them when we are so tightly bound down to the spot which received us in our shipwreck? Whether would you think of flying, Catherine, with your double burden, the child that has just met, and the child within you too heavily encumbered yourself?"

"The Duchess suppressed the tear in her large, bright eye, which she raised triumphantly above her fate, and, the last quiver in her hand, said, "graceful levity; In truth, dear Ric-

if I hold our whole fortune in my hands, at least we shall go from here with a light foot, and need not fear sinking under the burthen. I fancy indeed no one will be found deficient in strength, whom Heaven has destined to its employment. Courage, therefore, Richard," she added, passing her hand over his sad brow;—"it darkness be there we shall never find our way, but poorly yield to circumstance."

"You are right," said Bertie, suddenly rousing himself from his dejection; "you are quite right; one way or the other we shall defend ourselves against fate, and not fall without a struggle."

Through difficulties and apprehensions, heightened by the tender situation of the Duchess, the hourly expectancy of an heir, they arrive at Wesel; and here, ere fainting nature can receive the support of a couch, the shelter of a roof, Catharine of Suffolk, the high, the great, the noble—the overarching heavens her canopy, the cold walls of a portico her curtains, its hard and chilly pavement her resting place, gives birth to a male infant, which, with its mother, is soon after received and nourished in the house of Clemens Sannol, the friend and intrepid companion in fighting the good fight of the unfortunate Cranmer; and who, as it were an angel visit, recognised Bertie in the dark hour of his fears, and hope, and agony. Calm and sunshine now, for a little while, play about them; but soon comes the dark hour again. The storm has been only sleeping, not destroyed; the deluge pent back, not averted; it returns again, bringing blight and terror upon its dark wing, and flight is again and greedily resorted to, as the outcasts only hope—their last plank betwixt them and extermination. This, however, is their last trial before their restoration: they arrive at the friendly court of Sijismund, the Elector of the Palatinate; and sixteen years after, for the unities, any more than the localities, are not very specially observed, we find Sir Richard Berke and his duchess quietly re-established at Castle Barbican, their son, a fine handsome cavalier, Elizabeth of England their guest, and many of the principal personages of the "Maiden reign;" Essex more particularly among the rest, playing parts in the pageant. The remaining portion of this "eventful history" our readers must be content to glean from the work itself; and they may, probably, be

enabled to satisfy themselves in the perusal better than we have, with all our endeavours, done, as to whom we are to give the honoured title of parent for the fair foundling Rosa; or as in what ratio of affinity to her or her preservers we are to place the mysterious "Grey mantle" that, to the last, hovered about their steps, assiduously and pertinaciously marking the road they took. We can only afford our readers this clue to the difficulties of the enquiry, and which is, all the authoress has deigned to grant to our curiosity and our wants. It concludes her volumes.

"In such hours a guest would often associate himself with the inmates of Castle Barbican, whose country was never distinctly known. Some deemed him a Spanish monk, or outcast of the Netherlands; others saw in him a mysterious being, who was intimately mixed up with the fate of Lady Willoughby. Sarah and Ralph swore that they recognised Lord Hastings in him; and once when Essex, in the exuberance of his mirth, called him the gray spectre, that he remembered in the early scenes of Peregrine's life, the unknown guest retorted gravely, 'Do you know the story of the little flower called nightshade? Its pale garment formerly glittered with a thousand purple lights; it sparkled and shone proudly above all others, when a single drop of poison, sweltered by the mid-day heat from the dark vapour, fell into its open cup, and it was all over with its brilliance.'

"He was silent. The proud favourite might well have remembered this at a later period, when his haughty brow was shadowed about with the air of a dungeon, and the shivering reek of death."

From this analysis, and these extracts, it is not difficult to ascertain the degree of merit which is due to the "Outcasts." With a numerous dramatic personæ, there is very little of individual character likely to live beyond the day. That of Catherine of Suffolk is decidedly the most interesting; and the difficulties and opposition which firm and virtuous principles, settled habits of action and virtue are enabled to subdue, is in her strongly and interestingly developed. There is some merit too in the contrast of character between the calculating watering Gilles, and the rough but honest sincerity of the less courtly Partridge; but when we are driven by them to the comparison of the great master, parallels that he has furnished,

and which the Baroness has imitated, we are constrained to admit the falling off—the vast inferiority—for in honest criticism there is no gallantry. Of the style we shall only say that it is sufficiently good not to detract from the interest of a well imagined tale. There is not much ambition in the language, and it is devoid of coarseness and vulgarity; and perhaps, where we cannot soar with a Dædalus, it is some praise to have exercised more forbearance than an Icarus, less ambition than a Phæton. There is a really beautiful letter at page 152, from Catherine to her husband, encouraging and advising him, as well as much of nature in the portraits of the two servants at page 61, and a good deal of tact and verisimilitude in the description of the feast given to Elizabeth at Castle Barbican. On the other hand, much of the inferior gossip of the volume, the scenes at Partridge's Inn, his wife's language and folly, the incident of the attack of the Countess in her castle by the emissaries of the Dudley faction, and particularly the repulsive character of Lady Suffolk, the Duchess's daughter, are all clumsily managed, and blots upon the fairest surface of the work. As it is, however, it may be read with interest, if not with admiration; and although the eagle flight of the "Author of Waverley" is far above the ken of his German imitator, she and her translator may content themselves with the assurance that the "Outcasts" can never be confounded with the trash of a circulating library, and will be remembered as the work of an ingenious mind, which has boldly preferred the captivation of an agreeable mode, to the affectation of mere mawkish originality.

S.

#### The History of MATTHEW WALD.

By the author of *Valerius*, *Adam Blair*, and *Reginald Dalton*. Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1824.

THERE is a set of writers in the land of Trews and Tartans that give pretty constant employment to the Scottish press, the whose works, however, it cannot be denied, taken pretty firm hold of English sympathies and British patronage, we more particularly allude to the authors of such works as *Margaret Bynnday*, *The Annals of the Parish*, *Valerius et id genus omnes*; and we have purposely called them a set,

because, though their works individually analysed may have little in common with each other; yet, *as a series*, they do, some way or other, bear upon them decisive marks of fellowship; and, like a military battalion, though some may be front and other rear-rank men, some grenadiers, and many light company heroes, wear a distinguishing uniform of fellowship, a not-to-be mistaken badge of connexion and party. Their chief characteristics are, to carry our metaphor a very short march further, to storm the town with forcible, but natural narratives of every day life and occurrence; to graft upon a simple story, strong feelings and powerful description; to illustrate actions and motives by an *inventive* display of what might have occurred, and making an *imaginary* hero or heroine profess that it did occur; and without daring to enter upon the regions of fancy; or actual history, to place their characters in such situations as to excite our fears or our hopes, and which would seem to approach the wonders of the one, and the powerful truth of the other. Perhaps of all this phalanx of authors, the inventor of the "History of Matthew Wald" has as much as any of his comrades to answer for, on the ground of having interested our susceptibilities by the mere dint of hard and earnest writing, for that which, even at the moment of excitation, we knew was greatly overcharged, if not *dangerously culpable*. We knew, as we sighed over the sometimes pathetic falling away from virtue of Adam Blair, that the corrective moral of the tale was barely strong enough to avert its contagion; and whilst, with all our school-boy recollections about us, we enjoyed the too highly coloured, but alas, too frequently recurring "life" of University heedlessness, as depicted in Reginald Dalton, its powerful but sometimes ungenerous corrections, we regretted the thinness of the veil which the apparently admirably graduated historian afforded to its seductiveness and not. The present work has not these faults of omission, commission, and forbearance to answer for, whilst it also has to boast, mixed with some later matter, much of natural and powerful writing, a good deal of amusing and unobtrusive, yet affecting occurrence.

It is the history of a person who had

seen many things, and suffered much; and being narrated by himself is, to supposition, devoid of the exaggeration and invention which, rehearsed at second hand, might be supposed to attach unto it; for that which would be vanity in the one case, would be but the embellishment of friendship, or the colouring of envy in the other; and thus, without the prolixity of some of our fraternity, we dismiss the very deep and the very intricate question as to whether the first or the third person is the best tale bearer.

Matthew Wald is early left fatherless; his patrimonial estates are bequeathed to his aunt and cousin, to whose family they were originally appended, and we find him not very rich, but very happy under his relatives' roof, with the future hope of calling Catherine his wife. The marriage of the aunt, and the new events consequent thereupon, change the spirit of Matthew's early and treasured dreams, and he returns from college to Blackford to find his forebodings realised in the marriage of his Catherine to the handsome and honourable George Lascelyne; he quits the now no longer happy village, is involved in difficulties and adventures, becomes tutor in the family of a Baronet, and marries his natural daughter, who, however, subsequently is discovered to have been virtuously born. He rises in the world and acquires dignities, when she that was the hope of his life is again thrown in his path by the desertion of her husband; and the latter falls, the victim of unjust suspicions towards Catherine, and Wald, by the arm of the latter. Insanity is for a time the portion of the survivor; till time producing some sincerity, he plods on his weary way; and after an absence of many years, dies amidst those scenes of which even in his wild moments he seemed to retain a vivid and a burning recollection.

Of a work of nearly four hundred pages, and full and bursting as it is with matter, it cannot, in the rapid analysis we have made, be supposed to have given a particular account; enough, however, has been shewn to convince our readers that the incidents are sufficient in tutored hands, to the composition of a tale amusing and instructive. The story is essentially tragic, without much of that later writing that marks the school of which

we have noted down our author as a student. A fatuity of circumstance seems to accompany Matthew through the stages of his variable career; and from his first *aching* discovery of Catherine's fickleness, to the unconscious, but tremendous misery of madness, it might be well observed that his course of life never did run smooth. We think the following exceedingly cleverly done; and the desperation of disappointment venting itself in excitement and assumed hilarity, like sorrow in comedy's mask, both touching and natural.

"I had got a little off the river, to avoid some apparently impassable thickets, and was walking my little Highlander quietly along the top of the knoll, when I heard what seemed to be a woman's voice down below. I halted for a moment, heard that sound again, and, advancing a few paces, saw distinctly Catherine Wald and Mr. Lascelyne seated together at the root of a tree, fast by the brink of the water. Tall trees were growing all down the bank, but the underwood consisted of bushes and thorns, and I had a perfect view of the pair, though they were perhaps fifty paces under the spot where I stood. A thousand tumultuous feelings throbbed upon my brain; and yet a mortal coldness shook me as I gazed. Her right hand covered her eyes as she wept, not aloud, but audibly, beside him. He held the left grasped in his fingers on her knee. I saw him kissing the drops off it as they fell. She withdrew that hand also, clasped them both fervently upon her face, and groined and sobbed again, as if her heart would break. I heard him speaking to her all the while, but not one word of what he said. I caught, however, a glimpse of his cheek, and it was burning red. Catherine rose suddenly from beside him, and walked some paces alone by the margin of the stream. He paused—and followed. I saw him seize her hand and press it to his lips—I saw her struggle for an instant to release it, and then recline her head upon his shoulder—I saw him, yes! I saw him, with my eyes—I saw him encircle her waist with his arm—I saw them glide away together under the trees, lingering upon every footstep, his arm all the while bearing her up. Heavens and earth! I saw all this as distinctly as I now see this paper before me—and yet, after they had been a few moments beyond my view, I was calm—calm did I say?—I was even cheerful—I felt something buoyant within me. I whistled aloud, and spurred into a canter, heading gaily on my saddle, that I might pass beneath the spreading branches.

"I soon saw the old ivied walls of the castle, bounded airily over the ward until I reached the bridge, gave my pony to the servants, who were lounging about the ruin, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Mather, who were already seated in one of the windows of what had been the great hall—the luncheon set forth near them in great order upon the grass-grown floor.

"So you have found us out at last, Matthew," said the Minister—"I was afraid you would come after pudding-time."

"Ay, catch me at that trick if you can," cried I, as gay as a lark.

"Well," says he, "I wish these young people would please to come back again; they have been seeking for you this half hour."

"Indeed!" said I; "I am heartily sorry they should be wasting their time on such a goose-chase—one might wander a week here without being discovered—I was never in such a wilderness. But I believe I must go and see if I can't find them in my turn."

"I stepped toward the gateway in this vein, and was fortunate enough to perceive that they had already reached the place where the servants and horses were. Catherine had pulled her bonnet low down over her eyes; but she smiled very sweetly, (though I could not but think a little confusedly,) as I told her we were waiting for her, and apologized for the trouble I had been giving. To Mr. Lascelyne, also, I spoke with a freedom, a mirth, a gaiety, that were quite delightful. In a word, I was the soul of the luncheon party: It was I who drew the corks and carved the pie: It was I who plunged down the precipice to fill the bottles with water: It was I who brimmed the glasses for every one, and who drained, in my own proper person, twice as many bumpers as fell to the share of any two besides. I rattled away with a glee and a liveliness that nothing could check or resist. At first, they seemed to be a little surprised with the change in my manners, especially Lascelyne; but I soon made them all laugh as heartily as myself. Even Catherine, the fair weeper of the wood, even she laughed; but I watched her eyes, and met them once or twice, and saw that there was a gloom behind the vapour of radiance.

"I supported this happy humour with such success during great part of the ride homewards, but purposely fell behind again for a little or two ere we reached Blackford."

Some of the episodes, and there are many, are also indubitable proofs of the skill of authorship; that of Joanna Barr is really pathetic, and that of the

cobbler John McEwen horrifically powerful. This latter has been already sufficiently quoted, or we would commit a further spoliation upon the volume, by extracting it. Trite and common place too, as is the unexpected proof of his wife's legitimacy, the incident is made the bearer of an excellent scene with a great man of the law, and a pathetic and natural one in the announcement of it to Joanna. This is the conclusion of it: "Poor soul! she heard me to the end without speaking; took the lawyer's opinion into her own hand, and read it once more over; and then threw herself, weeping aloud, upon my bosom. 'I am not a base born girl,' she cried; 'you will, after all, have no reason to be ashamed of your wife.' "Tears," says the proverb, "may be sweeter than manna."—Surely these were such.

And now, on the reverse side of the picture, and after paying our acknowledgments to the strength and command of its language, with some very vulgar and *slang*-like exceptions, we would observe, that Matthew's base endeavour to wrest the bequeathed estates from the rightful owners is utterly irreconcilable with other traits of his character; that although craft and audacity may tempt him to the toils, it is not likely that he should enter them. Then again, strong as are our first impressions, piercing as is early love, we should doubt that irremediable sorrow would continue to feed upon the breast, when the object it fed upon, as in the case of Catherine, had voluntarily severed those ties which at his early age could only be the most strong when presence heightened their enjoyment. The *attachment*, the interest, which induced him to league himself to, and feel an interest in Joanna Barr, is not so burning, so intense, as the love he once cherished for Catherine Wald, would still have been enough to eradicate despair, and to dispel any weak and dangerous dreams. The intrusion of the worthless Lascelyne upon the mourning widower, for such he then is, and the detail of the duel, we also feel to be an intrusion upon the work, and see no reason why the conviction of having shed man's blood should have been added to his intense and accumulated miseries.

With these drawbacks, (and are

they not serious ones?) we willingly tender what remains of praise to the anonymous author of Matthew Wald's history; and acquitting him *this time* of clothing doubtful morality with a sunny curtain, of hiding danger beneath a mantle of flowers, and highly recommending his forbearance in quantity of volumes to his fellow book makers of the day, we commend his book to the tribunal of public judgment, and wish it a safe deliverance from that many headed ordeal.

S.

*Conrad, and other Poems.* By T. A. TRIPLEMAN, L. L. B. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Whittaker, 1824.

"Conrad was born, and nurtured in a land Where partial justice with no even hand Poises her scale,—where poverty must fly 'T' avoid the sentence a rich foe can buy."

In these lines we are made acquainted with the circumstances that obliged Conrad to leave his native country; but though this Mr. Conrad is a favourite of the author's, he is no favourite of ours, for his subsequent conduct pretty clearly evinces that he deserved the fate to which he voluntarily subjected himself. We are not surprised that he could not rest quiet at home, for he appears to be that character who could only be at ease when he ruled the roast, when he commanded instead of being commanded. It may be said that this was a noble and laudable ambition—we reply, nothing is noble that is not natural, and it cannot be natural to cherish the ambition of ruling over others; for, if it were, a state of warfare and disorder would be the natural state of society, for this would inevitably be the case, if every man endeavoured to take the lead over his fellow. Conrad's friend was a pirate, a profession to which he was not driven by chance or necessity, but by natural inclination, for he himself tells us that

"Long ere 'his' birth, the fates ordained  
his lot,  
And reads 'him' what 'he was,' a thing  
to mar  
Birth with the musket and the scimeter."

Now if this be the description of character whom Conrad chose for his early friend, and if it be only "his of a feather" that "flock together," surely it but ill accords, we shall not



say with our religious impressions, but with that moral sense which is born with us, to hold such a character in esteem. And yet, in Mr. Templeman's eyes, he is a great character. But what constitutes the greatness of his character? Why forsooth, because he joined himself to a band of robbers, and became their captain. In Mr. Templeman's estimation every bold, is not only a brave man, but half a saint, for he tells us that

"A bold act half consecrates a crime."

We could wish to see these bold, romantic, and chivalric sentiments—sentiments which are so characteristic of modern poetry, condemned by the good sense and moral feelings of the public.

Of Mr. Templeman's other poems we have no fault to find that does not equally apply to almost all the poetry of the age. They are of too ideal and romantic a character to endure a second reading; such poetry leaves no trace behind, no sentiment to improve the heart, or awaken those sympathies which are the highest pledges of our immortal nature.

*An Account of the Discoveries of the Portuguese in the interior of Angola and Mozambique. From original manuscripts, by T. E. Bowdich, Esq. To which is added, a Note by the Author on a Geographical Error of Mungo Park in his last Journey into the interior of Africa.* JOHN BOOTH. London: 1824.

THIS is a most interesting work to the lovers of science and geographical knowledge. It gives us an acquaintance with the geography of the western part of Africa and the Portuguese settlements, which cannot elsewhere be found. Mr. Bowdich had facilities denied to other travellers, and the zeal and promptness with which he availed himself of them, led him to the most important and unexpected discoveries. It would seem to have been the policy of the Portuguese government to keep the world in ignorance of their African settlements. What led them to this policy it is not easy to divine; but, that they deemed it a policy is evident from the care with which they concealed all the documents and papers of which they

were in possession relative to this portion of Africa, from the world. For the map prefixed to this work, Mr. Bowdich is indebted to Count Saldanha de Gama, one of the plenipotentiaries to the Congress from the court of Lisbon. Before their acquaintance, this map existed only in MS., and even in MS. its existence was hardly known at Lisbon. Those who have already made the geography of Africa their study, will derive both pleasure, and instruction from this map; for he who imagines himself intimately acquainted with any object, will find himself most agreeably surprised when he finds that his views and conceptions of this object were purely imaginary. He who travels in a strange country by the dusk of the evening, forms a thousand romantic associations, which all disperse into airy nothing when he surveys the same scene after the next morning sun has dispelled all the images and creations which his own imagination had added to the scene. Mr. Bowdich's note on Mungo Park's geographical error is of great importance to the traveller, but our limits oblige us to refer our readers to the work itself.

*Our Village; or Sketches of Rural Character.* By Miss MITFORD.

THESE sketches have for their subject the more interesting realities of life. Miss Mitford takes all her manners and scenes from real life, not from ideal pictures of her own creation. She describes her village characters from original observation, from having lived among them, and familiarized herself with their manners. And yet she frequently describes them as if they appeared as whimsical to her as to a citizen of London, and accordingly she is witty at their expence, and cannot help smiling at their simplicity or whimsicality. Her village sketches are, therefore, better calculated to create laughter than sympathy. Notwithstanding the delicate frame, and tremulous sensibility of woman, we cannot help thinking that she possesses less natural sympathy than man, though sympathy must be allowed to be that affection of the soul which approaches us nearest to angelic natures. It seems, indeed, to be a law that communicates its influence to the

whole range of animated being, that weaker cannot sympathise with stronger natures, and if so, the wonder ceases why woman cannot sympathise with man, as much as man does with woman. Even man himself can only extend his sympathy to the softer, more tender, and more delicate portion of the sex. We may pity a big woman, but we cannot sympathise with her, and we, men, are all in the same predicament with her, and accordingly the sex do not look upon us as fit objects of sympathy, except where a long exchange of sentiment and affection exists, as in the case of two lovers, but even then the man feels more acutely for any pain suffered by the object of his affections than she can for him.

Miss Mitford has preserved the true character of her sex in her *Village Sketches*. She is playful, witty, just, accurate and observant. We imagine she sits down to write immediately after dinner, when the spirits are high, and the disposition for wit more actively on the alert. The best idea that can be given of her style and manner is to say, that no two works resemble each other more nearly than her "*Village Sketches*" and Irving's "*Manor House*." No two writers, however, can perfectly assume each other admitting them to possess equal genius, and one to be a copyist of the other. It requires, however, no ordinary share of discrimination to perceive those qualities in which they differ, and, if we ourselves, in the present instance, possess this discrimination, we would say that Miss Mitford is more observant of external, Mr. Irving of internal action:—that is, the former is more minute in describing those manners which deviate not only from polite usage but from civil nature, without paying any attention to the character of the mind from which they arise, whereas, Mr. Irving makes us as well acquainted with the one as with the other. If Miss Mitford, however, does not pay equal attention to the mind, it does not arise from want of power, but from too great a buoyancy of spirit; a buoyancy that will not suffer her to linger in pensive meditation over the causes of effects. Though the cause always precedes the effect, yet the effect is always perceived before the cause, and Miss Mitford snatches eagerly at that which

first presents itself, describes the effect, and leaves the cause to the philosopher. This is all nature, and in perfect accordance with the female character. Woman never stops to enquire into the nature of things, unless she be trained into it by a system of education, and then she is no longer the natural woman; all after this is art and finesse. We could wish to see all women like Miss Mitford's "*Cousin Mary*," and, if we can discover her own character from her writings, she is not unlike her herself. As an instance of her style and manner, we shall give her account of her cousin, and conclude by saying that we could not esteem the man who could not esteem such a cousin.

"About four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domestic and in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, *Cousin Mary*. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily, with lips like winter berries, dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender, exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes, (and in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same) she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor *Cousin Mary* to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

"She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost, by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very tenderness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but then she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, *Mary C.* at eighteen exhibited an extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquisitions were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful exclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, being

upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge, positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; not of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claude, Wilson and Hoffman, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—is was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroideress—she would sit “priming her thoughts on brown,” till the delicate cretonne vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvases. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was rare, unhackneyed, proper to the thought, to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakespeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the world with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, as taken to her, and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the educational mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was

enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished lady, in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about from morning to night.

“It must be confessed, as a counterbalance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest?—Oh she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unconscious of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if nature to the element; which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, jumping down the rungs that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing and gaily dancing, and crowned with wild leaves, like a Bacchant. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her was, driving a donkey up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women; some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, had been to see a celebrated painter from a hill called the Ridge. The ascent was

by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servant below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain non-descript machine, a sort of donkey carriage, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

“After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself and really married to a manufacturing town, where she laboured in smoke, confusion, and penury, and disquiet, for four or five years as a mother-making lady, a manufacturer, for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess—to manage the establishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the natural talents almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the

rich baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently,—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window,—and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

“There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or grayer, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of governess had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying,—“So you are really a governess?”—“Yes.”—“And you continue in the same family?”—“Yes.”—“And you like your post?”—“O yes! yes!”—“But my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?”—“Why they wanted a governess, so I went.”—“But what could induce them to keep you?” The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. “Why did they keep me? Ask them,” replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. “We kept her to teach her ourselves,” said the young lady. “We kept her to play cricket with us,” said her brother. “We kept her to marry,” said the gentleman advancing gaily to shake hands with me: “She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation.” And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and a surely a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling and so pure as I never saw such devotion to a husband, such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely wife show in the sweet Cowan

*Memoirs of CAPTAIN ROCK, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some account of his ancestors, written by himself.*

The condition of Ireland has often engaged the attention of statesmen, but, unluckily, their regards have been more frequently directed towards this ill-fated country with the

view of adding to its misfortunes, than of removing them. For the last six hundred and fifty years her lot has been one of unvaried suffering, as the victim either of tyranny or ignorance; and her connection with England, instead of being a source of security and advantage, has given rise to almost all the misery she has had to deplore. We speak not the language of party, for we have pledged ourselves to avoid it; but we inquire, what will be the opinion of the future historian when he reviews the records of the islands? Will it not be the same as ours? Will he not say "The destiny of Ireland was in the hands of England, and she is responsible for the evils that have befallen her?—England repeatedly drove her to rebellion, and having vanquished, punished her for unsuccessfully resisting its injustice."

The present degraded state of the Irish populace, their violence, ignorance, and disregard of the regularity and comforts of civilized life, must be attributed to the laws by which they have been governed; and these laws were made by England. The local situation of the country will present no circumstance that can be assigned as a sufficient cause of the misery that has prevailed; and Burke, Curran, Sheridan, More, and a thousand others, will not permit us to ascribe it to mental inferiority. On the contrary, the Irish are a nation to whom Nature has been prodigal of her favours; she has placed them in a land highly productive, and abounding with scenes of awful grandeur and romantic beauty; she has endowed them with Herculean forms; enriched them with the choicest virtues of the heart and the noblest powers of the mind; and yet

her intentions have been perverted, her munificence rendered ineffectual, by the barbarous and mistaken policy of England! The history of Ireland, from its subjugation by Henry the Second to the present day, is a satire upon English legislation, and a reproach to English humanity!

It is to the glory of Ireland that she has, upon every occasion, found some patriotic spirits to advocate her cause: we allude not to the generous sacrifice of life that so many of her sons have made in her defence, because certain little great men might deem us treasonable in saying,

"'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression;"

but we advert to the genius that has been employed in the assertion of her rights, or in claiming reparation for her injuries. The noblest exertions of the human intellect have been displayed on her behalf; the most splendid examples of modern eloquence were called forth by her sorrows. Sometimes the advocates of her rights have endeavoured to move our sympathies by placing before our eyes a true, though horrifying picture of her situation; they have powerfully called our attention to the terror and enormities of the scene;\* and then, prostrating themselves before us, have implored our compassion. At other times they have appealed to our understandings, showed us the wild impolicy of our conduct, and enquired whether, with the power of redressing these evils, we could possess at the same moment the reason and humanity of men and not do it. Again rebuffed, they have assumed the high tone of honest indignation; and with well merited reproach have tried to shame us into justice. But, alas! all

\* We think we need no apology for introducing the following extract from one of Curran's speeches:

"Describe a cottage; place the affrighted mother of her orphan daughter at the door, the pangs of death upon her face, and more than its agonies in her heart; her aching eye, her anxious ear struggle through the mists of closing day to catch the approaches of desolation and dishonour. The ruffian gang arrives, the feast of plunder begins; the cup of madness kidneys in its circulation. The wandering glances of the ravisher become concentrated upon the striking and doomed victim. You need not deem, you need not exultate; the unpolluted mother, to whom you tell the story of horror, beseeches you not to proceed; she presses her child to her heart; she drowns it in her tears; her fancy catches more than an angel's tongue could describe; at a single view she takes in the whole terrible suppression of force, of profanation, of despair, of death."

has been fruitless, all their efforts valid, and Ireland remains in a state of lawless anarchy, abject misery, and hopeless wretchedness. Another advocate has however arisen, who has selected a different course from any hitherto perused. The highly gifted author of the work before us, after having propitiated our better feelings by poetry of the highest order, describing the beauty of the Emerald Isle, the sweetness of Erin's daughters, and the valour of her sons, now changes his theme, and gives a ludicrous history of the excesses we have driven his countrymen to commit; good-humouredly satirises our policy, laughs at our tyranny, and tries to win from us, in a moment of pleasantry, that consideration we have hitherto refused.

Captain Rock is a personification of the terrible spirit of outrage and rebellion that has at all times displayed itself in Ireland; and the Editor informs us he became possessed of the History of this illustrious character and his ancestors in the following manner:—He was appointed a missionary to the south of Ireland by a Blue Stocking Society, established for the moral improvement of the Irish. In the Limerick Coach he gets acquainted with a gentleman who wears green spectacles and a flaxen wig, and who is, in many other respects, a very extraordinary personage. We shall favour our readers with a few of this gentleman's observations en passant.

"The first place of any note on our way was Naas, near which there is the ruin of a magnificent house, begun, but never finished, by Lord Strafford, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In pointing it out to me, my friend in the green spectacles said, 'It is melancholy to think, that while in almost all other countries we find historical names of heroes and benefactors familiarly on the lips of the common people, and handed down with blessings from generation to generation, in Ireland, the only remarkable names of the last six hundred years that have survived in the popular traditions of the country, are become words of ill omen, and are remembered only to be cursed. Among these favourites of hate, the haughty nobleman who built that mansion, is to this day, with a tenacity that does honour even to hate, recorded,

and, under the name of Black Tom, still haunts the imagination of the peasant, as one of those dark and evil beings who tormented the land in former days, and with whom, in the bitterness of his heart, he compares its more modern tormentors. The Babylonians, we are told by Herodotus, buried their dead in honey; but it is in the very gall of the heart that the memory of Ireland's ruler is embalmed.'"

We have copied this for the advantage of such as have derived their opinions of the character of Strafford from Hume's History of England, to whom we would point out the eighth chapter of this work as well worthy of attention; but to proceed.

"In passing by the town of Kildare, he directed my attention to the still existing traces of that ruin and havoc which were produced by the events of the year 1798.—'One of those ferocious rebellions, (as he expressed himself,) whose frequent recurrence has rendered Ireland, even in her calmest moments, like those fair cities on the side of Vesuvius, but a tenant at will to the volcano on which she is placed!' Is not this singular?" he added, 'is not this melancholy?' that, while the progress of time produces a change in all other nations, the destiny of Ireland remains still the same; that here we find her, at the end of so many centuries, struggling, like Ixion, on her wheel of torture, never advancing, always suffering—her whole existence one monotonous round of agony! While a principle of compensation is observable throughout the fortunes of all the rest of mankind, and they who enjoy liberty, must pay for it by struggles; and they, who have sunk into slavery, have at least the consolation of tranquillity—in this unhappy country it is only the evil of each system that is perpetuated—eternal struggles without one glimpse of freedom, and an unrelaxing pressure of power, without one moment of consolation or repose."

The travellers part at Roscrea, about half way between Dublin and Limerick, after the Editor has communicated to the green-spectacled gentleman the object of his expedition; but they meet again at some distance of time and place, in an old abbey under very peculiar circumstances, for the Editor is saddled with whiskey

and the gentleman is at the head of some hundreds of awful looking persons in white shirts; here the latter discovers himself to be the far-famed Captain Rock; entrusts the missionary with his history and that of his family, and sends him back to England convinced "that it is the rulers, and not the people of Ireland, who require to be instructed and converted." The history of Captain Rock is then traced from Henry the Second downwards; and the family is shown to have flourished greatly under the auspices of the English, during the whole of that period, but as our limits oblige us to be very concise in our quotations, we shall only select a few of those passages that struck us most forcibly, and leave our readers with a hearty recommendation to peruse attentively the work itself, convinced that they will derive from it a correct idea of the hapless situation of Ireland, and a laudable and generous desire for its amelioration. We first give the character of the Rocks.

"The great Frederick used to say, that while the French fight for glory, the Spaniards for religion, and the English for liberty, the Irish are the only people in the world who fight for fun; and, however true this may be of my countrymen in general, there is no doubt of its perfect correctness as applied to the Rock family in particular. Discord is indeed our natural element; like that storm-loving animal, the seal, we are comfortable only in a tempest; and the object of the following historical and biographical sketch is to show how kindly the English government has at all times consulted our taste in this particular."

Attempt forcibly to introduce the Reformation.

"But the Irish were not to be dragged into the struggle. Strongly attached as they have ever been to their ancient faith and ancient institutions, it would have required either a docility under the yoke of despotism, which is one of the faults most rarely imputed to them, or a long course of confidence in the wisdom and good intention of their rulers, which is still, unluckily, a desideratum in their hearts, to have weaned them from their religion, so interwoven with all their feelings and recollections. Proffered even by the most friendly hand, the boon of reformation would have been slowly, if at all accepted; but preached

from the mouths of the same race, whose cry had never been aught but 'Death to the Irish!' and accompanied by all that apparatus of persecution with which laws and religion have ever been surrounded in Ireland, is it wonderful that the boon should have been fiercely and at once rejected? is it wonderful that a continuance of the same persecuting folly, which made us spurn without inquiry, the creed of our oppressors, should have kept us good Catholics, and bad subjects ever since?"

Alluding to the reign of Mary.

"It is worthy of remark, that the only period in which the Irish have been left the unmolested exercise of their religion, was a period of perfect tranquillity and tolerance; such freedom from persecution being enjoyed at this time, that, according to Ware, several English families' friends to the Reformation, fled to Ireland, and there enjoyed their opinions and worship without notice or molestation; this too, during the bloody reign of Queen Mary! Will our rulers never read History!"

At the end of the volume there is a letter from Captain Rock, dated at Cove Harbour in Botany Bay, to which place it seems he has been transported; but he tells us that he has left a son invested with the Rock dominion in Ireland; and, within these few months, we have received pretty striking evidence of the fact. As a literary work, the Memoirs of Captain Rock would be ranked much higher had they been produced by any nameless illustrious than that to which they are attributed. Coming from such a writer, however, they must be regarded only as the production of his lighter hours. They are highly amusing, and display a correct acquaintance with the history of Ireland. The facts are brought forward with ingenuity, and illustrated by the fruits of extensive reading and a splendid imagination; but still there is occasional evidence of carelessness in style, and the sprightly *sautez* of diction that is assumed, sometimes degenerates into flippancy. On the whole, the sentiment of admiration which it excites is tempered by a regret that its readers should have risked his fame by attacking the monster with a distill, when a club was in his power.

## THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 462.

THE academican TURNER is absent this season from Somerset House, where we are so generally accustomed to see him in his glory; being engaged, according to report, in painting the Battle of Trafalgar for his Majesty. The king has been somewhat late in discovering the merits of this his highly-gifted subject: but "better late than never," says the homely old proverb. And it happens well that Turner's absence from the present exhibition, is, in a great measure, compensated by Calcott and W. Westall, who severally display merits that in Turner are often amalgamated. Nevertheless we shall hope to see him return to these walls next year, with, or without Trafalgar and Nelson. Like that great commander, Turner always hoists his flag on board the Victory.

We have written as above, with some allusion to that series of British seaports, in the painting of which Mr. CALCOTT has rendered himself so deservedly eminent. No. 160, (a large picture) is entitled *Rochester from the River below the Bridge*. "The river," of course, is the Medway, and "the bridge," that which connects the city of Rochester with the village, or suburb, of Stroud. The painter has very judiciously chosen his station a little above that reach of the Medway where the men-of-war built in the Chatham dock-yard; be it ordinary, and a group of merchant vessels, and boats, with a floating buoy, and several groups of marine figures beautifully painted, and characteristically employed, are introduced with capital effect in the nearer part of the picture, breaking the long contiguous line of streets, and similar arches which constitute the bridge. Considering the present work as a luminous topographical picture (a comparison which we trust will not be thought derogatory from its high

character as a work of art) the introduction of this group of shipping, &c. places the emphasis precisely where it ought to be; confers clearness on the water; brightness on the sun-shiny sky, and diffuses space throughout the landscape. In short, gives completeness, and what professor Barry used to call *totality*, to a very capital picture.

We remember the present scene well, and have often thought it a good subject for the pencil of such an artist as Calcott. Its features are here delineated with great exactness; the parts come together well, and in colour and chiaro-scuro the picture is extremely brilliant: but we think Mr. Calcott's principle, which he so successfully enforces, of painting that intervening air which gives tenderness to distant objects, and is so generally characteristic of *English* landscape, is here carried quite as far as it may with safety to his high reputation, if not a trifle—a very trifle beyond that point. The fine old Norman tower built by Bishop Gundulph,—being, in fact, one of the prime features of this ancient city, is here one of the most conspicuous of the distant objects, but we can scarcely avoid thinking that it is a little too much of a castle in the air; and so of the cathedral and other distant buildings. The *font ensemble*, however, is very striking, and the performance will be long and justly admired. The water is peculiarly pellucid; and all the marine accompaniments are introduced and combined with great judgment and knowledge of the realities of seamanship, as well as of painting.

No. 161 is entitled, *Distant View of the Gangetka Country from the Boat, between Bombay and Bencoolen*. This Bencoolen we take to be the native country of the head-hunters, and it looks like it. The figures represented, are a de-

\* Is the theme the last object to which men's minds access when unaccompanied by the admission of any other? Alas! what does this question involve, but the relation of one of the species moral to the other?



achment of the native army, commanded by an English officer, who, the day the study was made, passed the Ghaut with part of the artillery taken by Sir Arthur Wellesley at the battle of Assaye Deccan. This picture is a grand assemblage of Indian forest scenery, with rocks and mountains, from which a river is precipitated, and will add to Mr. W. Westall's well-earned reputation as a travelled landscape painter of first-rate ability. The very spot of the performance resides in that tender mixture of humid haze with the effulgence of sunlight, which confers at once beauty and vastness of dimensions on wild scenery, and of which we have endeavoured to suggest the idea above, as pervading a large portion of the admired landscapes of Turner: the present is one of the happiest examples of this charming—this fascinating talent of Claude and the leaders of the English school of landscape.

Palm, beetle nut, and other trees of Oriental growth, shoot up their novel and elegant forms from among the foreground rocks: beyond these at some distance, a river falls in two grand sheets, nearly perpendicular, into a deep ravine, across which clouds break in the most romantic forms, mingling with the spray of the cataract, as it exhales in the radiance of the morning sun. The illuminated air tints, which we deem so worthy of the reader's admiration, are preserved throughout the picture with magic sweetness; and of the mountains that bound the horizon, one appears to be a smoking volcano.

With some regret we see military figures tugging caution along the peaceful acclivities, which would else appear sacred to solitude and Brahma. The beautiful exotic birds, of which two or three hover over the flickering lights of the breaking clouds and the waterfall, or are seen in their native nests by the rude discharge of battle sounds,—were fitter ornaments of a scene so sublime and sequestered.

No. 95, *Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess*, by C. Leslie.

LESLIE, A. Certainly the best picture of its kind in the present exhibition. In the warmth of our admiration we had nearly added, or in any other, and, if we had, would have stood stoutly by our asseveration. It is conceived in the true spirit of nature and Cervantes, and is not less admirably executed. The story is told with the comprehensive power of an accomplished painter, and at the same time with the exactitude of a profound and well-informed critical philosopher. In short, it is a transcendental performance.

But we shall be expected to offer reasons for the admiration that is within us, and must therefore repress our raptures, and descend to details. In the first place then, the style of the represented apartment and the fashion of its furniture, shews it to belong to a ducal palace of the age of Don Quixote and Cervantes,\* when the *cinque-cento* taste prevailed throughout Europe, and the Arabesque taste prevailed also in Spain. It is the retiring room or *boudoir* of the duchess herself, whither, as we read, she had invited the squire, while the redoubtable Don was refreshing himself with a nap during the heat of a Spanish summer's day. The large, and exquisitely painted pea-green jar which stands on the marble pavement, with the Spanish guitar and music-book, that smaller essence vase of fine porcelain which is placed with Titian's jewelled casket, on the table, are elegantly introduced, and suggest ideas of cool fragrance and feminine luxury, and the flowers tell the season of the year. The youthful frolic of the three waiting-maids is kept in due subservience by the presence of the duchess, yet you perceive them to be teeming with pleasantries, and that they are of the number who sprinkled the knight with perfumed waters on his arrival; and who have since been engaged in the wanted frolic of washing and brushing his beard. The negro girl, less under restraint, or more wild in her native energies, (and, like all of her country, ever forward to shew their sense of enjoyment, with their

\* Cervantes died in the year 1616, and he writes that Don Quixote "lived not long ago."

† This basket, which Titian has introduced with the portrait of his own daughter, contributes to carry back our minds to the age and country of Cervantes, and is well thought of by Mr. Leslie.

teeth and their finery;) presumes to laugh outright, while the more prudent and tramelled Spanish ladies, though not less internally animated with mirthful emotion, must suppress their tittering. Meanwhile Donna Rodriguez is quite the abstract idea of a *Duenna*. The spectator sees at a glance that she is the very identical "Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva" whom Sancho had previously affronted, by requesting her attentions to his dearly beloved Dapple, and who had spurned at him with: "Go seek somewhere else for ladies to look after your ass, you lollopoop; I would have you to know that ladies like me are not used to such drudgeries." The ruffled *Duenna* evidently retains this pique in the picture: while the duchess herself dressed in white satin and ermine, and leaning with negligent ease on the printed volume of Don Quixote's Adventures, is the next lady-like female we ever had the pleasure of beholding; (Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the ladies of high quality who are smiling around, must excuse us for thinking so:) she abounds with beauty, cheerfulness, high-breeding, and benignity; and is as perfectly the *belle idéal* of a youthful Duchess, as the Donna is of a Spanish *Duenna*. We observe here, that a contemporary critic in the *Examiner*, has ably remarked of this our favourite, in language that will probably be thought more elegant and appropriate than our own, that, "the Duchess, as she sits complacently listening to Sancho, is the pattern of all that visibly constitutes the lady, and her dignity is nicely balanced and mixed with beauty and benignity. Pope never describes a more finished gentlewoman—

"With graceful ease and sweetness void of pride."

We give R. H. credit for thinking of this verse.—Sancho alone of the *Dramatis Persona*, does not quite come up to our imagination of that redoubted squire-errant; and perhaps this may proceed from our fancy having been long since pre-occupied with Stothard's delineation of him. Who that has read Don Quixote, and seen Stothard's Sancho where he is setting forth with his master in quest of adventures (of which there is an elegantly engraved print by the elder

Heath), can divest himself of the Cervantic comicality of this far-famed squire?

The difference between the two squires is, that Leslie's, with his finger pressed against the side of his nose, is perhaps more knowingly significant:—more self-delighted at having duped his master—which is certainly germane to the present occasion—that must be allowed—while Stothard is more credulous: but credulous Sancho surely ought to be, even to egregiousness; for immediately after boasting of the imposition he had practised on his master in the affair of Dulcinea's enchantment, he is easily persuaded by the duchess, that the enchantment was notwithstanding real. "Aye, my lady (he says) it must be quite contrary to what I dreamed, as your worship's grace well observes." However, it may perhaps be agreed, that this egregious credulity which our old friend Stothard has so happily hit off, belongs rather to the general character of Sancho than to his expression in the present instance. Let us rejoice, that passing expression is not supposed to efface character. In conclusion, let us afford the reader the most efficient means of judging how far this is and ought to be the case in the present picture; for we do not wish to direct, but to stimulate and assist his judgment, and we therefore add the passage, that Mr. Leslie has quoted into the Academy catalogue, as marking the moment which he has chosen to paint. The passage is supposed to proceed from the mouth of Sancho himself, and is as follows: "First and foremost, I must tell you, I look on my master, Don Quixote, to be no better than a downright madman, though he will sometimes stumble upon a parcel of sayings so quaint and so tightly put together, that the devil himself could not mend them; but in the main, I cannot beat it out of my noddle, but that he is as mad as a March hare. Now, because I am pretty confident of knowing his blind side, whatever crotchets come into my crown, though without either head or tail, yet can I make them pass on him for gospel. Such was the answer to his letter, and another sham that I put upon him the other day, and which is not in print yet, touching my lady Dulcinea's enchantment; for you must know—between you and me—she

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is no more enchanted than the man in the moon."

We need only add of the execution of this highly meritorious work, that it is penciled throughout with the utmost freedom, yet so much of facsimile fidelity, is by a rare talent, blended with this freedom, that a connoisseur may tell the country, and the very manufacture of the porcelain, and trace the style of the Artist, who chased the silver frame of the mirror. The flowers\* which are placed on the same table, and which form such elegant sweepy lines on the composition, have a corresponding botanical accuracy, yet all are effected with a spontaneous and unlaboured touch; and so are the various draperies; and in short, all else in the picture, on which we wish we could afford space to write more at large.

No. 60. presents us with a large Picture of Love, taught by the Graces, painted by W. HILTON, R. A.

"By whose clear voice sweet music was found,

Before Amphion ever knew a sound."—

DAVYSON.

There can be no doubt that the "clear voice" of some Grassini or Catalani of the primitive ages, disclosed "sweet music" before the era of Amphion; nevertheless these verses do not seem very relevant to the performance which is here under our notice, since neither of the three Graces who are engaged in the instruction of Cupid, appears to be singing to him. They are, however, very beautifully painted: all of them and Aglaia, Euphrosyné, or Thalia, for whichsoever the black haired Grace may be intended, who is resting on her elbow, and who appears from the action of her right hand, to have furnished their little rosy pupil with the lyre, is a most fascinating creature—if creatures we may term these mythological personages.

As lovers of happiness, we can not but lament that the classical Eden, which is here become the school of Cupid, is not uninjured by evil. A satyr is looking down from a rock, upon the innocent and poetical pastime of Love and the Graces:

his large ear is open, and his countenance malignant. Of this we can understand the allegorical meaning. But why is a Camoleon introduced near the foreground, turning his nose, and his attention apparently towards the music? [We are too unlearned here to do more than point to the fact.] And why is Cupid's quiver entirely empty on the present occasion? Is it to intimate that his preceptresses are safe? Alas! can those who teach love boast of such safety? Or does the painter intend to inform us, that till the little urchin has learned music, he is without shafts? Surely this would be a compliment to our sense of hearing, at the expense of our eyes. We must leave these points for the reader, or the artist, to determine.

The draperies of the Graces are cast and coloured, with considerable academical skill: their forms are ably drawn, and their complexions of a fine healthy hue, as if invigorated by their hand in hand dancing, and the various, cheerful and elegant exercises of "hearteasing mirth" and her inseparable sisters. There is nothing of that over refined, or superinduced delicacy about them, which endangers the loss of *grace* in its own excess: that is to say, in *affectation*. May we venture to add a suggestion, that the flesh tint of the little Deity, as compared with that of the sister graces, would have accorded better with the descriptions of the poets, and have been no worse as a picture; (but the contrary), had it been a little more rosy.

But where is the classical mythology and poetry which we have been accustomed to see displayed on these walls from the pencil of HOWARD?—Alas! we do not press him with the question. PATRONAGE should answer it: but would find a difficulty in answering it honestly; or between honesty and honour, would be driven on the horns of a dilemma. Any thing but poetry and mythology seems now to engage the talents of Mr. Howard. A girl—not a Bacchante—gathering grapes; or a squirrel—race in Knowle-park, are not be-

\* We believe the exotic which had then been recently introduced into Spain, from the Island of Zanzibar.

neath his present attention. However, it requires no great depth of observation to guess the omphale that has dissuaded him from his classic labours to this graphic distaff; and, while we hope he will find a favourable time to resume the former, we are free to state, that, in our mind he descends from the historic throne—especially to portraiture—without the least indignity.

We shall say a word or two of his *study in Knowle-park, Kent*, No. 315, which consists chiefly of an old beech tree, with a silvery bole and gnarled roots, whose foliage is feathering down toward a darkly overshadowed pool, of which the stillness is scarcely broken by a solitary moor-cock. Squirrels, as we happen to know, are numerous in these grounds, and three of them are represented in the act of chasing each other up the principal tree: a local incident which we doubt not the painter saw as he sat quietly, and unseen by the squirrels, at his sketch-book. The masses of foliage of this beech-tree are rather too generally flat and horizontal, which confers a degree of formality on this portion of the picture; but the bright bole comes off the overshadowed hollow with excellent effect, as does the well-painted rootage and bark; while a peep between the branches prettily discloses part of the ducal mansion at a distance.

His *Portrait of a Young Lady in the Florentine Costume of 1500* (No. 107), is much to be admired for a certain Leonardo-like purity of taste and style, which is more particularly observable about the head and hand of the young lady, and in the sky; but the picture is peculiar and original throughout. As the artist has dressed his figure in a costume of more than three centuries old, so, in the treatment of this subject, he has taken leave of all modern modes of portrait painting, however fashionable and fascinating some of them may be. Hence the lady (whose name we cannot have the pleasure of imparting) appears in the great room of Somerset House, with much of the effect of a hermit in polished society: but this very loneliness and simplicity (unless we are much mistaken) enforced as it is with homogeneous skill, will not fail to attract favourable notice.

The face of this lady is represented

nearly in front, and is almost surrounded by dark hair, which a slender gold chain, having an emerald in front, binds over her ample forehead. She holds a fan of peacock's and other feathers, in a hand, which the spectator will find well worthy of his best attention, since it is drawn and coloured with a degree of delicacy which has rarely if ever been exceeded. The dress, which is of that kind of red which anciently was called the Tyrian purple, with green ribbands depending from the shoulders, has a certain grave and very agreeable richness. The whole picture is a refinement on the best works of Da Vinci, though without his paleness; and requires nothing but that the painter should be dead and buried a few centuries to be valued accordingly.

Immediately beside this admirable work of Mr. Howard's, hangs a circular picture (inclosed in a square) of the two beautiful children of *Charles B. Calmady, Esq.* with sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and full of the joyous hilarity which belongs to their season of life. It is numbered 99, and is from the pencil of *SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.*

But Hannibal thought the sophist ridiculous who had undertaken to deliver an oration in praise of Hercules; and, as we do not wish to run the hazard of placing ourselves in a similar predicament, we shall only add here, that to finely-drawn forms is united a florid display of colour, in rich harmony with that redundancy of animation and luxuriance of enjoyment which are the proper concomitants of such pictures as the present. There is a sort of judicious counter-point in hanging it beside the Florentine lady, since these performances bear the same sort of mutually advantageous reference to each other, which the more chaste, early, and simple Gothic architecture, does to the florid and ornamental style of a later period.

*MR. G. HAYTER'S Portraits of Lady Anne Coke and her Son*, is a clever picture: superior to his former portraits in oil, and of large dimensions—but still considerably inferior to his miniatures. We have not the honour of knowing Lady Anne, but we hear it said that the present is an excellent likeness of her, and there is something at once lady-like and motherly in her action, at least as far

as concerns the upper part of her figure: she holds the child at some distance from her bosom, in order that she may affect it with the sudden pleasure of being caught back again—as nurses frequently do, with great delight to the little bantlings.

As far downward as the lady's waist, her figure is carefully drawn; but lower than this—where the eye accustomed to good painting, and well-cast draperies, gets among her profusion of white robes of no particular texture, it would be glad to perceive a little more of the difference between the form of a lady's body and that of a well-stuffed pillow. Our critical duty obliges us to notice too, that there is something of imbecility observable in the manner of setting on the head of the infant; its right arm is rather too large for its left; and its lower limbs have the same defect, both as compared with its own chest and shoulders, and the slender arm of the lady, which comes nearly in contact with them. It would hardly be fair to compare this little boy—at least not too nearly—with that of Sir Thomas Lawrence in No. 93, because it is more infantile, but still he would have admitted with advantage of a little more liveliness.

Mr. G. H. has introduced an ornamented fountain; a novel, and no improper, accompaniment, certainly, to personages of high rank,

"Who in trim gardens take their pleasure."

But we can scarcely term it a brilliant thought, however, its waters sparkle in the sun-beams, because it reminds us of, without presenting us with, the poetical analogy of a fresh fountain, spontaneously bubbling up, or gushing forth where it was little expected, which would have told almost as well in painting, as it has in fact, and would probably have been perceived by all to be pertinently illustrative of the matrimonial predicament of the hearty old agricultural patriot, to whom, with his handsome and amiable lady, we wish long life and felicity;

"And may their sons' sons to the end of the chapter,

All come to be Cokes in their turn."

Mr. G. Hayter's page (No. 23), in his rich dress of white satin and gold, and his crimson mantle, we like better, as a work of art, on the whole:

but here also we discover a want of just proportion between the several parts. The feet, and the only hand which the spectator can see, are pared down to a more than feminine degree of smallness. Glance but your eye, gentle reader, toward the feet of Phillips's Lord Atcheson (another of the royal pages) though but the fret of a boy; or towards the hands and feet of Hilton's Graces (in the next picture), though but those of women, and draw the necessary comparisons for yourself. This work is entitled, *Portrait of the Right Hon. the Earl of Surrey in his Robes, as first Page to his Majesty George the Fourth, at his Coronation.*

No. 75 is a charming *Portrait of a Lady of Fashion*, by SIR WILLIAM BEECHER, R.A. She is richly dressed in white satin, with a purple mantle embroidered with a golden border of Greek honeysuckle. Her abundance of dark hair is coroneted with much grace, and her aspect amiable and engaging. We would venture a guess that it is Lady Owen, were we not apprehensive of giving umbrage, and were we not mysteriously forbidden by circumstances: even the violet colours in which she has attired herself, would seem to enjoin us to silence.

"The violet is Modesty;  
For it conceals itself."

But we have no doubt that some day or other the truth will appear.

No. 17, *Portrait of Dr. Uwins*, from the pencil of T. UWINS, is a good likeness of an excellent physician, painted by his brother—another unwilling renegade, as we suspect, from the page of history.—And here we must take leave of the portraits for the present, however reluctantly, for the want of more space.

*The Cherry-seller—a Scene at Turvey in Bedfordshire*, by W. COLLINS, R.A. (No. 20), is a delightful pastoral scene of English rural happiness; wherein we are presented with cottages, the very old-fashioned windows and wooden pinnacles of which speak of primitive comfort. They are embowered in trees, and their gardens decorated with roses, hollyhocks, and fruit bushes in profusion. From the porch of one of these cottages a happy group of children have come forth to purchase cherries; with cheeks which may vie in colour with that exhilarating

fruit. The bearer of the cherries is a picturesque panniered donkey: the merchant who is weighing them out, a silvery-haired old man. The bell-tower of the village church is seen in the background. It seems the very heyday of the season of sylvan enjoyment, when nature is pouring forth her abundance, and the very view of the picture—as the song says—

“—give a summer to the mind;”

so entirely is it pervaded by that sentiment of *home* comfort, which constitutes the ideal beauty of a country life.

The picture is coloured with a degree of richness correspondent to its subject. The embowering trees overshadow a considerable portion of the village scenery, and the light steals in with Rembrandtesque effect upon the principal group, from which it is artfully led off by an old garden gate and palings.

No. 269, *Portraits of the Children of H. Rice, Esq.* by the same artist, is a picture of a character homogeneous with that which we have just passed, and treated with similar ability. The children are in rustic dresses, and are feeding rabbits in a sort of cottage homestead, near the bowery gate of a garden; and a picturesque well, overhung with trees, is on the right hand. It is a richly-toned picture, wherein the innocent occupation of two children is agreeably blended with a sentiment of rural and domestic comfort.

Near the above hangs *Pandora*, a capital work by W. ETTY. *Pandora, the heathen Erc, having been formed by Vulcan as a statue and animated by the Gods, is crowned by the Seasons with a Garland of Flowers.*

“To deck her brows, the fair-tressed seasons bring

A garland-breathing all the sweets of spring.” ELTON’S HEBERD.

This subject is wisely chosen, being

eminently suited to the talents of an artist whose professional existence appears to reside in splendour of colour and exquisite beauty of form. The former of these bewitching qualities here sparkles in its voluptuous intensity, like a cluster of precious stones displayed by more than the utmost art of the jeweller, to set off each other to advantage. Even the murky grey which floats behind Pandora and some of the Seasons, and which we must suppose to have proceeded from the forge of Vulcan, serves as a foil, and encreases the lustre of this brilliant display.

Vulcan has placed his statue on a fluted and circular pedestal, as we dimly perceive through the clouds that are floating around it. It has just been animated; and the heavenly infusion of soul is beaming forth from the eyes of Pandora: the Seasons are on the wing with that flowery garland which soon must fade; and Mercury is descending with the fatal casket of human woe, which alas! must remain for ever. Cupid meanwhile—an adolescent youth—and surely the loveliest of immortal boys stands near his mother, and is learning his art of mortal mischief from the whisperings of the goddess of love.

Between the transcendent charms of Venus and those of Pandora—if cutly critic might presume to make election without incurring the reproach of high treason to the goddess—we fear our *human* nature would incline us to the latter. The general forms of both are supremely beautiful, but there are certain exquisite flesh tints about the bosom of Pandora of magic delicacy, faintly partaking of the cerulean light reflected from above, which perhaps have never been surpassed in painting. Really, if Mr. Etty goes on thus, Italy, and even Greece, must come to England to study the beautiful in art.

And now we must take a turn in

## THE GALLERY OF ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS.

ON entering the library, where the Architectural designs of the season are very properly exhibited together, the first thing that presents itself to a critical observer, is the novel circumstance of one of those designs, (for a new

church) being a *cork model* rested on a table in the centre of the apartment; which strikes us as a very eligible mode of shewing at one view, the whole of what an architect intends to execute upon any given occasion—

attended with more trouble, as we should conceive, to the artist, but far preferable, in our estimation, to his plans, elevations, and sections, as usually delineated upon paper.

We will return to this model anon. We were desirous of seeing the designs for those suspended edifices in Old Palace-yard, which have been the subject of so much ill-placed and ill-principled comment in Gotham;—and felt considerable disappointment at not finding them here. But stop! there should be a sort of an exception in No. 965, *View of a Design*—an odd mode of expression this—but we will not stand upon trifles. *View of a Design for his Majesty's Entrance into the House of Lords, erected between the 3d October 1823, and the 29th January 1824.* We cannot tell whether there be any mistake in the catalogue here: but upon referring to the said design, we found it to consist of *ten* slight views of interiors of state apartments and passages, where we expected to meet a drawing of that anomalous sort of Gothic excrescence, with its *mystericuse* windows projecting into Palace-yard, nearly opposite to the residence of Mr. Banks. It is of the latter, commonly termed the king's new entrance, that we would add a few words.

This trifling bit of Gothic building, is a redundancy certainly, devised and ordered in all probability by some courtly flatterer, and not a thing that a sensible architect would of his own mind, have set about, especially if an Englishman; seeing that the House of Lords was better without it, and knowing that Alfred sought other and wiser means of distinction than are to be derived from separate entrances, and was well content to enter his Parliament at the same door with his nobles.

The particularity of dates with which this petty election is announced in the catalogue to have been carried into effect, helps us materially towards the conclusion at which we have arrived with regard to the *cause* of this royal and separate entrance to the House of Lords. The specified shortness of time would not seem to apply to those ten interior views, which we suspect to be a misnomer. And Mr. Soane, we think, must always have regretted the commission. Indeed, we cannot look at

his designs for the Bank of England, and think otherwise.

No. 838, *View of the Bank of England from the north-west corner*: No. 873, *View of the Bank of England from the west corner*: and No. 884, *View of the Bank of England from the north-east corner.* All by J. SOANE, R.A. This *Bank*, as we term it, has long since received the stamp of public approbation, and upon the soundest of architectural principles, namely, that of being suited to the purposes for which it was erected. It is no uncommon thing for a gentleman's house to look like a *Grecian temple*, or a *Gothic church*, according as the taste (or want of taste) of the proprietor or his architect has inclined him: but the BANK OF ENGLAND looks like what it is, namely, the *Treasury* of a great commercial metropolis. All its peculiarities tend to denote this purpose; nor can any reflecting observer easily mistake it for aught else.

By the way, we heartily quarrel with that same metaphorical expression *Bank*, notwithstanding that it has somehow become so thoroughly incorporated with our mercantile language that the Holy Alliance itself could not suppress or alter it. *Reservoir* would express better what is meant, if a metaphor must be used: but the place is in fact, and apart from all metaphor, (and merchants, as such, should have little to do with any *figures* save and except the nine numerals) a *Treasury*. To explain this was necessary to a clear understanding of our meaning, while we maintain that the present edifice is well suited to its purpose; for, considering the given space, and given shape of the ground on which it stands, this building has evidently the fitting characteristics of a depository of treasure. Its few points of privileged access are obvious, and have an air of nobleness; every where else it is close and inaccessible as a fortress, yet, in no other respect resembles it a military edifice, or a religious one—its style of decoration being at once civil, rich, durable, and therefore highly appropriate: nor can Mr. — say it is “like a pepper-box;” or “Boetian;” or Mr. — remark that “it resembles a flat candlestick with an extinguisher upon it.”

As these Gothamites of exalted rank (and University education forsooth—as Mr. Cobbett would say) appear to be so fond of kitchen metaphors, we fear Mr. T. GANDY's excellent design, (No. 970,) which he terms "*A rough cork model of a design for a Church, from the sketch by Mr. J. Gandy, Associate,*" will stand but a poor chance among them. Alas! since his church has a gently-sloping roof, and is *elliptical* in form, what higher commendation can he hope for, than to have it compared to a tea-tray, or a twelfth cake?

Really, gentlemen of Gotham,—for you are entitled to an apostrophe here.—If critical attention towards architecture, or any other works of fine art, made part of your college education, which it *does not*, for we believe you have no professors at any of the British universities, of any arts save those of logic, poetry, and music. If, in the face of your constituents, you could dare to brave the inconsistency of blaming that conduct in a high magisterial quarter in the morning, which in the evening you are so prone to imitate. If our public architects have no right to more respect from you, than to be held subject to such bating as we have recently read of; and obnoxious to such undigested crudities as may perchance arise on your critical stomachs, after contemplating unfinished works. Still, what is due to the dignity of Gotham, and to your own sense of justice and self respect, one would think, should withhold you from comparisons at once vulgar, invidious, degrading, and much beneath the dignity of legislative sense and impartiality. Such conduct in public men, speaking from a privileged situation, appears to us to be so paltry and so defective in principle, so pitiable, in short, that it really seems almost

"Rank cowardice to give the stroke,"

(as Churchill says) or to think of using *our* extinguisher in its turn. Would any man above a mere demagogue, of kitchen habits, addressing a vulgar populace for some temporary purpose, demean himself by calling simple mathematical forms by any degrading terms? A cylinder, for example, when surmounted by a cupola, "*a pepper-box*," and when

*flat candlestick with an extinguisher upon it?*" Would any gentleman, intending to speak fairly, designate an architectural form so generally admired as that of the Sybil's temple, when surmounted by a fluted conical spire, in terms so ignominious as the above? There is no doubt that *any* pure and simple geometrical figure might thus be made to encounter the semblance of ridicule and deterioration, if slander, or ignorance, or bad taste, should be so disposed to chuckle: for many trifling and trumpery matters have been shaped in the forms of the pyramids themselves, and certain cavillers have sought to scoff the Holy Trinity, by calling its mathematical emblem, "*a three-cornered thing*."

Snuff methose candles, Mr. Editor; and let not those privileged Gothamites, who are so ready to join in blaming a certain nobleman of the highest rank for availing himself of his lofty station, to accomplish a supposed unfair and uncalled-for purpose, virtually imitate that which they publicly reprehend. Neither let them imagine that Mr. Nash, the architect, is at our anonymous elbow here; or that we have written with any especial purpose of upholding his new church. There are features in that church which we dislike: but the fluted conical spire, supported by a circle of beautiful columns resting on a round tower, are not those features. We dislike the *square* aperture in the round tower, because of its dissonance. The principal architects of antiquity, we believe, made it a rule not to torment attention with its novel freaks, like some of the moderns. The moderns seem too studious of novelty, which leads to unprincipled variety and false refinement: the ancients felt the charms of simplicity, and of that decorum, (a strictly architectural term) and consonance, which produces unity: from them Cervantes learned that "the pleasure which strikes the soul must be derived from the beauty and congruity it sees or conceives in those things which the sight and imagination set before it;" and that "nothing in itself incongruous can give us any real satisfaction." It was for the sake of preserving harmony or congruity of parts, that they placed *arched* doors and windows in round towers, as the Coliseum and various other remains



of antiquity are ready to attest; and they reserved their square apertures for rectangular buildings. That endless variety of which Mr. Nash seems so very studious, was ever avoided by them, as rather calculated to bewilder, than to gratify tasteful attention.

But we dislike still more, and for kindred reasons, the manner in which this round tower is attached to the body of the church, which is a more important matter. It has all the appearance of a miserable architectural make-shift. There have been, and there still are, architectural critics who hold that the bell-towers and steeples of churches are useless excrescences; and the instances in which they deform the buildings to which they are attached, are numerous. The late Lord Thurlow thought that the devotion of good Christians would and ought to induce them to go to church, without being *rung* there. The more ancient religions had no such tinkling antecedent to divine service; and a few strokes on a gong is found to be sufficient summons for the votaries of Mahomet. But if bell-towers and steeples *must* be held to be indispensable parts of Protestant churches, let us pray of the church builders to let them stand, as in the instance of St. Mark's at Venice, and as Mr. T. GANDY informs us they originally did in the primitive churches—that is to say, detached from the edifices themselves.

Concerning Mr. Nash's church and his premature critics in a certain assembly, we confess here a feeling somewhat akin to that of soldiers, who, impelled by duty, are obliged to pursue an enemy through a quagmire. In following the track of the Gothamites, we detect ourselves in the fact of criticising, like them, *unfinished* works, which *may* be so modified or altered in the course of a short time, as to render our remarks almost as irrelevant as theirs. In entering our caveat, we are not insensible that we run the hazard of a non-suit. Even now, recent appearances seem to indicate that the unseemly junction of the tower and the nave, will finally remain but in a modified manner and inferior degree. It will, however, still be liable to the principal objection that we entertain against steepled churches, in that, as a species of an-holy wedding, although the church itself be its object, where a tall and

aspiring form is awkwardly, and somewhat ridiculously united to a short and squabby one. But since this is merely architectural matrimony, we do not consider it to come under the well known scriptural inhibition. Those forms which builders merely have joined, men may surely put asunder: especially such men as the Messrs. Gandy.

Mr. Gandy's elliptical church, No. 970, is simple; suited to its devotional purposes; its parts, when taken severally, are decorous and proper; and it is impressively grand in the aggregate. It is far better without the tower. Indeed we have no conception how a tower or steeple of any kind, could be joined to it, without utterly destroying that symmetrical arrangement which we admire in this model. And the tower which our architect has placed at some distance, also looks better from standing alone. We shall add the artist's own account (as we find it in the academy catalogue) of this beautiful model, which is much to the purpose, excepting that he should not talk about the "*aper* of a pillar." *A rough cork model of a design for a church, from the sketch by Mr. J. GANDY, A. This idea separates the steepled tower from the body of the edifice, a custom of the primitive churches. The porch has two columns, a mystic symbol according to Eusebius. Also vide description of the temple of Solomon in 1 Kings, Chap. vii. verse 21., Ecclesiasticus and other authors. The flanks are adorned with pedestal buttments, to sustain statues of angels, saints, or benefactors, for examples of religious devotion; an example still remaining in many Christian cathedrals, as the prior hermits, (who were afterwards canonized) frequently inhabited the aper of a pillar. "The north gate leads to the Necropolis, or field for the dead, to be planted with evergreens."*

We are much delighted with the classic grandeur of a sepia drawing, No. 868, entitled *A Sketch of Athens, as it may have been in the time of the Antonines. The principal features from drawings taken on the spot in 1811, by C. R. COCKERELL.* The spectator who happens not to be also a traveller, and who has not had the happiness of visiting this noblest

of cities—that Jerusalem of art and philosophy, will yet recollect, from Stuart's Athens, and from the publications of the Dilettante Society, (both of which, we presume, all persons of architectural taste to have seen, at least)—they will recollect, we say, the relative situations of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, tower of the winds, lantern of Demosthenes, arch of Adrian, and other Athenian remains, and will here see those edifices restored to their pristine state—the Acropolis majestically crested with its parthenon and colossal statue of Minerva, rising above and beyond the rest. In the present drawing the intervals between these, are filled up with buildings of corresponding magnificence, so as to convey an adequate idea of this first of Grecian cities, and most highly favoured seat of science and the arts. The sky is composed, and the chiaro scuro is contrived to suit the scene. The spectator is supposed to stand without the walls of the city, in a suburb where olive trees are growing, and are interspersed with altars and sculptured votive offerings. Probably the fore ground may be meant for the gardens of Academus; for a philosopher is here seen towards the right hand end of the picture, discoursing to a circle of disciples.

Throughout this performance there is nothing overcharged or fictitious, no romantic flights of the pencil, not a shadow of meretricious allurements, nothing that is not dear to philosophy and the muses. It conveys more than any thing we have yet beheld, the *beau idéal* of a grand metropolis distinguished for arts and learning, and being, as it was, the very first city in these respects which the world ever contained, the matter of poetry, is, by adequate skill on the part of the artist, happily combined with the matter of fact.

People will naturally compare this performance of Mr. Cockerell's, though it is hardly fair, with another drawing in the same room, entitled, *An ideal representation of Athens, made from the existing remains of the temple and other buildings, in the year 1819, and from the description of Pausanias, A sketch for a large drawing, representing a beautiful view of the Acropolis and part of the city, taken from the Propylææ, by Mr. Inwood, 1824.*

hardly fair, because this latter is evidently an unfinished—or rather only a partially finished drawing, and not properly “a sketch.” Yet, on the other hand, it may be asked, why did Mr. Inwood exhibit an unfinished performance? Why had he not more respect for the public, and for himself? No man should leap on a pedestal but who is prepared to be looked at.

The city is here seen from a different station, and does by no means convey the same idea of vastness and grandeur: here are, however, theatre and an amphitheatre, which do not appear in Mr. Cockerell's view, and which are indispensable to a complete idea of the Athens of Æschylus and Aristophanes.

But Mr. Inwood shews what he can do in regard to careful finishing, in No 888, *An ideal restoration of the Erechtheum, made from an examination of the existing remains of the temple in the year 1819, and from the description of Pausanias and other authors. The north west view presents itself to the spectator on the left, on entering the Propylææ.* This performance is thoroughly studied, and elaborately and tastefully executed. Any connoisseur in architecture, by comparing it with the highly ornamented church built by this artist in the New Road, may see no inapt confirmation of our already-expressed opinion, that bellies and steeple-towers are little better than architectural excrescences. What a mere wart is placed above the Bedford street pavement of Inigo Jones's church of St. Paul, and how much better is this same Erechtheum without the St. Pancras steeple.

Mr. J GANDY'S *Geometrical elevation of part of one of the fronts of an idea*.—Fronts of an idea? Mr. Gandy; but we must take these matters as we find them.—“of one of the fronts of the idea for an imperial palace for the sovereigns of the British empire, estimated to be built in ten years, at £300,000, per annum” &c. &c. (The room has not room for the remainder of this long description, and for the poetry that is appended to it)—is grand and original as well as the design which, some years since, we have seen with so much admiration, of this highly-gifted architect. But really—there

millions of money proposed to be expended on a single edifice, while so many things are left undone that ought to be done, both in Ireland and England, and that might be done with less than this enormous sum, "should make us pause"—and *does* make us pause with our critique.

There are better ways by which a king of England may distinguish himself in the course of the next ten years, than by building a palace at the *estimated* expense of three millions sterling! and which would probably cost still more than that sum to furnish it in a style of corresponding magnificence. At present we shall only add, that we cannot bring ourselves to be pleased with the turgid style in which this work is publicly announced. "*Imperial palace!*" "*British Empire!*" Every correct thinker and writer know that this is not an *empire*, but a *kingdom*, of which the sovereignty is in the people. Really, one would incline to think that Mr. Gandy's pompous description was written by the awkward flatterers and puffers (and *legislators* forsooth) whom we alluded to in our number for April, and who draw up the public papers of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk street, which are quite in this inflated and erroneous strain.

But hey day! what do we see

mounted up above this palace? *The interior of Craven Cottage, built by the late Walsh Porter: painted for William Dobree, Esq., by G. GARRARD, A. (No. 847.)* That is to say, for the present proprietor, Mr. Dobree the respectable pawnbroker, whom the late Major Hanger was wont to call his friend Dobree, to whom he handed a few silver forks and spoons, when a little ready cash was wanting. And this *cottage* contains a spacious saloon, or ball-room, fitted up in a kind of bastard oriental style—if style it might be called,—and paved with marble triangles and octagons of various colours, whereon figures are represented as dancing. Truly, "friend Dobree," thy cottage affords no inapt illustration of a passage in Porson's celebrated *jeu d'esprit*, which is entitled "*The Devil's Walk.*" It seems

"A cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility;  
To please the devil, for his darling vice,  
Is pride that spurs humility."

This aping, however, was probably entirely Mr. Walsh Porter's, for we do not suppose that he *built* this palace-cottage for Mr. Dobree, or that the furniture and decorations were selected from that gentleman's repository of pledges, notwithstanding that they certainly have somewhat of that appearance.

## THE DRAMA.

### KING'S THEATRE.

A Concert was performed at the Theatre on Whitsun Eve, under the direction of Mr. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. as appears from the superb characters of the bills. We should rather refrain from noticing this performance, were it not that Mr. Cutler, we infer from the bills, projects conducting Oratorios at a future season. This being the case, we conceive that a few hints may not be unserviceable to this gentleman. The name of Cutler, as a composer, does not happen to be familiar to our ears; and, yet, we must suppose, that Mr. C. has attained to some eminence in his art, for out of nineteen pieces of music, selected for the entertainment of the public, no less than seven were Mr. Cutler's compositions. In the course of the night, there were three pieces of Mozart, and seven

of Cutler, one piece of Rossini, seven of Cutler, three compositions of Handel more than doubled by Mr. Cutler's performances. Mr. Cutler certainly outnumbered the great masters, and we cannot but suspect that he has an extraordinary relish for his own music. In the first part, a duet of Steilbelt, for the harp and piano-forte, of most alarming length, was performed by Messrs. Chatterton and Cutler. In our experience of Concerts, we remember no trial of patience equal to this; the duet was possibly a very good *lesson*, but we can hardly take upon ourselves to pronounce on its merits, as the sound of the piano was almost lost in the vast space of the house, and we heard only occasionally, a rumbling wooden sound, which indicated that Mr. Cutler was engaged in active oper-

ation on the instrument; the harp made itself heard, so that we had exactly half the duet, and a suspicion that Mr. Cutler was duly executing the other half. This lasted a long half hour, amidst the sort of tumult that might be expected. Mr Cutler must have perceived that this sort of duet did not please the taste of the house, and he would have done wisely to have ceded to the public wish, but he persisted with great method—some might be disposed to call it obstinacy—to play the piece through, even to the last note. It is not by this system Mr. C. can hope to succeed in making his intended performances popular. *An Exercise for a Bachelor's Degree*, by Mr. Cutler, was also a very tedious, and uninteresting performance. Madame Pasta, Miss Stephens, and Braham, were the principal vocalists of the night.

Their sable Majesties of the Sandwich Isles paid the Italian Opera a visit. The centre box of the third tier was prepared for their reception, and their presence was looked for with considerable impatience by a very crowded audience. They, however, adopting the custom of some of our first-rate fashionables, did not make their appearance until the termination of the first act of Rossini's opera of *Tancredi*. They were received with plaudits by the company, which were answered, on the part of His Majesty and his Royal bride, by obeisances that did not at all savour of the *mauvaise honte*. The King's manner of returning the compliment of the audience was particularly easy and unembarrassed. He, and we believe his Treasurer, were plainly dressed in black coats and white waistcoats. The Queen was attired in white muslin, the upper part of the arm ornamented by puffs of a light crimson colour. Round the neck and breast, she wore a handsome, crimson shawl, fitted tightly to the person. Her head-dress consisted of a wreath of artificial flowers, intertwined with ornaments of silver, or of silver foil. The lady of the Treasurer was dressed nearly in the same style. The covering for the head formed the most striking difference. It consisted of a muslin cap, in the

manufacture of which white and pink alternately prevailed. The Royal party paid great attention to the performance, but more particularly to the graceful motions and feats of agility which were exhibited by the ballet corps. These appeared to excite a pleasing astonishment in the minds of the Royal party, and during this portion of the entertainments, an animated conversation seemed to be kept up between them. Their attention to the opera, though apparently less intense, was yet strongly marked. Music is a species of universal language, and its power is felt more or less by every heart, whether civilized or savage. The Royal party did not appear to be so much pleased with plaintive strains, as with those of a bold and energetic character. The grand military march, in the second act of the opera, if we may judge from their countenances, pleased them exceedingly. We should like to know their unsophisticated sentiments, on all they have seen and heard since they became inmates of this great metropolis. Their remarks must certainly be curious and entertaining.

The benefit of Madame Ronzi de Begnis was to have taken place, and we felicitated ourselves on the pleasure we were likely to experience in witnessing the exertions of that captivating singer, as *Ellen*, in Rossini's opera, *La Donna del Lago*. But, on our arrival at the theatre, a black and dismal-looking placard (perfectly in unison with the misfortune which it announced) intimated, that, "in consequence of the continued indisposition of Madame de Begnis, there would be no performance on that evening." We are informed, that, until the day before, Madame Ronzi de Begnis was very confident that she would be able to appear before her friends and the public, on the appointed night, but, being disappointed in her expectations, she chose rather to postpone her benefit, than to incur the risk of censure by sanctioning the performance of *La Donna del Lago* in an imperfect manner. Every effort was made, by writing circular letters, to render the disappointment as little inconvenient as possible to her friends.

## DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE incomparable Munden has taken his last benefit, and bid farewell to the stage he has so long adorned. With him has departed the foremost order of the old sterling comedy. His style was peculiar and entirely his own. His conception of parts was so perfect, that he individualized (if we may use the expression) many of them in the most various branches of the drama, from the agonized parent or warm-hearted old man, to the clown or low-lived drunkard. The very characters he assumed, on taking leave, afforded a striking proof of this versatility; for what can be more opposite than his Sir Robert Bramble (*Poor Gentleman*) and Old Dozey (*Past Ten o'Clock*)? But to enumerate parts in which he must

long, perhaps for ever, remain peerless and inimitable, would far exceed our bounds; and we shall only express our conviction, that public feeling and gratitude has conferred a bumper (in the largest theatre that ever was built) on their old Dornton, their Nipperkin, their Autolyeus, their realiser of Shakspeare's comedy. We have had little else of variety at this theatre during the present month, except Mr. Elliston's annual benefit. The attractions were numerous and of various characters. There was *The Hypocrite*, *The Liar*, *The Two Wives*, and, to increase the interest, there was the inimitable Catalani, who sung several songs with her usual effect and consequent applause.

## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THEIR Majesties the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands (who are visiting the more notable curiosities of the metropolis) honoured this theatre with their presence. The royal box (British) was fitted up by order from the Lord Chamberlain: and their Majesties (Sandwich), attended by their suite, arrived at the "King's door" soon after seven o'clock, where they were received with great attention by Mr. Kemble and Mr. Fawcett, but not with the same ceremonies used at the visits of our own Monarch. Munden's benefit at Drury-lane thinned the house at first price; but at the half price it was very fully attended. His Majesty, Rheo Rhio, wore a full suit of black, with white waistcoat, and cocked hat richly ornamented; and, as regards appearance, need hardly give way to any potentate in Europe. He bowed several times, by no means ungracefully, on coming into the box, and remained standing while "God save the King" was sung, bowing again before he took his seat. His complexion is copper colour, but not darker than that of many Creoles; in fact, he might pass very well for a Quadroon, or a West India proprietor rather more sun-burnt than usual. Her Majesty, the Queen, is taller than her royal spouse; but of good figure, and with a countenance by no means

devoid of expression. Twinny, the Governor's lady, affects a more European manner of stature. She has fine eyes; the Moorish cast of feature; and, colour and all, might amount to the amiable. The whole party paid great attention to the performance (*Pizarro*, and *The Spirits of the Moon*); but they seemed to have learned the Court etiquette of not showing astonishment, however they might feel it. The Monarch's person touches slightly on the *en bon point*; but his general manner is easy, and extremely unaffected. Both the ladies appeared to comprehend the story of *Pizarro*; and the Queen, in the scenes between Cora and her child, shed tears repeatedly. Upon the whole, however, the scenery in *The Spirits of the Moon*, and the combat between Messrs. Grimaldi and Bradley, told best; and Boky, the Governor, seemed to be very much satisfied with the fighting. This gentleman is the blackest of all the party, but by no means an awkward or ill-looking man. When the curtain fell, the illustrious visitors retired to their carriages by the door in Prince's-place, at which they entered, and were loudly cheered, as at their first appearance, by the people both within and without the theatre. The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Bury accompanied the party, and remained in the same box.

with them during the whole of the evening.

After the Musical Piece entitled *Charles the Second*, the effect of which is much improved since the performers have become familiarized with their parts, a new Melodrama, called *The Castellan's Oath*, was performed for the first time. If there was no other way of accounting for the applauses of an audience, but by the intrinsic merits of the drama upon which they were lavished, the novelty of last night might lay claim to a considerable portion of praise; but whether it be, that the play-going people are increasing in good humour, or that theatrical tactics are better understood now than formerly, certain it is, that many theatrical exhibitions, which have gone off triumphantly within the walls of a theatre, have been very differently treated in other quarters. *The Castellan's Oath* is likely to share the fate of such productions. It possesses but little interest in any of the situations, and in character and composition it sinks below the ordinary standard. A few little rapid flutters between *Beirold* (Mr. Durnett) and *Norna* (Miss Hammersley), who are two domestics of the Castle of Lemburg, the first scene apprises us of the hard fate of *Prince Albert* (Mr. Vining), who happening to be the rightful Heir to the Crown of Poland, is incarcerated in the aforesaid castle by order of the Usurper *Wincislau* (Mr. Chipman). It is, however, his good fortune to meet with one of those rare personages—a humane goblin—in the person of *Count Lodowski* (Mr. I. P. Cooke), who is only surpassed by his wife *Odoifa* (Mrs. Fawcett), in acts of kindness and humanity to their prisoners. The Lady even goes so far as to visit him in prison, though we sincerely believe with perfect safety to her reputation. In the meanwhile a plot is formed for carrying off the Prince, who is seized, after one of those tender interviews, and hurried away from confinement, much against his own inclination. He knew that the wrath of the King would be visited on the Count and Countess, and considerably so, in consequence, while two parties are wending about him, to fly back again to the happy dungeon from which he was seized. Having given the countess

the slip, he arrives just in time to save the life of *Count Lodowski*, whom the King had resolved to sacrifice, if the Prince was not produced before him. Then comes another change in the affairs of young *Albert*. The King resolves on his death, as the only security to his government, and the Countess, aided and assisted by the sagacious *Beirold*, will have him out again. There are, of course, many difficulties in their way, but the principal one is an oath which the King had extorted from her husband, to plunge a dagger into the heart of *Albert* if any new attempt should be made to rescue him by violence or by fraud. But the first difficulty in the order of arrangement, is that of getting into the dungeon where the object of her solicitude is confined. For this purpose she assumes the habit of a deceased friend, and appearing as his ghost before *Joachim* (Mr. Blanchard), the affrighted jailor deserts his post, and *Odoifa* and *Beirold* enter the cavern. There is some melo-dramatic interest in the contrivance of the scene which follows, and perhaps it is not a little enhanced by the approximation of the catastrophe. The *Count* pursues them into the dungeon, but his wife and servant elude his search by various manoeuvres, until at length an alarm of rescue is given, and the *Count* is proceeding to fulfil his oath by taking the life of *Albert*, when the *Countess* rushes into his arms, and struggles with him, until the dungeon is forced by *Albert's* friends, the *King* slain, the government overturned, the rescue completed, and the legitimate Monarch restored to his dominions. *Beirold* and *Norna* are afterwards married with all convenient speed, and every one is happy and well provided for. The prominent defect of the piece was a total want of humour in the characters designed to be humorous. One of those, unluckily for Mr. Blanchard, fell to him. It was a pity to see his talents so ill employed. His terror at the entrance of the supposed ghost was the only thing at which we could laugh. The other comic character was strangely enough disposed of, but Mr. Durnett did not draw a prize when he obtained it. Our only reason for calling it comic is, that the performers bustled about more briskly than he is in the habit of doing as the

parts which fall within his line; but, for any thing else, we were as much puzzled to find out the fun as Mr. Duruset himself appeared to be. He sung a pleasing duet, however, with Miss Hammerly, who evinced much musical talent, and in that department they were both applauded. The other characters are not worth describing, further than that they have been in the plot; but the whole was favourably received, and loudly applauded in the end. The scenery, decorations, &c. were worthy of the taste for which this theatre has been long distinguished.

The tragedy of *Richard the Third* was performed, for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Kent in the character of *Gloster*. The very high encomiums which several of the provincial papers were bestowing on Mr. Kent, induced us, once or twice, a few weeks back, to call public attention to his name; but provincial report is very apt to be mistaken as to the extent of a performer's ability. In fact, acting—such as will suit even the London galleries—has more of the quality of art about it than some people imagine. Those who have constantly the best models before them, very easily detect any thing which falls below the level they are accustomed to; and even genuine natural faculty, unless assisted by artificial acquirement, would scarcely have a chance of success (in the higher walks of the drama) in town. Now, in that species of cultivation which, for instance, Mr. Young's acting exhibits in a very eminent degree, and which ensures a man, if he fails to do that which is excellent, from doing that which is offensive or ridiculous—in that kind of cultivation which goes to make an actor always safe, Mr. Kent is entirely deficient. He appeared in a character, from circumstances, very arduous. We have so many *Richards (en second)* in the field, and such a perfect representation of the part on our hands from Keen, that the public pulse does not beat over favourably towards any new competitor. There was a good deal of party opposition to Mr. Kent from the beginning of the piece; though his friends, by the way, were more numerous than his opponents, both raising a great noise, and not affecting the question of his suc-

cess a jot; but the reception, either way, apart, he has no claim to play such characters as *Richard* in London. His whole acting is too noisy, irregular, and pretending; full of exaggeration and straining after new readings and "business," seldom happy, and very frequently absurd. The soliloquies, were too loud, and too full of effort. The courtship to Lady Anne meant to be new, but not half so good as what is old. The scenes at Court, too "robustious," and ranting, and swaggering; and the deportment altogether without a touch of self-possession, much less gracefulness or Royal dignity. There were some occasional points in Mr. Kent's performance, of rather a better order than this; but as a whole, it was unsteady, and had the air of being unintellectual. The best hit was the tent-scene; but the fight with *Richmond* out-heroded Herod. From the moment that the combatants crossed their swords, the whole house was in an uproar between laughter and attempted applause. Mr. Abbott came forward when the curtain fell, and said something, which it was impossible to hear; Mr. Kent then appeared at the call of his friends, but was not permitted to say any thing at all. Upon the whole, we must consider Mr. Kent's attempt a failure: his *Richard* was a minor-house performance—not much better than Mr. Bennet's—about as good as Mr. Cobham's—not so good as Mr. Booth's. He possesses some qualifications for the stage, and might be useful, perhaps as a melo-drame actor; but he has shown no faculties, that entitle him to rank as a leading tragedian.

A new *Juliet* has appeared this month in the person of Miss Nesbitt. Some of the theatrical critics say she has taste and some feeling; so much the worse; we should wish her to have in their stead both genius and passion.

Miss Nesbitt, no doubt, was brought forward to convince the admirers of Miss Kelly that she was not the only *Juliet* of the age; but we believe they still remain unconvinced, and are likely to remain so. The second night she was announced in this character, she would have appeared to empty boxes and a thin pit had she appeared at all; but whether illness or discouragement prevented her, she did not appear, and Miss Kelly, who took

her place, was received with the most rapturous and enthusiastic applause. We have had frequently occasion to observe, that Miss Kelly has not been well treated by the managers, and unless a change takes place in the present management, we fear we shall have to report this treatment again and again. On the present occasion we ask, why should a character of which

she was in possession, and which she always played to full houses, be given to another? Her benefit, we understand, has also been deferred to the tenth of July, and she has accordingly, declined accepting of it, knowing that a benefit so late in the season must be worse than no benefit, or, in other words, that it would be a certain loss.

#### VAUXHALL.

These gardens have opened for the season with more than the usual attractions, or at least many of the old ones so varied and improved as to have the air and effect of novelty. The illuminations were upon a very extensive scale, and so arranged as to produce uncommon brilliancy of effect. Where Mount Vesuvius was last season, we have now the Cave of Fingal: the Staffa sea-view is very good, and the scenery in general throughout the artist's department of the gardens, very creditable. The *Chinese ballet* is capitally got up; the French mechanical theatre is attractive, and the *cosmorama* (several of which are new) are as good as usual. The fire-works are very magnificent, and a Mr Blackmore, who is designated as the surprising young American, made his ascent on the rope to a triumphal arch at the top of the Moorish tower with great intrepidity, in the midst of volleys of rockets, flames of blue lights, and the double din of fireworks and cheers. The vocal and instrumental performers are numerous and well selected. Miss Tunstall, Miss Witham, and Miss Hamnersley, are the ladies, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Nelson, Master Longhurst, and Mr. Mallinson are the other principal singers. Some of the songs were encored, and the glee of "*Here's a health to all good lasses*" was very well received. The gardens were well attended, notwithstanding the lowering appearance of the atmosphere late in the evening, and the whole of the arrangements upon a scale which entitles the proprietors to the patronage of the public. Many of the walks and the saloon are enlarged, new galleries have been constructed near the theatre and fire-works; and a shell-roof, rather too low for the orchestra, and for the me-

chanical action of a sounding part, has been placed over the orchestra; but this defect (if such the musical folk find it to be) is so susceptible of remedy, that it is hardly worth remark. Vauxhall-gardens furnish an old, and in many respects, unique sort of amusement; every body is accustomed to know and to enjoy the lounge, and it is hardly necessary to say more than that every thing is done by the proprietors to maintain the reputation of this long-established place of public resort.

On the 19th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, was commemorated at these gardens by a grand military fete. Flags of all the nations of Europe waved from the trees, whose dark foliage was finely contrasted with the uncommon brilliancy of the lamps, of which there were upwards of 12,000 additional, arranged in various devices. A transparency of the Duke of Wellington presented itself in the most conspicuous part of the garden, flanked on each side by the word "Waterloo" in variegated colours. In the ballet of the *Chinese Wedding* the Minuet de la Cour, the Gavotte, and a quadrille, were introduced by the pupils of Monsieur Hullin. The concert consisted of appropriate military songs, &c; and amongst the *cosmorama*s was one piece painted expressly for the occasion, representing the Battle of Waterloo. The fire-works were more than usually splendid, and concluded with a double glory of sixty-two rays, with "Wellington" in the centre, and the words "Long may he live." The company was numerous and respectable, comprising many persons of fashion; and, upon the whole, the fest passed off with considerable éclat.



## VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

IN our domestic news of the month, we have to record the prorogation of parliament, by his majesty in person, on Friday 25th, (June) after a session less remarkable for any positive enactments, or for any splendid discussion, than for the improved tone of liberal sentiment, and for the germs of a more enlightened policy, which have evinced themselves throughout the proceedings of both the houses. Although many doctrines have been maintained, and many parts of the antiquated and prejudicial system of measures may have been persevered in, by the executive government, yet we must remember, that improvements in domestic policy necessarily involve the sacrifice of so many individual interests, that even the change from bad to good ought not to be effected too suddenly, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the administration for their enlightened views of commerce, and for their liberal forbearance with respect to the public press.

The government have renewed the Irish insurrection act, but have appointed committees of both houses to inquire into the nature and extent of the disturbances in those counties subject to the operation of the bill. It was the wish of a very numerous body in both houses, that the inquiries of the committees should extend to the whole of Ireland; a difference, however, of very little importance, as the evils which afflict that ill-fated country are so distinctly marked, and arise from causes so obvious and well understood, that all inquiry becomes a mere matter of form. The public attention should be directed to the remedy rather than to the causes and diagnostics of the disease. Connected with, or analogous to, the condition of Ireland, are the several discussions that have taken place during the month upon the subjects of religious toleration, and of the state of the Irish church establishment. Mr. Hume's motion for an investigation into the ecclesiastical polity of Ireland having been negatived, and his assertion relative to the great number of non-resident clergy contradicted, that gentleman moved for a return of the resident and non-resident clergy of Ireland for the years 1822 and 1823.

and the house granted his motion as well as a similar motion for other papers relating to Irish benefices, and to advowsons. The Marquis of Lansdown brought in two bills, to place the Catholics of England on an equality with those of Ireland. The bills were ably supported by Lord Liverpool and the Bishop of Lichfield, but they were lost by majorities of thirty-eight and thirty-four. Earl Grey presented a petition from the Irish Catholics complaining of absenteeism of the assessment of the whole population of Ireland to support a church to which not one-eighth of that population belonged; and for further complaining of the partial and corrupt manner in which the laws were administered by the minor authorities. Mr. Plunkett presented a petition from the Irish Catholics, praying for a repeal of all penal and disabling statutes against persons of that religious persuasion. In the course of his speech, this gentleman observed with great emphasis and energy, "that, at some period or other, Catholic emancipation must be carried—there were acting in its favour moral causes as unerring as those physical causes which affected the operations of nature—it was a cause that never could be put an end to but by the accomplishment of its object, and it was of the highest importance that they should accelerate an object which ultimately they could not resist without sacrificing the peace and safety of the community." The Bishop of Raphoe presented a petition from Kilmore, praying for an assessment on Irish parishes to provide for the poor. Lord Limerick expressed his utmost abhorrence at any attempt to introduce the poor laws into Ireland, and his Lordship with Lord Clifden observed that, according to law, one-third of each benefice was the right of the poor, and had been originally intended and devoted to that purpose.

On the subject of trade, the measures of government have been intelligent and salutary. The bill for removing the restrictions upon the silk trade has passed into a law, although a petition signed by 7000 weavers was presented against it to the House of Lords. A bill has also passed allow-

ing the exportation of flour made from the foreign warehouse corn. It appears that between £1,500,000. and £2,000,000. of English capital has been locked up by the prohibitory measures respecting the corn trade, and much of which will now be liberated, to the great advantage of individuals and of the public, by this permission to export foreign flour. On discussing this subject, Sir Francis Burdett made the following excellent and very useful observations: "If any trade should be left free it was that of corn. It was, indeed, most strange to see a legislature devising means to abridge the supply of corn; the more corn was imported, the greater would be the demand for manufactures, and, in proportion to the demand for manufactures, would ultimately be the demand for the natural produce of the country."

A motion for the repeal of the leather tax was opposed by government, but the public opinion against the tax may be estimated by the government carrying their opposition by a majority of only sixteen. Sir Joseph Yorke, in a speech of much practical good sense, observed, that "of £900,000 levied on the people by this tax, only £300,000 found its way into the exchequer."

We regret to state that Lord Althorpe's county court bill has been lost in the House of Lords. The legal recovery of small debts is the opprobrium of English law; Blackstone has strongly reprobated our laws upon this subject, and, indeed, they amount to the strongest insult upon the common sense and common justice of the nation. The county court of Middlesex was an attempt made nearly seventy years ago to affect a reformation of our jurisprudence in the recovery of small debts. Judge Blackstone praised the bill establishing this court, but experience has proved the court to be established upon principles seductive to the most gross frauds and demoralizing practices. The bill is so loosely worded, that the jury has been nearly dispensed with, whilst the principle of remunerating the officers of the court by fees, instead of by fixed salaries, is an inducement to give decisions hasty and in favour of those who, by success, are likely to be encouraged to bring more suits into the court.

*Edin. June. 1824.*

The debate which of all others has excited the greatest interest throughout the country, was that relating to Mr. Smith, the missionary at Demerara. It is almost impossible to conceive a greater violation of decorum, justice, and humanity, than is exhibited in the proceedings against this unfortunate victim of the prejudices and passions of others. Without going into the details of his case, suffice it to say, that such was the *animus* existing on the occasion in Demerara, that after the unhappy man had fallen a victim to the proceedings against him, his widow was forcibly prevented, by the public authorities of the colony, from attending the remains of her husband to the grave; and when the affections of two of this missionary's congregation induced them to inclose his grave with brick-work and a paling, the governor ordered these protections to be destroyed, and the body was left exposed to become the prey of wild beasts.

We regret to say that the arrivals from Africa have confirmed the disastrous accounts which we published in our last number respecting the death of Sir C. Macarthy, and the destruction of the English forces by the Ashantees. The defeat of our forces entirely arose from two circumstances—the delay in the bearer of a dispatch which Sir Charles Macarthy had sent to one of his officers, ordering him to form a junction with his division; and, secondly, the negligence of an English officer in not furnishing the troops with a sufficiency of ammunition. We are happy to find that the governors of the Dutch and Danish fortresses on the coast of Africa have determined to make common cause with us against the Ashantees.

No accounts of any material consequence have arrived from Greece, but the tenor of all the communications from that country evince that the Greeks have become united amongst themselves, that they are proceeding with zeal and intelligence in the organization of free institutions, and that there exists no longer any apprehension of any further invasion of Greece by the Turks. What may be the ultimate designs of Russia with respect to Greece, it is, at present, impossible to imagine.—Our force continues the blockade of Algiers, but hitherto without the effect of reducing

the Day to terms of peace. It is our intention to commence a system of night attacks upon the town by means of bombs and gun vessels, a plan the success of which can be little doubted, and probably the experiment will have been made before our next communication to the public.

The arrivals from America are satisfactory. The congress of Columbia had assembled at Santa Fé, De Bogota, and the public authorities were exciting themselves in establishing schools and institutions for the liberal instruction of the people, and for the general improvement of the country. A treaty had been signed between Columbia, Mexico, and Buenos Ayres, pledging mutual assistance in the event of any attack on either country by Old Spain, or by any of the continental powers of Europe. Chili was about acceding to this alliance, and which, no doubt, will include Peru as soon as the liberation of that country is effected. No authentic accounts have been received from Peru, but from the high character, the prudence, and resources of Bolivar, and from the local circumstances of the neighbouring republics, little apprehensions need be entertained for the liberation of Peru. From the speech of Mr. Canning upon the subject of South America, it is evident that the recognition of the American republics by England will not be longer delayed. The independence and freedom of Spanish America will be a virtual liquidation of the national debt of England, for the trade of those countries will increase our revenue and resources to an extent that will enable

us to recover all the disastrous financial burdens which have arisen from the extravagant wars which arose out of the French Revolution.

The political arena of the continent of Europe during the last month has exhibited nothing of any importance. Spain appears in the same state of hopeless wretchedness into which she was plunged by the invasion of the Duke d'Angouleme. The revolution of Portugal has been suppressed by dint of the decision of the different foreign ministers at Lisbon, whilst the Infant Don Miguel has been compelled to quit his country and to travel into France. Considering the abandoned habits, the profligacy and brutality of this young prince, we are rather surprised at his favourable reception by the court at Paris. The project of the French minister for reducing the interest of the rentes, we are happy to say, has been thrown out by the chamber of peers; we are happy at this event, as the measure would have occasioned great misery to individuals, without saving the state more than it might be saved by the economy in public departments, which the government could adopt with much more justice and propriety. This financial schism in the French cabinet has led to the dismissal from office of M. de Chateaubriand, a measure of which every well constituted mind must approve; this courtier's excessive subserviency to whoever possessed the political ascendant, rendering his continuance in office a very pernicious example to society.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

This day is published, price 1s. each, *Questions adapted to Aldrich's Logic. Questions on Herodotus.*

In the press, *Questions on Thucydides; Maps and Plans to illustrate Livy, Herodotus, and Thucydides.*

Dr. Forbes of Chichester, will very shortly publish his *Translation of Avenbrugger, and a series of original Cases and Dissections, illustrating the utility of the Stethoscope and Percussion.*

M. Laennec is preparing for publication, a new edition of his celebrated treatise on *Mediate Auscultation*, with considerable alterations and improvements.

In consequence, Dr. Forbes has postponed, till after the appearance of this, the second edition of his translation.

In the press and speedily will be published, an *Enquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as witnesses in courts of justice, with cautions and directions for their guidance*, by J. G. Smith, M.D.

Mr. Lambert, vice president of the Linnean Society, has been a long time engaged on the second volume of his splendid work, a description of *Genus Pinus*, which is expected to appear in the course of this month.

This work consists of plates and descriptions of Species of the Genus *Pinus*, entirely new, and the most magnificent hitherto discovered; which, as they will bear the climate of this country, they cannot fail to be an important acquisition to the parks and plantations, both in usefulness and ornament. Besides, the Genus *Pinus*, it includes likewise descriptions of many other new species of the family of *Conifere*.

A Tour on the Continent, through part of France, Switzerland, and Italy, in the years 1817 and 1818, by Roger Hog, esq., author of *Adelaide de Grammont* and poems, price 8s. boards.

In the press and speedily will be published in one volume, royal 18mo. elegantly printed.

Memors of the Rose, comprising Botanical, Porticall, and Miscellaneous Recollections of that celebrated Flower in a Series of Letters to a Lady.

Dictionnaire des termes appropriés aux Arts et aux Sciences, faisant suite au Dictionnaire de l'Académie, suivi d'un traité raisonné de ponctuation par F. Raymond.—4to, Paris 1821.

Patmos and other Poems by James Edmeston, author of Sacred Lyrics in one volume, published for the benefit of benevolent institutions connected with the church and congregation of the Rev. H. F. Burder, and of the Rev. F. A. Cox, Hackney.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Letters in Rhyme from a Mother at Home to her Daughters at School, a neat pocket volume; also Tales from Afar by a Country Clergyman, one volume, 12mo. embellished with a superior copper plate.

Just published, Theodore, or the Gamester's Progress, a poetic tale, embellished with a superior copper plate engraving, 18mo.

Buryan Explained to a Child, consist-

ing of Fifty One Scenes from the Pilgrim's Progress, and a map of the Journey, with an original poem and explanation to each. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor of Ongar, author of *Scenes in Europe*, &c. 1 vol. 12mo., neatly half bound.

The Christian Father's Present to his Children, by the Rev. J. A. James, 2 vols. 12 mo.

The Rev. T. Arnold, M. A. (late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford) has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The first volume, from the Rise of the Roman State to the Formation of the second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710—B. C. 44, will soon be published.

In the Press, *The Mechanic's Oracle; or Artisan's complete Laboratory and Workshop.*

In a few days will be published, for the exclusive benefit of his Family, the Remains of Robert Bloomfield, consisting of unedited Pieces, both in Prose and Verse.

This day is published, price One Shilling each, An Historical Connection between the Old and New Testaments; A Prophetical Connection between the Old and New Testaments; Questions on the Old Testament, with References; Questions on the New Testament, with References; Questions on the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

A Catechism of Prophecy, "For the Use of Sunday Schools," price 3d.

In the press, A Short View of the Harmony of the New Testament.

This day is published, in Quarto, with a Portrait, price 3l. 3s. The Life and Remains of Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, Author of Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, &c. &c. By the Rev. Wm. Otter, A. M.

## LIST OF PATENTS

To John Dickinson, of Nash Mill, in the parish of Abbots Langley, in the county of Hertford, Esq., for his invention of a method of cutting cards by means of machinery; and also a process for applying paste or other adhesive matter to paper, and for sticking paper together with paste or other adhesive matter by means of machinery applicable to such purposes.—Sealed 20th May;—6 months.—For enrolment.

To James Cook, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Gun-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in the method of making and constructing

locks for guns, pistols, and other firearms.—20th May.—6 months.

To Thomas Marsh, of Charlotte-street, Portland-place, in the county of Middlesex, Saddler and Harness-maker, for his invention of an improvement in the art of making saddles.—20th May.—2 months.

To James Viney, of Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, Colonel in the Royal Artillery, for his new-invented method of supplying water or fluids for domestic or other purposes, in a manner more extensively and economically than has hitherto been practised.—22nd May.—6 months.

To Benjamin Black, of South Molton-street, in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, Lamp Manufacturer, for his invention of an improvement on carriage-lamps.—25th May.—6 months.

To Joseph Wells, of Manchester, in the county palatine of Lancaster, Silk Manufacturer, for his new-invented machine for dressing and stiffening, and drying of cotton and linen warps, or any other warps that may require it, at the same time the loom is working, either with the motion of the loom or other machinery.—25th May.—6 months.

To James Holland, of Fence House, in the parish of Aston, in the county of York, Shoemaker, for his invention of certain improvements in the manufacture of boots and shoes.—31st May.—2 months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, Lace Manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the methods of preparing and manufacturing silk for weaving and other purposes.—15th June.—6 months.

To William Ainsworth Jurap, of Mid-dlowich, in the county of Chester, Salt Proprietor, and William Court, of Manor Hall, in the county of Chester, Esq., for their invention of an improved method of manufacturing salt.—15th June.—2 months

To Richard Hooton, of the Aqueduct Iron Works, Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Iron Manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in manufacturing wrought iron.—15th June.—6 months.

To William Harwood Horrocks, of Stockport, in the county of Chester, Cotton Manufacturer, for his new-invented apparatus for giving tension to the warp in looms.—15th June.—6 months.

To Robert Garbutt, of the town of Kingston upon Hull, Merchant, for his invention of an apparatus for the more convenient filing of papers and other articles, and protecting the same from

dust or damage, including improvements on, or additions to, the file in common use.—15th June.—6 months.

To William Harrington, of Cross-haven, in the county of Cork, Esq., for his invention of an improved raft for transporting timber.—15th June.—6 months.

To Charles Chubb, of Portsea, in the county of Southampton, Ironmonger, for his invention of improvements in the construction of locks.—15th June.—2 months.

To Benjamin Ager Day, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Fire Screen Maker, for his invention of certain improvements in the manufacturing of drawer, door, and lock knobs, and knobs of every description.—15th June.—2 months.

To John Mc Curdy, of New York, in the United States of America, but now of Saow-hill, in the city of London, Esq., in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner, for an improved method of generating steam.—15th June.—6 months.

To Philip Taylor, of the City-road, in the county of Middlesex, Engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for producing gas from various substances.—15th June.—6 months.

To John Gibson, Woollen Draper and Hatter, in Glasgow, for his new invention in the manufacturing or making of an elastic fabric from whalebone, hemp, and other materials combined, suitable for making into elastic frames or bodies, for hats, caps, and bonnets, and for other purposes; and also the manufacturing or making of such elastic frames or bodies from the same materials, by the mode of plaiting.—15th June.—4 months.

To William Bailey, the younger, of Lane End, Staffordshire Potteries, Manufacturer and Ornamentor of Lustre Ware, for his invention of an improved gas consumer, for the more effectually consuming the smoke arising from gas burners or lamps.—15th June.—2 months.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Wednesday, June 30, 1824.

**COTTON.**—The East-India sale this forenoon went off without spirit; Bengal, sold 4d. per lb. below the previous market currency; the Surats at a greater reduction:—1700 Bengal, 5½d. a 5½d.; 2500 Surats; (1200 taken in) 5½d. a 6½d.; 215 Bourbon, 9½d. a 10½d.; 38 Madras, 6½d. a 6½d.

**SUGAR.**—The supply of new Sugars at market has not been so extensive as had been anticipated; the good and fine qualities in consequence met a ready sale, and fine Jamaicas have realised 67s. a 70s. The public sale of Barbadoes Sugar on Tuesday went off steadily at full prices.

The request for low goods continues very general, and, as few parcels offer, very high prices are realised; the fine goods, on the contrary, still rate low. It is anticipated there will shortly be a better supply of goods, as the refiners are commencing to work freely.—Molasses are brisk at 25s. 6d.

By public sale this forenoon, 195 chests Brazil Sugar; the whole, with the exception of the damaged, taken in, soft white 28s. a 30s.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales of Coffee this week have gone off steadily; the late prices are maintained, except for Dominica, which, early in the week, obtained an advance of 2s. a 3s. per cwt. but has since declined in the same proportion.

There were three public sales this forenoon; the whole sold heavily, and rather lower, particularly the fine ordinary and middling descriptions; 263 bags St. Domingo were taken in 58s. 6d. only offered; the market to-day appeared very heavy.

**TALLOW.**—There is not the slightest variation in the prices of Tallow; the market continues exceedingly heavy; yellow candle Tallow 34s a 34s. 3d.

**RICE.**—By public sale on Tuesday, 18 barrels Carolina Rice, middling quality, screened, 28s. 6d.

**RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.**—The demand for Rum continues inconsiderable; there is no alteration in the prices—Brandy is a shade higher, owing to the accounts from France being unfavourable as to the appearance of the vintage; free on board to arrive 2s. 6d. a 2s. 7d.—In Geneva there is little alteration.

**SILK.**—The sale at the India House has closed; China Silks have sold 2½ to 5 per cent. higher; the Bengals at nearly a similar improvement.

**CORN.**—We were not very abundantly supplied with WHEAT and FLOUR in the course of the last week, the finest qualities of the former were taken off on quite as high terms.

To-day the quantity of WHEAT fresh up was not large; but the quality being in general good, last Monday's prices were fully supported.

FLOUR remains the same; only such as is fresh commands a sale.

The OAT trade continues precisely in the same state as last week.

GRINDING BARLEY is in request at the terms of our currency.

There is more sale for WHITE PEAS at rather better prices.

BEANS are a heavy sale at a reduction of 1s per quarter.

In other articles we cannot observe any material alteration.

## LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1824, TO TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1824, INCLUSIVE.

*Extracted from the London Gazette.*

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Clegg, Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, machine maker.  
 J. Davies, Carmarthen, spirit-merchant.  
 G. H. Dacre, Brunswick place, City-road, merchant.  
 R. P. Evans, Bernard-street, Russell-square, merchant.

W. Noble, Longdale, Westmoreland, cattle dealer.  
 C. Openshaw, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer.  
 W. Sutton, late of Sunbury, Middlesex, brewer.  
 E. Tipton, Gloucester, vintner.

## BANKRUPTS.

Austin, J. B. Cheapside, London, and Farnham, Surrey, druggist. (Russell and Son, Lamb-street, Southwark.)  
 Austin, C. Luton, Bedfordshire, banker. (Aubrey, Took's-court, Cursitor-street.)  
 Ashton, T. Canton-place, East India road, Poplar, under-writer. (Baker, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.)  
 Aldritt, T. Bradley, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthenware. (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Willis, Tokenhouse-yard.)  
 Appleton, R. Manchester, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.)  
 Beale, C. New Sarum, Wiltshire, oilman. (Lindsell, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.)  
 Rolton, T. Ormskirk, Lancashire, tailor. (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.)  
 Bird, T. W. Liverpool, merchant and cotton-broker. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.)  
 Booth, P. Geese-cross, within Werneth, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. (Alme and Parry, Temple.)  
 Baillie, R. and E. Baillie, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, merchants. (Gregson and Fournereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.)  
 Bulmer, G. D. Liverpool, money-scriver. (Chester, Staple-inn.)  
 Bliss, F. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, money-scriver. (Palmer, Gray's-inn-square.)  
 Birks, E. Sheffield, grocer. (Rodgers, Canterbury-square.)  
 White, W. B. Strand, linen-draper. (Parker, New Boswell-court.)  
 Courtois, R. Sile-lane, dealer. (Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn.)  
 Clark, R. and J. Jobling, jun. Trinity-square, Tower-hill, coal-factors. (Grace and Steadman, Birch-lane.)  
 Campton, R. Horselydown-lane, Surrey, cooper. (Dimes and Chaffield, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.)  
 Canfield, P. Monkton, Pembrokeshire, auctioneer. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.)  
 Courthope, T. Rotherhithe, boat builder. (Young and Vallings, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry.)  
 Castle, J. Blackman-street, Newington, Surrey, wire-worker. (Robinson, Half Moon-street, Piccadilly.)  
 Crooke, W. Burnley, Lancashire, iron-merchant. (Beverley, Garden-court, Temple.)  
 Duke, J. Basinghall-street, warehouseman. (Fisher, Bucklebury.)  
 Drabwell, J. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, wine-merchant. (Gibson and Stafford, Bucklebury-street, Strand.)  
 Dwyer, T. Exeter, Devonshire,

linen-draper. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street.)  
 Edwards, W. Surrey lodge, Battersea, merchant. (Cope, Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-road.)  
 Edwards, G. and T. Hoggart, St. John's-street, West Smithfield, slattoners. (Richardson, Cheapside.)  
 Everitt, J. Stamford Baron, Northamptonshire, dealer in horses. (Hamilton and Ultherne, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden.)  
 Evans, W. Albany-terrace, Albany-road, Old Kent-road, merchant. (Clarke, Faulkner, and Clarke, Saillet's-ball, Cheapside.)  
 Fairman, J. Alfred-mews, Tottenham-court-road, horse-dealer. (Carlin, High-street, Marylebone.)  
 Falton, F. Maldox-street, Bond-street, watch-maker. (Jones and Bland, Great Marylebone-street.)  
 Finch, R. and J. Bosham, Oxfordshire, glove-manufacturers. (Robinson and Hinde, Charterhouse-square.)  
 Fishwick, W. Haregham-Faves, Lancashire, timber-merchant. (Noyes, John-street, Bedford-row.)  
 Felton, R. jun. Spur Inn-yard, Southwark, hop-merchant. (Hennman, James-street, Covent-garden.)  
 Gaskell, T. Bugsworth, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. (Alme and Parry, Temple.)  
 Gibson, R. J. P. Great Bell-alley, Coleman-street, merchant. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.)  
 Griffith, W. Beaumarie, Anglesea, currier. (Blackstock and Bunce, London.)  
 Giana, A. New Cavendish-street, Portland-place, music-publisher. (T. and W. Orchard, Hatton-garden.)  
 Hill, J. Carlisle, mercer. (Birkett and Taylor, Clock-lane.)  
 Harrison, S. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, mercer. (Lambert, Gray's-inn.)  
 Hall, W. Layton's-buildings, Southwark, merchant. (Farrin, Surrey-street, Strand.)  
 Humble, J. Manchester, shopkeeper. (Adlington, Faulkner, and Gregory, Bedford-row.)  
 Halliwell, W. Bunhill-row, hatter. (Annesley, East India Chambers, Leadenhall-street.)  
 Hootres, W. Northway, Halifax, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. (Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn-square.)  
 Hilder, J. Lime-street, victualler. (Sanford, New-jun, Strand.)  
 Hilderman, J. N. Alphington, Devonshire, starch-manufacturer. (Darke and Michael, Rat Lion-square.)  
 Hall, G. Litchbury, hat-manufacturer. (Borradale and Ashmore, King-street, Cheapside.)

Hicks, H. W. Connaught-mews, Edgware-road, horse-dealer. (Brill, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Holmes, T. Nottingham, corn-factor. (Briggs and Mould, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Hooman, J. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's inn-fields, carpet-manufacturer. (Kaye, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn.

Hale, W. Church-street, Spitalfields, cabinet-maker. (Wilks, Finsbury-place.

Jackson, E. York, goldsmith and jeweller. (Batty, Chancery-lane.

Joyce, H. S. and J. Joyce, Freshford, Somersetshire, and T. Joyce, Bucklersbury, clothiers. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.

James, C. Borsham, Sussex, innholder. (Collingwood, St. Saviour's Church-yard, South-walk.

Jamieson, W. Paneras-lane, provision-merchant. (Smith and Wair, Austinfriars.

Kain, F. Fore-street, Limehouse, coal merchant. (Harman, Wine-office-court, Fleet-street.

Lewis, J. Bristol, grocer. (Clarke, Richards, and Medical, Chancery-lane.

Marchman, B. Trow-bridge, Wiltshire, clothier. (Morgan, Ely-place, Holborn.

Mackenzie, A. Lime-street, merchant. (Lane and Bennett, Lawrence Pountney-place.

Moore, J. sen. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Stocker and Dawson, Boswell-court, and Milne and Parry, Inner Temple.

Makepeace, H. Bristol, coach-maker. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.

Moore, J. Bristol, timber-merchant. (Henderson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

McCarthy, D. Shadwell, Middlesex, coal-merchant. (Burra and Neild, King's-street, Cheapside.

Maybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street, tailor. (Tanner, Finsbury, Cripplegate.

Noyes, J. Tooley-street, Southwark, oilman. (Becke, Devonshire, Queen's-square.

Nash, J. Bristol, auctioneer. (Umney, Chancery-lane.

Parke, J. Liverpool, druggist. (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Pine T. and E. Davis, Maidstone, Kent, millers. (Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies Inn, Holborn.

Pomeroy, R. jun. Brexham, Devonshire, banker. (Abbott, Mark-lane.

Prestwidge, S. Drury-lane, grocer. (Hind maish, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate.

Penn, W. B. Datchett, Buckinghamshire, bookseller. (Yewd, New North-street, Red Lion-square.

Pacey, T. Lincoln, mariner. (Anderton and Williams, Quality-court, Chancery-lane.

Purchas, S. Yeovil, Somersetshire, draper. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.

Rositer, T. Bristol, bottle-liquor-merchant. (Platt, New Bowdell-court, Lincoln's-inn.

Raney, J. Whitehaven, Cumberland, tinker. (Lovie, Oliveron, and Denby, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

Rawlings, R. and I. Frome-Salwood, Somersetshire, card-makers. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Roberts, J. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, coal-merchant. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.

Skaife J. S. Tokenhouse-yard and Bishopsgate-street, hat manufacturer. (Bowman, Union-court, Old Broad-street.

Symonds, N. W. Crutched-friars, merchant. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.

Smith, T. B., A. Smith, and D. Smith, Old Trinity-house, Water-lane, Tower-street, coin-factors. (Fisher, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Sheriff, W. Liverpool, dealer. (Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Smith, T. Chappelow, Monmouthshire, cabinet-maker. (Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.

Sanders, T. A. Penkridge, Staffordshire, surgeon and apothecary. (J. and W. Lowe and Co. bar, Tanfield-court, Temple.

Smyth, T. Exeter, bookseller. (Downes, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.

Stolworthy, E. Chiswell-street, cheese-monger. (Richardson, Cheapside.

Spofforth, R. jun. Howden, Yorkshire, scrivener. (Lowndes, Red Lion-square.

Stephenson, C. V. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Chester, Staple-inn.

Sherwin, J. and J. Drane, Gould-square, Crutched-friars, comb-makers. (Kirkman and Rutherford, Canon-street.

Smith, J. Chichester, Fenchurch-street, and Devonshire street, Bishopsgate-street, money-scrivener. (May and Boxer, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.

Todd, E. Chorlton, Lancashire, cotton spinner. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Tode, G. P. Regent-street, St. James's, watch-maker. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.

Thropp, J. Tooley-street, Southwark, and West Smithfield, victualler. (Hodgson and Barton, Salisbury-street, Strand.

Thompson, J. Birmingham, victualler. (Baxter, Gray's-inn-place.

Vankempen, P. Wapping-wall, brewer. (Crane, Union-court, Broad-street.

Wise, T. W. Jernyn-street, tavern-keeper. (Fisher and Lake, Bury-street, St. James's.

Wylde, J. Macclesfield, Cheshire. Milne and Parry, Temple.

Williams, E. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. (J. M. Taylor, King-street, Cheapside.

Wilcox, O. Tottenham-court-road, butcher. (Cooke and Hunter, Clement's-inn, New Chambers.

Whitaker, J. St. Paul's Church-yard, dealer in music. (Harman, Wine-office-court, Fleet-street.

Whitbread, W. South-end, Essex, linen-draper. (D. Jones, Sise-lane.

Wells, T. sen. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer. (Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook.

Wilson, R. Turnham-green, Chiswick, Middlesex, draper. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

Waterhouse, C. Bridgnorth, Salop, druggist and grocer. (Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury.

Warneford, F. Wakefield, Yorkshire, tea-dealer. (Noy and Hard-tons, Great Tower-street.

Wilson, R. Tooley-street, victualler. (Whitton, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

DIVIDENDS.

Aldred, G. Durham, rope-maker, June 30.

Atkinson, P. Rathbone-place, haberdasher, June 15.

Barely, T. W. and W. Stapleton, Newport Pagnell, Bucks, June 12.

Buckley, J. Hollinggrave, Yorkshire, woollen-cloth-manufacturer, June 17.

Barron, J. Warwickshire, inn-keeper, June 16.

Brickwood, J. sen. J. Brickwood, jun. J. Kainer, W. Morgan, and J. Starkey, Lombard-street, bankers, June 13.

Baker, J. Crutched-friars, wine-merchant, June 19.

Beecher, C. C. Lothbury, merchant, June 29.

Bedson, T. and B. Bis. op Aston, Warwickshire, brass-founders, July 3.

Ball, E. Bristol, baker, July 3.

Brown, A. Plymouth, ship-builder, July 9.

Barnby, J. Newmarket, dealer, July 7.

Barnett, W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, inn-holder, July 6.

Brinkley, J. Manchester, merchant, June 28.

Baker, S. Bath, tallow, July 10.

Bagley, G. Pocklington, Yorkshire, July 19.

Blackley, E. Fleet-street, Cheapside, July 3.

Berry, E. Bond-court, Walbrook, June 29.



- Blair, G. and W. Plumpton, Lower-Thames-street, June 24.  
 Cratchley, H. Warwick, linen-draper, June 12.  
 Chambers, J. tobaccoist, Gracechurch-street, June 19.  
 Cross, R. Harby Tower, maltster, July 3.  
 Consett, R. and R. Lee, Sealecote, Yorkshire, merchants, July 20.  
 Cross, R. Bridlington, Yorkshire, July 16.  
 Childley, R. Sparrow-cornet, Minorics, cheesemonger, July 13.  
 Callow, J. Prince's-street, Soho, medical-book-seller, July 10.  
 Day, R. Crooked-lane, oil-broker, June 29.  
 Drake, D. and G. Smith, Reading, linen-draper, June 19.  
 Day, R. H. Tonn, Kent, seed-crusher, June 15.  
 Bix, J. High-street, Marylebone, baker, June 19.  
 Dow, J. Bush-lane, merchant, June 18.  
 D'Arvil, Oxford, timber-merchant, June 15.  
 Dalton, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, earthenware-manufacturer, June 29.  
 Davidson and A. Garnett, Liverpool, merchants, July 6.  
 Drummond, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, draper, July 6.  
 Dickie, J. Devauport, mercer, June 28.  
 Ebbe, J. jeweller, July 3.  
 Evans, D. Swansea, draper, June 28.  
 Fernley, C. Crutched-friars, wine-merchant, June 29.  
 Franklin, W. Wiltshire, fuller, July 8.  
 Fazzana, D. Bath, fancy-stationer, June 26.  
 Feraday, S. Minshall-park, iron-master, July 16.  
 Fowler, D. and R. Green, Lime-street, merchants, June 26.  
 Filder, J. Lamb's-conduit-street, upholsterer, June 19.  
 Glover, D. Gutter-lane, merchant, June 19.  
 Grace, R. Feuchurch-street, hat-manufacturer, July 6.  
 Gooch, W. Harlow, Essex, wine-merchant, July 13.  
 Hawkins, R. F. Three-volt-street, Lincolne, June 19.  
 Huxley, C. R. Newgate-street, wholesale glover, June 12.  
 Humble, M. and S. Holland, Liverpool, merchants, June 24.  
 Harrison, G. Aldgate High-street, cheesemonger, June 26.  
 Hepke, T. and H. O. Von, Port-street, merchants, June 24.  
 Harris, J. Birmingham, nail-factor, June 22.  
 Holt, H. F. Cannon-row, surgeon, June 19.  
 Horsham, G. Sussex, druggist, June 29.  
 Harman, J. C. W. beach, linen-draper, July 3.  
 Herbert, R. and W. Buckmaster, St. Mary Axe, wine-merchants, July 10.  
 Holdsworth, W. Bradford, wool-stapler, June 30.  
 Hunt, H. Liverpool, haberdasher, July 5.  
 Handcomb, L. H. Newport-Pagnell, lace-merchant, June 26.  
 Holt, H. F. Cannon-row, Westminster, surgeon, June 26.  
 Herbert J. Windmill-court, virtualler, June 26.  
 Hone, J. W. Brixton, draper, July 17.  
 Harnage, Sir G. Chatham-place, merchant, July 13.  
 Herbert, P. London, merchant, July 13.  
 Hammon, J. Great Portland-street, Oxford-street, July 17.  
 Harris, J. Birmingham, nail-manufacturer, June 26.  
 Howard and Gibbs, Cork-street, St. James's, Westminster, June 22.  
 Hibbert, J. Hylord's-court, Crutched-friars, June 26.  
 Jordan, R. Salford, Lancashire, brewer, July 30.  
 Jones, T. St. John-street, West Smithfield, stationer, July 10.  
 King, W. Fareham, coach-builder, July 3.  
 Knight, J. Hallifax, merchant, July 8.  
 King, F. Warwick, upholsterer, July 17.  
 Littlewood, J. Rochdale, stationer, June 19.  
 Lax, J. Sunderland, carrier, July 6.  
 Loughton, J. Abour-square, Commercial-road, July 10.  
 Maund, J. New-street, Covent Garden, mercer, June 12.  
 Maclean, W. Middlesex, cabinet-maker, June 19.  
 Maxfield, J. Salisbury, linen-draper, July 6.  
 Mackie, J. Watling-street, merchant, July 10.  
 McQuar and S. Hamilton, Newman-street, stationers.  
 Marsden, P. Sheffield, grocer, June 30.  
 M'Alha, Liverpool, tailor, June 28.  
 Moonhouse, G. Doncaster, grocer, June 26.  
 Miller, R. Paternoster-row, bookseller, July 17.  
 Mayor, C. Somerset-street, Portman-square, June 22.  
 Mann, T. A. Plymouth, linen-draper, July 24.  
 Newland, J. Liverpool, boot-maker, June 17.  
 Nicholson, J. Cummerdale, iron-founder, June 28.  
 Nightingale, J. Watling-street, warehouseman, July 10.  
 Pile, M. jun. Sidmouth, Cabinet-maker, June 22.  
 Pinck, J. Chichester, linen-draper, June 19.  
 Pelerin, H. F. Lloyd's Coffee-house, broker, June 29.  
 Pincock, T. J. Hampshire, wool-stapler, July 6.  
 Prosser, W. Birmingham, builder, July 16.  
 Payne, H. H. Stroud, Kent, Brewer, July 13.  
 Pilsbury, L. Stafford, Nurseryman, July 19.  
 Patrick, J. Marylebone-street, Piccadilly, June 12.  
 Penney, T. G. Brightelmstone, Sussex, linen-draper, July 17.  
 Pigram, J. Maidstone, Kent, grocer, July 3.  
 Parker, J. G. Parker, J. L. Parker, and T. Roberts, Birch-lane, June 19.  
 Quirk, P. Liverpool, corn-merchant, July 14.  
 Robinson, M. A. Red Lion-street, Holborn, June 12.  
 Righton, J. Bristol, haberdasher, June 26.  
 Ritchie, W. Finsbury-square, merchant, July 3.  
 Roberts, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper, June 29.  
 Richardson, J. Holborn, linen-draper, June 26.  
 Street, J. F. Budge-row, stationer, June 19.  
 Shilletoe, J. York, ironmonger, July 9.  
 Simpson, R. Crown-court, merchant, July 3.  
 Simpson, J. F. Huddersfield, woolstapler, July 8.  
 Ständen, T. Lancaster, Slater, July 16.  
 Sandey, D. Stafford, law-stationer, July 14.  
 Smith, W. B. Bristol, inn-holder, July 16.  
 Shand, W. Old Change, baker, July 10.  
 Sparkes, J. and A. Coles, Portland-street, St. Marylebone, June 19.  
 Stewart, W. Mitre-court, Cheapside, merchant, July 10.  
 Schlesinger, M. B. Church-court, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, June 19.  
 Weeks, J. Exeter, carrier, July 24.  
 Watson, R. Britannia-terrace, City-road, June 19.  
 White, T. Duke-street, tailor, July 3.  
 Wright, G. T. Piccadilly, ironmonger, June 29.  
 Winfield, J. and T. Tompson, Gate-head, iron-founders, June 29.  
 Wiltch, W. W. Worcestershire, June 19.  
 Wilks, R. Chancery-lane, printer, June 26.  
 Wilks, J. Finsbury-square, merchant, July 13.  
 White, S. U. Edingly, cotton-mills, Nottingham, July 14.  
 Wigan, J. Worcester, saddler, July 12.  
 Wake, R. B. Morton, timber-merchant, July 8.  
 Wilson, J. Ely, miller, July 8.  
 Wall, W. Oxford, carpet, June 26.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- June 3.—The lady of Captain Franklin, R. N. of a daughter.
6. Cheshunt, the lady of Thomas Todd Walton, Esq. of the Foreign Post-office, of a son.
6. At Chigwell-row, Essex, the wife of Lancelot Holland, Esq. of a daughter.
7. At Crovdon Farm, Surrey, the lady of John Dingwall, Esq. of a daughter.
9. At Wootton Bassett, Wilts, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Hyde Ripley, of a son.
10. In Berjeant's Inn, the wife of William Elias Taunton, Esq. of a daughter.
14. The lady of James Heygate, Jun. Esq. of a daughter.
15. Mrs. Thomas Boys, of Ludgate-hill, of a daughter.
17. At Islington, Mrs. John Smith, of Bevelend, Herts, of a daughter.
19. In Great Russell street, Mrs. David Francis Jones, of a son.
19. The lady of the Rev. Dr. Russell, of the Charter-house, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- June 1. At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Dr. Veitch, to Mary, widow of the late Captain Jeremy, R. N. and only daughter of John Kirk, Esq. of A'chover, Derbyshire.
1. At Clifton new church, John Woolham, Esq. of Hampstead, to Mary-Anne, eldest daughter of D. Burges, Esq. of Bellevue, Clifton.
2. At Lewisham, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford, James Steward, Esq. to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Waite of Lewisham-hill.
3. At Islington church, Robert Belt, Esq. barrister at law, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Captain Peter Gordon, of the Wellesley East Indianman.
5. At Lambeth church, Mr. John Allan, to Ann, eldest daughter of George Bailey, Esq. late of Vauxhall.
7. By the Dean of Canterbury, Falconer Atlee, Esq. of West-hill House, Surrey, to Emma, daughter to the late Daniel Hardingham Wilson, Esq. and grand-daughter of John Foote, Esq. of Charlton-place, Kent.
10. At Milford, Hants, by the Rev. Charles Heath, John Kingsmill, Esq. of Cavendish-square, to Eliza Katharine, only surviving daughter of the late Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart. of Sidmonton-house, in the same county.
10. At St. Pancras new church, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Charles Gonne, Esq. of York-place, Portman-square, to Sussanna, second daughter of Daniel Beale, Esq. of Fitzroy-square.
10. John Gwilt, Esq. youngest son of the Rev. Robert Gwilt, late Rector of Icklingham, Suffolk, to Mrs. Stokes, of Brompton.
12. At Marylebone church, George James Duncan, Esq. to Lucy Wallace, the youngest daughter of the late A. Cairnes, of Montague-street, Russell square, Esq.
14. At St. Pancras new church, John Biggs, Esq. of Reading, to Mrs. Bailey, relict of the late James Bailey, Esq. of Castle-hill.
15. At Chesham, Captain E. J. Samuel, of the Madras cavalry, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late J. Field, Esq. of Chesham-hall, Bucks.
16. At St. Mary's, Woolwich, by the Rev. H. Fraser, A. M. William Hunter, Esq. of Cotesbrook-hall, Lancashire, to Mary, only daughter of James Reid, Esq. Royal Horse Artillery.
16. At Walcot church, Bath, by the Rev. G. Barry, William Macbeth, Esq. Captain in

- the West Suffolk militia, to Mary, only daughter of the late Major George Gordon of the 2d West India regiment, and niece to the late Lieutenant-General H. M. Gordon, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, &c. The bride was given away by Lieutenant-General Skinner.
16. At Clifton, Thomas Baillie, Esq. of Hanwell Park, Middlesex, to Elizabeth, second daughter of T. M. Hall, Esq. of Ertis, in the county of Clare.
18. At Fulham church, Mr. Alfred Turner, of Red Lion-square, to Emily, youngest daughter of Robert Taber, Esq. of Brook-Green.
19. William Henry Mackay, Esq. solicitor, Bradford, Wilts, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Richard Jordan, Esq. M.D. of South-street, Finsbury-square.
22. At Lambeth church, by the Rev. Dr. Doyle Martin Mangles, Esq. surgeon, of Aldermanbury Postern to Mary, widow of the late George Swan, Esq. Dulwich.
22. At St. Andrew's church, Holborn, by the Rev. George Dixon, B. A., Joseph Dixon, Esq. of Hatton-garden, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Robert Patten, Esq. of the same place.

DEATHS.

- June 1.—Joseph Newell, Esq. of Woolwich-common, Kent, late one of the Assistant Fire-masters at the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich.
2. At Richmond, John Christian Hoffmann, eldest son of the late Charles Godfrey Hoffmann, Esq. of Bishopsgate-street, in the 19th year of his age.
2. At his house, New North-street, Red Lion-square, the Rev. Edmund Garden, in the 93d year of his age, rector of Kingston, Wilts. and nearly 60 years Reader to Gray's-inn. He was a man of the most benevolent disposition, and his long life was passed in the practice of every Christian virtue.
4. Richard Carter, Esq. of Surrey-street, Strand, aged 70.
4. At the Parsonage, East Horseley, Surrey, aged 70, the Rev. John Owen, M.A., Rector of East Horseley, and of St. Bennet's Paul's Wharf, London, Archdeacon of Richmond, Yorkshire, and Chaplain-General to his Majesty's forces.
7. At his residence, Cave-house, Battersea, Henry Cbdell, Esq. in the 67th year of his age, after a severe and lingering illness. He was well known as an eminent composer, and justly esteemed by his family and numerous friends for the many amiable qualities he possessed.
9. At Oxford, after a lingering illness, William Tubbs, Esq. in the 61st year of his age.
11. At his residence, March, Cambridgeshire, Owen Gray, Esq. aged 74.
16. To the inexorable grief of her family, Diana Elizabeth, wife of Sir Brodrick Chisnery, Bart. of Plintfield, county of Cork, and daughter of the late George Vernon, Esq. of Clontarf-castle, near Dublin.
17. At Glaston, in Rutlandshire, aged 58, the Honourable George Watson, uncle to the present Lord Sondes.
18. At the house of her brother-in-law, G. A. Smith, Esq. Horseley-road, Charlotte, widow of the Rev. Joseph Fawcett, many years Lecturer at the Old Jewry Chapel.
19. Donna Maria Theresa del Riego y Riego widow of General Don Rafael del Riego y Riego, at her residence, No. 13, Seymour-place, Little Chelsea.
19. In London, Joseph Parr, Esq. of Warrington.

**DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS** from the 25th of May to the 25th June 1824.

Line	Bank Stock	3 Pr C Rcd	3 Pr C (Cons)	3 Pr C (C)	3 Pr C (C)	3 Pr C (Ann)	Tone Amounts	In l a St	In l r Bt	Ex Bill	Cor for
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JAMES WELLMAN & Co. 1001 Throgmorton street

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of May, to the 19th of June, 1824.

By Messrs Harris and Co Mathematical Instrument Makers, 20, High Holborn

May	Wind		Barometer		Thermometer		Barometer		Direction		Atmospheric Conditions			
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